


THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**

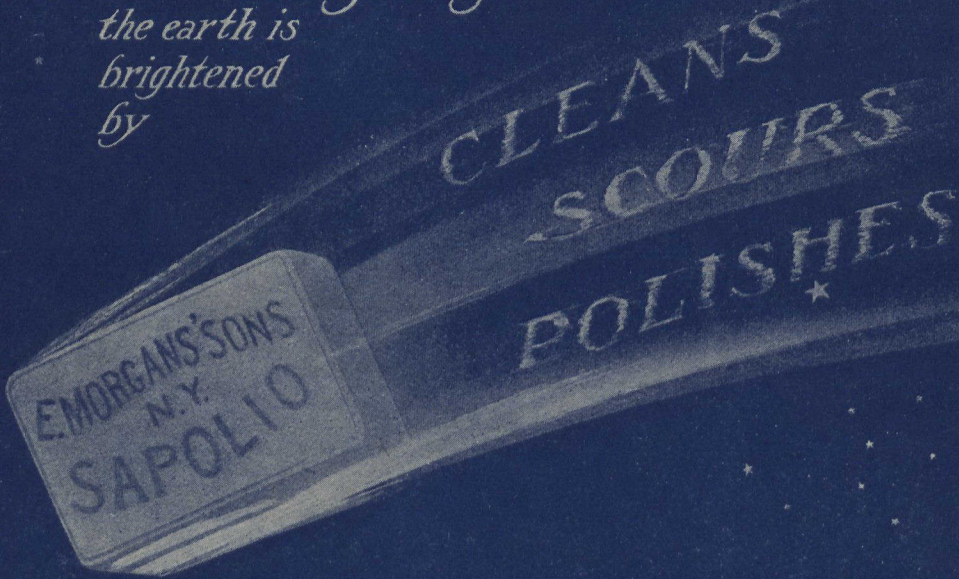


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Halley's Comet
*brightens the skies once
in seventy-five years*

But Every Day
*the earth is
brightened
by*



SAPOLIO

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Halley's comet, with its millions of miles of tail, is sweeping into view in the evening sky on its seventy-five-year trip. Already astronomers have announced its appearance on time, and in April it will be visible to the naked eye. In May it approaches within a few million miles of the earth. It is named after Edmund Halley (1656-1742), who determined its orbit, a new and remarkable accomplishment for that time, risking his reputation with posterity by prophesying its return in seventy-five years.



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Specially drawn for 'Messrs. Pears' by Walter Crane

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIV.

No. 6

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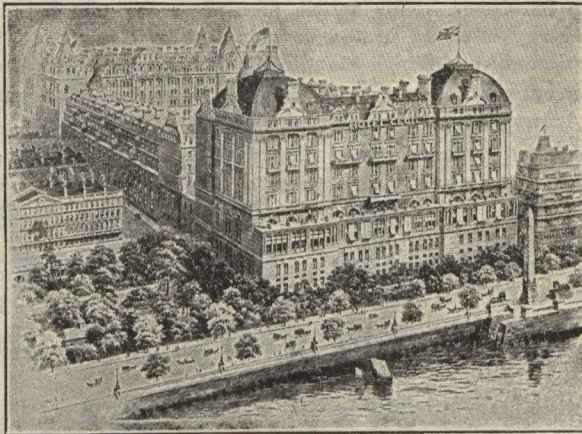
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU, TORONTO, CANADA

The Canadian Magazine

FOR MAY

THE ARCTIC HOST AND HOSTESS—By Agnes Deans Cameron. Miss Cameron's new book, entitled "The New North," has had a phenomenal reception for a book of travel, and her article for the May "Canadian" is just as interesting but not so long. It is an appreciation of the Eskimo and his environment, and is well illustrated.

THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE—By Randolph Carlyle. England has been a land of pageants ever since the Roman Conquest, but within recent years they have been reproducing the past. One of the greatest efforts in this line will be made in May, June and July of this year. Mr. Frank Lascelles, who conducted the Quebec Tercentenary pageants, is in charge. The article tells what is being attempted. The illustrations are very graphic.

THE GREAT SILENT FORCE IN CANADIAN DEVELOPMENT—By Clayton M. Jones. This article presents a vivid conception of what electrical energy is doing in the development of Canada. Mr. Jones is an electrical engineer of high standing, and happily he has the ability to write in an entertaining way. There will be good illustrations.

PAUL PEEL AND HIS ART—By Isabel C. Armstrong. Very little has been known generally about this really great Canadian artist, who died at little more than thirty years of age, and yet he had won the gold medal at the Paris salon. The illustrations will be exceptionally good.

PRINCE ALBERT TO LIVERPOOL BY WATER—By Len G. Shaw. At the first blush, this project looks like a dream of fancy, particularly when the title refers to wheat-carriers and not canoes. But Mr. Shaw shows that it is possible, and he tells how it could be done—but not via Hudson's Bay.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES—By St. Clair Moore. No short story writer has caught the real spirit of the Province of Quebec like Miss Moore. There is nothing commonplace or hackneyed about her work. This story is one of unusual significance.

The short stories and verse in the May Number will be worth while in themselves.

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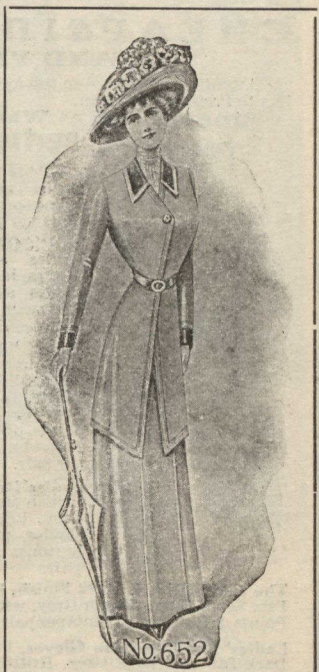
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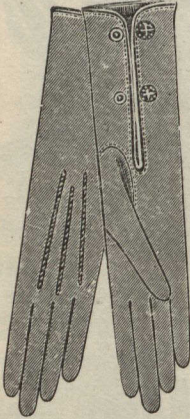
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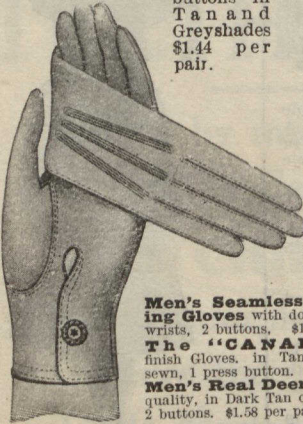
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spear points, strap and press but-
ton. \$1.19 per pair.

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buttons in
Tan and
Greys
shades
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pair.



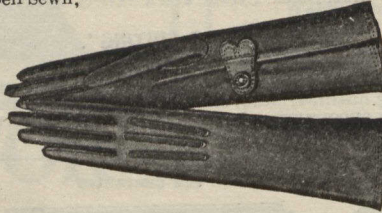
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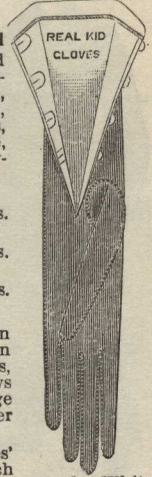
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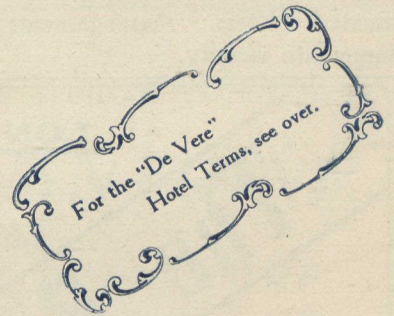
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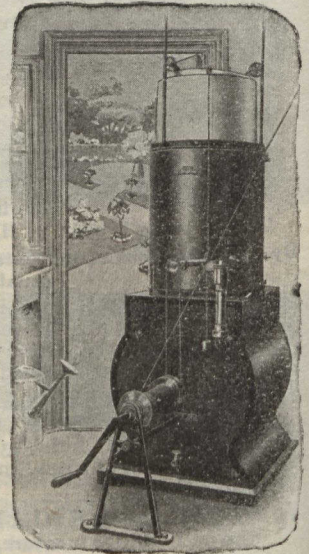
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 Pure Linen Cambric Hdkfs. from 31c. to
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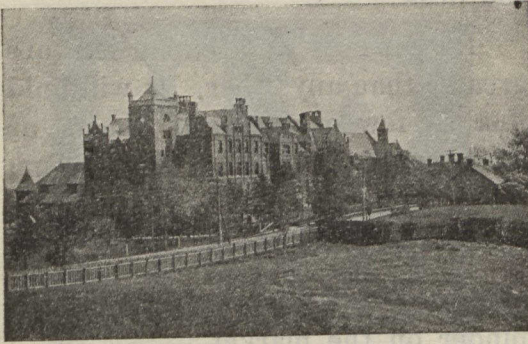
From the records of the school we can show that this College was organized by the present Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, in August 1892, nearly eighteen years ago. We began operations in a modest way, enrolling during its first year but one hundred and fifty-five students who were cared for by a staff of three teachers. Now we show an annual enrollment of fourteen hundred and seventy students, and a staff of twenty-four members.

This remarkable growth can be attributed more largely to the modern methods, which prevail in our school, to the thoroughness which characterizes the work of every department, and to the constant endeavor of the Principal and every member of the staff to see that all students receive such careful personal supervision in their studies as to best ensure good results, than to any other causes.

The total number of students who have passed through the College, leaving their names on its register, is now above the fifteen thousand mark, and with this force of representatives scattered throughout the various provinces of the Dominion, aiding in the conduct of the Commercial enterprises of our country, sounding the praises of the College, and sending their friends to enjoy the training which gave them a successful start, it is no surprise to find this school the strong, well equipped, well organized institution it is to-day.

Our College is in session throughout the year, and is meeting with great success in locating its graduates in good positions the moment they are ready for appointments. The records show very many calls from business firms which could not be supplied for lack of material.

The Spring Term opens April 4th, and merges into the Summer and Autumn without any break for holidays until December 25th next. Any one interested in business training should write the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, for a copy of our handsome catalogue.



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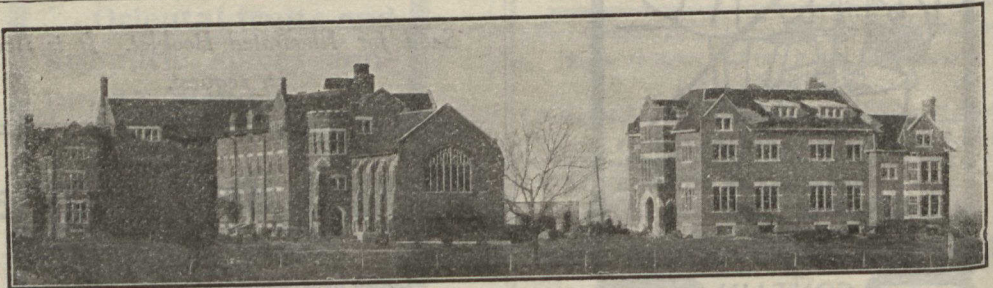
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For calendar and all information, apply to the Headmaster
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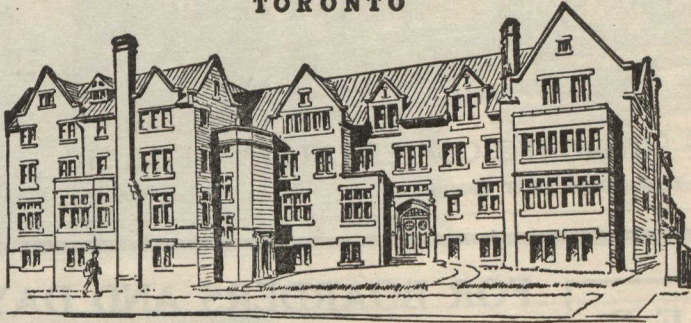
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Preparation for Honour Matriculation, Havergal Diploma, Examinations in Music and Art. Resident French and German Mistresses, Domestic Science School, with six Departments. Gymnasium, under graduate of the Boston Normal School. Cricket, tennis, basket ball, rink, swimming bath.

For illustrated calendar apply to the Bursar. Next Term begins April 23rd, 1910.

MISS KNOX, Principal.



The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the college is organised on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course and, in addition, the constant practise of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

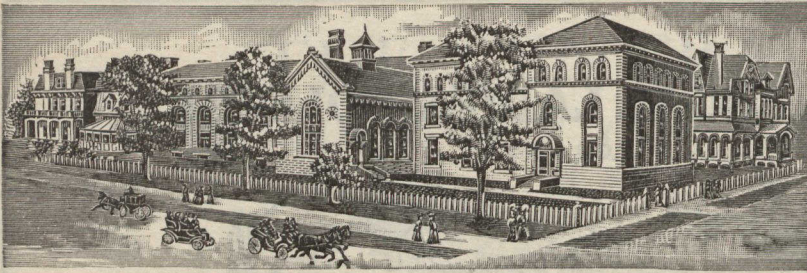
The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the graduation for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars of this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council Ottawa, Ont. : or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.



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Special Calendar for
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THE THEOLOGICAL COURSE leads to the degree of B.D., Ph.D.

THE MEDICAL COURSE leads to the degrees of M.B., M.D. and C.M., D.Sc.

THE SCIENCE COURSE leads to the degrees of B.Sc., and M.Sc., D.Sc.

THE ARTS COURSE may be taken without attendance.

Calendars may be had from the Registrar, GEORGE Y. CHOWN, B.A., Kingston, Ont.

SCHOOL OF MINING A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

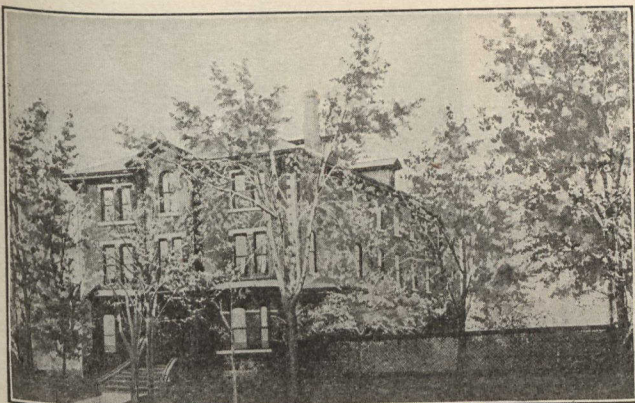
Affiliated to Queen's University KINGSTON, ONT.

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For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario



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Thorough in all its departments. Gives careful individual attention, and the best physical, mental, and moral training.

Offers great advantages in Music, Art and Languages. Native French and German teachers.

Large staff of experienced residential and visiting Professors and Teachers.

Pupils are prepared for the Universities and for the Music and Singing Examinations of Toronto University, the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and the Toronto College of Music.

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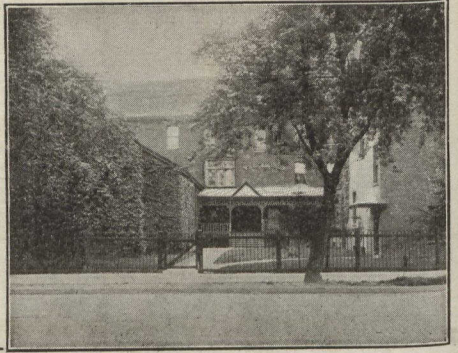
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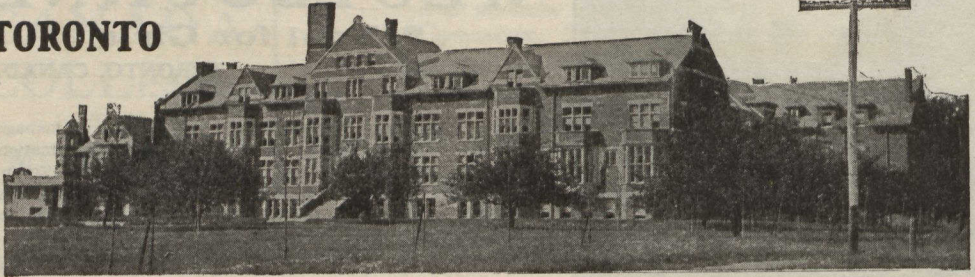
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Calendar sent on application. Re-Opens after Easter Vacation on April 5th.

1701

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A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AMID EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SURROUNDINGS

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—14 teachers of the highest Academic qualifications, of whom 8 are in residence, and of these 4 are European trained teachers of Modern Languages.

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LARGE LAWNS for games and recreation. Full sized outdoor skating rink in winter.

RESIDENCE distinct in its management from the school. Specialists in every department.

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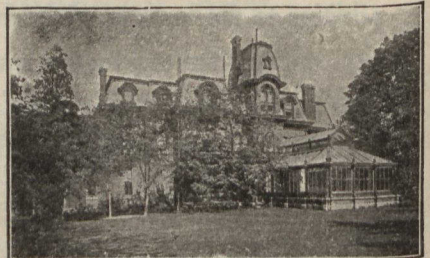
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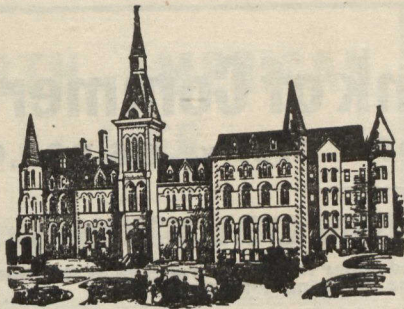
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The cost of tuition depends upon studies selected; endowment permits low rates. Unexcelled advantages in Literary Course, Music, Fine Art, Commercial, Expression and Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Social Training, etc. Large Campus for health developing out-door

Alma Ladies' College

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recreation; athletic and social organizations; largest Fine Art Studio. First College in Ontario to organize diploma courses in Music and Domestic Science. Local Music Examinations of University of Toronto held here. Canada's most southerly College; healthful location. Limited number of younger girls received in separate apartment. Write for our Free Booklet to-day.

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The Montreal Conservatory of Music

H. T. Dickenson, Director

Complete course of Music Study by competent specialists, teaching vocal, instrumental and Special Courses.

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000 Reserve, \$6,000,000

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Arrangements have recently been completed under which the branches of this Bank are able to issue Drafts on the principal points in the following countries:

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China	India	Siam
Crete	Ireland	South Africa
Denmark	Italy	Straits Settlements
Egypt	Sweden	Japan
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NO DELAY IN ISSUING

FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office: Hamilton

Hon. William Gibson - - - President
J. Turnbull - Vice-Pres. and General Manager

Paid up Capital - - \$ 2,500,000
Reserve and undivid-
ed profits - - - - 2,900,000
Total Assets, over 35,000,000

The Bank of Hamilton invites the accounts of Firms, Corporations and Individuals.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

The Northern Life

The business for the year 1909 just closed shows the following results.

Increase in Premium Receipts	14%
Increase in Interest Earnings	26%
Increase in payments to Policyholders	46%
Increase in Assets	26%
Increase in Reserve for security of Policyholders	16%
Decrease in Total Management Expenses	5%
Decrease in Cost of New Business	16%

Sound conservative Management should appeal to you

Agents wanted

W. M. GOVENLOCK,
Secretary.

JOHN MILNE,
Managing Director.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

SPLENDID RECORD FOR 1909

The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto on Thursday, Jan. 27, 1910, when the Report of the business for the year ended Dec. 31, 1909, was presented.

INCREASE IN CASH INCOME

The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was \$2,028,595.40, showing the satisfactory increase of \$133,117.95.

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

The business continues to be conducted on an economical basis; the ratio of expenses to premium income remains practically the same, notwithstanding the large increase in new assurances.

LARGE PAYMENTS TO POLICY-HOLDERS

The amount paid on policyholders' account was \$789,530.42. Of this sum \$138,320.47 was for surplus or dividends, while \$327,111.96 represents payments for Matured Endowment and Investment Policies.

ADDITION TO ASSETS

The assets increased in 1909 by \$899,826.81, and now amount to \$10,490,464.90. As heretofore, they continue to be invested in the best class of securities available, the addition to mortgage loans being \$710,285.38.

INCREASE IN NET SURPLUS

After making ample provision for all liabilities and distributing during the year the relatively large amount for dividends mentioned, the net surplus on policyholders' account was increased to \$1,018,121.25.

INSURANCES INCREASED

The policies issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$5,091,029 being an increase over the previous year of \$625,805 the total business in force amounted to \$41,964,641.

CAREFUL AND SYSTEMATIC AUDIT

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities.

A Committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit of the securities each quarter.

J. L. BLAIKIE,
President.

L. GOLDMAN,
Managing Director.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE—TORONTO



The man who draws
\$2,000 or more a year.

As a rule does not save as much as his less fortunate brother. The comforts made possible by a good income make him lose sight of the time when his value as an executive will become less. A reduction in income will mean hardship for him—deprive him of luxuries which he has grown to require.

That man could save enough in his days of prosperity to insure comfort in his old age.

Suppose he saved \$40.00 a month, starting a Saving Account with the Traders Bank. His account at the end of a year would show a balance of \$487.80—enough to make profitable investments, such as are continually being offered to a man of position; or continuing the bank account for five years, it would amount to \$2590. What that \$2,590 in the bank is to the man on salary, cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It means a contented mind, a clear outlook for the future. It puts him in a position to consider the opportunities that come as a tribute to his ability.

You can have a bank balance. Make deposits weekly or monthly—whichever is more convenient to you—but regularly if you want to succeed.

Start an account to day.

The Traders Bank of Canada.

Capital and Surplus \$6,550,000

London Life

Save Four
Payments.

Our 16-20, Re-
serve Dividend
Endowment

has larger guar-
antees than the ordinary 20-year En-
dowment. Yet last four payments re-
main in your pocket and your policy
still shares in surplus earnings.

Write for Booklet 16-20 vs 20-20.

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"GOOD AS GOLD"



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The Excelsior Life Insurance
Co. has openings for—

Provincial Manager

Two Inspectors

**A number of General and
District Agents.**

Liberal contracts will be given to
gentlemen possessing requisite qual-
ifications, which must include ability
for organizing and procuring new
business.

Apply, Head Office, TORONTO

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is a good company to insure in
and a good company to represent

"Actual Results 1910"

The Great-West Life Assurance Company will,
upon request, mail a copy of a pamphlet recently
published showing the results on Policies maturing
this year.

These results thoroughly justify the claim that The
Great-West Life is the best dividend payer of all the
Life Insurance Companies. Further—the premium
rates are very low.

These unequalled results are readily explained. In
The Great-West Life high interest earnings (7.05 per
cent. net in 1909) are added to low expenses,—effect-
ing low prices and high profits to Policyholders.

The pamphlet contains the strongest possible argu-
ment for insuring in

The Great-West Life

Assurance Company

Head Office - - Winnipeg

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

For Year Ending December 31st, 1909

CASH ACCOUNT**INCOME**

Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1908	\$12,355,474.81
Premiums (Net)	2,049,820.41
Interest	700,027.00

\$15,105,322.22**DISBURSEMENTS****To Policyholders:**

Death Claims..	\$384,527.26
Matured Endow- ments	240,137.00
Surrendered Policies ...	96,257.79
Surplus	86,044.54
Annuities	11,843.05
	\$ 818,809.64

Expenses, Taxes, &c..... 452,338.20

Balance Net Ledger Assets

December 31st, 1909.... 13,834,174.38

\$15,105,322.22**BALANCE SHEET****ASSETS**

Mortgages	\$6,885,864.88
Debentures and Bonds	4,858,596.62
Loans on Policies	1,818,768.55
Premium Obligations	19,885.01
Real Estate (Company's Head Office)	50,528.00
Cash in Banks	233,633.42
Cash at Head Office	3,786.90
Due and Deferred Premiums (net)	354,717.99
Interest due and accrued ...	292,660.24

\$14,518,441.61**LIABILITIES**

Reserve, 4%, 3½% and 3% standard	\$12,045,146.16
Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable ...	1,938.67
Death Claims unadjusted..	41,247.00
Present value of amounts not yet due on matured instalment policies	74,404.73
Matured Endowments, un- adjusted	2,762.59
Premiums paid in advance.	14,282.53
Due for medical fees and sundry accounts	12,078.68
Credit Ledger Balances ..	36,889.00
Surplus, December 31st, 1909	2,269,692.25
(Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation \$2,973,749.51)	

\$14,518,441.61Audited and found correct,
J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A. Auditor.

GEO. WEGENAST, Manager-Director.

Head Office - - - WATERLOO, Ont.

New Business (all Canadian) written in 1909, \$	8,125,578;	Increase over 1908, \$	877,114
Assurances in force, December 31, 1909	59,261,959;	" " "	4,568,077
Assets, December 31, 1909	14,518,442;	" " "	1,534,778
Surplus,	2,269,692;	Surplus earned in 1909	508,921

Booklets containing the Directors' Report and proceedings of the 40th Annual Meeting, held March 3rd, 1910, are being printed, and will be distributed among policy-holders in due course.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - - \$1,000,000.00
 Reserve Fund and
 Undivided Profits } - - - \$1,307,809.25

DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq. President
 D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-Pres.
 SIR WILLIAM MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.

THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.
 JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.
 JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO
 W. D. ROSS, General Manager

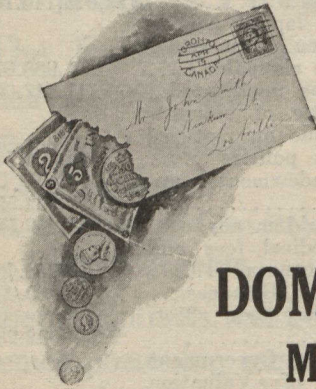
Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute
 SECURITY and SATISFACTION.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in all parts of the world.

EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches.



Don't Put Money in a Letter

LETTERS ARE FREQUENTLY LOST
 AND NEVER RECOVERED. . . .

Always Remit By

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

Money Orders and Foreign Drafts

They are safe, convenient and economical and are issued in Dollars, Pounds Sterling, Francs, Gulden, Kronen, Kronor, Lire, Marks, Roubles, etc., payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails a prompt refund is arranged, or a new order issued without further charge.

Money Transferred by Telegraph and Cable
 Foreign Money Bought and Sold
 Travellers' Cheques Issued

HUNDREDS OF AGENCIES
 THROUGHOUT CANADA

GENERAL OFFICES
 TORONTO, CANADA

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Toronto Street, Toronto

Paid-up Capital	- - - - -	\$6,000,000 00
Reserve Fund (earned)	- - - - -	3,250,000 00
Unappropriated Profits	- - - - -	56,001 16
Paid-up Capital and Surplus	- - - - -	9,306,001 16
Investments	- - - - -	28,382,710 02

EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES are authorized to invest trusts funds in this Corporation's

DEBENTURES

They are issued for sums of \$100 and upwards, and are transferable. A specimen and all particulars will be forwarded on application.

THE CORPORATION IS ALSO A

LEGAL DEPOSITORY FOR TRUST FUNDS

Deposits made be made and withdrawn by mail with perfect convenience. Our explanatory booklet will be forwarded on receipt of your address.

**A POLICY
IN THE
FEDERAL LIFE
ASSURANCE
COMPANY**

Capital and Assets	Dec. 31, 1909	\$ 4,513,949.53
Total Amount Paid to Policy-holders		4,188,188.34
Insurance in Force	- Dec. 31, 1909	\$21,049,322.31

YOUR SAFE ANCHORAGE
HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON, CANADA

The Federal Life Assurance Co. of Canada

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the Company's Head Office, in Hamilton, Tuesday, 15th February, 1910, at 2 p.m., Mr. David Dexter in the chair, Mr. W. H. Davis, Acting Secretary.

The Annual Report, as follows, was read and adopted, on motion of the President, Mr. Dexter, seconded by Vice-President. Lieut.-Col. Kerns:

Your Directors have the honor to present the Report and Financial Statement of the Company for the year which closed 31st December, 1909, duly vouched for by the Auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand six hundred applications for insurance, aggregating \$3,663,896.66, of which two thousand five hundred and one applications, for \$3,504,235.00, were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the Company have been increased by \$329,092.88, and have now reached \$3,643,949.53, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The Security for Policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$4,513,949.53, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, including \$20,000 set aside as a special addition to policy reserve, \$3,351,254.00, showing a surplus of \$1,162,695.53. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to Policyholders was \$292,695.53.

Policies on one hundred and fifteen lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$200,406.07.

Including Cash Dividends and Dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, with annuities, the total payment to Policyholders amounted to \$347,274.43.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the Company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business. The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of nearly ten per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the Company now amount to \$21,049,322.31, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

You are to be congratulated on the fact that the surplus over Capital and all Liabilities increased \$42,624.88 during the past year, from which a special addition of \$20,000 was made to policy reserves.

The field officers and agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the Company's service.

Your Directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the Company for the current year has been of a most satisfactory character, and that the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

DAVID DEXTER,
President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen: We have carefully audited the books and records of your Company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The Cash and Journal Vouchers have been closely examined and agree with the entries recorded.

The Debentures, Bonds, etc., in the possession of the Company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the Statement of Assets.

The accompanying Statement, viz., Revenue and Expenditure, Assets and Liabilities, show the result of the year's operations and also the financial position of the Company.

Respectfully submitted,

C. S. SCOTT, F.C.A.

CHARLES STIFF, C.A. Auditors.

Hamilton, 1st February, 1910.

Financial Statement for 1909.

RECEIPTS

Premium and Annuity Income	\$ 718,927.86	
Interest, Rents and Profits	174,074.82	
		\$ 893,002.68

DISBURSEMENTS

Paid to Policyholders	\$ 347,274.43	
All other payments	233,249.04	
Balance	312,479.21	
		\$ 893,002.68

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31st, 1909

Debentures and Bonds	\$ 1,443,973.35	
Mortgages	808,095.77	
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.	636,865.91	
All other Assets	755,014.50	
		\$3,643,949.53

LIABILITIES

Reserve Fund	\$ 3,256,510.00	
Special Addition to Policy Reserves	20,000.00	
Death Losses awaiting Proofs	63,030.00	
Other Liabilities	11,714.00	
Surplus on Policyholders' Account	292,695.53	
		\$3,643,949.53
Assets	\$ 3,643,949.53	
Guarantee Capital	870,000.00	
		\$ 4,513,949.53
Total Security	\$ 4,513,949.53	
Policies were Issued Assuring	3,504,235.00	
Total Insurance in Force	21,049,322.31	

All the retiring Directors were re-elected, as follows: M. H. Aikins, M.D.; David Dexter, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Hon. J. M. Gibson, T. C. Haslett, K.C.; Lieut.-Col. Wm. Kerns, John G. Scott, A. E. Russ, M.A.; John Wakefield, D.D.; and A. Woolverton, M.D.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors the following officers were re-elected: David Dexter, President and Managing Director; Lieut.-Col. William Kerns and T. C. Haslett, K.C., Vice-Presidents; Dr. A. Woolverton, Medical Director.



ARE YOU HOME HUNGRY OR LAND HUNGRY?
DO YOU FIND YOURSELF CROWDED AND THE OUT-
LOOK CIRCUMSCRIBED?
HAVE YOU DECIDED TO LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER
SITUATION WITH BETTER PROSPECTS?

*Then you are invited to consider Western Canada, where you
can obtain*

A Free Farm—A Fine Home

Unlimited Opportunities and a Chance on the Ground Floor

The land is offered free by the Canadian Government, and settlement conditions are easy.

SYNOPSIS OF HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

DUTIES—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

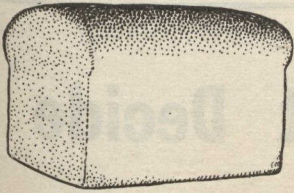
In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, \$3.00 per acre. **Duties**—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre.

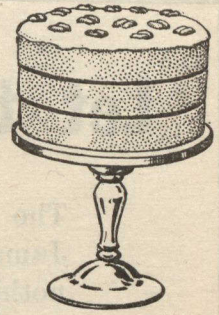
DUTIES—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00. Full particulars will be sent free of charge on application to

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration,

Ottawa, Canada



Your money
back if
Purity
Flour



does not prove entirely
satisfactory in the baking

DON'T simply buy flour from the dollar and cent side of it. Buy high-quality flour. That means PURITY FLOUR. The first little extra cost is more than made up by the extra number of loaves of bread it makes—by the superiority of the bread and pastry in sweetness of flavor and nourishing qualities. Buying Purity Flour is a safe investment. You get large returns, not only on account of Purity's ability to produce more, but because Purity contains the greater nutriment and the vim of a strong hard wheat flour. Food made from Purity Flour gives the consumer health, snap and force, which cannot be gained from the use of a weaker soft wheat flour.

PURITY FLOUR

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

You can buy as little as a 7 pound cotton bag or in 14, 24, 49, and 98 pound sacks. Also in barrels and half-barrels.



Purity may cost a little more than some flours but you'll find it's more than worth the difference. To be genuine, must bear the Purity trade mark.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at

WINNIPEG,

GODERICH,

BRANDON

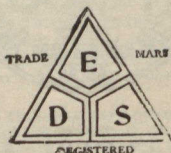
Let the Government Decide

The claim is made for E. D. Smith's Fruits, Jams, Jellies and Marmalade that they contain nothing but the ingredients of fruit and sugar. But don't take the maker's word for it. Write to the Department of Inland Revenue at Ottawa, and ask for Bulletin No. 194. It will tell who makes pure goods.

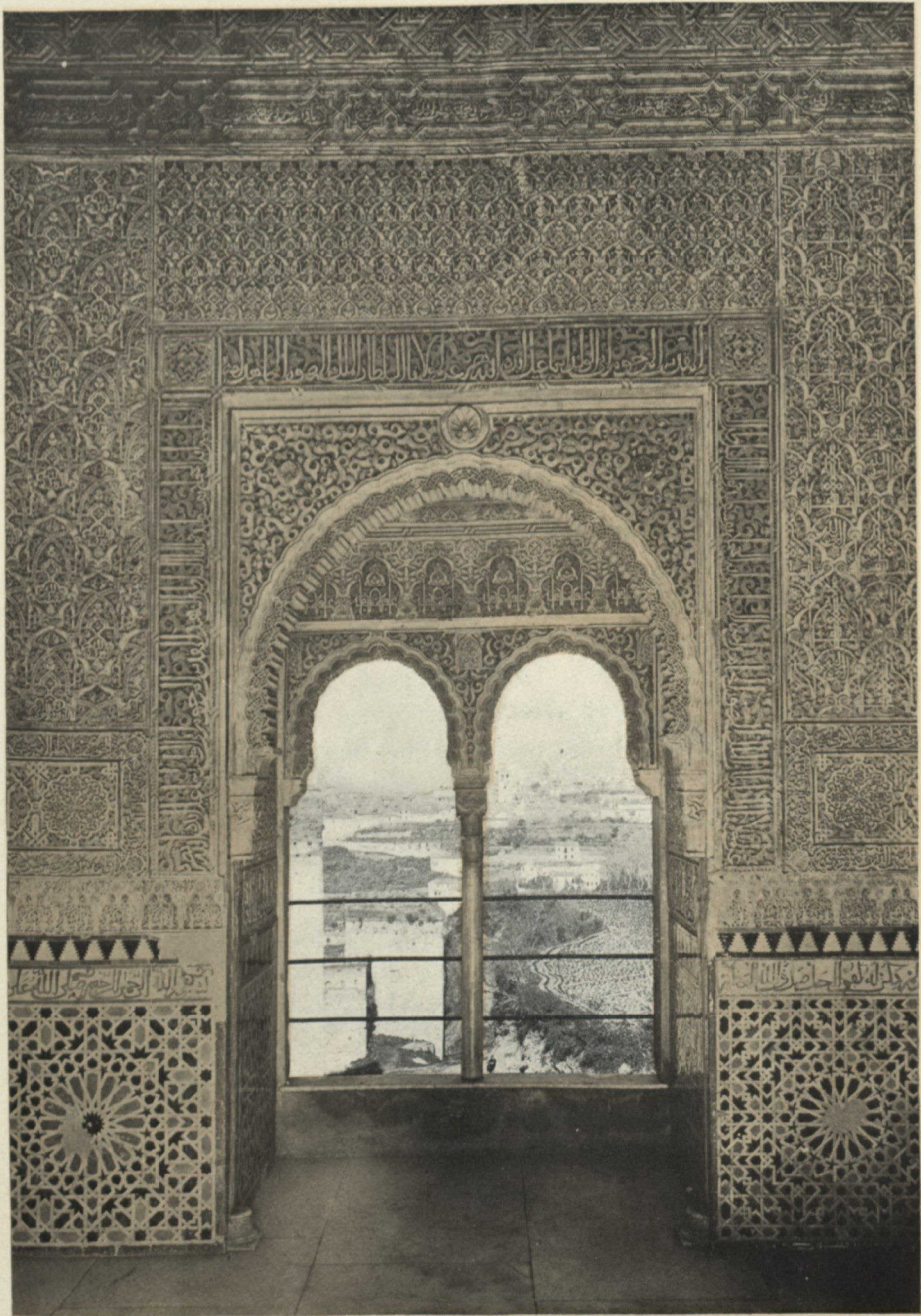
The law now permits the use of 10% of glucose and colouring and preservative matter

E. D. Smith is in favour of a law to prevent the use of any glucose at all or any colouring matter or any preservative. Why? Because none of these adulterants are used in his products. His goods are purer than the Government demands.

But don't take this statement for it. Send for Bulletin No. 194, and see if there is one single blemish against the E. D. SMITH products. Better still, get a jar of your favourite fruit with the E. D. SMITH trade mark stamped on it, and note its good looks and good flavour. It's all Pure.



THIS TRADE MARK STANDS FOR ABSOLUTE PURITY
Manufactory at WINONA - - ONTARIO



From a photograph

A WINDOW IN THE TOWER OF THE CAUTIVA (ALHAMBRA), SPAIN

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV

TORONTO, APRIL, 1910

No. 6

FOOT-PRINTS
OF THE MOOR IN SPAIN

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

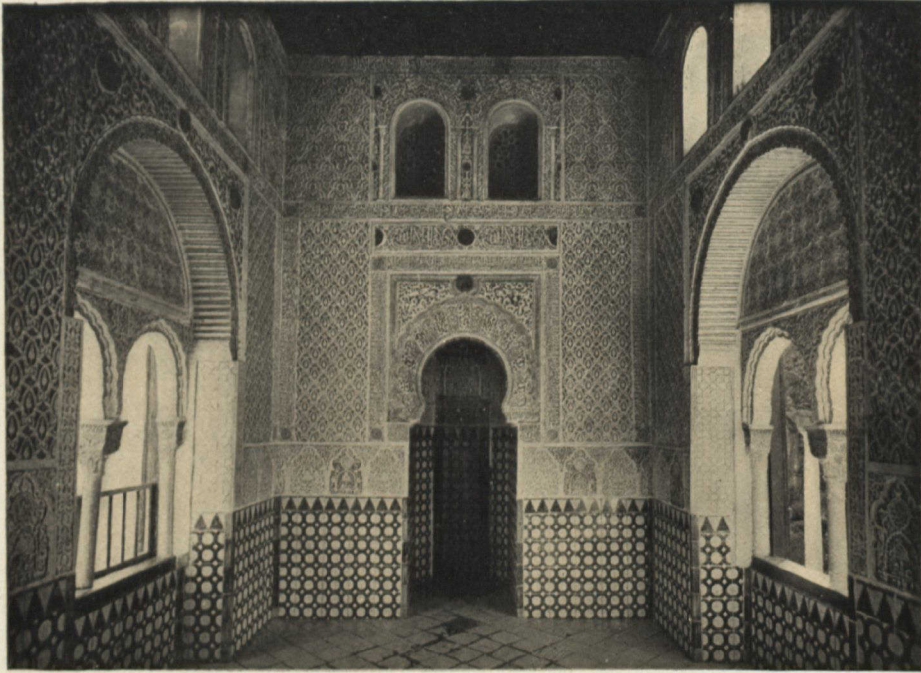
THERE is an aroma of romance about the remains of Moorish civilisation in Spain which clothes with peculiar charm the search for the foot-prints of that remarkable people. The first daylight you get on Gibraltar is sure to call your attention, after the majesty of the Rock itself has become familiar to you, to an old reddish pile high up on the side of the Rock; and you feel a thrill of delight when you are told that it is the Moorish Castle begun in 713 by the very Tarik after whom Gibraltar is named. Gebel-al-Tarik or hill of Tarik, they called it, from the Arab chief who first captured it. And his castle is still the most conspicuous sight fastened by the daring hand of man upon the face of this impregnable fortress of nature.

The handiwork of Tarik the Moor makes a fitting introduction to Spain. Everywhere the Moor has left his mark. On a hundred hill-tops as your train winds along the valleys, you catch sight of bare round towers—the watch-towers of the Moor—and gray heaps of crumbling walls, the remains of some Moorish castle or city. As your train draws into a little Spanish town, your guide-book will tell that the tower of the church was a Moor-

ish minaret. As you pass a precipitous hill or a deep valley, you read the Moorish legend which lifts it out of the commonplace and bathes it in the haze of fancy.

And it is so with the great spectacles of Southern Spain. The Alhambra was Moorish. The Generalife was Moorish. The Cathedral at Cordova was Moorish. The "show places" at Ronda are Moorish in origin. Just the other day a rich American — a retired broker he told me when I met him by accident in the Governor's office at Gibraltar — purchased a Moorish castle there, and when we were there he was restoring the underground staircase which originally connected the castle with the waters of the river away below and so provided against a water famine in case of a siege. In Seville, the Alcazar was built by Moorish artists for a Christian king, the Giralda was the minaret of the principal Moorish mosque, and the Cathedral covers the site of the mosque and contains some of its details. Malaga is crowned by the ruins of the Moorish Alcazaba and Gibralfaro; and Toledo might, except for its churches, almost still be a Moorish city.

But what the traveller in search of

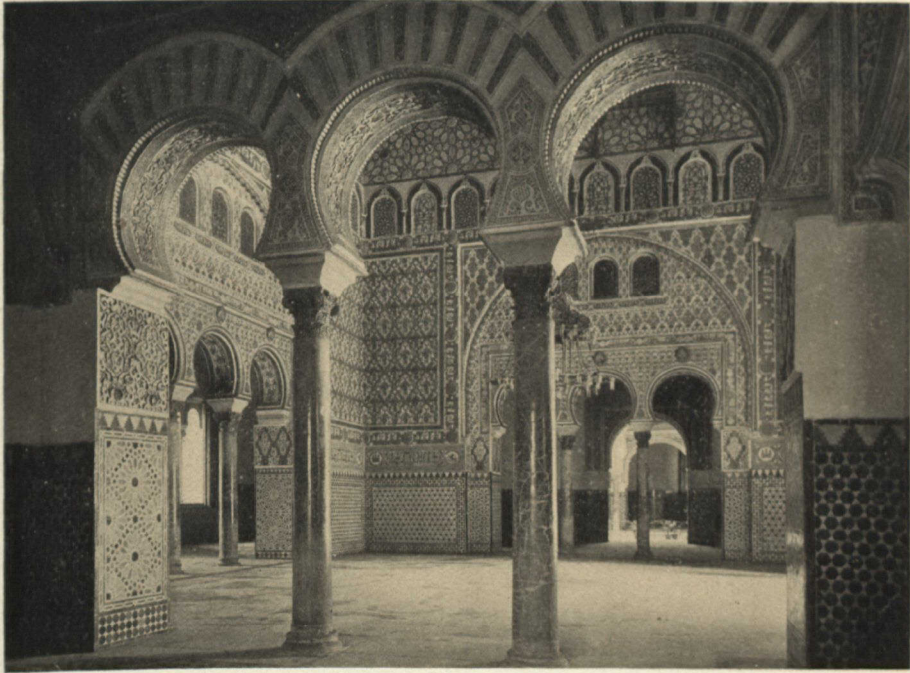


THE MEZQUITA OR PALACE CHAPEL, ALHAMBRA, SPAIN

the beautiful is concerned with chiefly are the decorated Moorish interiors which have been saved for us. Ruined walls have a family resemblance, no matter who built them. Of course, if you examine them in detail, taking note of the sort of brick which was employed and pulling the cement to pieces, you can easily tell a Roman wall from a medieval or Moorish; but to a superficial glance, ruined buildings are the same desolate, grass-fringed, mouldy old heaps, no matter from what century or what hands they date. But step into a building where the Moorish decorations have been preserved, and you have something distinctive, something of a delicate loveliness which you will not find reproduced elsewhere. It is difficult for the traveller to tell which of the examples of this work have made the deepest impression on him; but I rather fancy that, if put to it, I would just now give the palm to the little chapels they show you in the Mez

quita, the Mosque-Cathedral of Cordova.

The most famous of these is the third Mihrab or prayer niche of the old Mosque. A description of this little gem of a room would be exasperatingly inadequate. It would be only like a postal-card picture of a Murillo painting. The ceiling is a single block of white marble hollowed out to imitate a shell. The pavement is white marble worn deep about the walls by the knees of the pilgrims who made seven circuits of this prayer-niche in their devotions. The walls — but if you want to know what the walls look like, you must visit Cordova. Moorish decorations at their finest are not translatable into English adjectives and descriptive phrases. We have nothing with which to compare them. It is like telling a blind man that a thing has a bluish tinge. They have lately uncovered in this cathedral another Moorish chamber of unsurpassed love-



HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS, ALCAZAR, SEVILLE

liness which has been hidden for centuries under the plaster and whitewash with which the workmen of Charles V covered most of the mosque. If there is much more of this sort of thing to be discovered there, we may have in Cordova a second Alhambra, all the better for having been kept from the ravages of time.

The Moorish decorator worked often in plaster or even in wood. He sought plasticity rather than permanence. He did not care for the architectural rules we pride ourselves on so greatly to-day. The fact that he was debarred from representing a living animal in his work, seems to have turned his mind aside from any effort to make an intellectual appeal to his "audience." His appeal is wholly sensual. The eye revels in the beauty of one of his walls as it does in the beauty of a rose — not as it does in the nobility of a face. It takes a little time for the European-trained ob-

server to get into the proper frame of mind to enjoy thoroughly even the more obviously lovely walls of the Alhambra or the Sevillian Alcazar. They are pleasing, he says to himself; but are they not trivial? Then he catches the spirit of the thing. He might as well complain that the face of a Greuze is not lovely because it does not suggest the towering intellect of a George Eliot. Here is beauty unharnessed to any purpose. The odalisques of the Moorish harems revelled in it, though they could not read a line and know no world beyond that which appealed to their five senses. We must step back for a little into the twilight of the primitive to fully appreciate these Oriental splendours. We must become what we were before our era of free schools and cheap books and universal mental ferment. We must loll on the cushions of the barbaric East with the uncaring children of a sunny hour if the purposeless patterns and un-



THE COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA, SPAIN

meaning designs of their artists are to give us the pure pleasure that they gave them.

And why not? We all know what we think of the mathematician who, when shown a rose, asked—"What does it prove?" We all know what we think of the person who cannot enjoy music unless it tells him a story or preaches a sermon. Why then should we ask more of the plastic arts? We have been educated to like paintings which mean something; but, in spite of that fact, much of our highest pleasure in the masterpieces of the great painters is due to their decorative qualities. Let us be thankful that we have not been educated out of our love of pure loveliness; and a visit to the non-intellectual art of the Moors reassures us that we have not lost that sense of the beautiful which has its home somewhere else than where we keep our opinions on the tariff.

This may seem a little aside from the purpose of this article; but I can

assure you that it is not. And, as De Wolf Hopper might say under the circumstances, I know so much better than you do the purpose of the article that you ought to take my word for it. It is to get you to believe that the Moors were magicians in the creation of beauty, though they painted no pictures and sculptured no real objects and built with deceptive materials. They were as un-Greek as possible; but if you will stand in the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Alhambra and look long and receptively into the old ivory carving on the wall opposite — with not the ghost of an idea in the whole of it — you will not care whether it be plaster or putty. You will only know that the eye plays over it with the delight felt by the fingers in crumpling up a soft fabric. It might be tapestry; it might be marble; it might be lace; it might be ivory. Every possible suggestion gives you a new pleasure in the spectacle. It proves nothing; it tells nothing; it teaches nothing. The slave



THE GENERALIFE—EXTERIOR GALLERY

girl from the desert got as much out of it as the most learned Moor from the University of Cordova. It was a form of art particularly calculated to please the world of the harem. It fits in with the literature of the chanting story-teller by the tent-door at evening, with the drifting smoke of the *nargheli*, with the relaxation of the sage and the empty hours of the *seraglio*.

Of the three great monuments of Moorish art in Spain, the Alhambra is the best known, the Seville Alcázar the best preserved and the Mosque at Cordova the finest in detail. The Alhambra was the actual Palace of the Moorish kings, and has suffered a good deal from neglect and "improvement" since their time. But you feel that here really lived the Sultans and Sultanas who brought Moorish power to its highest development in this new land. Granada was the last stronghold of the stranger, and the Moorish court sat enthroned in the

Alhambra for two centuries and a half after their brethren had been expelled from Cordova and Seville. The colour is nearly all gone from the walls, but the carving remains; and you never cease to enjoy the delicate tracery that defies the most patient eye to unravel its plan. Glimpses of the carving caught through a Moorish arch, itself frequently a miracle of stalactite work, or other glimpses of the open *patios* seen through the "ajimez" windows, show how admirably planned was the architectural arrangement to make the most of the system of decoration.

The uses of the rooms are interesting. There was the Court of the Myrtles, where the women bathed in the hot summer days; there was the Hall of the Ambassadors, where the Moorish monarchs held court; there was the Court of Lions, where the courtiers lounged in the Granadan winter; about it are richly adorned apartments which doubtless witnessed



THE SALA OF THE DIVANS, ALHAMBRA, SPAIN

many historic scenes; and there are baths on the floor beneath, with their huge marble "tubs," their hot and cold rooms, their Sala of the Divans, where the bathers rested on broad couches after the bath, and their gallery for singers to soothe them while they reposed. All was richly decor-

ated, of course, and the remains of the heating apparatus still remain. Upstairs they show the Queen's dressing-room, with a perforated marble slab in the floor for the admission of perfumes into the chamber. It was a luxurious life that the Moors lived in Granada on their hill

topped with palaces; and it is no marvel that for generations their descendants kept the keys of their houses in that lovely city with the hope that in time they should return to their own.

The Alcazar at Seville is a work of more recent date, and has been constantly renewed and restored under Christian sovereigns. On the outside, its bare, battlemented walls still suggest the fortress which originally stood here and which was connected by underground passages with the Tower of Gold on the river bank and the House of Pilate in the centre of the city. The new Alcazar, however, dates from Peter the Cruel, and his favourite, Maria de Padilla. The visitors go first into the Court of the Maidens — which an intelligent guide was telling some tourists the day we were there was the Court of the Maid Servants — and off this are the principal apartments of the edifice. They have a Hall of the Ambassadors here, too, very richly decorated, with a ceiling of the half-orange type and the walls lined with superfine azulejos. Here are also the rooms of Maria de Padilla for whom the gardens were laid out and a bath a hundred yards long built in the midst of them. In the pavements of this garden, Peter the Cruel established a great joke. He pierced them with small holes and then arranged a system of water works by which tiny jets of water could be suddenly sent through them upon unwary promenaders. This humorous invention must have become somewhat wearying to his courtiers after they had had a few fine dresses or cloaks ruined by the prank. His was not a dry wit at all events.

I have, perhaps, not paid sufficient attention to the Moorish gardens in both these palaces. That at Granada is not on the Alhambra hill at all, but on the adjacent eminence which bears the Generalife, the summer palace of the court. It bears a family resemblance to Italian gardening,

with its clipped hedges, its fountains and statuary, its grottoes and terraces. Cypresses line the path to it and make much of its most romantic background, both in fact and in legend. It is crowned with a *mirador* (lookout) which gives a fine view of the Alhambra, Granada and the surrounding country. This garden at Seville is a tropical paradise. Orange trees drop their golden fruit as freely as apples do in a Canadian orchard. Palms of various sorts arise on all sides, some with dates in clusters and others with bananas pendant from their heart. Roses bloom all about you — though it be December — and modest violets peep from the grass. It was showery the day we were there, and we took shelter for a time in a pavilion built for Charles V, with a domed roof of cedar wood and some of the most beautiful *azulejos* on the walls we had seen. In the midst of the garden they have a maze; and in the centre of it what they call the Queen's Bath — a fountain with a statue of Venus under the splashing water.

Then under the head of Moorish gardens, it would be fair to include the Court of Oranges which lies at the entrance to the Mosque in Cordova. It was built as a part of the original Mosque in 785 as a Court of Ablutions; and to-day it is a beautiful picture of palms, orange trees and running fountains. The Mosque had an arched colonnade giving free access to it from the interior of the building; but the Christians have walled the arcade and converted the arched spaces into chapels. At the central fountain there are almost always a number of Spanish maidens with graceful water jars, filling them with much leisure and chat in the Southern sunshine. Idlers lounge about the parapet and join with the maidens to make a picture that you long to carry away with you. The camera will bring no more than the outlines. It cannot yet get the colour, and it never can get the vivacity.

And there is no better place to leave the Moor in Spain than at a fountain or in a garden. That is where he loved to be. Running water is the sign of his dominion everywhere; and he so loved gardens that he introduced the custom of enclosing them in the heart of every house. The Andalusians still keep the pretty custom, and you may look in through their open door-ways into their spacious *patios* at will. There they lie, often bathed in the direct sunlight

from the open sky above, usually with a fountain in the centre, sometimes green with the foliage of trees or shrubs and bright with the radiance of flowers, or dignified with tall marble pillars carrying the galleries and graceful statuary in the various intervals.

Undoubtedly the best thing that the Moor has left to his conquerors is the *patio*; and the next best things are his examples of how to create beauty without awakening thought.

THE PLAIN OF EARTH

By ALAN SULLIVAN

There was no noise, and yet I heard a sound
 Of dead men in their coffins underground:
 Listless and silent stretched the city squares,
 Deserted by all light and fugitive airs
 That shunned the gasping wilderness of stone.
 I heard again from infinite distance blown
 The tortured Earth: "My Son," breathed low the sigh,
 "Burden no more my bosom lest I die.
 I bear your palaces and city walls
 Where rioted once my glimmering waterfalls
 In dancing traceries of sun and shade;
 My rounded hills, my cloistered colonnade,
 Where linnets thrilled and larks assailed the gate
 Of heaven, are all defaced and desolate:
 Ye curb my cataracts, ye tame my streams
 And blacken all my azure canopy;
 No longer through my pines the sunlight gleams
 And trailing mist enfolds, embraces me;
 My bones lie bare, my frame is stark and rude,
 Where once smiled leagues of scented solitude.
 Heedless are ye, and careless, Oh, beware
 Lest of your race come forth some ultimate heir,
 Puny and pallid, whose dull eyes shall rest
 Never on tree or delicate tendrilled fern,
 Who ne'er shall hear a song within his breast
 Nor to my mysteries for his solace turn—
 Shall live a pygmy in his canyon streets,
 Shall die a pilgrim in a land of woe,
 As one who ancient melodies repeats
 And mourns for memories of long ago."

THE CASE OF THE BRONSON PATENT

BY ROBERT BARR

COMPLICATIONS began by giving a woman her own way, which is always a dangerous thing to do. Peter Carmichael was perfectly satisfied with the fine old house that centred its own ample grounds in that southern district of London which we call Brixton. It had served his turn for many years, and he expected it to last until he died, but his only daughter, Sarah, a girl possessed of the modern higher education, was not so well content. By no stretch of the imagination could Brixton be termed "fashionable," and the house itself was ancient, but exceedingly comfortable. So it may have been the case that Sarah's dissatisfaction arose from other reasons than the absence of electric light. Her father, a very shrewd business man in his time, had by his own efforts accumulated a snug fortune, all very safely invested in non-speculative securities, so there were no money troubles to worry the impatient Sarah, which, when you come to think of it, is almost an ideal state of things. Both Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller have told us, to our surprise, that the rich rarely are happy, although neither of the gentlemen has shown any ardent desire to unload his wealth on those of us who would gladly relieve them of their burden.

Peter Carmichael knew little of society, and cared nothing for it. He was happy in the acquaintance of his choice cronies, all estimable, elderly

persons, in like easy circumstances to his own, and they foregathered at one another's houses, indulging in whist, or chess, or even draughts, a game of which Peter was exceedingly fond. As far as outdoor sports went, Mr. Carmichael was a cautious golfer, whose steady game often defeated that of more brilliant players. He had been a widower ever since his daughter was a little girl at school, and perhaps if Sarah's mother had lived, the girl might have found life more interesting than was the case; but, be that as it may, Sarah's restlessness and lack of all companionship among young people turned her attention to higher education with marked success. She actually achieved a degree in science, and perhaps that was what impelled her towards electric light, while her father was more than satisfied with gas or candles. However for the sake of peace, he gave a contract to the Southern Counties Electric Lighting Corporation, stipulating only that none of the bulbs should be installed in his bedroom or study. The only bulbs the old gentleman delighted in came from Holland, for he potted about a good deal in his antiquated garden.

The S.C.E.L.C. being a limited liability company, without any evidence of soul, or the least suggestion of romance, in quite a commonplace, business-like way, took action whose currents, to speak electrically, flowed into a region of sentiment completely

outside the scope of those statistical text-books which deal with ohms, volts and emperes. The corporation sent young Stillwell Bronson, aged twenty-six, salary three pounds a week, to superintend the installation of electric light in the mansion that belonged to Peter Carmichael.

Stillwell, a clean-living young man, with a clear-cut face like a Roman cameo, and smouldering, dreamy eyes more suitable to a poet than to an electrical engineer, was nevertheless an expert in his profession, and should have been getting three or four times what the company paid him. But being a visionary as well as a clever mechanic, he had lived quite contented up to the time he met Sarah Carmichael, and was surprised to find a handsome young woman who was so deeply learned in his own subjects.

Here, of course, the old gentleman was to blame. Having given out the contract, he washed his hands of the whole modern abomination, and while the workmen were in the house, spent his days in the old-fashioned garden, or on the golf links. So Miss Carmichael was compelled to see much of Stillwell Bronson, with a result that I shall not dilate upon, because this is a story of the city, of finance and the formation of companies, and has really nothing to do with the feelings of a young man and a young woman for one another, beyond what is necessary to explain the series of quite true incidents which follow.

Suffice it to say that the dreamy, smouldering eyes which produced so unexpected an effect on the scientific Sarah, utterly failed to impress her practical old father, who, having been in former days an employer of young men, and an excellent judge of them, saw in this tongue-tied electric engineer before him an inert, inefficient person, foredoomed to failure in this commercial world; so he said "No," with an emphasis that paralysed even the power of expostulation on the part of Bronson.

Sarah tried her hand at effecting a

reconciliation, but the stubborn determination, which had been one factor in Peter's business success, proved impregnable. Her father had given her the electric light, but definitely refused to give her the electric lighter. So one day a few weeks later, while Peter Carmichael was carefully driving a white ball across green fields, Sarah accompanied Stillwell Bronson to the registrar's office, and was married in quite a commonplace fashion, without any of the ecclesiastical functions, or music, or bridesmaids, to which an ordinary girl might think she was entitled. Thus the girl stepped down of her own accord from a luxurious mansion, with plenty of money, to a meagrely furnished cottage on three pounds a week.

Now do not, I beg of you, at this stage of the recital, misplace your sympathy. Sarah was perfectly happy, and needed no commiseration, while as for Stillwell Bronson, the world was new-made and beautiful. But here was old Peter Carmichael, left with a house on his hands many sizes too large for him, all newly fitted up with electric light, which he detested, and the bill still to come in! Sarah had been a housekeeper so efficient that her father had come to look upon the smoothly running machinery of his establishment as the natural order of things, and a glimmering of the truth that he had never really appreciated Sarah began to flicker through his mind, as daily he felt more and more the need of her.

Do not suppose that anything dramatic occurred. Nothing dramatic ever occurs in Brixton, except at the theatre. There had been no casting away of the girl; no cutting her off with a shilling. Verbally she had not defied her father, nor given him an ultimatum, nor made a scene. He was beginning to think she had forgotten the engineer, with the smouldering, dreamy eyes, after he forbade the banns, but Sarah faced the registrar just the same. She went on

with her work in the cottage, singing at it, and he did the best he could in the mansion, swearing a little on occasion. Neither approached or reproached the other.

The cottage proved to be a most interesting place. One room was fitted up as a workshop, and there, with the example of Monsieur and Madame Curie before them, the two toiled together. Bronson was an inventor of the most amazing fertility. Hundreds and hundreds of contrivances he had dreamed out and worked out, never possessing enough money ahead to patent any of them. Enthusiastically he explained to his young wife their various merits and fascinations, and her scientific knowledge, he soon saw with delight, must be of great advantage to him. She could look up authorities, set out formulæ, make calculations with the brain of a man, and the deftness of a woman. The workshop gradually became a palace of delight. Sarah saw her husband's genius through the glamour of a first and overpowering effection; but, although at first it slumbered, that practical section of her brain that was her father's legacy to her, never quite fell asleep. When there was nothing particular in which she could assist, she would hop like a bird to an uncluttered corner of the work-bench and sit there, her tiny feet swaying to and fro as she watched the absorbed man at his work.

"Love is of man's life a thing apart.
'Tis woman's whole existence."

The absent-minded inventor sometimes for hours forgot that she was in the room, but one night Sarah brought herself in startling fashion within the radius of his observation.

Leaning sideways from her elevated perch at the end of the bench she, with a gentle sweep of her arm, sent crashing to the floor half a score of models, delicately, carefully constructed, into one heap of common destruction.

Bronson sprang to his feet with a look of horror on his face, and for

once his large eyes were wide open. The girl laughed.

"Sit down, Stillwell," she said, "and say nothing till I have explained."

The man sat down with a groan. Whatever she might say, the patient work of months had been obliterated in one reckless moment.

"Stillwell, these wrecked devices we will take up again with more leisure when we are older. Some of them will work and some won't, but they are all of doubtful commercial value. Deep thinking in the silence of this room has taught me why you are a failure as an inventor. Now, the junior partner calls a halt. You lack concentration, and when the interesting problems of any device have been overcome, you lose interest in it, set it aside, and begin something else. You are like a man who backs every horse in a field, and so loses his money. You must pick out a likely winner, and then risk upon it all the energy you possess. Now, here is a little machine," she said, picking up the partly completed object which gives its title to this story. "You have lost interest in it because, after all, it is such a simple object; yet, if once that were completed and placed upon the market, every household in the civilised world would ultimately come to possess it. Let us focus our attention upon that, and when the money flows in, we'll give some thought to this *débris*."

"But why, Sarah, why," protested the young man, whom we all must admit had shown great patience. "why wantonly destroy—"

Sarah interrupted him.

"Because you are so deeply immersed that by no other method could I have called you up to the surface again. Because our predicament is too serious. We are deeply in debt, and I dare not go to my father for aid. He will say it is just what might have been expected. To-morrow I shall clear out this room, leaving nothing but what pertains to the in-

vention I hold in my hand. So now, my dear boy, forgive me, and set to work in real earnest."

Stillwell, with a sigh, rose, took from her the object she held out to him, and without a word sat down at his vise. Patient youth!

Sarah sprang down beside him, and lovingly rumbled his already tousled hair. The mechanic looked up at her with a wan smile.

"You are quite right, Sadie," he said. "I have not the slightest interest in an object which is so tarred with the taint of trade."

"That's all right, Stillwell," said his wife. "You go ahead and complete it."

I now suffer from the handicap which blocks the path of those who deal with truth instead of fiction. I am conscious that it would add several hundred per cent. to the interest of my narrative if I could but name the article which I have designated by the term "Bronson's Patent." But if I called it by the true title, I might as well give the correct names of all the people I am talking about, for the article is perfectly familiar to every civilised person at home and abroad. It is quite likely within your reach as you read these words, an article amazingly cheap, and now almost indispensable. As we use Bronson's Patent we wonder how we ever got along without it, and the simplicity is such that we don't know why someone did not invent the convenience years before. However, there is no sense in grumbling over the disabilities of a truthful man, so I hurry on to the individual who is the real leading figure in this episode, Mr. J. W. Kenderton, who occupies an office in the city.

Mr. Kenderton is a middle-aged person who is an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness, capability, ruthlessness, and many other qualities more or less objectionable. He has been in many businesses, and being in a way an excellent financier, has made money, sometimes by methods that

do not bear too close a scrutiny. But the money he has gathered is as nothing to what he has missed, all through his quality of speedily losing faith in anything with which he is concerned that is not immediately productive. Having once got his grip on a thing, disbelief seems to set in automatically.

Kenderton is a dangerous man to deal with, and if he gets a man in a corner he exacts the last penny, though he is very smooth, suave and ingratiating until his hooks are fastened into your affairs. Thus people who know him are afraid to traffic with him. In business hours he wears glasses that he doesn't need except to conceal his eyes, which, if seen, are apt to give him away. At the time of his deal with Bronson he occupied a room where he wrote to those who had just taken out patents, offering to advance money on the inventions. Easy terms. Thus it was that young Bronson, having expended his last shilling in securing his first patent, came into Kenderton's clutches.

The device did not prove so simple as Mrs. Bronson had supposed. Little difficulties cropped up here and there, which took time and patience to overcome, and alas! sometimes expensive materials, for which cash was exacted on the nail. After the patent was recorded, Bronson received an extremely cordial letter from Mr. Kenderton, which the innocent young man supposed to be caused by an admiration for his work, which, of course, Kenderton knew nothing of. Perhaps if Bronson had shown the letter to his wife, she would have been equally ignorant of his danger, but, as a matter of fact, he said nothing about it hoping to surprise her with an unexpected influx of gold from a capitalist believer in his invention.

The interview with Kenderton did not produce as much gold as Bronson had expected, but he got a little to go on with. He carried with him the model of his invention in its then

stage, and his sensitive nature was depressed by the cynical, sceptical comments of the financier, for the spectacles concealed the eyes, and the inventor did not see the gleam of comprehension that came suddenly into them, as Kenderton recognised the tremendous commercial possibilities of the expedient. Kenderton, with seeming reluctance, offered two hundred pounds for a half-interest in the patent, but of this sum only ten pounds were to be paid down, and the rest doled out as needed, until it was seen whether or not Bronson could overcome the difficulties which the inventor had been honest enough to disclose. Ever so unpractical a man as Stillwell Bronson, the terms seemed harsh, but he accepted them in the faith that even a half-interest would ultimately give him all the money he needed.

Within a month, however, Kenderton had him completely in his power, securing an option running for three months, whereby upon payment of a thousand pounds, the financier might acquire the whole invention. Having got this option, he claimed, which was doubtless true enough, that it superseded the first arrangement, and although not half of the two hundred pounds had been paid, he refused to advance another penny. It was at this stage of the game, having tied himself hand and foot, with no more money forthcoming, that Bronson was at last compelled to disclose to his wife the situation in which he found himself, while she gazed helplessly at him, dumb with dismay. Sarah uttered no reproaches; indeed, uttered nothing at all, for there was nothing to say.

That afternoon, carrying a little hand-satchel, she entered the grounds of her father's house, and rang the old-fashioned door-bell.

"Laws, Miss Sarah!" said the maid who opened the door, quite ignoring the marriage ceremony.

Sarah smiled.

"Is my father in his study?" she

asked.

"Yes, miss, just come for tea, as usual."

"I thought so," said Sarah, with another smile, and then she added to herself: "What a comfort it is to deal with a man of regular habits!"

When she entered the study, her father, seated by the window, was reading the first edition of his favourite evening paper. He lowered this sheet, and gazed at his visitor over the top of his steel-bound glasses.

"Hello, father!" said the girl brightly.

"Hello, Sarah!" greeted the father, more soberly.

"I saw as I came through that you'd done away with the electric light."

"Only the fittings," replied the old man. "They are all in the attic wrapped in tissue paper, quite ready to be replaced when you return."

"Ah!" cried the girl, a long-drawn-out exclamation, then with a little laugh, she kissed her father before he knew what she was about, and with a light, upward impulse, seated herself on the edge of his table.

"It isn't the Christmas season," chirruped Sarah, "but I have brought you a pretty little top. Many a time you have given me one."

She opened the satchel, took out a model of Bronson's Patent, and placed it on the table. Peter Carmichael adjusted his steel spectacles and examined it.

"Will it squeak if you press it?" he asked.

Sarah laughed merrily, and the old man, with a catch in his breath, remembered that the panelled walls had not echoed that music for some time.

"What's it for?" he asked, pretending not to mind.

Sarah showed him.

"What will it cost to produce?" he asked.

Sarah told him.

The old man compressed his lips and wrinkled his brow.

"There should be money in that," he said at last.

"Hundreds of thousands, father."

"Perhaps. Well?"

"I want to tell you a little story," said the girl, "about two modern Babes in the Wood, and wicked uncles lurking behind every tree."

When she had finished, the old man slowly shook his head.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that nothing can be done. J. W. Kenderton will exercise his option, probably on the day before it expires, and will fall into a very good thing, as far as my judgment goes, although such a modern contrivance is a little out of my line. You must see yourself that Mr Stillwell Bronson is quite at the mercy of Kenderton."

"I know that only a very, very clever man can extricate us; that's why I have come to my father."

For the first time the old man smiled.

"What did you expect me to do?" he asked.

"You are a city man, and know how to deal with city men. I thought perhaps you might call on Kenderton, and persuade him to let go."

Peter shook his head.

"Honest city men—and there are thousands of them—are not difficult to deal with, but I happen to know this man Kenderton, and he is a scoundrel. Did you bring copies of the documents in the case with you, Sarah? I must see exactly what Mr. Bronson has signed."

Sarah shook a sheaf of papers from the little satchel, and handed them to her father, who scrutinised them with great care, then laid them on the table, and sank into a brown study. At last he said:

"I know those city sharks, and have always tried to steer clear of them. Do you think this man Kenderton has any suspicion about the value of this invention?"

"No; from what my husband says, Kenderton speaks very sneeringly of it, and quite discourages Stillwell."

"Ah; then he knows all about it," said the wise old man. "Will Mr. Bronson follow any instructions you give him?"

"Why, certainly," cried the girl. "He's my husband, you know, although you ignore the fact, and I find a husband even easier to manage than a father."

Again the victim smiled, but when he spoke he acknowledged the marriage.

"Tell your husband nothing regarding this visit to me. Are you in financial straits?"

The girl sighed.

"The going is a little hard now and then," she said.

"Ah, well, don't you worry about that, Sarah, but don't say a word to your husband. This is a case that requires caution, and we must run no risks. Persuade him to cease work on this invention until the option runs out, but urge him to see Kenderton now and then, and beg for more money. Tell him to say absolutely nothing about his invention more than he can help, except to assure Kenderton, as emphatically as possible, that he is certain to succeed with it, if he is given a little money, and some more time. But he must refuse to show Kenderton any of his later models. I suppose you are convinced he will overcome the mechanical difficulties?"

"Oh, surely," replied the girl.

"Then he will be but speaking the truth if he reiterates this to Kenderton with all the emphasis of which he is capable. As the limit of the option approaches, spur him to greater emphasis, and advise a change of method in the demand for money. Let him then offer Kenderton the whole invention for five hundred pounds, if he will pay cash down. He is to do this about a week before the option expires. The day after the option lapses I will give him a cheque to repay Kenderton for all he advanced, together with interest, but don't say a word about that to your

husband. Let him go quite honestly forward, trying his best to force his invention upon Kenderton. Above all, make him promise to sign no document until he has brought it to you."

"Very well, father; I will see that all this is done."

Suddenly the old man shot a question at her with a gruffness that startled her.

"Is he kind to you?"

"Oh!" cried Sarah, quickly covering her face with her hands, and saw that the tears had come. "No one," she sobbed through her fingers, "could be kinder than my husband; not even my own dear father."

"I dare say, I dare say," growled Peter, taking off his spectacles, and polishing their lenses with his handkerchief. "Well, why the deuce don't you bring him here, then? Perfectly ridiculous keeping up two houses, with all these empty rooms."

The girl looked up with a watery smile.

"All right, father; the day after the option runs out. Poor Stillwell must seem woebegone until that time."

"True, true; I had forgotten. The day before the option expires I'll order the electric fittings to be replaced. And now, Sarah, do get down off the table. I've often spoken to you about that. Tea will be here in a minute."

Sarah, with a laugh, obeyed, and was only just in time.

All Stillwell Bronson's pleadings with Kenderton were in vain. Not a solitary half-crown could he squeeze out of the man. When it was proposed that Kenderton should exercise his option at half-price previous to the date set, the financier not only received the offer with scorn, but he presented the young man with a promissory note, drawn at sight, for the two hundred pounds, with interest, although he had not paid out half of the money which appeared on its face. He found Bronson unexpectedly stubborn in refusing to sign this until he had taken it to his wife, but that lady,

after consulting her father, advised her husband to sign, which he did next day in Kenderton's office.

Instead of exercising his option, Kenderton wrote to Bronson demanding immediate payment of the two hundred pounds, with interest, stating that if this was not done within three days he would take proceedings. Before the three days were past, old Peter Carmichael climbed the stairs to Kenderton's room.

"Good morning, J.W.," he said genially, while the man behind the table blinked at him through his glasses, for a moment without recognition.

"Oh, it is you, cautious Peter!" said Kenderton, with an uneasy grin. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"Indeed, J. W., I thought of paying this visit a month or two ago but my former experience still rankles, and knowing you to be so much cleverer than I, it seemed better to remain at a distance and work through that unfortunate young man, Stillwell Bronson, whose note I have come to take up, as he doesn't happen to possess the money to liquidate it himself just at present."

"In that case," said Kenderton, "I am doubly glad to see you. Here is the note."

"Yes, I thought you would be glad. Bronson, who is an inexperienced person about business, seems to think you are a hard man to a person in difficulties, and is afraid of future proceedings on your part, so I told him I would not pay this note unless you signed a document giving him full acquittance, which I brought here in my pocket."

"Ah!" said Kenderton, caution returning. "and what if I refuse to sign?"

"It doesn't matter a button to me," replied Carmichael indifferently. "If you refuse to sign, you can take action against him. Indeed, as the young man confessed to me that he is at the end of his resources, I ad-

vised him to let you sue, and defend the case on the ground of extortion and usury."

"My dear Peter, you know very well that a man has no defence against a promissory note he has signed. Judgment is bound to be in my favour."

"True, true; the difficulty will come in the collection, and if you prefer that note to my cheque, there is no sense wasting more words about it."

Kenderton hesitated a moment, then:

"Oh! very well," he said. "Give me your cheque, and I'll sign any kind of acquittance you like."

When the transfer was made, Kenderton asked:

"What's this young man to you? Are you becoming benevolent in your old age?"

"Benevolence begins at home, J. W., and Bronson happens to be my son-in-law."

"The deuce you say!"

"Yes; and besides that, although he is poor enough at the moment, I am to pay him next week a hundred thousand pounds for half of that option you did not choose to exercise. Good-bye, J. W. I told you I'd get even with you ultimately."

And those who know the potency of Bronson's Patent as a money-maker, are aware that the old man much more than made good his words.

A SHORE PICTURE

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

A windy, hollow sky of crystal clear,
 Scarfed with a fringe of sunset in the west,
 A dim sail gliding by the headland near,
 And, hung above the purpling fir-wood's crest,
 A great gold star, like some calm acolyte
 That watches steadfast by the gulf of night.

An argosy of crimson cloud at sea
 Pennoned with primrose, and, beyond the dune,
 Pallid as any fast-worn devotee,
 The wan face of a lately risen moon
 Above a landward valley whose deep cup
 With dewy, placid twilight is brimmed up.

Far out, foam wreaths as wavering and as white
 As some cold sea-maid's gleaming arms uptossed
 Athwart the splendours of the afterlight—
 Seen for a moment, then forever lost—
 And at our feet long waves that evermore
 Lap silver-tongued upon the burnished shore.

TO CANADA

By E. M. YEOMAN

O wilderness of luxury!
O haven of humanity!
Thou last kingdom of the West,
Where man in flight from man may rest,
And 'neath thy million azure domes
Of wood-and-prairie-measured skies
May 'throned his kin in generous homes,
And thrill with zest for high emprise!
New Canada, thy vast domains
Of mountain, stream, and forestland,
Thy verdant vales and boundless plains,
Stored by the Guardian Father's hand
With bread in plenteous excess,
And ores of treasure measureless
Reveal the Eternal Spirit's plan
To nourish man 'gainst want's distress.
Free from oppression's groan and tear,
The hand of God hath laid thee here
To wait the needy hand of man.

Young Canada, and may'st thou be
Mother of sons well worthy thee!
Pure-spirited as are thy snows,
Harmonious as thy water-flows;
Sons soaring on the wings of worth,
Lust-burnt for lofty virtue's spoil;
Strength-driven emperors of earth,
Eager for plunder reft from toil.
And may they strive in quietude,
Till grandly regal thou may'st stand,
Young empress of an earth renewed,
Where God and man go hand-in-hand!
And may they with their hearts and eyes
Follow thy mountains to the skies,
And, gazing in their footsteps, scan
The message in the flower that dies,
That, Earth-subliming, every deed,
O'er tranquil paths of love, may lead
Nearer to God and nearer man!



THE HABITANT OF QUEBEC

BY SIR LOMER GOUIN

THE *habitant* of Quebec may be regarded as the original type of my Province in very much the same manner as the people of Ontario may claim the United Empire Loyalist as the original type of theirs. The *habitant* is not without interest to any student of the social conditions and problems of our common country, and perhaps most readers would like to know something of his personal characteristics, his aims and ambitions, from one who has known him from earliest childhood. While he has been the subject of much criticism and misrepresentation from some who should know better and from many who have spoken and written in ignorance of his true character, it is a pleasure to me to be able to refer to the appreciative efforts of many English-speaking writers, like the late Doctor Drummond, of Montreal, and Professor George Wrong, of Toronto, who have rendered justice to the *habitant* as they have found and known him.

Let me say at the outset that the very name "*habitant*," which strangers to the Province of Quebec are sometimes inclined to regard as a term of reproach, is really one of dignity. The original tillers of the soil in Lower Canada, who first assumed the title of "*habitants*," while holding their land under feudal tenure, would not accept any designation such as "*censitaire*," which carried with it some sense of the servile status of the feudal vassal in Old France. They preferred to be called *habitants* (inhabitants of the coun-

try), free men, not vassals. And so the designation obtained official recognition in New France, and has become the characteristic name of the French-Canadian farmer among English-speaking people.

When it is remembered that for the first 150 years of the entire 300 of Quebec's history the only inhabitants of the Province were of French birth or extraction, it will be seen that the term *habitant* has subsequently served to distinguish the families of original founders of the country from immigrants of a later date from other lands, just as the addition of the letters "U. E. L." to the names of some of the original settlers in Ontario from the former English colonies to the south of us served as a title of great distinction to its proud possessors.

The attachment of the *habitant* to the land is one of his most striking characteristics. In many instances farm lands are still held by the lineal descendants of those to whom they were first granted by the King of France, or his representatives, in the earliest days of the colony; and when, last year, a committee of the Old Families of the Province of Quebec was formed at Quebec, over 270 of such families claimed and received medals and diplomas of honour, the latter of which testified that those to whom they had been awarded still owned the family homesteads that had come into possession of their ancestors from 200 to 250 years ago and that had ever since remained in the occupation of the same families. In every one of these cases satisfactory

proof of the correctness of the claims set forth had to be established by official notarial deeds. Is it any wonder that families with such a record are proud of it and that they glory in the title of *habitant*?

For many years, of course, and in some instances for several generations, the early occupants of lands in New France suffered all the hardships of new settlers. In addition to those experienced by the pioneers of Upper Canada at a later date, there were the constant dread and frequent depredations of hostile Indians and the hardships incidental to the French and English wars in North America. Many saw their cattle carried away to feed one or other of the contending armies, and their crops and dwellings destroyed by invading troops.

The cession of Canada to England by the King of France left the *habitant*, as it had found him, in undisputed possession of his land and other property. Remaining as French as ever in character, in faith and in speech, as much "*habitant*" or "*Canadian*" as ever in his love for the land discovered and colonised by his ancestors, the country of his forefathers' homes and struggles and graves, and of his own and his children's ambitions, hopes and love, his fidelity to the flag "that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze," though to him quite new, has never been called in question, while his loyalty to Canada is that of the most fervent patriot.

The natural increase of the French-Canadian population of North America is little less than miraculous. From the little group of some 60,000 people living here at the end of the French régime in Canada, there has sprung up on this northern half of the continent a French-speaking population estimated at over two millions of people. This continual and wonderful multiplication of this element of our population has become almost proverbial. You have all heard of the many families of fifteen, twenty and

even thirty children in the Province of Quebec. Cases are on record where the parish priest, whose people pay him with the twenty-sixth part of their farm produce, has also adopted and educated the twenty-sixth child of the family.

Despite the cares and the responsibilities of maternity, there are few more active, more helpful or more light-hearted companions than the *habitant* wife or mother. "*La Belle Canadienne*," they call her, and how well she deserves the compliment! How attractive she is, all those who have travelled in the Province of Quebec know; and those who have not, should come and see. How good she is, time would fail me to tell! Usually of robust constitution, strong in the religious faith that sustains her under her many burdens and responsibilities and in her sense of duty, domestic, frugal and industrious, a devoted wife and indulgent mother, she appears to be a combination of all the virtues.

The *habitant* is prouder of his large family of children than of any other of his worldly possessions. The poorer he is, the more delighted he appears to be with them. And the more numerous his family, the greater number of willing workers there are upon the farm. To the good God who gives them so large a progeny, the happy parents will often make the greatest of sacrifices to give back one in return, to be trained for his service in the sanctuary. The brightest and best of the flock is selected, with the approval of the parish priest, for the holy mission, and the height of human ambition and happiness is reached for them, when the old father and mother, occupying the seats of honour in the church, are the first to receive the sacrament at the hands of the child whom they have given to God, when he celebrates his first mass.

In no family are the ties of filial attachment stronger than in that of the *habitant*, and not alone in the

size of his family are the traditions of patriarchal times perpetuated. One of the most touching customs of some old Canadian families is that observed on New Year's Day, the great social festival of the French-Canadians, known as *La Benediction Paternelle*—the father's blessing of his children. Sometimes it is delivered after mass. In other families the touching observance takes place much earlier. The historian of Montcalm and Levis, the late Abbé Casgrain, a brother, by the way, of the late senator, Doctor Casgrain, of Windsor, has related how the New Year was ushered in by the family circle of his late father.

"At early morn," he says, "our mother woke us up, attired us in our best Sunday suit, and gathered us all together, with the house servants following, in the parlour. She then thrust open the bed-room door of our father, who, from his couch, invoked a blessing on all of us kneeling around him, while emotion used to bring tears to the eyes of our dear mother. Our father, in an impressive manner accompanied his blessing with a few words to us, raising his hands heavenwards. Of course, the crowning part of the ceremony to us was the distribution of the New Year's gifts, which he had at first concealed behind him."

Another record of earlier date tells of Pierre Boucher, who was Governor of Three Rivers in 1653, the father of fifteen children. He died in 1717 at the age of ninety-five, blessing on New Year's Day the kneeling group of sons and daughters, all listening to the words of wisdom and kindness falling from his venerable lips. For many years afterwards, on the anniversary of the old patriarch's death, there was annually read, in the presence of the assembled family, all kneeling, his last will, entitled "The Legacy of Grandfather Boucher." In this memorable testament, each member of the family was addressed in turn, and the wise counsels mingled with effusions of paternal affection. The conclusion contained this general

leave-taking of all: "Love one another sincerely for the love of God; remember that you will one day be called, like me, to appear before God, to render an account of your actions; hence, do nothing of which you will later have cause to repent. I do not leave you great riches, but what I do leave has been honestly acquired. I would willingly have left you more, but God is the master of all things. I have no enemy to my knowledge. I have done what lay in my power to live without reproach. Try to do the same."

In olden times the *seigneur*, or lord of the manor, was usually godfather to the first-born of the children of his tenants, and to him, as to a parent, his god-children were wont to go on New Year's Day, and we have it from M. de Gaspé, in his memoirs, that on one occasion he saw no less than a hundred children go to call upon the *seigneur* at the manor house.

Some of these old customs have now passed away, and others are less frequent than formerly, but the family affection and respect for authority which they illustrate still remain as a part of the heritage handed down to the present generation by their forefathers.

Happy in his home and contented with his lot, the *habitant's* light-heartedness and freedom from worry displays itself in a variety of picturesque and innocent amusements. He is a born *raconteur*, and nobody is fonder than he of music, song and story. Some of his folk-songs, like his Christmas carols, came with his forefathers from the land of his origin. Others are fragrant of the soil of Canada.

A country wedding in the Province of Quebec often involves two or three days' rounds or festivities, which are sometimes continued from the house of one relative to that of another, till the whole string of family connections has been visited.

The New Year season is especially devoted to visiting and to the per-

sonal tendering of good wishes, not only to family connections, nor yet alone to intimate friends, but to the entire round of neighbours and acquaintances.

Not all the children of the *habitant* remain upon the land. Some are sent to college, and entering one or other of the learned professions, or a merchant's office, often rival in their subsequent success the careers of the more highly-favoured classes.

French Canada, as it has been called, is naturally proud of those of her sons who have rendered distinguished service to Canada and the Empire. De Salaberry, the victor of Chateauguay, is a national hero in Quebec. Sir Percy Girouard is only one of many distinguished British officers to spring from French-Canadian stock. The people of my Province are proud to have given Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the Dominion and Empire, to have furnished Lieutenant-Governors for Manitoba, British Columbia and the Northwest Territories, to have given a cardinal to their church, chief justices and other judges to the Supreme Court of Canada, and statesmen like Chapleau and Mercier to the political leadership of their country and their own Province.

Counties composed almost entirely of French-Canadian electors have been glad to show their liberality by electing to Parliament Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, the late Honourable George Irvine, the late Colonel Rhodes, the late Honourable William Price, the late Judge Aylwin, and other English-speaking representatives; and when the Honourable Robert Baldwin was rejected by his old Upper Canada constituency, it was the purely French-Canadian county of Rimouski that gave him a seat in Parliament.

It was the late Mr. Mercier's government that asked and obtained from the Legislature of Quebec the vote of a subscription to Toronto University, after its disastrous fire, and Quebec will not soon forget the generous vote of \$100,000 last year by

the Legislature of Ontario to the funds of the National Battlefields Commission.

In the ranks of finance and commerce many sons of *habitants* are occupying prominent positions to-day, both in the Province of Quebec and elsewhere.

With the recent establishment in our Province, by the Government over which I have the honour to preside, of technical and commercial schools, many more careers than formerly will be opened up for the younger generation of our people.

We owe much, however, to our classical colleges and universities. They furnished the necessary education and training to our parliamentary leaders, who would otherwise have been poorly equipped for supporting the struggle for a constitutional and parliamentary system of government, which was waged in this part of the country by Baldwin and the Upper Canadian reformers.

In an indirect manner the classical and theological colleges of old French Canada contributed to the strengthening of the ties between Great Britain and Canada. They provided the Roman Catholic church in Canada with priests and with bishops who were sons of the soil and devotedly attached to the material as well as the spiritual welfare and future of their native land. Loving France as the land of their ancestry, but fully realising the extent of the popular liberties guaranteed them under the present régime, they have ever been the most stalwart supporters of the British connection with Canada. But on this point I prefer that an English-Canadian historian should testify. Professor Wrong, who spends his summer holidays at Murray Bay, and knows the *habitant* almost as well as if he had gone to school with him, says:

"When the American Revolution began, the bishops were strenuous for British connection, and from the pulpits came solemn warnings against the Ameri-

cans. Again in Britain's war on Revolutionary France the Canadian bishops were with her, heart and soul. They ordered Te Deums when Nelson destroyed the French fleet at the battle of the Nile, and over Trafalgar there were great rejoicings. After Waterloo we find in French Canada perhaps the most curious of all the thanksgivings. Te Deums were sung, and the people were told in glowing terms of the victory of the 'immortal Wellington' which had covered 'our army' with glory and ended a cruel war. Later, in the days of Papineau, the church opposed rebellion; she has since opposed annexation to the United States."

It is quite easy to explain why no element of Canada's population is more intensely loyal to Canada than the *habitant*, for, unlike the Englishman, the Scotchman or the Irishman in Canada, the French-Canadian has no longer any racial affiliation in a political sense with any old-world power. Canada is essentially "*Son pays et ses amours*," the object alike of his affection and his pride, and the subject of his most patriotic songs.

Of these I know of none more touching, not only in its language, but because of the circumstances attending the closing years of the poet's life, than the address to Canada by Octave Crémazie, whose sad fate it was to end his days a mourning exile from the Canada he so much loved, although it was in the sunny France of his forefathers. Addressing Canada he says:

"Heureux qui le connait, plus heureux
qui l'habite,
Et, ne quittant jamais pour chercher
d'autres cieux
Les rives du grand fleuve ou le bonheur
l'invite,
Sait vivre et sait mourir ou dorment
ses aieux."

Happy, he says, are those who know her, happier still are those who inhabit her, and who, never deserting the banks of the magnificent river where happiness always invites them, to seek fortune under other skies, know how to live and die where sleep the remains of their ancestors.

Such is the French-Canadian's attachment to Canada that nothing that is Canadian can fail to interest him. We of the Province of Quebec, as you are, are with the people of the other Provinces, fellow-subjects of one King, one Crown, one Throne. The same flag that the other Provinces fly floats above the central tower of our Parliament House in Quebec. I do not need to recall any of the names of my many fellow-countrymen who have fought in its defence, not only in Canada but across the seas as well. And it is not likely to be forgotten that it was a French-Canadian Premier who declared that the last gun in defence of British sovereignty in Canada will be fired by a French-Canadian.

The *habitant* makes no effort to conceal his affection for France. His love of her is for the land of his origin and his early ancestors. His love of Canada is for his own, his native land. He recognises kindred affections on the part of Canadians of other origins. So may it continue. Shakespeare makes Brutus say: "Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more." Thus may it be with all of us! May we not love the land of our respective origins less, but may we love Canada more!





THE BASILICA AT SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRE

MIRACLES AND MIND CURES

BY JOHN S. MACLEAN

THE shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, twenty-one miles below Quebec, towards which 200,000 pilgrims now wend their way annually, had a humble origin. According to tradition the original sanctuary was built about the middle of the seventeenth century by a few Breton mariners who, in danger of perishing by shipwreck, vowed that they would erect a chapel to the patroness of their native Brittany on the very spot where they might happen to land. It became the custom for sailors, before starting out to sea, to go there and to place themselves under her care, and "often," as a chronicler of

that time says, "they experienced a special protection from this practice."

This was the origin of the Beaupré pilgrimage, and as far back as 1662 marvellous cures were reported. Reverend Thomas Morel, missionary priest of the parish, published in 1668 with the approval of Monseigneur Laval, an account of the miracles that occurred at Sainte Anne, and the first Bishop of Quebec himself attributed to the devotion towards the Saint the success of his episcopate. The Venerable Mary of the Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec, wrote to her son in 1665: "There the para-

lytic are made to walk, the blind receive their sight and the sick, no matter what their ailment may be, regain their health."

But as yet there was no souvenir of Sainte Anne to be offered for the veneration of the faithful. Through the zeal of Monseigneur Laval, a relic was obtained from the Chapter of the Cathedral of Carcassonne, France. This was a fragment of a finger-bone of the Saint, and it was exposed for the first time on March

The Annals of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, published monthly by the Redemptorist Fathers who have charge of the shrine, relates many interesting cures. Mrs. A. Bourget, of Drummondville, writes:

"My little daughter, although two years old, could not walk and had such pains in her legs that she could not even stand up. Fearing that she would be crippled for life, I decided to take her with me on a pilgrimage to Beaupré. Kneeling at the foot of the statue of Sainte Anne, I begged that good mother to have pity



ARRIVAL OF A PILGRIMAGE

12th, 1670. Three other relics were presented two centuries later. Finally in 1892 the late Cardinal Taschereau gave to the sanctuary of Sainte Anne and to the Canadian people the *Great Relic* which he obtained from Pope Leo XIII. This consists of a bone from the Saint's wrist measuring four inches in length and encased in a *reliquary* made of gold and studded with precious stones, including eight turquoises, four garnets, four amethysts, and eight diamonds.

on my child. My prayer was at once granted.'

Mrs. Luc Dubuc, of Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, writes:

"After a severe attack of grippe in March, 1907, my husband was attended for nine months by physicians, who finally said he was in consumption. I prayed to Sainte Anne and promised novenas, masses, and communions and to publish the cure in *The Annals*. Sainte Anne heard my prayer and my husband has been in good health for two months."

The pilgrimage from Moncton, New



THE SHRINE AT SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRE



SUPPORTS DISCARDED BY PILGRIMS WHO WERE CURED

Brunswick, and Arichat, Nova Scotia, at the beginning of July of last year seems to have been particularly successful. Mrs. Frank Leger, of Sackville, was cured of lameness from which she had suffered more than a year. Mrs. Haines, of Blackville, was completely cured of dropsy and rheumatism. Louise Phelan, of Chatham, who suffered from a sore foot for eighteen years, was cured. Mrs. McCarthy, of Moncton, went away on crutches and returning was able to walk the length of the station platform at Levis alone. Greta White, of Sydney Mines, had been deaf and partly blind for fourteen years, but she is reported to be completely cured.

"Thaumaturgist" or "Wonder-Worker" is one of the titles usually given to Sainte Anne. The original miraculous image, according to Father Charland in "Madame Sainte

Anne," was a small gilded wooden statuette brought from France in 1661. It may now be seen among the historical souvenirs in the sacristy. The present miraculous statue of Sainte Anne wears the diadem of gold and precious stones with which she was crowned in 1887 by the late Cardinal Taschereau in the name of Leo XIII. At her feet there is a great display of crutches and votive offerings of every form. On each side of the church are lofty racks holding crutches, walking sticks, bandages and other surgical appliances, left by pilgrims who were cured of their infirmity and consequently had no further use for them. At least as many more have been given to the flames because there was no room for them. Those around the miraculous statue were left by recent sufferers. There is also a case filled with spectacles belonging to those who have been



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA

cured of eye troubles. In the memorial chapel are a number of paintings presented by some who have received favours from Sainte Anne. Among them is one painted by Le Brun and presented by the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of New France. During a terrible storm the Viceroy made a vow that he would make Sainte Anne a generous offering should he escape. The storm subsided and the Marquis presented this painting in 1666. These crutches, spectacles and votive offerings are pointed out as proof that the Shrine of Sainte Anne is really a Temple of Wonders.

When shown the votive offerings heaped in one of the ancient temples the Greek doubter exclaimed: "Where are the votive offerings of those who have perished?" At Sainte Anne de Beaupré the question is frequently asked, "Why are many of the afflict-

ed not cured while others obtain their cure easily?"

"This fact," reply the Redemptorist Fathers, "must be attributed to one or other of the three following reasons: either these persons do not pray in the proper frame of mind, or the favourable moment for them to be heard has not yet arrived, or it would be a misfortune for them if their prayers were heard. Sainte Anne's graces are real blessings, and she grants nothing that will not conduce to the spiritual welfare of the suppliant. This is the reason why some persons' prayers are favoured and others' rejected."

"Can a sick or infirm non-Catholic obtain his cure from Sainte Anne de Beaupré?"

"Yes, indeed," reply the Redemptorist Fathers, "if, on the one hand, at the moment of his visit to the Shrine he has the necessary disposi-



THE WAY OF THE CROSS AT SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRE

tion of mind and heart, and if, on the other hand, his cure might turn to the greater good of his soul, as well as to the greater glory of God."

In many respects thaumaturgy at Sainte Anne de Beaupré resembles "mind cure" at Emmanuel Church, Boston. Reverend Samuel McComb, D.D., thinks that one need not be a prophet to predict that if the nineteenth century was rationalistic and skeptical, the twentieth will be mystical and believing. His church is Protestant Episcopal, but the work it is seeking to do is human and universal. This effort he describes as "an attempt to weld into friendly alliance the most progressive neurological knowledge of the schools and a primitive New Testament Christianity as scholarship has disclosed it, with a view to the relief of human suffering and the transformation of human character." Faith, prayer, the heal-

ing power of suggestion, supplemented by a moral and psychic reëducation of the patient are stated to be the methods used in the Emmanuel "clinic." Doctor McComb declares that many hundreds have passed through this "clinic" and that there have been some striking and dramatic cures, but that he will confine his illustration to a few of an ordinary and normal kind:

K. L., a man of fifty-five, described himself as a nervous wreck. He believed, on the authority of physicians, that he suffered from Bright's disease and angina pectoris. As a matter of fact, these diseases were not real but simulated. He had been unable to do any work for two years. After six months' treatment he was able to take up his business again, and later he reported that he felt as well as ever he had before.

Z. was an aged man suffering from

creeping paralysis—an incurable disorder. On his first visit his limbs were shaking violently, but after a few quiet, reassuring suggestions he experienced a reduction in the extent of the vibrations to the amount of about twenty-five per cent. Subsequent treatment still further reduced the tremour.

The latest literature of the Emmanuel Movement relates the experience of Reverend Doctor Lyman P. Powell, rector of Saint John's Protestant Episcopal Church at Northampton, Massachusetts. In one year he received 400 persons in his clinics and gave systematic treatment to 105, of whom sixty-five were from outside of that town. He says that about twenty-four per cent. have been "apparently cured," about forty-seven per cent. "much improved," thirteen per cent. "slightly improved," and five per cent. "not improved." Twenty-four of the 105 cases were sent by physicians "of their own accord."

Doctor Powell says also that "it is rapidly becoming very difficult for

me to accept any other cases."

"There may come," once wrote Joaquin Miller after a month's stay at Sainte Anne de Beaupré, "and doubtless there will come hither many American travellers disposed to laugh at all they see. Americans are so fond of laughing! But, allow me to say it, this feature of our national character, which makes us smile at what we don't understand and treat with contempt ideas current elsewhere, sometimes goes a great deal too far." How many of those who come to scoff remain to pray *The Annals* does not state, but to the afflicted it can make little difference what the remedy is called. In both cases it is associated with a spiritual awakening and an increase of religious fervour directed to the uplifting of humanity. Those disposed to laugh at either might ponder over the words of the American poet who would not shake the faith of any:

"Nor even rashly pluck away,
The error that some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt."





LOVE FLYING

BY CLARE GIFFIN

Love that scarcely lingers
In my heart to-day,
Can your slender fingers
Lead the backward way?

Other days and seasons
Can you bring to me?
'Spite of all your treasons
Can you make me see

Those forgotten flowers
That were once so dear?
In your wasted bowers,
Can you make me hear

Those old songs, that laughter,
Sweet with hope and low?
Ah, but tears come after!
Love do I not know

All the way your fingers
Point me out? So say,
Love that scarcely lingers
In my heart to-day.

A. J. CLARK

THE TRAIL OF THE ROMANTICIST IN CANADA

BY E. J. HATHAWAY

CANADA seems now to be coming into her own as a field for the work of the romanticist. Her picturesque history of more than three hundred years, so successfully woven into literature by Parkman, and embroidered with all the wealth of his imagination, lies open to the world. The storied archives of old Acadia and New France are giving up their treasures of history, heroism, adventure, legend and tradition. Even the prairie districts of the West, and the mining camps of the mountains and the far North, are yielding a wealth of romance in tales of frontier life among the settlers, ranchers, miners and adventurers along the outer fringes of civilisation.

Nova Scotia is preëminently the land of *Evangeline*. The atmosphere of Longfellow's famous poem pervades the whole Province. The railway which traverses the Annapolis Valley is universally known as the "Evangeline Route," and the literary associations around Grand Pré and the Minas Basin almost rival in interest the tragic stories of these romantic spots. The ancient Acadian village was located near the present station of Grand Pré, and around it clusters the chief romance of Acadian history. Longfellow's rendering of history, however, does not agree with modern understanding of the events which led up to and followed the expulsion, although his version is said to have been based on information drawn from

Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia."

The story of the deportation of the Acadians has been fruitful in suggestion to the romanticists of the Maritime Provinces. Charles G. D. Roberts has made the period immediately preceding that event his especial preserve, and most of his work deals with the time when the French were making their last struggle to retain Acadia against the conquering English. He has tried, by basing his work on historic grounds, to correct Longfellow's highly-coloured romance. Through the pages of "The Forge in the Forest" is the sinister shadow of the Abbé le Loutre, the dominant figure in the insurrection of the Acadians; and the massacre of the New England troops by the French in 1746 forms the background of the story. The scene is in the neighbourhood of Grand Pré, and the narrative foreshadows the expulsion which followed nine years later. "A Sister to *Evangeline*" is a further picture of these simple Acadians, who, although under British protection for half a century, still retained animosity against the English settlers. The same thrilling period and the same romantic neighbourhood are also treated in "The Raid from Beauséjour," and the series of short stories, "By the Marshes of Minas." The siege of Louisburg forms the basis of "The Prisoner of *Made-moiselle*."

Marshall Saunders' fine novel "Rose á Charlitte" is an aftermath of the expulsion, and is placed among the descendants of the exiled Acadians who, on their return years afterwards, were located on a strip of land on the Bay Sainte Mary, at the south-western corner of Nova Scotia. The scene is laid at Sleeping Water, in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, and is an excellent picture of life along the Bay of Fundy coast in modern times. Miss Saunders, like Roberts, ardently espouses Parkman's view of the expulsion. "Only the poets and story-tellers have been true to Acadia," exclaims Agapit, the enthusiastic young French Acadian scholar, "it is the historians who lie."

Alice Jones has made the town of Bridgewater, in Lunenburg County, the scene of the main incidents of her novel "Bubbles We Buy," and, like most stories with a seaport setting, it has a distinct maritime flavour. The hero of Israel Zangwill's "The Master" is a Nova Scotian who was born and brought up at Cobequid, on the shores of Minas Basin. He enters on his career in Halifax, and later removes to London, where he becomes a conspicuous figure in the world of art.

New Brunswick has not quite so romantic a history as Nova Scotia, but her splendid forests and rivers have furnished the setting for many delightful studies of out-of-door life. Charles G. D. Roberts was perhaps the first writer to give vogue to the animal story, and his books, "Kindred of the Wild," "The Watchers of the Trails," "The Haunters of the Silences," and "The House in the Water," are placed chiefly in the New Brunswick woods. In a note in "The Watchers of the Trails" he explains the source of his knowledge of animal life and his qualifications for writing nature stories: "Having spent most of his boyhood on the fringe of the forest, with few interests save those which the forest afforded, (he) may claim

to have had the intimacies of the wilderness, as it were, thrust upon him. The earliest enthusiasms which he can recollect are connected with some of the furred or feathered kindred; and the first thrills strong enough to leave a lasting mark on his memory are those with which he used to follow — furtive, apprehensive, expectant, breathlessly watchful — the lure of an unknown trail." In "The Heart that Knows" Roberts has placed a story in the neighbourhood of his boyhood home — the village of Westcock, at the head of the Bay of Fundy. It is a tale of sea-faring life, and the beautiful, fertile salt marshes at the mouth of the Tantrammar River, which have been reclaimed from the sea by dykes, are depicted with all their haunting charm.

Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, in "When All the Woods are Green," gives a delightful account of summer life in the New Brunswick woods. Having fished Canadian waters for many years, he is thoroughly familiar with every portion of these forests and salmon rivers. The narrative of this, his only Canadian novel, deals with the northern part of the Province, on the Saint John and Restigouche Rivers.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood had a special fondness for historical annals and has employed for the purpose of literature many heroic incidents in the early history of New France. "The Lady of Fort Saint John" is the story of Madame la Tour's famous defence of the fort at Saint John against d'Aunay Charnisay, her husband's rival in the Acadian trade with the Indians. "The Sacrifice of the Shannon," by W. Albert Hickman, is a romance of the Straits of Northumberland, lying between Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Pictou is thinly disguised under the name of Caribou, and the story hinges on the rivalries between two of the steamship companies plying in these waters, and the thrilling rescue of the head of one company by the crew of an

ice-crusher in the service of the other. "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," by L. M. Montgomery, are fascinating studies of girl-life in the garden Province of Canada, Prince Edward Island.

Although not actually a part of the Canadian Confederation, Newfoundland may, without apology, be included in a study of Canadian literature. Her wild and rugged shore lines, the inhospitable fogs and the turbulent seas which encompass her, seem to have completely shut her off from the world. But these were the very things that appealed to Norman Duncan. He spent several summers in the island, in intimate association with the hardy fisher-folk, in order that he might study the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships. "The Way of the Sea" is a series of stories of Newfoundland fisher life, vivid, intimate and sympathetic. "Doctor Luke of the Labrador" is the story of the hazardous life of a medical missionary to the Labrador people. "The Cruise of the Shining Light," and "Every Man for Himself," are both excellent stories of the brave people whose lot is cast in this out of the way portion of the world. Theodore Roberts has also made a feature of Newfoundland stories. His "Brothers of Peril" is placed in the northern part of the island, and is based on the conflicts between the early white settlers and the native Bœthics — an Indian tribe which became extinct nearly a century ago.

The brilliant history of New France has been generously used by many writers of romance, both in French and in English. The city of Quebec especially has appealed to them, because of its rare charm and its historic and legendary attractions. It was utilised in 1769, by Mrs. Frances Brooke, in the "History of Emily Montague." This was the first Canadian novel, and is an interesting contemporary account of life in Canada during the years immediately following the conquest. "Le Chien d'Or,"

William Kirby's fascinating novel, perhaps the best Canadian work of fiction yet written, is a strong picture of the city before the coming of the English. The famous residence of the French Governor — the Castle Saint Louis — with its opulent furnishings and splendid galleries of notables, has since given place to the stately Chateau Frontenac; the many-gabled palace of the famous Intendant — the most magnificent building in New France — has now disappeared; but the ruins of the notorious Chateau Beaumanoir, around which the story has largely been woven, are still pointed out to the interested tourist, and in the wall of the post-office building is to be seen the historic effigy of the Golden Dog, which gives the title to the book, commemorating the bitter feud between the Intendant and the merchant Philibert.

Sir Gilbert Parker's notable novel, "The Seats of the Mighty," is placed almost entirely within the strong walls of Quebec, and is a vivid picture of the eventful months immediately preceding its capture by Wolfe. Vaudreuil occupies the Governor's palace, Bigot is the civil Governor, and to and fro through its pages there flit shadows of the brilliant court which existed during this memorable period in the history of New France. William McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith deal with the same period in "The Span o' Life." Cyrus Townsend Brady describes Wolfe's victory in "The Quiberon Touch." A. T. Quiller Couch has, in "Fort Amity," a spirited story of British arms prior to the taking of Quebec, and also of its defence against Montgomery in 1775. "The Bastonnais," by John Lesperance, also describes the siege by Montgomery and some of the ensuing dramatic events. A still earlier event in the history of the city — the disastrous attempt of Admiral Phips to capture the fortress from the French in 1691 — forms the basis of Gilbert Parker's "The Trail of the Sword."

Anna Chapin Ray has discovered that even the Quebec of to-day is not lacking in romantic material. "By the Good Sainte Anne" and "Quickened" are both interesting stories of modern Quebec, with the famous shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré in the foreground. For some reason the romantic possibilities afforded by the presence of the French-Canadian and English races side by side in Canada have been largely neglected, and Miss Ray is one of the first to seize upon this unique situation for literary use. Anson A. Gard has also written two novels about the modern city, "The Yankee in Quebec" and "Uncle Sam in Quebec"; and William Dean Howells has described its attractions in "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance."

Most of Sir Gilbert Parker's work with a Canadian setting has been placed in the Province of Quebec. "Pierre and His People" and "An Adventurer of the North" are studies of life in the more remote northern regions. Pierre is a runner for the Hudson's Bay Company, and an unique figure in the settlements. "The Pomp of the Laviolettes," an excellent picture of French-Canadian life and character, is placed on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River. "The Right of Way" opens in Montreal, but soon shifts to a little village known as Chaudiere, in the so-called Vadrome Mountains—the foothills of the Laurentians—a little to the west and north of Quebec. "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," a quaint story of French-Canadian simplicity, is located in the Delgrothe Mountains—in all probability in the same neighbourhood.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood's most conspicuous novel, "The Romance of Dollard," recounts the thrilling story of the defence of the Long Sault Rapids, immediately to the west of Montreal, by Daulac and his fifteen brave companions, against the attack of a horde of Iroquois. A. Conan Doyle, in "The Refugees," recalls

the memorable expulsion of the Huguenots from France. A fanatical Franciscan monk pursues some of the fleeing refugees up the Saint Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers, until they find safety in the English colonies.

Duncan Campbell Scott is the author of a series of exquisite prose etchings, published under the name of "In the Village of Viger," in the neighbourhood of Montreal. Viger is a composite, rather than an actual village, but in the main it has some basis in reality. "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, is a study of the pretentious vulgarity of a profligate youth and the struggle of modern ideas against the ancient aristocracy of seigniorial feudalism. The forest of Bourg-Marie and the old manor of the ranger, around which the story is woven, have probably been taken from life; but for the purpose of fiction they have been placed somewhere in the County of Montmorency, a little to the north-east of the city of Quebec.

The late Doctor W. H. Drummond has probably been the most successful delineator of French-Canadian life and character. Most of his scenes were laid in the woods and settlements to the north and east of Montreal. He expressed throughout his verse the very spirit of out-of-door life, the breath of the northern forests, the rush of swollen torrents; and all his types—the well-to-do *habitant*, frugal and saving, the *voyageur* from the distant West, the lumber-jack home for the summer, the "nice little Canadianne"—have all the essential human qualities of the French-Canadian, speaking as he himself would speak, and living as he lives and moves and has his being. Like his friend Doctor Drummond, Henry Van Dyke is a keen admirer of the homely, fine and rare qualities of the *Canayen*. His intimate knowledge of Canada, including the Maritime Provinces, Southern Labrador, the Lake Saint John district and Gaspé in Quebec,

and the Nipigon and Red Rivers to the north and west of Lake Superior, has given him a wide acquaintance with the Indians, French-Canadians, and half-breeds among guides, *habitants*, and the men of the logging camps. Canadian stories and sketches of fishing and shooting experiences in various parts of Canada are scattered throughout many of his books,—"The Ruling Passion," "Fisher-man's Luck," "The Blue Flower," "Little Rivers," and "Days Off." "The Ruling Passion" is almost entirely Canadian, and most of the stories deal with the Lake Saint John district.

The County of Glengarry in Eastern Ontario, and the Kootenay mining district of British Columbia, have almost equal claims on the literary interests of Ralph Connor. Settled early in the last century by men from the Highlands, the sturdy pioneers of Glengarry set out to hew from the forests homes for themselves and their children. The loneliness of their lives, their sorrows and their triumphs in the heroic conflict with stern nature, bred in them strength of body, alertness, readiness of resource, indomitable courage, endurance, and superb self-reliance. Shanty life in the lumber camps, which he describes in "The Man from Glengarry," was in the early fifties full of privation and peril, but it developed strong natures in men who were stalwart, big-bodied and broad-bowed, and in whose hearts dwelt the fear of God. "Glengarry School Days" is an intimate picture of school life of the same period, of the simple pleasures, sports and home-life of the district, and of boyish friendships, rivalries and enmities. "The Doctor" and "The Prospector" cover the same field, but carry the story through student life at Toronto University, and then out into the far West.

G. B. Burgin, the English journalist and author, was for some years a resident of Eastern Ontario, and several of his novels have been placed

in the neighbourhood of l'Orignal and Hawkesbury. "The Only World" opens in England, but the scene soon shifts to Canada, where the story is worked out. "The Dance at Four Corners" is a travesty, rather than the picture of Ontario rural life which it purports to be. "The Judge at Four Corners" is placed in the same district.

College life in Toronto forms the attractive background to Harvey J. O'Higgins' delightful story of the youthful dreamer and visionary "Don-a-Dreams," and for Robert Barr's "The Measure of the Rule," both of which are based on their authors' personal knowledge of college life during their student days. Although Mr. Barr lived in Canada for many years, this is, with the exception of "In the Midst of Alarms,"—which gives a humorous account of the Fenian Raid—his only Canadian novel. Toronto also furnishes the scene for "Geoffrey Hampstead," by Thomas Stinson Jarvis. Mrs. Everard Cotes' only Canadian story, "The Imperialist," is located at Brantford, Ontario, the city of her birth; "The Lone Furrow," by W. A. Fraser, is placed at Georgetown, Ontario; E. W. Thomson's two stories of lumber camp life, "Old Man Savarin" and "Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss," are placed on the Ottawa River; Sydney Preston's delightful little story of rural life, "The Abandoned Farmer," belongs to Clarkson, a few miles west of Toronto, where the author has a fruit farm; and Marian Keith's "Duncan Polite" is located in the neighbourhood of Lake Simcoe.

Northern Ontario and the far West have been important contributing factors to Canadian letters. For more than two centuries the Hudson's Bay Company held absolute sway over the destinies of a country as large as an empire. It pushed its way into the vast wilderness of the west and north, until its small stockaded outposts were planted on the shores of the Pacific and the Arctic. Little wonder

is it, then, that such a life should appeal to the romanticist in literature. Stewart Edward White has devoted much of his attention to that stretch of country lying between Lake Superior and Hudson and James Bays. In "Conjuror's House," placed at the Hudson's Bay post at Moose Factory on James Bay, he gives an adequate picture of the methods of the Company in dealing with rivals. "The Silent Places," also a story of Company methods, describes the relentless pursuit of an embezzling Indian—one who had obtained "debt" and never returned. "The Magic Forest" is a dainty fairy tale of the northern woods, with its wonderful fascination of river and rapids, and of the Indian camps and the countless incidents which might appeal to the imagination of a child. W. A. Fraser, who spent some years as an engineer in Manitoba, has drawn some interesting pictures of life in the West. "The Blood Lilies" is placed at Fort Donald, in Manitoba, and reflects conditions of life among the Crees, Niches, and the Scotch trappers associated with the Hudson's Bay Company. "The Eye of a God" is a series of short stories dealing with the Blackfeet Indians in southern Alberta, and "Mooswa" is a romance of the furry inhabitants of the northern forests and muskeg lands lying between the Saskatchewan and Arctic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains. Agnes Laut, however, is the recognised historian of the early fur-traders. Her "Pathfinders of the West" is a circumstantial story of the early voyages of Radison, La Vérendrye and Lewis and Clark, into the unknown West, and "Heralds of Empire" has as its subject the exploits of Radison and Groseillers on Hudson Bay. These two fur-traders of Three Rivers were the first to penetrate the territories beyond the Great Lakes. "Lords of the North" deals with the bitter jealousies and rivalries between the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company in those stirring

times early in the last century following the settlement of districts in Manitoba by Lord Selkirk.

The policy of the Hudson's Bay Company had never been in the interests of settlement. The acquisition by the Canadian Government, nearly forty years ago, of the lands of the company known as the Northwest Territories, has been followed by a remarkable growth in population and development in the means of transportation. The Northwest Mounted Police have been a potent factor in the opening of this vast region and in making habitation possible in the frontier settlements. Roger Pocock's "Following the Frontier" deals with the work of the force along the border line west of Lake Superior; Carter Goodloe's "At the Foot of the Rockies," on the other hand, reflects rather the holiday spirit of police life at a detachment near Macleod in Southern Alberta; and the public services of the police receive more or less attention in most of the novels placed in the prairie Provinces. Ridgwell Cullum's "The Story of the Foss River Ranch," and "Watchers of the Plains," are laid in the great undeveloped stretches of Alberta.

Harold Bindloss, an English author who spent some time in the West, has a number of Canadian books to his credit. "A Sower of Wheat" is a romance of the wheat-fields between Winnipeg and Regina, describing the career of two young men of energy who, seeing nothing but a life of drudgery in the old land, came to Canada to grow up with the country. "By Right of Purchase" tells of the struggles of the wheat-grower against the forces of nature, hail, drought and fire; the desperate gamble with the capitalists, the hand-to-hand fights with horse thieves and smugglers; experiences which tend to render the life of the western farmer anything but monotonous. Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, in "Sowing Seeds in Danny," has written a charming little story of child-life in a Manitoba village.

Ralph Connor's stories of missionary endeavour in the mining districts of the Kootenay are perhaps his most successful works. Himself a missionary in the West for some years, his first sketches, published afterwards as "Black Rock," were written with a view to bringing the spiritual needs of the West before the church in the East. "The Sky Pilot" also consists of missionary sketches in the same region. In his later books, "The Man from Glengarry," "The Doctor," and "The Prospector," his heroes, Glengarrians in every case, heed the cry of the calling West, and win their way by sheer force of character and manliness.

"A Damaged Reputation" and "His Master Purpose," by Harold Bindloss, are stories of the mining camps of the Caribou, in Southern British Columbia, and reveal something of the intrigues which often characterise the inner workings of glittering mining propositions. "Gold, Gold in Caribou," and "Trottings of a Tenderfoot," both by Clive Phillips-Woolley, an English author and traveller now resident on the Pacific coast, are located in the same district. "One of the Broken Brigade," by the same writer, is a story of the remittance man, and is placed chiefly in the ranching section of British Columbia. Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw has also written much about her own province, the main interest of "Why Not, Sweetheart?" centering near the city of Vancouver. Northern British Columbia, as yet almost unknown to any but the Indians and occasional trappers, forms a fitting background for Ridgwell Cullum's gloomy tragedy, "The Brooding Wild," and for Jack London's sketches of life among the native tribes, "Children of the Frost."

The gold-fields of the Klondike in the far North are responsible for several remarkable works of adventure and romance. There is a fascination in the mining camp, with its motley population, the feverish and unnatural activity, the sordidness of life

under such artificial conditions, the frequent lawlessness and the hardships which men endure in their frantic struggle for gold. Jack London entered the Yukon during the early rush, and was one of the first to utilise it for literary purposes. His animal story, "The Call of the Wild," is the pathetic story of a dog translated from the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley to the frozen North, to become a courier runner for the Government between Skagway and Dawson. Ridgwell Cullum's "The Hound from the North" is a tale of crime and hardship which begins on the bleak trails of the Yukon, shifting afterwards to Southern Manitoba. Harold Bindloss, in "Delilah of the Snows," tells of a group of adventurers in the Yukon who fought against inhospitable nature through a long winter, almost within sight of the wealth they could not grasp.

But perhaps the most notable works of romance placed in this remote section of Canada are "The Magnetic North" and "Come and Find Me," by Elizabeth Robins. "The Magnetic North" is a man's book written by a woman. Miss Robins knows Alaska and the Klondike intimately. She visualises the allurements of the unknown North — that which leads men in their search for gold to sacrifice everything that would seem to make life worth the living. She describes the trip of a party of Americans up the Yukon to the gold-fields. Caught in the ice in the late fall, they are forced to camp on the trail throughout the winter. It is a book without a heroine, and with but one female character — a girl from a Californian opera troupe. "Come and Find Me" is the story of the call of the Klondike gold — what Kipling has called "that whisper beyond the sky-line where the strange ways go down." It is a dramatic narrative of struggle, hardship and disappointment.

Canada has thus been the theatre for many important works of litera-

ture. Her resources in romantic materials have not only been exploited by her own writers, but they have also been drawn upon generously by American and English authors. The trail of the romanticist extends over the whole Dominion. To the writers of boys' stories the field has been especially attractive. Almost every important incident in Canadian history has been put into narrative form for the English-speaking youth, and nearly every phase of Canadian life and activity has been portrayed.

R. M. Ballantyne, who during his youth spent some years in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, from personal knowledge has in many volumes described life in those sections of the far North and West which, even yet, are known only to the trapper and the trader. J. Macdonald Oxley, in his twenty-six books of stories for boys, covered almost every feature of adventurous life in Canada. Egerton R. Young, and John Maclean, both missionaries in the Northwest, have described life among the Indian tribes on the outskirts of civilisation. W. H. G. Kingston and Captain Marryatt each gave a Canadian setting to several of their books

of adventure. Jules Verne, in "The Fur Company," published many years ago, described a trip from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean, for the purpose of establishing trading posts. G. A. Henty's "With Wolfe in Canada," and Captain Brereton's "How Canada Was Won," both deal with the conquest of Quebec in 1759; James Otis, in "The Siege of Quebec," describes Montgomery's attack, and Eliza F. Pollard's "A Daughter of France" is a story for the young, dealing with Madame La Tour's defence of the fort at Saint John.

As yet the literature of Canada is in the formative stage. For the most part it is the product of recent years, and therefore without history or traditions to give it distinction; but in spite of this Canadian writers are gaining reputation in almost every department of letters. Local conditions in Canada are full of suggestion for imaginative work. There are aspects of life as distinct as those of any other country, and the constantly increasing use of Canadian backgrounds by American and English writers is testimony as to the splendid interest and novelty which the life presents.



THE PENITENT

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

FROM the back windows of my lodging in a quiet out-of-the-way quarter of the city, the view was one of roofs, of chimneys and yards, a wholly sordid outlook but for the magnificent trees growing in the garden of the Convent of the Good Shepherd. They must have been very old trees, oaks and maples they were, and their massed foliage and interwoven branches rising above the grim wall formed, as it were, an added barrier, completely shutting from sight the garden wherein the Sisters and the penitents paced in the sunlight, or tended the flower-beds. On breathless summer evenings I used to sit watching those beautiful trees, the deep cool green of their leaves, the heavily hanging boughs, and I would fall to musing upon the lives, tragic each in its degree, of the estrays whom for a time they sheltered.

That was in the earlier days, before my landlady amusedly noted the trees' fascination for me, for, upon becoming aware of it, she insisted on my accompanying her to the convent, of which she informed me with no little pride that her elder sister was Superioress. She gave me clearly to understand that the standing of other members of her family was highly honourable, though she, a widow, had been reduced to letting her rooms for a living. Nevertheless, she confided to me as we went along that she would much have preferred to have the character of the institution educational, for she had all the blameless *bourgeoise's* aversion to the unfortunate inmates. Indeed, she compla-

cently averred that, though she was at the convent four days out of the seven, in a single instance only had she exchanged speech with one of *Soeur Berthe's* charges.

The portals of the austere gray building were opened to admit us by a little old woman whom my companion greeted with a hearty "Good day, *Soeur Salomé*. She proceeded up into the cool, bare reception-room, and went to acquaint the Superioress of our coming. Presently she returned with word that madame would be with us immediately, and set about the tasks upon which she had previously been engaged. She moved about setting the apartment in order, and so frail was she, so small and bowed, that her activity was a strange thing to behold. In her black, wide-skirted gown, with the heavy cape to her waist and silver cross upon her breast, she glided back and forth with her duster in her hand, stooping every now and then, where a patch of sunlight fell athwart the boarded floor, to peer at it with dim-sighted eyes.

And yet they had been lovely eyes once, I saw, as she came close to me; still, wide beneath their wrinkled lids and of a tender faded-flower blue, they looked forth with a pathetic wistfulness, a patient questioning, as of something that had hurt her and that she had never understood. Her bearing was humbly deprecating, and as the Superioress entered she ceased from her work and stood motionless with the bit of cotton hanging from her folded hands, awaiting the sign of dismissal, upon which she glided

from the room without a glance in our direction.

"That is a good woman," my landlady emphatically declared, as *Soeur Berthe* gave her a nun's kiss on each cheek, and greeted me with cordial kindness. Several years the elder, with firm red cheeks and pleasant direct gaze, she yet appeared to be younger than her sister—a woman to be relied upon, lacking neither in wisdom nor benevolence.

Laughingly she told me she had learned of my interest in her convent, an admiration for her trees. I must come often, and feel myself at home among the sisters, and look upon the garden as my own, a pleasant refuge from the heat of a town summer.

I willingly accepted her gracious invitation, and frequently returned thither, and so, though all communication with the dwellers in that place of repentance was forbidden me, I yet gained some insight into their manner of life therein, and I also came to know the story of another who from my self-same windows had looked down upon the convent maples—one whose praise of the trees' beauty had brought her a shocked enlightenment as to the purpose of the monastery they embowered.

For she was innocent, a stranger, a bride of but a few weeks, newly come from the far-off village where she had lived her eighteen years of life, and so happy, so eagerly interested in the sights and manners of the wonderful city, where each day was so different from the one before, inasmuch as every slight incident of marketing, churchgoing, or the street, was to her an adventure to be recalled and gaily told over to the master of the house.

At first she had not ventured far from home, she feared to stray, and many were the warnings of her bridegroom as to the perils to which her ignorance might expose her; but she promised herself many a pilgrimage hither and thither, by-and-by, when

she should have become more versed in the city's way of life, or, better still, when business should claim less of her husband's time, and leave him free to go about without her. In the meantime, she cared for her little upper apartment, or studied her cookery book, to the end that she might become a notable housekeeper. She went seldom abroad, and, alone in the evenings, she would sit at her (now my) window, and watch the women below chatting in their doorways after the heat of the day, and the trees in the garden of the Good Shepherd, and, very often, folding her hands, she would pray pitifully for the women of whose existence she had but now learned. Then would she light her lamp, and still wait a little, if perchance the sound of a well-known foot-fall should be heard on the stairs; but as all grew hushed down in the street, she would extinguish the light, and with a little sigh betake herself to rest, feeling neither disheartened, nor weary, well aware that when one had done so well as to marry a man of affairs of the city, whose calling necessitated frequent absences, one must not be as a baby that cries when it is left alone.

As time went on, she made acquaintances with her neighbours of the street, and of these notably one Dame Hosanna Cadorette, who frequently came puffing up the stairs, to drink a cup of tea and to discourse at length upon the esteem in which she was held by members of the medical profession. For a blissful anticipation stirred in the girlish heart in those days, a tremulous looking forward to the coming of a child to crown her perfect happiness. Shyly she imparted the glad news to her husband, hiding her face against his coat the while as he tenderly smoothed her hair. At such a time he declared, business cares must be relegated to a secondary place, and he so ordered his affairs that he could be much at home.

Madame Cadorette, solicitous as

for the welfare of her own daughter, reigned supreme in the household as those days drifted by. It was in the winter time that the baby came, in the dusk, as the short day was closing, but despite the twilight and the fast gathering mists of weakness, the young woman had a momentary clear sight of the sweet little face and tiny crumpled hands. Then followed a long, long time of wandering among unknown, stony places, constantly seeking the child she had lost. She was conscious neither of the presence of Dame Hosanna, nor of that of the stricken man who watched by her night and day. Her ears were deaf to his pitiful pleadings not to leave him alone, and her soul at last, in its far straying, came to the place where the way stretches outward, paused at the calling of a faint wailing cry, turned back from the long journey all but entered upon, and found the path once more to the light and the world of familiar things, to a flower-decked chamber and a little babe that waited for her.

What joy it was as her strength came back to nurse the dear little one, whose rose-leaf feet lay so softly in her hollowed hand. With what pride did she array it in long, white, stiffly starched robes, and when the women of the quarter called to congratulate her, how complacently did she accept their tributes of admiration, convinced that they spoke in all sincerity when they testified that in respect of beauty and intelligence her child was a marvel for its age. Her one fear was that she might wound these good-hearted, well-meaning neighbours by withholding her little daughter from their caresses, when at the moment of their visit the infant chanced to be asleep. She would make infinite apologies, sagely telling women who had brought up large families of the beneficial effect of sleep on the constitutions of young infants; then, after all, stepping softly, she would invariably lead the way to the lace-trimmed nest.

She put on a sedate matronliness, and mused no more by her window in the twilight. Her thoughts strayed not now beyond the boundaries of her own home. She had little thought of the convent trees, and evening found her with curtains drawn and lamp burning, as with her foot she swung the little one's cradle.

When it again became needful for her husband to go travelling, she did not as formerly cling to him, with difficulty restraining her tears. On the contrary, she was solicitous lest for her sake, he might forego his business opportunities. "For," as she gravely told him, "we must be mindful of the future, now, my dearest."

M. Ayotte had long since ceased to enjoin upon his young wife that she should keep as much as possible to herself. Better acquainted with the quarter now, and of what character were the neighbours among whom he had settled, he was well pleased that the matrons living nearby should show so friendly a spirit, so amiable a desire to welcome his Marie as one of themselves. Of a truth these ladies were of most reputable standing, wives of small tradesmen or clerks, thrifty housekeepers, careful of their growing families—in all most suitable companions for a young woman whose responsibilities were beginning and who naturally had yet many things to learn. M. Ayotte, when home from his trips, showed himself of so cordial a gallantry toward these fair neighbours that he charmed one and all. Many were the compliments concerning him tendered Marie: "So charming a man, so mindful of all small *prévenances*."

There was this one whose market basket ("full of meat and vegetables, I assure you, my dear") M. Ayotte had carried home for her, chatting most affably the while. Another had to tell of encountering him in the rain, and of his so carefully sheltering her with his umbrella, so that not a drop had touched her. Such instances as this repeated by one to

the other, acquired for him a most enviable reputation, and his wife was looked upon as an exceedingly fortunate young woman. All that heart could desire was hers; her little home, the saying went, "a perfect gem." There was no occasion for her to be watchful of a cent here or there. And she was herself charming; her baby a lovely child. The ladies who had become her friends, and who for the most part knew the pinch of small means, insisted upon the fairness of her lot. For a man not yet forty, they said, M. Ayotte was wonderfully successful.

True, he was of different stamp from their own men, who plodded year after year in the same track, with few chances of advancement and seldom an increase of income. The little apartment, at first the object of a half-suspicious curiosity but now thrown open, was the admiration of the quarter.

As the child grew and thrived, calling for less constant care, Marie found herself at liberty to take advantage of her enlarged circle of acquaintances. She took her part in little social gatherings, went with her friends to the theatre for the first time, where she wept and laughed and beat her hands with excitement. In her early secluded bridal days, she had taken little thought of dress; now she learned to discourse on matters of cut and fashion, and blushed at her former rustic simplicity. It was a pleasure for her to walk abroad in her new and elaborate toilette, with Madame A. at her right hand, and Madame B. at her left (these ladies also elegantly attired), and with veils lifting, chains and bracelets tinkling, and the scent of their perfumery filling the air around them, to watch the procession of carriages, the merry children with their nurses, the riders on horseback, at the hour when the élite of the city took the air.

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It was a bright spring afternoon, when she took the winter-born baby

for its first outing. She made it a festive occasion, put on the little one's finest embroidered gown, and pinned a tiny bunch of flowers under the chubby chin. She wished the father could have been there to see them go off together, just the two, for this very first promenade. She left her little maid in charge of the house, pushing the ribbon-bedecked perambulator herself, and the baby laughed and crowed as they went along. Its cheeks were like roses, its blue eyes caught the glint of the sunlight. So mild was the day, so fair and pleasant, that, unconsciously musing as she went, upon her village home, where even yet the snows still lingered, she strayed far from her own quarter, past the places of the shops, and into a neighbourhood strange to her, where great houses stood in their gardens, all around a square. There were seats there, and the water in the fountain shot upward in silver jets and fell back into the basins that were fashioned like monstrous shells. Already tenderly tinted hyacinths bloomed in the flower-beds, and the young green foliage of the trees was fresh and beautiful.

Madame Ayotte paused to rest, thinking that she must have come a long distance, and realising that in taking so many cross streets she had missed her way. Well, she would rest awhile, and by-and-by someone would be willing to set her on her homeward road. She drew the baby's carriage up beside her, folded the little wrap around the child's shoulders, and sat watching the shining ripples within the shell basins. A capricious mood was on her; she suffered one after the other to go by; she would not accost them; their looks did not please her. When someone more amiable-looking should appear, then she would beg him to direct her; and so she lingered, till suddenly, in a moment's space, the bright water in the great conches went a chilly gray, the sun sank among gathering clouds, a cold wind swept up the path be-

tween the trees, and the white and lavender hyacinths shuddered together. Hurriedly she then addressed herself to the first-comer, and after repeated inquiries of cabmen, and newsboys, she came at length to her own door. The baby, warm and rosy, was sleeping peacefully as she lifted it from among its wrappings, but that night, as she lay with the little form folded within her arm, a hoarse gasping broke in upon her dreams, and, terrified, she started up to find the child desperately struggling for breath. She called her little maid and sent her in all haste for the young doctor at the corner.

The doctor looked grave at first, but presently could tell her that the danger was averted. Then he returned next morning, and again, and again, and when he took his leave Marie would weep over and kiss his wonder-working hands.

All care and tenderness, notwithstanding, the baby remained enfeebled, and Marie shed bitter tears of self-reproach, as she contrasted the puny little creature that wailed against her breast with the bright-eyed, happy babe she had driven out on that inauspicious day. The young doctor recommended the country, and there and then she resolved to go home. Her husband could not at that moment accompany her, and in her distress of mind she regretted this only for his own sake. He would join her later, so with her maid and her little one, in the fashion of a lady of the town, she came back to her girlhood's home, where old friends welcomed her warmly, and all things were as she had left them. It was so restful there, in the high clear air, among the upland, barren fields that sloped away to the pine woods crowning the stony mountains.

Marie felt freed from the restrictions of her town life and able to devote herself wholly to her child. While it slept in the cumbersome, old wooden cradle in which she herself had been rocked, she sat in the porch

before the door, where presently neighbours would join her, the old, white-capped women who had known her from her birth, who came eager to hear of her experiences; who peered into the baby's face, and in response to her anxious questionings, mendaciously gave the assurances almost begged of them, exchanging the while furtive upliftings of the eyebrows and significant waggings of the chin. Not all these signals went unobserved of Marie, but, intercepting them, she refused to accept their ominous portent as set against the heartening words, which were no whit less worthy of credence.

Every morning, with the little one in her arms, she paced the sunny, rough village street, which was but a continuation of the mountain road, passing between the houses, and winding away into the distance. Pine-scented and health-bringing, the breeze swept down from the hill-crest forests, and, flushed with faint red, the little face against her breast, and crooning a gentle lullaby, she went unweariedly back and forth from her own door to the presbytery garden at the end of the street. If she paused to exchange speech with some neighbour at her window, her words would be careless ones, on indifferent topics, while ever the agonised look in her eyes, at one and the same time, entreated and repelled the truth. For it had come to this with her, that she could no longer endure compassion or sympathy, or any further touching upon the state of her child. The kindly-meant, tactless concern that met her at every turn seemed to her to have in it something of brutality.

She winced when heavy, strong hands were laid upon the tiny wasted body, when hale sunburned faces bent above it. She resented it when the *curé*, leaving his planting, came to the gate to speak with her, because his words were of her "little angel," and he looked upon her so compassionately. As she no longer contrasted the present condition of the child

with its first happy months of life, but set each slight and transitory improvement against a previous suffering and lassitude, she forced herself to a belief that the mountain air was proving salutary in its effect. And this when all the village knew for a certainty that the babe was dying, for one and all respected her self-delusion. There was not one who could have found it in his heart to tell her that there was no longer any room for hope, that it had become a question of hours.

Even the *curé* himself was doubtful-minded; the blow could not be averted; therefore it might be well to prepare her in some measure to meet it. Yet he shrank from the task, and because it was the case of a little sinless child, because there was required neither penitence nor viaticum for the passage into eternity, he wavered, reluctant to bring the enlightenment that was but a forestalling of sorrow.

Great, therefore, was his relief, when, unlooked for, M. Ayotte arrived in the village, and the sense of responsibility was lifted from him. He had a few words with the father, who gratefully thanked him for the kindness which had left him irresolute. Later on during the day they sent for him, and he was present when the little child died. He stood by the stricken woman, who frantically clasped the lifeless body to her heart, with his hand upon her shoulder, and in a broken voice he spoke of the Lover of little children, of deliverance from the world's evil, and of the exceeding beatitude prepared for the pure of heart.

To all seeming, he might have spoken in a dead language, for any meaning his words conveyed to Marie. Yet the seed fell not upon barren soil, for later it was to quicken into life, to flower in chastening loveliness.

The *curé* of the mountain-side hamlet parted sorrowfully from the mourners, as they went bearing away their dead, and he never knew what

influence he came to have in the life of the woman who now refused to hear him.

How terrible was the returning to the little bright home, the scene of so many joyous hours, where the coming of the child had been awaited, where it had been given into the arms that now ached for emptiness, and whence was borne forth the tiny white coffin, half hidden beneath snowy, waxen blossoms, to the little high white hearse, which, with golden angel-trumpeters leaning back from the four corners, and airy fluttering trappings, seemed to dance off lightly down the street in the sunlight!

Madame Ayotte denied herself to all her old acquaintances, and with idle hands lying listlessly against the crape of her dress she would sit long hours lost in anguished retrospection, broken in upon by wild bursts of unavailing weeping and heartbroken calling out to her child. Her husband seldom left her at this time, showing himself of an unwearied tenderness, unmindful of his own sorrow, patient of her non-recognition of it, content when in her utter wretchedness she desperately clung to him.

Uncomplaining when repulsing him, she shut herself away in her room, and gathered about her objects that had belonged to the dead baby. She drenched with her tears the long robes she had so proudly stitched, crushed against her trembling lips the little knitted boots, which still seemed to hold the shape of an infantile foot; then folded all again with tender, reverent touch.

And it was while engaged upon this pitiful task that the shameful truth was brought home to her. There was no warning: a folded letter, which had been dropped by some fatal mischance among her precious relics, told her that verily it was well that the child had died. For she had never been a wife, the woman whose title she had usurped was living in a far western city; and, realising in what a network of falsehood she had been

entangled, there was in her no strength to rise in anger against her betrayer who in these late grief-stricken days had been to her almost as a shadow among shadows.

Neither arraigning him, nor questioning the fact, she was conscious only of a dull pained wonder that it should be so. The dusk closed in about her; the door was softly opened; the man who had so wronged her entered, and, kneeling down beside her where she sat with all the ghostly little white garments strewn about her, without a word he drew her into his embrace. Her body lay resistless in his arms, and the poor benumbed consciousness, deadened to all resentment stirred to a closer recognition of how unflinching had been the love bestowed upon her, and of her utter dependence now upon it. Her one feeling was of a great compassion for him, even as for herself, as she realised for the first time that the loss of the child had not been exclusively hers, and her heart contracted in a spasm of poignant pain as she recalled the manner in which the truth had been made known to her. Her head moved restlessly, pressing her cheek close against the man's black coat, which was worn in token of his bereavement, and with a harsh sob she fell to feeble weeping.

Shrinking from further renunciation, Marie had passively acquiesced in the wrong, but the days that followed brought home to her the knowledge that the manner only of surrender had lain within her power. Free to make her sacrifice unreservedly and in all worthiness, she had refused, and now knew herself none the less bereft. She guarded her miserable secret jealously, and strove to put it out of her thoughts, to take comfort of the love for which she had lost herself, and which would endure to the end. But hers was too pure a nature to be capable of continuing in the insensibility, the dull abasement

of her first hour of weakness; she felt her heart hardening within her, and in the depth of her remorse she had moments of what was almost hatred for the man so secure in his imagined deception, so placid in wrong-doing.

Unable to detach herself from her past, whose every ideal of honour rose in condemnation of her present manner of life: the denunciation of the Church whose law she had set at naught, its warnings of undying retribution for wilful sin persisted in — these were with her day and night. Grown hopeless of any future reunion with the tenderly beloved little one, who through all eternity must vainly await her coming to its heavenly home, she shut away from her sight each slightest memorial of its short stay on earth, and, failing visibly, she spoke of a return to the country, but lingered because she could not bring herself to look upon the scene where her loss had come to her; because she dared not encounter the gentle old priest who, with such tender faith, had bidden her look beyond the present pain and whose words spoken by the little death-bed came back to her now, when of her own act she had quenched the light where-with he would have illumined her remaining way.

Ever and again she lived over that hour, as like one distraught she wandered through the rooms where she had been so innocently happy, until the day came when, unable to endure further, she went forth, and, passing along the street, came as a suppliant to the doors of the convent.

And that was forty years ago. No word from the outer world ever penetrated to her. The life-time of a generation lay silent between the light-hearted bride, the stricken mourner, the anguished striver against the right, and the little bowed *soeur-converse*, Marie Salomé, portress and servant of the penitents of the Good Shepherd.

A WEEK-END IN VOLENDAM

BY ESTELLE M. KERR

Illustrations by the author

Saturday.
AT last the slow-moving train reached Edam, and strong young Dutchmen seized our luggage and carried it to a substantial-looking sail-boat moored in a narrow canal. As there was very little breeze and no other visible means of locomotion, we began to despair of arriving at our destination, when a loose-trousered, blue-shirted boy put the tow-rope around his waist and proceeded to pull us down the canal—boat, passengers, luggage and all! After we had gone a mile or so he handed the rope to the captain, who towed us the rest of the way. The sail flapped spasmodically in the breeze, helping but little or not at all, and far across the flat green country through which we passed we could see another sail moving on an invisible canal. The horizon lines on the right and the left were broken only by an occasional windmill; and cows, spotted, black, red, and white, were the only living things in sight. But as we neared the town we passed a shepherd with a flock of sheep, and later a number of duck farms, where ducks of all ages quacked and splashed in pools fenced off at the water's edge.

At length we came in sight of Volendam—a long row of red-roofed cottages, above which hovered what looked like a flock of birds but proved to be pennants on the masts of fishing-boats lying in the harbour beyond. Our boat was moored by a brick side walk, where a number of children

waited to gratify their curiosity and run the chance of getting a penny. "Cent" was the word with which they greeted us, for the rascals have learned that it is the same in their language as in ours. It was hard to resist pleaders in such charming garb and it took me some time to realise that I was not at a masquerade: the little girls in short-sleeved dresses, with very full skirts and the graceful cap of Volendam, the boys in their baggy trousers and magenta jackets, and all in clattering wooden shoes.

A short walk brought us in sight of the Zuider Zee, and, being Saturday, the harbour was gay with fishing-boats, for no Volendamer will remain at sea on the Sabbath day, no matter how poor he may be nor how good the fishing. The high brick dyke was crowded with fisher-folk home from sea and others who had come to greet them. One big, weather-beaten seaman was reaching into the depths of his fathomless pocket, while his little girl stood bright-eyed with anticipation, for who knew what treasure the father's pocket might hold for her.

No society dandy could walk through the park with more assurance than these honest fishermen, who stroll along, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, with that careless rolling walk often seen in college students. The pipe is inevitable, and I even saw boys of eight and ten smoking without fear of rebuke.

The girls walk in groups, their rosy cheeks and white caps giving a charm

to even the plain ones, who seemed very rare. The majority have fair hair and blue eyes, but dark hair is much admired, though, as it is cut short under the cap, only a touch at the nape of the neck is visible. The cap is so graceful that one can excuse the loss of hair, and it must be a great comfort when the stormy winds blow. Big, red arms and large hips are particularly admired, and the voluminous skirts of heavy flannel topped with a thick woolen apron give substantial proportions to the most slender.

We found the hotel surprisingly large and comfortable. Volendam is a great resort for artists of all nations, many of whom return year after year, and the numerous paintings hanging on the dark, wainscotted walls of the room we entered form quite a picture gallery, showing a great variety of landscapes, marines, and figure subjects, all painted in Volendam, and many of them bearing names that are famous the world over.

No less pleasing to the eye were the groups of fishermen as they gathered for a social glass around the polished tables in their black fur hats and patched magenta jackets. Some important question regarding the catch was discussed, and voices were raised from time to time in lively altercation.

In Volendam painting is made easy, for almost all the villagers will pose, or put their houses at your disposal for a very small consideration; young girls waylay you at the door of the hotel and ask you to paint them; old men bask in the sunshine by the wall opposite, hoping an artistic eye may be struck by their appearance; and all the villagers are very civil to the strange beings they call artists. Even the fishermen tolerate them in a pitying way, for them the sea is the only avocation for a man, but they say: "Let the poor fools make those little things if they want to!"

European costumes are not admired. "They look so poor about the

hips," says the corpulent Volendam-er. Silk petticoats cause much interest. When the children hear a rustling skirt, they follow its fortunate owner, and when she is looking elsewhere, they peep to see what makes the sound.

A Canadian lady visited Volendam with her little boy, who wore short socks, although the weather was chilly. This aroused great indignation among the villagers, and one woman openly accosted her, saying: "It is a shame! You go about in a silken gown, while your poor child has no covering for his legs!" And one small Dutchman begged his mother to be allowed to give a pair of his old stockings to the poor boy. The lady, quite ignorant of the excitement she was arousing, was pitying the poor little girls whose arms, bare to the elbow, were badly chapped.

To the loyal native, all Holland is comprised in the word Volendam. A gentleman from The Hague came to visit the town, and the people told him he spoke Dutch "rather well."

"But I am Dutch," he said.

"No," they replied, "you are not of Volendam."

The mother of Queen Wilhelmina visited the town a few years ago and was escorted about the place by the bourgomaster, who was a widower.

"What a nice match he would be for her!" all the fish-wives said.

The Queen-mother complimented one of the women on her fine baby, and the woman said:

"And you, you will marry the bourgomaster, will you not?"

The poor bourgomaster was very much embarrassed, but the Queen-mother only smiled. She wore a silk dress, and, being of substantial proportions, the villagers were impressed by her appearance, but they did not like her head, they said, and asked where was her golden crown.

One time a bishop came to town, and the villagers who saw him on the street would not be convinced that it was really he. When later he ap-



WAITING FOR THE BOAT AT EDAM

peared in the church in full regalia, they said this was the real bishop, the other was only an imitation.

These were the tales told us by our landlord's bright-haired daughter before we went to bed, and as I fell asleep, listening to the sound of the sea, I wondered if I would wake up and find it was all a dream and this village, with its quaint people and customs, was not real, but only an imitation.

*

Sunday.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, and all Volendam went to church. Never have I seen a service so well attended. The women sat in one part of the church in all the glory of their



freshest caps and coral necklets, their week-day wooden shoes replaced by heelless slippers. The married women wore kerchiefs about their necks, and I saw one ancient dame with a straw poke bonnet surmounting her white cap. The children occupied rows of benches behind the pews, and the men filled the vast body of the church, while those unable to find a seat sat on the floor in the aisles and about the doorway, and the porch and steps were strewn with belated worshippers. As the service advanced, many of the congregation assumed devotional attitudes and went to sleep, while some of the children crawled under the benches and played with their rosaries.

There was nothing remarkable about the service, except its great length, but, to my shame be it said, I was the only member of the congregation who left before the end, and then it was with great embarrassment at having to disturb so many lazy lengths of six-foot men doubled up on the floor.

In honour of Sunday, black jackets replaced the red, and many of the young men looked particularly smart, with silver ear-rings, watch-chains and buttons.

The Volendam people are clean-looking, and the young girls in their fresh-starched caps and shining, rosy cheeks might have stepped out of a soap advertisement; but do not look below the surface. They wash their faces and hands and say: "I put on clean clothes every Sunday; how can I get dirty?"

After dinner a drizzling rain set in, and we decided to go and see some of the poorer people, not knowing that it was a breach of custom in Volendam to pay visits on Sunday.

We went first to see an old man who lived alone, and, as no one answered our knock, we walked in and found him seated on the floor, with a few clean clothes already on, and the rest piled by his side. He

seemed not at all abashed, but we made a speedy exit and did not return, as his leisurely appearance bespoke an afternoon's employment.

The door of the adjoining house stood hospitably open and as two pairs of large wooden shoes testified that some of its inmates were at home, we ventured to peep in. We were greeted by a pleasant-faced woman who asked us to have a cup of coffee.

The Volendamers who can afford it drink coffee five times a day—at their three meals, at eleven, and again at four, and they always offer their visitors a cup even when they have not enough for themselves. So, in fear of giving offence, we accepted, and, sitting down on the straight-backed chairs, we looked about with interest.

The house consisted of a low-raftered room, surmounted by a loft to which there was no ingress from within. The loft indeed is rarely used except in times of flood, when the families move upstairs until the waters subside. The chief feature of the room was its tiled fireplace, before which stood kettles and pans of copper polished to a high degree, while a row of handsome blue delft plates ornamented the shelf above. A clock, a shrine to the Virgin, with its lighted taper, a table and a bench completed the furnishings of the room. We saw no signs of beds, and were speculating as to where the family slept, when a big brown hand shoved aside a curtain in the wall and disclosed the man-of-the-house in bed!

The bed on which he lay was one of three shelves, each wide enough to accommodate two people, so that the entire family slept in the one "cupboard." In the day time, the drawn curtains leave no sign of a bed visible.

Embarrassed at having wakened our host, we put down our diminutive coffee-cups and said good-bye to his wife. At the door of the next house we called to know if we might enter. The mother came to the door smiling,



but as she glanced from our muddy boots to the long line of wooden shoes of varying dimensions which stood before her door, her face clouded.

"How ridiculous these foreigners are!" I know she thought. "They take off their hats when they go into a house, but never think of removing their muddy boots!"

She produced a clean towel, and spread it before the door for us to wipe our feet on, but we hadn't the heart to soil it. So we returned to the hotel. A few fishermen had ventured into the café, but a general Sabbath gloom pervaded everything. Many of the men had gone to Amsterdam to spend the afternoon, but by evening they returned, the rain ceased, and the town regained its cheerful aspect.

There had been a wedding in the church that morning, and some not invited to the evening feast lined the house steps and peered in at the door and windows, while in the dusk a pair of lovers wandered down the dyke.

So ended our Sunday in Volendam.



AN OLD DUTCH FISHERMAN

Monday.

At three o'clock Monday morning the fleet set out, and all day long black specks of sails could be seen hovering about the horizon. That day Volendam was specially alluring, for, as every housekeeper knows, Monday is wash-day all the world over. In Volendam it is coloured wash-day, the white-wear being reserved until Tuesday. So bright-coloured clothing hung from all the lines, was reflected

in all the canals and tossed by every breeze. All along the main street or dyke they waved, and wet sleeves slapped the faces of the careless passers-by, while a clerical tourist blushed as he stooped to pass beneath a line of brazenly displayed *lingerie*. The clothing was all of strong, heavy material, and, although much be-patched, there was not a ragged garment in sight.

A red flannel shirt and a blue

apron, which I could see from my window, behaved very strangely. At first the apron hung limp and dejected, though the shirt held his arm to her in a most friendly manner. Then the apron began to flirt, with pretty, feminine flutters, now advancing, now receding. The shirt, being of sterner men's stuff, remained unmoved awhile, but finally he waved his arms, and (did my eyes deceive me?) the apron fluttered for a moment between the two red sleeves. The shirt became tremendously excited and shook his arms, but this time not to the apron, but towards the open sea. A white towel scurried across the lawn, the sky became overcast, and a distracted maid hurried from the house and thrust shirt and apron ignominiously into her basket.

Plainly, a storm was brewing. A boat came hurrying into the harbour with only its foresail stretched to the

wind. Close followed another, and another. The catches were reported marvellously good. But the storm was high at sea.

This is the season for the achovies and the fishermen have had unusual luck. The fish are kept in water till they can be cleaned by children from eight to ten years of age, whose subtle fingers do the business best. Then they are salted and made ready for shipping.

The men at sea are well fed, having fish and potatoes, bread and cheese, but the women do not fare so well. They live chiefly on flour; but if they have anything nice to eat while their husbands are at sea they always keep a piece for them, and when he is expected to return everything in the house is made clean and shining. When he is at home, he rises at five or six in the morning, gives his wife a cup of coffee, and



"THOSE UNABLE TO FIND A SEAT SAT ON THE FLOOR"

then prepares the family breakfast.

A Volendam mother never slaps her child. She says: "Animal, when your father comes home, I will tell him everything!" And the father only frowns severely.

They are very curious, and always ask foreigners their ages and all about their families. One particularly inquisitive old man asked an artist who was painting him so many questions that the man told him he had thirty wives.

"Then you must be a Turk," said the old man.

"Yes," said the artist, "I am a Mahommedan."

The old man asked permission to go out and take the air, and then ran all around the village telling the fathers to look after their daughters, as there was an artist in town who already had thirty wives. His own daughter he sent away.

All the clothing worn in Volendam is made by the women, and when very young the girls are taught to knit. They do it so well that it becomes second nature for them to be knitting, and they keep up the merry click of their needles as they walk and talk, and even on their way to school.

The men who are too old and stiff to go to sea employ themselves by making fish nets, and the net in process of manufacture makes a graceful festoon around the walls of the houses, while the old man sits below with his knitting-needles, wearing his hat, but without his shoes. Puffing away at his pipe, the old veteran knits away by the fire, thinking of the times gone by when he could go to sea with the rest.

That is Volendam as it is to-day. How long it will remain so I cannot say; but soon, no doubt, the quaint costumes will be discarded there as they have been in nearly all the towns of Holland. Even the picturesque windmills with their great flapping arms will be replaced, for to the Volendammers the chief attraction of their town is an American windmill, which is a great curiosity in this land, though it is a feature we consider a blemish in this fair and otherwise picturesque village.

All too soon we had to step into the boat again and be towed slowly down the canal. Many of the townspeople lined up to see us off, and we waved good-bye regretfully, feeling that we were taking leave of dear friends.



THE RICH POORMAN

THE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE GOLD-MINE AND AN ACCOUNT
OF A GAME OF SEVEN-UP TO DECIDE ITS FATE

BY HAROLD SANDS

TWO travel-stained Westerners playing a game of seven-up in a shabby hotel in a little town in the British Columbia mountains, is too common a sight to attract attention on the Pacific side of the continental divide. When, therefore, Sir William Van Horne's old tillicum, Jim Wardner, cut for the deal with John C. Davenport in Ward's Hotel, Nelson nothing out of the ordinary was suggested.

As a matter of fact, the famous *Poorman* was at stake. Both men were after it, and that game was to decide who should buy it from the struggling owners. Curiously enough, the winner of the card duel failed to secure the property, while the loser made a fortune out of it.

It is twenty years since the cards decided the fate of the rich *Poorman* and the mine is still a producer. It was a surprising property in the pioneer days; it is still full of wonders. One month it may yield discouragingly barren ore; the next it is prolific in the milky quartz studded with free gold which set Nelson, Spokane and Vancouver wild in days gone by.

Lode mining in West Kootenay is a young industry — it has just attained its majority. It was born in Ainsworth, on Kootenay Lake, and quickly extended to the Nelson, Rossland and Slocan districts. Of the early mines whose names are indelibly connected with that of the city named for former Lieutenant-Governor Nelson, *The*

Poorman was, in the early days, second only in importance to *The Silver King*. The latter, as its name implies, gave phenomenal values in the white metal. *The Poorman* is a gold property and therefore more interesting. Prospectors and the general public love a gold mine above all others. Cobalt and the silvery Slocan may appeal to them because of their wonderful richness, but a gold camp, often in reality less wealthy, usurps the first place in their minds. The glitter attracts them; the glamour of the most precious of all metals overwhelms them. Canada has seen many instances of this — of rich silver properties being neglected for gold claims which have proved disappointing, like *The Golden Cache* of Lillooet, which so many people of Vancouver and England remember to their sorrow.

The Poorman has had its ups and downs. It has made some men wealthy and others it has kept poor. In this respect it was like the great *Silver King*, its neighbour.

When success attended the opening of the latter mine prospectors swarmed about Nelson. A huge granite area about six miles west of the town and two miles southeast of the Kootenay River attracted their attention. A number of quartz veins were found and there, on Eagle Creek, *The Poorman* was located. Six claims were staked by the discoverers.

Distinctly down on their luck were

the men when they made the find, and they gave expression to their feelings when they visited the office of the Mining Recorder at Nelson. *Poorman* speaks for itself; so does *Hardscrabble*, the name they applied to an adjoining claim. To give emphasis to their condition, they called the next claim *Hardup*. As those were the days when electricity was being somewhat fearfully experimented with, when many street car companies still preferred horses to trolleys, the prospectors baptised another claim as *Electiron*. The other two were christened for men—*White* and *Myemer*.

Never were there better looking specimens of compact quartz than the milky-white chunks that miners soon were taking from near the surface of *The Poorman* vein. Some, gleaming with gold, were taken into Nelson one day, where they created a sensation. The rush to stake claims in the locality was as great as that which followed *The Silver King* activity. And the stampede soon seemed justified, for several thousand dollars' worth of magnificent gold-bearing quartz was taken from a part of the vein between five and six feet wide.

Of course, the owners were in high feather and, equally of course, the fame of the mine spread over the land. News of a good strike in the western mountains seems to travel as swiftly and mysteriously as the Indians communicate with each other over long distances and without the modern aids of wireless and copper-stranded telegraph.

John C. Davenport, of Spokane, who was one of the first Americans to become interested in British Columbia mines in the days when Canadian and British capital was hard to get, heard of *The Poorman*. He was then working *The Little Donald* at Ainsworth, in which he held a one-half interest, the remainder belonging to John T. Stevens, a Spokane engineer who later became one of the head men of the Great Northern Railway

and for a brief period was in charge of the American Government's works at the Panama Canal.

Davenport was one of the most popular men in the West in those days, when the country was slimly populated and Vancouver, Seattle, Spokane and the other "bustling metropoli" were inhabited by men of stout hearts and little money who hung on to heavily-mortgaged real estate by their eyelids. Davenport happened to be one of the few who either could dig up a "wad" when it was necessary or borrow it.

In his time he "grub-staked" many a prospector. One of these, who had a lively sense of gratitude which is not always exhibited by the grub-staked, insisted that Davenport "get in on the ground floor" at Ainsworth. As often happens, the ground floor was no better than loftier heights, and the Spokane man looked around for something better than *The Little Donald*.

It was just about this time that the news of the wonderful quartz found in *The Poorman* was being spread abroad on the wings of the wind. Davenport heard of it, so he made a trip down Kootenay Lake to visit the property.

Ike Naile and Jim MacDougall owned *The Poorman*. Davenport had a previous acquaintance with Ike and found him willing to dicker. MacDougall wasn't so eager to sell but, by way of putting a price on the property, he intimated that anybody with \$40,000, cash, could get it.

Although he realised that was something in the nature of a bluff, Davenport told the owners that they would probably hear from him soon. The property had much impressed him. He hastened to Portland, Oregon, and there, to a banker friend, he told a story of the mine inspired by the riches he had seen beneath the forbidding granite top of that mountain near Nelson. The banker agreed to go in with him on the best deal he could make for the property.

As Davenport boarded the train for Spokane, en route to Nelson, he saw Jim Wardner seated in the smoking-car. Every old-timer in the West knew and loved and often cursed (good-naturedly, of course,) big-hearted Jim Wardner.

Davenport, of course, was well acquainted with Wardner. He joined him in the smoking-car. The two spoke of all subjects save where they were going. Wardner was very active in mining at that time, and Davenport did not wish to have him looking into *The Poorman*. He wanted that good thing for himself.

He changed cars at Spokane. So did Jim. In those days Jim Hill's railroad had no connections with British Columbia, nor had D. C. Corbin constructed the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway. Davenport had to take the Northern Pacific to Kootenai (Americans spell it that way) on Lake Pend d'Oreille.

His interest in Jim Wardner grew when he found him taking the same ride, and when Wardner got into the same stage with him at Kootenai, bound for Bonner's Ferry, Davenport began to wonder. His unquietness grew when Wardner was his fellow-passenger from the ferry down Kootenay River and Lake to Nelson.

"Is Wardner after *The Poorman*?" was the question Davenport asked of himself as they sat together on the upper deck of the little sternwheeler.

He received a painful answer to his silent question when the boat tied up at the dock at Nelson. Ike Naile and MacDougall were waiting for them.

Mining men can be splendidly dumb when they feel like it and even when the four men stood together on the dock nothing was said about *The Poorman*. The owners of the mine escorted Davenport and Wardner to Hall's Hotel, where they left them to get "a wash and brush up" and a meal. Still neither of the capitalists made any mention of the fact that each was after the property. Through-

out dinner the subject was carefully avoided. Afterward they ordered horses and went up to the mine, whither Naile and MacDougall had preceded them. Even on the road Davenport and Wardner kept from mentioning the fact that they were dickering for the claims.

The owners showed both through the mine at the same time. Davenport listened eagerly to Wardner's comments in the hope that he might gain some idea of the amount the latter was willing to invest. After the inspection all four men talked about the mine, and Wardner seemed to be full of enthusiasm at the showing. But not a word was said about purchasing.

Finally the situation became rather strained. Nobody wished to commit himself. Wardner got tired and abruptly exclaimed to Davenport:

"Let's go back to Nelson."

They left the owners at the mine. On the road to town Davenport took the bull by the horns.

"What do you think of it, Jim?" he asked.

To his immense surprise Wardner answered, "Not much."

Davenport looked at the other man sharply. Was he bluffing? He had just praised the showings to Ike Naile and MacDougall. Had he done so just to appear as a good fellow?

Davenport inclined to the opinion that Wardner meant what he said when he stated he did not really think much of the property. He decided to get out in the open.

"Well, Jim, I'm after the property," he remarked. "I have made this trip in to buy it, and as you don't want it I'll go back to the boys at the mine and conclude the deal."

This long-delayed open declaration on the part of Davenport evidently riled Wardner. As a matter of fact, he did not want the property then. He had not been much impressed with it. But sometimes even the best of men have their moments of cussedness. Jim was as grand a west-

erner as ever wore a black shirt, but when he found Davenport was determined to get *The Poorman* he changed front and said he was after the property himself. And, by thunder, or some stronger word, he intended to get it.

Not being a man of the kind that throws money away for the sake of being able to say he gets what he wants, Davenport realised that discretion would be the better part of valour in this mining deal. Therefore, he did not go back to *The Poorman* that night. Instead, he continued the journey to Nelson with Wardner. Their lips having been opened, the two men kept up their discussion of the property. Where before they had been magnificently silent they were now loquacious. Davenport made several proposals to Wardner regarding the mine, but Jim turned them all down. Then Davenport said:

"Let's go in on it together. If we join forces we may be able to get the mine cheaper than either one could secure it alone."

"Not for me," replied Jim, "'t isn't big enough for two."

"Sleep on it," suggested Davenport.

Wardner slept on it, and next morning told Davenport that he was agreeable to a joint offer being made. They agreed to submit a first proposal of \$20,000, which they knew would not be accepted, but they were willing to rise by easy stages to \$30,000.

Naile and MacDougall came down from the mine next day. They had the situation well in hand, and were prepared to drive a shrewd bargain. The four met in front of Ward's Hotel and there, on the wooden sidewalk, Davenport opened negotiations on behalf of himself and Wardner. The offer of \$20,000 was refused "as quick as a wink." That did not surprise Davenport, but when \$30,000 was declined he was somewhat amazed. He was at the end of his tether for the time being. A deadlock was reached.

After a rather painful silence, Wardner jumped into the breach. Jim had a very agile mind and Naile and MacDougall had some difficulty in following the ramifications of the offer he made them. It called for a total of \$40,000. But only a small sum was to be paid in cash and the rest was spread over a long period and involved many contingencies. The proposal was so bewildering that Naile and MacDougall went off to one side to consider it. While they were discussing it Davenport said to Jim:

"You can count me out on any such deal; it doesn't suit me."

Wardner naively confessed that he wasn't very much enamoured of his own proposal. The owners of *The Poorman* returned from their secret confabulation to ask for an explanation of some involved point.

"I guess it won't do, boys," said Wardner. "There's no use discussing the matter further."

"All right, we're off to the mine again," said Naile. "Come up and see us when you are able to make up your minds just what you really want to pay."

"Ike's a bit huffy, isn't he?" said Wardner with a laugh.

"He's got some excuse," commented Davenport as he returned to Ward's Hotel with Jim.

At the hotel the two capitalists sat around in chairs for half a day, busily turning over all sorts of ideas, but not getting very far. At last Davenport made up his mind that he could do nothing with Jim Wardner in the deal.

"Jim," he said, "we can't go it together. Let's play a game of seven-up to decide which man shall stay in the field. The one who loses is to clear out on the first steamer."

"It's a go," Jim cordially responded, for a sporting proposition of that kind instantly appealed to him.

They got a pack of cards from the bartender, and thus started the famous game. A few minutes decided

the matter. Davenport dealt, and Jim stood. The latter made four on the first deal. The game was half over. Then Wardner distributed the cards. Davenport begged, and Jim gave. The latter had all the luck. He made three more and the game was finished. Davenport was out of the negotiations, and, true to the agreement, he left fifteen minutes later on the little steamer for Ainsworth. It didn't take a man long to stuff his grip in the early days.

Although Wardner now had the field to himself, he failed to come to terms with the owners. As a matter of fact, he really didn't care very much for the property, but it seemed to have a singular influence over him. He tried to get away from it, but it attracted him.

When he saw that Naile and MacDougall were firm in refusing his offers, he sent a message to Davenport informing him of the fact and saying:

"Now go ahead and make any deal you like."

Davenport had had enough of Jim Wardner in connection with *The Poorman*, so, before taking any further steps to secure the property, he waited till Jim was out of the country. When he learned that Wardner was back in Spokane and there seemed no chance of the latter interfering, he returned to Nelson, went up to the mine, and in a short time had made an agreement with Naile and MacDougall whereby the latter were to sell him *The Poorman* for \$35,000, with the payments spread over a considerable period.

This preliminary agreement was verbally made, and no money passed to bind it. Davenport, however, was secure in the belief that all his trouble was now over. However, Wardner, although on the other side of the line, proved able to interfere again.

Somehow or other Jim seemed loth to give *The Poorman* up without a final bid. So shortly after he reached Spokane he sat down and wrote to Naile.

Meanwhile Davenport took Ike and his partner MacDougall down from the mine to Nelson to have the formal papers drawn up by "Judge" Sproat. As the three reached Nelson, the little sternwheeler from Bonner's Ferry was making her landing. On the boat was the letter from Wardner to Naile. It contained an offer of \$40,000. Jim sent it by a messenger instead of trusting it to His Majesty's mails.

Davenport saw the letter handed to Naile, and at once surmised that it was from Wardner. Therefore he was not surprised when Naile, after opening it, said he and his partner would go into Fred Hume's store close by to consider the matter.

The two men had only been in the store about a minute when Davenport recalled that he had not paid over any money to bind the bargain he had made at the mine. He followed the men into the store. They had the letter from Wardner spread out before them on the counter. Davenport stepped behind them, reached over and laid two bills for \$100 each upon the letter.

"That's the first payment," he said as the men looked up inquiringly.

"Not on your life," said MacDougall. "We don't take it. We've got a better offer here."

It was now that Davenport's previous friendship with Naile stood him in good stead. The latter was willing to stand by the deal although MacDougall objected. The Scotch-Canadian, with an offer of \$40,000 cash against one of \$35,000 on time, couldn't see the force of sticking by his agreement with Davenport, particularly when the documents had not been drawn up.

Davenport saw that he would have to make a few concessions. He said, therefore, that if they would transfer *The Poorman* to him he would make the payments quicker than the tentative agreement made at the mine called for.

"I'm willing," said Naile. Mac-

Dougall gave a rather grudging consent, and at last the famous mine, over which there had been so much fuss and palaver, was handed over to Davenport.

They still talk in the Kootenay of the American who made money from the time he touched *The Poorman*. It seemed to bring him luck. He found the upper workings of the mine to be exceedingly rich in very free-milling ore, and it was not long before he took out over \$100,000 from a comparatively small area of the vein. Under the management of himself and his son, the property was worked at a good profit and much enhanced the reputation of the Nelson mining district.

About the middle nineties a mining mania seized Vancouver and soon spread to Eastern Canada. Every body who could, and many who shouldn't, dabbled in mines and mining stock. In many safe deposit boxes in Ontario banks to-day are splendidly lithographed but entirely useless stock certificates which represent the results of as remarkable a gamble as ever the East and West jointly indulged in. Mining stock was actually peddled from door to door in Ontario villages and hard-working pioneers of the Premier Province had visions of fortunes coming to them from the treasure vaults in the rock-ribbed British Columbia mountains. Even such men as Robert Jaffray and Senator Cox were bitten in those feverish days. Not all their mining ventures turned out as successfully as their investment in the coal mines discovered by William Fernie.

In those strenuous days holes in the ground which weren't worth the powder that was exploded within them were stocked at anything from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000. And, of course, genuine mines were taken up by ambitious promoters. Among the real things was *The Poorman*. Specimens of its milky-looking quartz exhibited in Vancouver drew particular attention to that property and a syn-

dicade was formed to buy it.

The owners were willing to sell. The mine had paid them handsomely, but it needed more capital than they were able to put into it in order to develop it properly. Moreover, the ore was not all of the extraordinarily rich kind which had brought fame to the property. While there were some very rich streaks, the vein had all the characteristics of quartz fissures in eruptive rock, and was very irregular in width and values. It varied from a few inches to from five to six feet, and the values were sometimes amazing and at other periods disappointing. So the Davenports sold out, realising a good margin.

The Vancouver syndicate went energetically to work opening up the property and adding to the mining, treating and shipping facilities begun by the Davenports. But with the change of ownership *The Poorman* seemed determined to act up to its by no means good-omened name. It kept members of the new syndicate poor "shelling out" to pay the costs of development, and they failed to realise their get-rich-quick dreams.

The great slump which followed the excessive speculation in mines affected even this remarkable property. No longer was it the great stimulator it had been in the early days. On the other hand, it fell on evil times. Faults were exposed in the workings, and the ore showed increasing refractoriness. The free-milling rock gave place to quartz holding a considerable amount of sulphides, or copper-and-iron-pyrites, with, in parts, galena. The concentrates had to be shipped to the Hall Mines smelter at Nelson and the freight and treatment charges were eight dollars a ton.

What with strikes, falling prices and other drawbacks the bottom dropped completely out of the mining boom of West Kootenay. Instead of prospectors coming in, the direction of travel was all outward, toward the United States. Finally the Vancouver and other investors debited their

little flurry in *The Poorman* to payment on account of "experience" and turned their energies in another direction.

There is always an end to reaction. The pendulum can only swing so far; then it must return. After a while things began to revive in West Kootenay and all over Southern British Columbia. *The Poorman* was given another chance, but it failed to respond. Then it was amalgamated with *The Granite*, a neighbouring company which had gone through a somewhat similar experience. The luck of the combination seemed little better than when they "went it alone," and both mines were shut down.

When affairs were beginning to brighten around Nelson the practice of leasing came into vogue. It was introduced from the other side of the line and caught on not only at Nelson but at Rossland and in the Slocan. M. S. Davys, well known for his connection with *The Silver King* and the notable efforts he made to revive that fallen giant, joined forces with S. S. Fowler, one of the best mining experts who ever wore out shoe leather climbing the rugged Kootenay mountains. The two men leased the *Granite-Poorman*, and in 1905 they reported the latter to be looking quite as well as ever it had looked, which was saying a good deal. The production that year, with only a small force of men working, was about \$16,000. This had a decidedly beneficial effect on the prosecution of further prospecting in the neighbourhood.

Almost uncanny was the way the mine had of luring men by means of rich pockets of ore and then going back to comparatively low grade. Davys and Fowler appear to have met a barren streak after some months of fair luck. Having other interests around Nelson camp, they gave up their lease.

But the mine proved as magnetic as ever. Thomas Gough decided to "take a shot at it." This was in 1907, and he had a very successful

year. Six thousand tons of ore were treated in a comparatively cheap way in the ten-stamp mill on *The Granite*, giving a gross return of \$50,000.

This so encouraged Gough that in 1908, with two men named Guille and Swedborg as associates, he went vigorously to work, and the returns were even larger than for the previous year. In addition to the mill returns from the average ore the lessees had the good fortune to strike several valuable pockets which the Gold Commissioner of Nelson district, not at all intending to be ironical, classed as "characteristic of *The Poorman* mine."

From one of these pockets, only four by five cubic feet, several thousand dollars' worth of auriferous ore was taken. The Government official, mindful of the previous history of the mine, was careful to point out that this could only be classed as "specimen rock." Several glittering pieces, weighing one pound each, contained half that weight in gold. Samples, valued at \$1,500, sent to the Spokane Interstate Fair were easily the most remarkable in the large and rich display there. They attracted widespread attention. People crowded around them, and their exhibition was an excellent advertisement for the Nelson region. Thus again *The Poorman* proved of value to British Columbia. Men who are now spending money in developing claims in West Kootenay had their attention first drawn to the country by means of those wonderful *Poorman* "specimens."

The total output of the mine for the year 1908 was over 8,000 tons, and the gross value of the ore was \$60,000. In the operation of the stamp mill the average saved on the plates was about five dollars a ton, and in the concentrates two dollars a ton, making the total extraction seven dollars a ton. While this is less than half the average obtained in the early days, the cost of getting it out and treating it is also less, and the mine seems destined to occupy a prominent place among British Columbia properties.

THE DUKHWAN WEIR

BY JOHN WILKIE

IT is not necessary for one to travel far in India before evidence is at hand of what a wise and paternal government is doing to improve the conditions of life among the natives. The great Dukhwan Weir is an instance of this. It is the largest weir or dam in Northern India, and is in some respects equal to the Assouan Dam.

Mr. S. Athim, an Indian Christian, who by his excellent work and ability has risen to be the executive engineer of the Dukhwan Division, has for the past four years been specially engaged in building this weir.

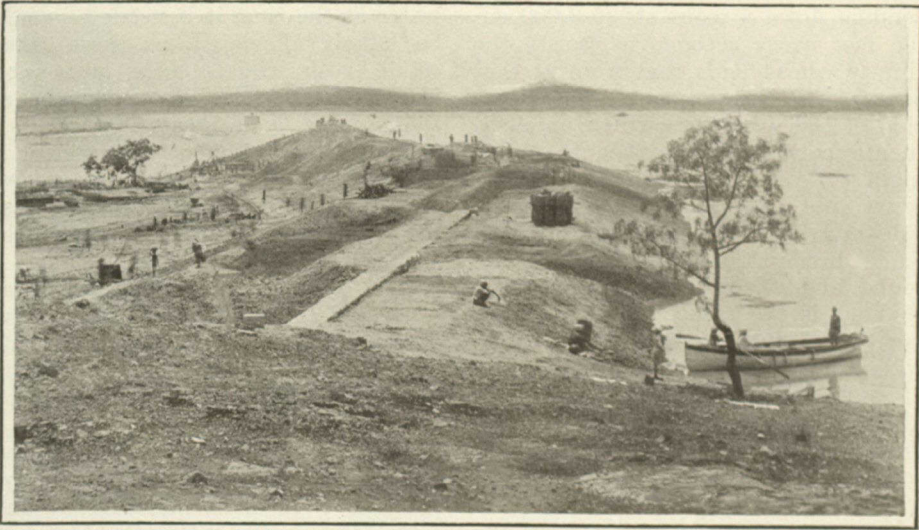
All the rivers north of the Ganges are fed by the snows of the Himalayas, and therefore are perennial. The greater the heat, the higher the rivers rise. But south of the Ganges it is very different. In the rains, for days or weeks, these streams are wild torrents; they rise suddenly, and with immense force sweep all before them; but as soon as the rains are over they rapidly sink into insignificant rivulets, or more often into a series of small pools.

The Betwa is the largest river in this district. It rises near Bhopa, about 200 miles to the south, on the slopes of the Vindhya, and in the rains, for nearly four months, carries down more water than the Nile during any similar period; but for the remaining eight months it falls behind its Egyptian competitor. Usually during July, August and often September, there is a great surplus of water, but for the rest of the year the crops have largely to depend on

wells that too often give out when most needed. To meet this difficulty the British Government in India has been doing as far as possible what the Egyptian Government has done in the Assouan Dam. Where possible earth-work dams thirty, forty, or more feet high, which are called *talaos* (ponds), have been and are being built; they serve both to supply the wells and to irrigate the fields near by, thus turning many a waste belt into a crop-producing area. Further, it is throwing dams across the rivers that form considerable lakes in this almost lakeless continent.

A short distance below Jhanzi, at Paricha, a large reservoir has been formed on the Betwa, and from it a series of canals carry the water across the country to irrigate the fields; but this reservoir has been found to be too small to meet the demands made upon it, and so another dam was thought of, further up the river, that would serve as a feeder to the one at Paricha. Dukhwan was the site chosen, and Mr. Athim was given the charge of building it.

A dam had to be provided to resist the rush of 652,000 cubic feet a second, which would pass over the weir at a depth of 12.75 feet at highest flood. The masonry weir is nearly 4,000 feet long, and, with the two earthen embankments at either end, is more than a mile long and fifty feet high from the bed of the river. The width of the weir at the top is eighteen feet, and at its widest part at the bottom is forty-two feet. It



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DUKHWAN WEIR

has a facing of solid masonry three feet wide on the upper side and from three to five feet on the down stream side, with the space between filled up with lime concrete. On the top of the weir are 383 iron gates, the full length of the weir, each eight feet high and ten feet long, which are raised and lowered by a very ingenious device prepared by Mr. Nethersole, the superintending engineer of the division. In flood, these gates lie flat on the top of the weir, the water passing over them.

As soon as only a thin stream is passing over the weir the sluices in the central tower are opened and the whole level of the lake so far reduced that the top of the weir is dry. A small tramway has been built on the top, on the down stream side, on which a small car runs, carrying a crane to lift the gates into position. The gates are held in position by a very strong lever, which can easily be opened from below. A corridor has been run along the length of the weir a few feet below the surface, with openings at intervals facing the down stream. The lever from the gates extends down into this corridor, and so, in case of a sudden rise

of the river, a man can in safety run along this corridor, touch each lever and at once lower all the gates. This corridor also affords passage across the river when the flood makes it impossible to cross in boats, and is the only means of crossing at that time for a large district, as there is no bridge up or down stream for many miles. When the gates have been raised, the sluice gates in the tower are again closed and gradually the water rises the additional eight feet, and thus stores up a very considerable increase of water, for the influence of the gates is felt throughout the whole length and breadth of the large lake that has been formed. Between each of the gates there is a space for calking, which makes the gates comparatively water tight. In the centre of the weir there is a large tower that will always be higher than the highest flood, that can be reached from the corridor and in which are three sluices — one almost at the bed of the river, which will carry away any silt that may gather, and two others at a higher level. Through these the water will be sent down stream as it is needed at Paricha.

The day we were there they were

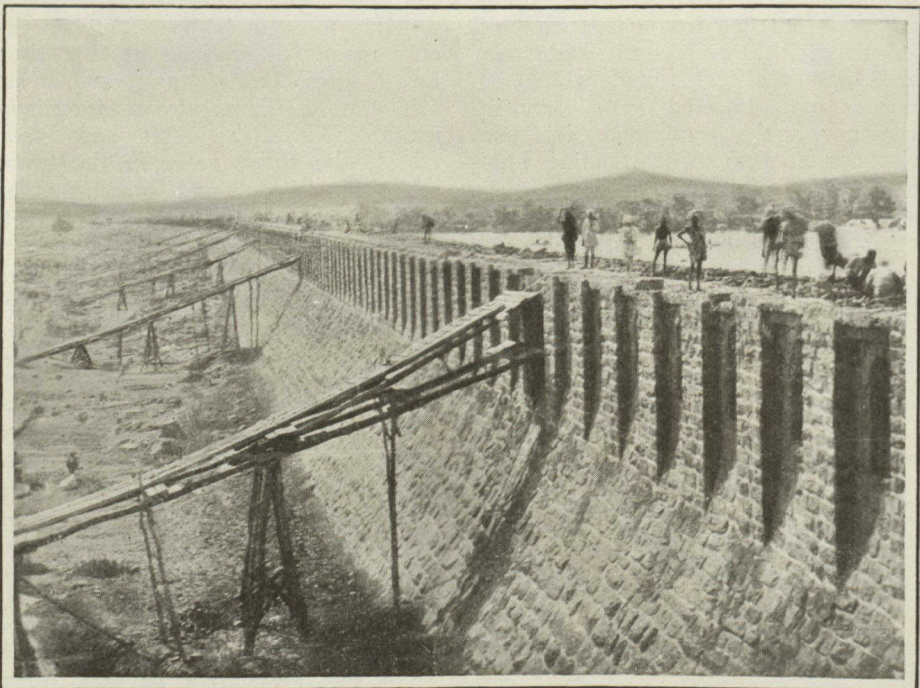
sending down stream about 3,000 cubic feet every second, to satisfy the thirsty wheat-fields that were at that season just heading out. On either side of the weir are earthen embankments considerably higher than the highest flood level, with a solid masonry core 1,150 feet long on the one side and on the other side 970 feet, which hinders the water from getting round and undermining the weir.

What is the result of all this? A lake nine miles long by two miles wide with a depth of fifty-seven feet at highest flood and fifty-three feet at the face of the weir when the flood has gone down. In the rains a solid stream of water nearly a mile wide and eight feet six inches deep swept over the weir with a roar like a Niagara, and could be heard for miles. Were there only a series of such lakes on the rivers to store up the immense quantity of water that now rushes to the sea and so is lost, the great trial of India—its want of

water at the time it is needed—would be largely alleviated, as these lakes would both irrigate wide areas and also feed the wells. To build one of these dams is a great effort and a splendid illustration of the interest a paternal government takes in a poverty-stricken people who in the past have done so little of this to help themselves.

It is easy to admire the completed work, but more difficult to realise the obstacles so bravely, wisely, persistently and successfully encountered by Mr. Athim and those working with him.

The dyke is five miles out in the jungle from the government highway, and so a road had to be built for the carts carrying the materials. At times as many as 600 carts passed over this road in a day. Then the whole place was covered with jungle that had to be cleared away to make room for the houses, bazaars and the like. This led to much malaria, which gave the



A VIEW OF THE MASONRY

place a bad name and frightened the labourers.

The water supply was at first not good, and two outbreaks of cholera did their deadly work. To correct this, Mr. Athim erected a large filtering plant that gave at times 20,000 gallons a day of comparatively pure water, which was carried in pipes all over the place and, from standpipes, given freely to the people. After this they had no more serious outbreaks of illness. Dispensaries were established, where everything was done to minister to the comfort of the sick, even blankets and shirts being given when needed. A bazaar had to be provided, as no supplies of any kind could be had there, and, above all, a large army of skilled and unskilled labourers had to be induced to leave their homes, till at one time they had not less than 6,000 on the work at one time. A large part of these were poor villagers who care nothing for

sanitary conditions, but for whom in a crowded camp careful sanitary arrangements were important. By wise and firm administration Mr. Athim succeeded in keeping the place fairly wholesome.

Great and unexpected difficulties were met with in the foundations, whose faults were found incapable of bearing the strain and immense pockets too that the river in ages past had ground out. Still further, the work each year had to be so far forward as to be able to resist the rush of the flood during the rains, otherwise everything not properly placed and defended would be swept away. All temporary works had to be reconstructed after the rains were over.

Steadily the work went on from year to year without a single serious setback, till in the year 1907-08 they did 2,200,000 cubic feet of masonry and concrete—more than half of the whole work, accomplishing in one day



A VERY LIGHT FLOW OF WATER OVER THE WEIR



THE DUKHWAN WEIR IN FULL FLOW

again and again as much as 16,000 cubic feet. That shows both careful planning and supervision, which is all the more surprising when we know that so much of the material had to be brought in from long distances.

Now what is the result of all this? A lake nine miles long and two wide, capable of holding 3,753,000,000 cubic feet of water, an amount sufficient to irrigate 37,530 acres of land that will in coming ages be a constant source of blessing to a large district which, but for this and the Paricha reservoir, would be a comparatively useless trace. The cost has to be found now by a government sorely tried by famine conditions; but now when famine threatens, instead of leaving the people to die like flies,

as was the case before British occupation, the Government wisely employs the people on such works as will gradually make famine all but unknown. The total cost of this one work was about \$800,000. It is the work of an Indian Christian engineer who has shown an amount of executive and administrative ability possessed by few. As an Indian, he is probably able to deal with the Indian and to make things run more smoothly, than most Europeans can. He is a good illustration of the cultured Christian gentleman and of the possibilities in this country amongst a people who only need Christianity and opportunity to show what great things they are capable of doing and doing well.



THE RAILWAY AND THE PASSENGER

THE AMAZING MECHANISM THAT THE PURCHASE OF A
RAILWAY TICKET SETS IN MOTION

BY GEORGE C. WELLS

TRANSPORTATION is the only thing, generally speaking, the railways have to sell, and it is now almost as much one of the necessaries of life as are food, drink and raiment. Before the advent of the railways men lived and died within the narrow limits of the county, sometimes even of the village, wherein they were born. A journey of one hundred miles was an event requiring careful preparation, the making of one's will and so forth, and the man who had crossed the Atlantic more than once was a marvel. We were local, parochial in our ideas; now we are cosmopolitan and instead of a journey of one hundred miles being an important event, a trip around the world is now looked on as an incident, merely an excursion, and we shall soon, like Alexander, sigh for other worlds to conquer.

Transportation divides itself into two great branches, the transportation of passengers and the transportation of freight, or the "goods traffic" as our English cousins call it. Indirectly every inhabitant of a civilised country is interested in the transportation of freight, because the price of commodities depends largely on the cost of transportation, but few persons ever think of that any more than the man who, not being an owner of real estate, is not called on to pay direct

taxation realises that he is continually paying toll to the Government on what he puts into his mouth or on his back. Directly, however, everyone is interested in the transportation of passengers, because everyone travels more or less frequently, and everyone should know something about the organisation of that branch of the railway service which concerns itself with providing for the comfort and safety of travellers.

In the early days of railroading all announcements were made and all business carried on in the name of a manager or superintendent. After a while, on this continent, when it began to be seen that passenger business required specialisation and could not be handled in quite the same way as the business of transporting animals, food stuffs and mineral products, passenger agents were appointed to look after it, and when they became numerous, a general passenger agent was chosen to supervise their work. Some time earlier a good many superintendents had appointed general ticket agents as part of their own office staffs, to deal with the printing and supplying of tickets to the agents and conductors, and on many roads the titles of general passenger and ticket agent were combined. Some roads still use them, but in most cases the joint title has

fallen into disuse; the general passenger agent survives, but the general ticket agent will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

English railways never adopted the general passenger agent and their passenger business is still conducted by the manager or "Superintendent of the Line," although at least one of the great Canadian companies has planted a general passenger agent, as an exotic on the English soil, to look after the European end of its business.

Our smaller railway companies have a "General Freight and Passenger Agent" to handle their freight and passenger business, or sometimes they call him "Traffic Manager," and give him the same duties; but nearly all the large companies now style the officer at the head of their passenger departments, "Passenger Traffic Manager," a title which Sir William Van Horne invented about twenty-five years ago when he invited Mr. Lucius Tuttle to cast in his lot with the growing Canadian Pacific Railway, which already had two or three general passenger agents.

The Passenger Traffic Manager deals with the most important matters affecting the passenger traffic of his line, such as its relations with connecting and competing companies, and legislation bearing on the conduct of passenger business. He keeps posted on the general movement of passengers and the receipts therefrom all over his company's system — no light duty when he has perhaps 10,000 miles of railway, with a few dozen steamships, under his charge doing a business which runs into many millions of dollars annually. He is continually receiving reports from his subordinates and deciding questions which they bring before him. If he finds them beyond his powers, he submits them to the executive, to whom he is answerable for producing satisfactory returns from his branch of the business.

The passenger traffic manager usu-

ally has one or more general passenger agents under him, each having a well-defined territory to look after and having to attend more to details than the higher officer. The general passenger agents, in their turn, have one or more assistant general passenger agents, who assist them in various ways, act as their deputies when necessary, and take more direct charge of the passenger department staff. Then come district passenger agents or general agents passenger department (synonymous terms), who take charge, as the former title indicates, of a district, pay particular attention to the working up of excursion and other special business, distribute advertising matter, and keep in close touch with the agents. They are assisted by travelling passenger agents, who keep continually on the move, visiting ticket agents, instructing them how to handle their tariffs, and calling on prospective passengers and endeavouring to secure their patronage, conducting special parties, and so on.

The staff of the general passenger agent's office is divided into a number of distinct departments, each with its respective duties and all presided over by a chief clerk, whose place, however, is sometimes filled by the assistant general passenger agent. Perhaps the most important is that known as the rate department, which is in charge of a chief rate clerk and his assistants, who prepare all passenger tariffs, answer inquiries from the public and from the agents as to routes and rates. They are expected to have at their fingers' ends information as to how all places on the lines of their own company and its connections (and in the case of a big railway that means practically all places in North America) can best be reached and what it costs to get to them. It takes hard work and long training to make a man capable of handling the passenger rate department of a big railway, and although to an outsider the work seems dry and

uninteresting it has quite a fascination about it and possesses real interest for those in the inner circle. As an officer high up in the railway service said a while ago: "Rate clerks, like poets, are born, not made." Then there are the excursion department, which handles all excursion business, special train movements and the like; the refund department, which deals with claims for refunds on wholly or partially unused tickets; the statistical department, which keeps track of the business done at the different stations, interchanged with other companies or handled on particular trains or through car lines, which it is very necessary the officers should be able to get at easily; the accounting department, which keeps record of office and travelling expenses and advertising expenditure, checks bills and passes on accounts after certification to the company's treasurer for payment; the correspondence department, which opens and registers the incoming mail, despatches the outgoing letters, records all correspondence carried on so that any particular batch of papers can be found quickly; and last, but not by any means least, the counter staff, which comes most directly in touch with the public and handles with more or less tact the numerous matters, complaints, and "hard luck stories" brought in by travellers, intending passengers, and those who think they have claims for free or reduced-rate transportation. Just as every soldier in the French army was said to carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack (though few ever found it) so every young man entering the general passenger department of a railway is a prospective general passenger agent or passenger traffic manager, and, if he does not "arrive," he has, in most instances, himself to thank for it, though, of course, force of circumstances sometimes prevents a man with all necessary qualifications from coming to the front. When coupled with a fair quantity of brains, perseverance and

hard work usually spell success in the railway world, just as they do in the other walks of life.

As transportation is the only article railways have for sale, the price at which to sell it is a most important consideration. It must not be so low as to be unremunerative nor so high as to prohibit or restrict travel. Some of the State Legislatures of the United States have tried recently to fix a mile-rate for passengers, but the experiment has not been a great success. In several cases the courts have decided that the State laws were unconstitutional and confiscatory in not allowing for a sufficient return on capital invested, and in others the railways have found themselves compelled to reduce train service and to cut off privileges formerly extended to the public in order to make up for their loss in revenue. Density of population is really the only safe regulator of railway passenger rates and is the first consideration in fixing proper and remunerative charges. With a dense population to serve, the railways can afford to make low rates, and their passenger officials know their business sufficiently well to make low rates voluntarily, when they think they will pay. In a densely populated country a low rate will always stimulate travel, but where the population is sparse no reduction, however great, will do so, because the traffic is not there to be stimulated. The railways operating in such thickly populated territory as, say, the State of Massachusetts or the State of New York, can well make rates that would be ridiculous for a new line or one running through thinly-settled or unproductive country. The railways, however, which run through sparsely settled districts make low rates for colonization purposes, to induce people to come and look at land or to make it very easy for settlers to reach their locations. All make excursion rates out of the large cities and to the various tourist resorts, in order to induce travel. Just as the agri-

culturist tries to make two blades of grass grow where there was one before, so the passenger agent tries to make two persons travel where but one travelled previously, and he feels that he has deserved well of his company when he has succeeded. As the retail merchant watches the market and when business is light stirs up interest and gets rid of his surplus stock by announcing bargain sales, so the passenger officials keep their fingers on the pulse of the travelling public, and when it is unduly slow stimulate it and increase travel by advertising bargain sales in transportation.

The development and stimulation of local passenger travel naturally call for much attention on the part of the passenger officials. Possibly some make the mistake of letting the local travel take care of itself and devoting all their energies to securing a proportion of through travel, which, on account of their routes being circuitous or from other physical disabilities does not pay as well as the local travel they might increase by judicious handling. Of course, the through travel is valuable, too, and some lines must of necessity depend very largely on it, and, to obtain a share of it, alliances are formed with other companies, through sleeping and parlour cars provided, passing over perhaps half a dozen different lines, and the railways are always very glad to assist in working up interest in the holding of conventions, expositions, and like gatherings which the public might be induced to visit in large numbers.

Very important matters for the passenger department to consider are train service and equipment, for on them as much as, if not more than, on the rates depends the revenue—the earning capacity of the road. The public have been educated to travel; they *must* travel, and the more facilities provided the more they *will* travel. While a large section of the public looks for cheap rates and is

induced to travel to a greater extent than it would otherwise do by the making of such rates, there is another large section that cares comparatively little about the rates but demands good service replete with every convenience and luxury, and the passenger men must so plan their train service and so arrange their equipment as to best meet the public requirements. Of course, the actual arrangement of time-tables and the determining of what trains shall run and at what speed are in the hands of the operating or transporting department; but as the passenger officials are responsible for passenger revenue they naturally have a good deal to say in the planning of passenger schedules, and if their recommendations are not always accepted, they at least have great weight. They are expected to study the needs of the public and to watch their competitors with a view of having as good or a little better service, and at intervals "time" or "train service" meetings are held at which the passenger and operating officers meet together, usually under the eye of the general manager, and jointly revise the passenger time-tables.

When the passenger department asks for a new train or an extended run of one already established, the first question is, "Will it pay?" and often they can do no more than guess at probable results.

Last year, so says the Interstate Commerce Commission, the average expense of operating all trains one mile in the United States was \$1.47 and the average earning of each passenger train for every mile for \$1.26, which on the face of it looks like an average loss of twenty-one cents a mile on every passenger train. Railway men know, however, that most passenger trains produce better net results than that and that all the dividends do not come from freight, though probably the bulk of them do on most lines. At any rate, the law demands a passenger service, and it

must be a good service. Therefore, the passenger man's aim is to give a good service as cheaply as he can and to produce as much revenue from it as possible. He has to show results and the work incidental to obtaining them is probably responsible, quite as often as early piety, for producing his gray hairs.

Prominent members of the passenger traffic manager's official family are the general baggage agent, the advertising agent and the chief ticket clerk, each of whom has his own staff of clerks and his own particular line of work, while on a small road the general passenger agent may combine with his own the duties of all three or may have them attended to by some of the clerks in his office.

There is an old proverb that "Good wine needs no bush," which dates back to the time when a bush hanging over a door meant that liquid refreshment was on sale within, and doubtless the proverb was true at the time it originated, for in the good old days the merchant was content to sit in his shop and wait for customers to come. The sign over the door or what was displayed in the dingy windows alone indicated what was on sale. Nobody advertised, and the art of advertising, like many others, is a product of late years.

Probably at the present time no line of business spends more money in advertising than the railway, and almost all the railway advertising is done by the passenger department, although the freight indirectly reaps much benefit from the advertising work of its sister department. No small proportion of the railway's annual expenditure is for advertising, and much time and energy must be devoted by the passenger officials in seeing that the money spent on advertising is not wasted, but is seed sown on productive soil. The head of the department usually obtains a yearly appropriation of so much money for advertising purposes, and all advertising expenditures are

charged against that sum, which must not be exceeded should extraordinary circumstances arise, without first obtaining proper authority. The advertising agent must closely watch expenses and keep them down to the lowest figure commensurate with proper service, and at all times he must be prepared to explain any given item to the passenger traffic manager or other head of the department. He requires to be familiar with his own line, so as to produce attractive advertising that will really describe what his company has to offer; he must have a practical knowledge of printing and binding, so as to be able to check prices, and he should be able to drive good bargains with the printing houses. Some companies go in for what might be called "freak advertising" — playing-cards, watch chains, ash-trays, but the principal items of expenditure are through "display ads." in the principal newspapers and magazines, through descriptive pamphlets, some of which are very costly, and through the time-table folders. Immense quantities of folders are issued every year by all the big railways, and, although the individual folder costs but a cent or two, the aggregate amount expended on them is in general very great. To be of service they must be absolutely correct, and expert knowledge is required in their preparation. Then also, a great deal of advertising, and very effective advertising, too, is done by some companies by displaying in prominent places pictures, either photographs or paintings, of their chief scenic attractions. This too, comes under the charge of the advertising agent, and he must keep track of where each picture is placed and see that it is put where it will do the most good. Effectiveness and economy are the two main points to be considered in every advertisement, and the former must never be sacrificed to the latter. Taking it altogether, it can easily be seen that the advertising agent of a big railway al-

ways finds plenty to do and is no more an idler than his *confrères* of the passenger department.

The chief ticket clerk, assisted by a staff of men and boys and reporting to the head of the passenger department, prints and supplies all tickets for use by agents and conductors and keeps record in his stock books of where they have been sent. One big railway company last year sent out more than 23,000 lots of tickets and paid nearly \$32,000 for ticket printing. "Tickets, please," is a call familiar to all travellers, and in response to it they are accustomed to produce the little piece of card-board or paper which gives evidence of their right to be on the train. They hand it to the conductor, who punches and puts it in his pocket; few travellers ever think that that little piece of card-board or paper has an individuality of its own, but it *has*, and the various stages of its existence are all recorded in the books of the issuing company. If examined, it is found to have a number, sometimes two different numbers, and it shows the stations between which it covers passage and it bears a date showing when it was sold and probably another showing for how long it is valid. If it bears two numbers, one is technically called the "form number," corresponding to the family name and applicable to all of that particular kind of ticket, and the other is the "consecutive number," which serves a purpose similar to the Christian name of an individual.

The history of that ticket runs thus: The chief ticket clerk ordered a supply of that special kind from the ticket printers, and distributed them amongst the agents who required them for use, at the same time advising the audit office which particular numbers of tickets had been sent to each office. When the agent sold this particular ticket he reported its sale to the audit office,

and when the conductor picked it up the continent, and in so doing they fact to the same office. When his collections are sorted out in the audit office that particular ticket will be checked off against the item in the agent's report which recorded its sale and then it will be destroyed either by being chopped up into little pieces or burned.

The first railway tickets were very simple in form, and each company confined itself to ticketing over its own line. But now all except the very small companies hold themselves ready to ticket almost anywhere on the continent, and in so doing they provide in their tickets a coupon for each railway over which the passenger is to travel, so that each may have a voucher for the service performed and may be on the lookout to see that it gets paid for it. The selling company, at the end of each month, reports all tickets sold over the other lines to those lines, showing the through fare collected and the amount accruing to each as its share, which is calculated according to fixed rules, and settlement is made in due course by cheque or draft. Each company in the sale of through tickets acts only as agent for the other companies over whose lines they read and disclaims any responsibility for the care of the passenger or his baggage beyond its own line.

Dickens in his "Mugby Junction" papers claims that the motto of some at least of the railway people was that "the public must be kept down." If there ever was such a feeling, it is long since dead and buried. The railways of America know that they are public servants, that their interests and those of the public are one, and while the railway officials aim to make dividends for their companies they also aim at giving the public a good and satisfactory service in return for reasonable compensation.

THE PEDLAR

BY KATHERINE HALE

THE yellow sunlight struck in warmly through a broad, uncurtained window and the superintendent let her straight young shoulders droop for a moment as she looked out across the radiant valley to the fresh beauty of the awakening world. The slight trill of a robin seemed to call her, and perhaps it was the universal cry of youth to youth that made her lean a little to the morning, and, quite unconsciously, wave it a neighbourly adieu, as, glancing at the card still in her hand, she made her way slowly downstairs.

Into the reception-room she came, half blinded from the light of the halls, and as a masculine figure arose at her entrance, coming forward abruptly she stumbled and almost fell over an unseen object between them.

"Confound that pail!" came in lively crescendo from the gloom.

"Pardon me," returned Elaine, instantly shouldering the blame.

"It's always in the way," announced the voice, subdued to moderate.

"Decidedly out of the way here, I should say," said the superintendent frankly.

She flung up the green shade, and, glancing at the card, turned with a polite "Mr. Dawson?" on her lips. "I am Miss Smith, the superintendent," she added.

The young man had been riding a bicycle, and he wore knickerbockers and a short coat of an athletic cut, though it might have been the shoulders in the coat that made it athletic. His face and hands were already In-

dian dark with the sun. He regarded the superintendent for a quick moment, and then he bent to undo the black waterproof covering of the unseen object. Slowly he drew out a churn-like wooden affair, placed it upon a chair, and stood shamefacedly before the lady.

"What have you to do with the pail?" said Elaine suddenly.

"I sell them," replied the young man.

"At least, I don't sell them," he added, after a moment's complete silence; "I have walked the streets of this town for two days and not a sale have I made. Yet, it is a good device. Would you mind if I explained it?"

She nodded quickly, and with eyes on the object and in a perfectly monotonous voice he proceeded:

"The pail is one for mopping with; the mop is dipped into the water and drawn through a pair of wringers attached to the middle of the pail, and saves all handling of the water by hand; hence boiling water may be used, and strong soaps if needed for greasy floors, etc. You may here observe the rollers, between which one mop cloth is drawn, and the snap springs which keep them together. An important point is this cast-iron plate, to place a foot on, to hold the pail steady while manipulating the mop and the wringers. There is one on either side. It's not a bulky thing, and is really an ingenious device. The snap springs do not get in the way of the mop. It would be good in a hospital."

He ended abruptly, and his embarrassed gaze never once left the outlines of the pail. Then they stood for a moment in silence — two tall figures with the object between them.

"Have you sold many in Ashton?" asked the girl directly.

"I haven't even got a hearing in most cases; and this is the first time—but one—that I've had the wrappings off; it never got so far as that."

"Why use a wrapping, then?" she exclaimed; "I should let the thing advertise itself. Why don't you?"

"Because I hate it so!" he returned. And, looking up, she caught despair in his eyes.

That settled it.

"And yet," she continued, "its simple utility should appeal to every fibre in a woman's being. When you did get the cover off — that other time — what happened? Could you make no impression?"

"I saw only a servant."

"Yes, but she was the very one to impress. Did you say to her just what you have to me?"

"Oh, yes!"

Then the smile of Elaine, which as it meets you warmly seems to embody the whole joy and sorrow of your life and her own, broke over the situation; it asked forgiveness of the young man, as her voice went on:

"Do you know all that by heart—about the pail?"

"Why, I suppose I do."

"And you say exactly the same thing, in the same tone of voice, to every one, as you did to me, with your eyes on this—object?"

"Pretty near," said he; looking not now upon the object, and apparently puzzled.

"Then," decided she, and that right speedily, "one can see very plainly that you cannot sell pails."

"Yet," after a moment's silence, "I want the pail. I have visions of a long succession of unrheumatic cooks, resulting from its saving use. You are sure the water won't slop over?"

She raised to his eyes of unfeigned merriment, but something in the quick earnestness that she met with made her own dim quiet again.

"Don't decide on this just now," he protested quickly. "You may find that you don't need it. Besides, they will send another agent around. I've decided to quit this firm; it's my last week's work. Someone else will probably do better in Ashton, as the pails are one too many for me."

"Do you, then, take them so seriously?" she laughed; "I think I could sell pails as a joke — just to get them out of the way. I don't know why I'm talking to you like this, except that to convince myself and other people of an immediate need means everything to me, and, you see, you have convinced me this morning, in spite of your evident intention not to." She stood with proprietary fingers upon the pail.

"You were ready to be convinced," he said; "I imagine you are always ready."

"No one is always ready," she answered. "You know that as well as I do, but your little private swear over the pail — at least it should have been private — set me thinking. I wondered how much of that contempt could be turned into the better fortunes of the pail. I wonder"—laughingly—"if you won't try that — the energy of that contempt — with the people I want to send you to. Take it as a joke, if you like, but here on your card let me put the names of a few choice souls who, unknown to themselves, need this very implement of yours."

She looked up, and again the smile, again his half embarrassed gaze, with a new wonder in the steady, luminous eyes.

"I entirely forgot to ask about the small matter of the price," she added.

"They sell at five dollars."

So she handed him back the scribbled card, along with the money, from the desk at which she had been writing

He took both, with an inclination that might well have fitted the ancient régime of her southern ancestors, though it was with the blundering voice of a boy that he said:

"This seems very strange to me, after the sort of thing I'm used to from women. Among fellows we all give each other a hoist now and then, but no fellow would understand things like this."

"Perhaps none of us really 'understand,'" she replied, "but life is just a finding out as best we can."

Together they moved to the open door of the hall.

The superintendent raised her official skirts from the newly-scrubbed piazza. "I shall see you safely down the hill to Mrs. Brady's," she announced, and they started down the winding, sun-flecked path to the great stone gate below. The young April wind was abroad, and its teasing freshness whipped the blood into life, and whipped life into that warm desire we call spring. The girl was as white as the morning — as flower-like, as vivid. The tall boy at her side reduced his swinging pace to suit her step.

"It's a morning and a half!" he cried.

They came to the bottom of the hill, and near the gate, stooping, she found the first blue flower of the year.

"The spring is here," she said, holding it out to him.

There was a gleam of something new — something that better matched the April — in his eyes. "It looks as if I had my share of it this morning," he said, as he put the little flower in his coat, and abruptly held out his hand for hers in good-bye.

"Mrs. Brady's is two doors from the bakeshop," she returned airily as he swung on his waiting bicycle inside the gate. "Good-bye! and let me hear how you get on."

He doffed his cap in a manner early-Victorian, and was starting off. Then, having turned up the walk, to her surprise his step was beside her

again upon the hard, smooth gravel.

"Miss Smith," he said, "you can see what a confounded fool I am, when I tell you that you somehow so made me forget myself — and the pail — that I didn't realise it is the one sample I have here. I will send you one in a day or two; an order is always sent C.O.D."

He poked the five dollars convulsively towards her, bolted the uphill path, and presently returned with the shrouded pail under one arm.

"Thank you, again," he said, as they passed each other on the walk, and, turning, after a moment, she saw him disappearing down the road, just as the burly form of a doctor's buggy drove in at the gate.

"Sending off one of those agent beggars, I see," said the occupant of the buggy. "Will you drive up the hill, Miss Smith?"

After eleven o'clock that night, the superintendent, seated at her small, belittered desk, addressed an envelope to "George Daskham, Esq., *The Avenmore*, Fifth Avenue, New York City," and, drawing pencil and paper to her, began to write:

"My dear George:

"I have just a moment to write and much to say; yet, instead of talking I want to 'think' things to you, for all day my thoughts have been at home — with you. Just a year ago to-day, in this lovely April week, we drove through the woods to see the old darkey with the fractured arm. Do you remember the warm mistiness of everything, and the tangles of green through which we had to persuade Dobbin, and the last blue violet that we found? Have you got it yet? April, even in a south-east corner of Canada, seems worlds different. The violets must be nearly gone at home by now, but to-day I found the first one of this late season here in the hospital garden — and I gave it away. Yes, I know I should have worn it all day and put it in your letter, but some one else needed it more: a young man who came to me this morning selling pails. Not another 'type,' really. That is a word belonging to your journalistic vocabulary to which I won't agree, for I see people in this practical, sorrowful, wakeful world of mine too near to find them 'typifying' anything.

"My wandering pedlar of this morning looks healthy; but he's really drugged, and he's staggering through life with his eyes shut—and on his back a pail. So I took away his pail, and gave him a violet, and informed him that the spring had come. And I think, dear, that he woke for the moment, but is probably slumbering soddenly as I write.

"Truth to tell I should, at this present moment, be slumbering soddenly myself. And I can hear you say that all this is sufficiently 'Elaine-like.' Yet we understand each other so well.

"My world is a little world compared to yours, but I, too, am always listening for an answer to the endless 'why' of things, and groping for something to give when one is struck silent by such a dumb question as I saw this morning, for instance, in that poor boy's eyes. Sometimes in the deep stillness and by the dying's bedside the answer seems to come—but faintly, and from so far away.

"I shall faithfully answer all your questions to-morrow, but I'm not a bit newsy to-night. So till to-morrow,

"Elaine."

*

Two days later she was driving the one-horse shay of the hospital along the road that leads to town, when she came upon the young man — without the pail. He was walking towards the hospital hill so rapidly that she hardly realised the athletic figure in the athletic coat until, coming quite abreast of the ancient vehicle in which she sat demurely flapping dusty reins upon the unanswering back of "Thomas," a hack-horse bestowed by the Committee of Ways and Means, he paused in the road, and she recognised her friend.

A look of blank dismay crossed his countenance.

"So you're out!" he ejaculated, in the voice of one who announces the downfall of empire.

"I am, indeed," answered the lady from the buggy; "were you going to see me? I have been dreaming about the heathen that you have converted to the pail. You were to let me know."

"There has been only one heathen converted," he answered, colouring hotly; "as for the pail, it is ticketed in the express office for Buffalo. I am leaving town to-night, and I

thought perhaps I might see you for a minute this afternoon — but I sha'n't keep you standing here, Miss Smith"; then, with a sudden grasp of the buggy straps, he continued: "When I told you on Monday that I had given up this job it was a pure make-up on the spur of the moment. I have been hanging on to these confounded pails because I haven't the money to wait and look for anything else. But it's true enough now; the pail has gone for good. And I am leaving to-night," he repeated slowly, "and I wanted to thank you again."

Here an assaulting fly, descending on the back of the horse, caused that worthy to give a meek, protesting kick.

"Thomas is rather wild this afternoon, and I am so uncomfortable driving without gloves," said the lady; "would you have time to go over the hills to the Poor-house and help me hunt a cook? My own is on the war-path, and I heard of one over there. It takes half-an-hour to get to the Poor-House."

Gayly he assented and the one-horse shay of the hospital jogged on serenely; Thomas kindly allowing its occupants a leisurely survey of the passing fields of sunlit brown.

"So the pail is a closed chapter," said Elaine, musingly; "I have been wondering whatever led up — or down — to it."

"And that's what I want to tell you," broke in the young man impetuously, "if you don't mind hearing it. One would suppose an 'agent' quite capable of explaining anything, even himself; yet—"

"That's the inexplicable, eh?"

"I want you to know," he said.

"You see, it's like this: I never had any family to speak of. My mother died when I was very small, and there was only my father. I was shipped to school, and hated it because I never had any pocket money and I couldn't go in for ball or hockey because of my eyes. I am hopelessly near-sighted, and the doctors say it's

a nerve trouble you can't right by glasses — it cut me out of study and it spoiled my sport and spoiled my prospects. My father was disappointed, of course, for he depended on me — he is a retired minister on four hundred a year. Well, I got a berth with an oil firm out West as a traveller. Then the company failed, and from one thing to another I got down to pails. I'm twenty-six, and I suppose I've seen something of the world, after a fashion. But the world has never come after me. I've never really cared enough — till yesterday. And since then," he continued, while the horse jogged slowly along and the steeping sunshine seemed to envelop them both; "since then I have done nothing but wonder at myself, and nothing but care to find out the reason why I've been so little taken with people and things, and they so little with me, all the days of my life before. Just the reason why I should be a sort of Ignoramus selling pails, while other people with more to pull them back than I have, are after something hard — and getting there, most of them. Why, you — you," turning to her half savagely, "little, and small, and white, can talk about impediments as if you had the power to move them out of your way. What is it about you that as soon as you meet a fellow—as soon as you have spoken a word—can make him feel that he could never have been so down on his luck that you didn't know, and could never have had a hope away in the back of his heart that you haven't worked out in your own way and made over to yourself and to other people? You are just a child beside me," he went on rapidly, as if afraid or powerless to stop; "I could pick you up with one arm easily, but there has been something so strong that has followed me day and night since I saw you that I came to tell you this afternoon that I am going somewhere to work it out. I have had a dull sort of luck all my life, and now I'm going to get something worth while."

"You will get it," she said, with misty eyes that belied her laughing lips, "and, incidentally, what a great many things beside!"

*

So they reached the Poor-House, a melancholy structure looking shadowless and stark in the golden light, with no sign about it of habitation save a Holbein-like pauper blinking on a bench in the sun. While she despatched her errand the young man sat idly, his attention apparently bent upon the mere flicking of persistent flies from the unhappy back of Thomas. In his mind was a tumult of conflicting thoughts, and like a wire over which the spirit of electricity has lately passed his nature seemed to tingle with awakening fire. The mysterious contact, the touch so swift, so light, that set every fibre of his being in motion, was it this alone that had awakened him, un-handed him, and let him free?

Presently the girl appeared, and slowly they drove away down the sloping hill-lands towards the little town. Talking in desultory fashion of the spring things around them, the flight of a bird, the red, budding branches, each was fully conscious of the unspoken thoughts of the other.

The white-flower beauty of Elaine, so much the expression of the eager flame it harboured, was all the time suggesting to him the precious possibilities of an awakening world that he had never reached before—a world for the first time his own—and she, catching the reflection of that flame in his shining eyes, was thoughtful, as at the dawn we sometimes catch the joy and sorrow of the coming day. It was when they had come to the last milestone on the homeward way, and he had proposed alighting at the crossroads, now to be seen like white threads in the distance, that she told him something of her life in the past, and of the future that stretched all radiantly before her.

And his eyes were lowered, so that

she did not see the flicker in that flame of life.

So at the crossroads they halted, and said good-bye in that vaguely impersonal tone which is often the accompaniment of departure; then, as he turned to leave, she added, "I shall hear from you, I hope, and of you, too, perhaps. You will know, at any rate, that now and always I wish you all success."

"If success is a thought, you have given it to me," he answered. "If it is a thing, I may have long to look for it."

"And, after all, what if it's just a condition — one which you have gone

far towards attaining to-day? You are already, I believe, successful," she said, softly, "my young man of the pails."

*

A minute later and the soft brown fields and dusty, winding road were alone in the twilight. Beyond the sunlit hill rode the girl, with the low lights throwing their roseate glow across her face, while the man strode on towards the waiting future, knowing already that through its unknown ways he must wear, as the seal of his awakening, an unacknowledged renunciation in his heart.

THE GUSTY SANG

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

I canna an' I winna gang
 Until ye sing the gusty sang
 Wi' whirls an' twists an' eerie whang,
 That scairt us sae when we were young.

The nicht is mirk as then it was,
 An' 'twixt the thunner's awfu' pause
 Maks bairnies mind o' when the taws
 Wi' gruesome threat uplifted hung.

Sic horrors made the sound mair sweet
 That brocht the morn wi' birdies' tweet
 An' mither's voice that cam' to greet
 Us wi' the nervies a' unstrung.

I'll tak' the sang, although, alas!
 Time winna turn his cozin' glass,
 An' let the bygone come to pass,
 When roun' my mither's neck I clung.



Current Events

BY
F. A. ACLAND

WHETHER the Asquith Government will or will not weather its first session is confessedly a matter of general doubt. Discord of an acute kind has already broken out between the various sections of the composite majority which maintains the Liberal Cabinet in power and the self-inflicted wounds are already past healing. Mr. Redmond undoubtedly controls the fate of the Government, yet controls it to his own destruction. The budget is admitted on all sides to be intensely distasteful to Ireland, because of its heavy whisky taxes. If Mr. Redmond supports it, he will almost certainly lose his influence in Ireland, which will pass to Mr. O'Brien, the No-Surrender leader who already has a following of eleven in the House; if, on the other hand, he opposes the budget, the Government must be defeated, or placed in the unhappy position of accepting Unionist support. The third course open to the Irish leader, that of abstention, and already followed on the tariff reform resolution moved by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, still presents the difficulty that the eleven O'Brienites will certainly oppose the budget unless it is greatly modified, and the Government would still hover on the brink of actual defeat. On the whole, the dilemma of Mr. Redmond is hardly less painful than that of Mr. Asquith.

*

The advanced radical section of the Liberal party headed by Sir Charles Dilke, is declared to have revolted

against Mr. Asquith's leadership, and to be longing for the more aggressive generalship of Mr. Lloyd-George. To more moderate minds, however, it must appear that Mr. Lloyd-George has done the Liberal party sufficient harm already. It will be a miracle if it escapes immediate wreck, followed by a further prolonged period in opposition as from 1895 to 1906. Mr. Asquith's difficulties are immense, but the moral of the election which shattered his unprecedented majority was undoubtedly to encourage a careful moderation rather than a reckless aggressiveness, and a steadfast determination along these lines may gain him support in the country even though some followers desert in the House. The Prime Minister throughout the agitations of the past few months and amid the dangers of the moment, preserves a demeanour in keeping with the best traditions of British statesmanship. He is a calm and dignified figure, his speeches are models of lucidity, save indeed where he is perhaps purposely ambiguous, as in his reference to Home Rule, and he is known to be himself predisposed to act with moderation on the great questions of the hour.

*

The Unionists have some right to feel gratified at the progress made by the tariff reform doctrine between 1906 and 1910. In 1906 Mr. Austen Chamberlain's resolution was defeated by a majority of 380; in 1910 it was voted down by a bare thirty-one. It is possible that this may be the high-

water mark of protection sentiment; its advocates, however, predict that tariff reform will now go on and attack the great manufacturing centres of the north of England. Free Trade Unionists, at any rate, have practically disappeared, and the party is more united than at any time since the tariff reform pronouncement of Mr. Chamberlain in 1903. Mr. Balfour speaks as a convinced though not enthusiastic tariff reformer, and there appears to be no possible rival to his leadership. The Unionists, however, can hardly desire another election immediately, and the country would probably punish the party that forced it.

*

The first business of a parliament after all is to provide funds to carry on the administration of the affairs of the country, this before even the making of laws. The finances of the United Kingdom have been thrown into great confusion by the failure of the budget to become law; the revenue from the income tax alone will show a deficit of \$100,000,000, uncertainty as to the amount to be paid having caused the majority of taxpayers to decline to pay anything, and the law or absence of law sustaining them in this attitude. The Liberal party may protest with some reason that the situation has been brought about by the unprecedented action of the House of Lords in throwing out a money bill, but this does not relieve the Government from the responsibility of finding the means for carrying on the administration of affairs. The exigencies of the situation are said to have forced the Premier into a promise that the budget and a measure dealing with the Lords shall be introduced simultaneously, but this would appear to suggest anything but an expeditious settlement of the financial difficulties and may lead to failure along both lines.

*

The problem of the Lords is as insoluble as ever. Lord Rosebery has

moved for a committee from among the Lords themselves to consider the subject, and the report will no doubt be in line with that of the commission which has already dealt with the matter. Mr. Asquith is pledged to reduce the present power of veto possessed by the Lords to a suspensory power, not to affect finance bills, and not preventing any measure from becoming law if reënacted at a succeeding or subsequent session. It is difficult to see what use a chamber would be with powers so shadowy and elusive; as well or better abolish it at the outset and save a large expenditure incurred simply for ineffective delays. The plan of reform proposed by the Lords *themselves, proposes leaving with the chamber the full power of legislation possessed at present with perhaps a definite understanding that money bills shall be untouched, the hereditary principle being greatly modified, and other new and important features being introduced into the reconstituted House.

*

A third proposition is that of an elective chamber, and this is said to be favoured by Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Winston Churchill, and, one is somewhat surprised to find, Sir Edward Grey. No definite plan has been outlined, so it is impossible to discuss the proposition usefully. It is reasonably clear, however, that any change in the House of Lords which strengthens its composition, gives it a claim to a greater share in legislation, rather than to a reduction of its powers. A second chamber wholly elective in character would not be properly a House of "Lords" at all, and might become a serious rival of the House of Commons. An article on the Senate Chamber of France in the February issue of *The Contemporary Review* shows how powerful such an upper House may become, an adverse vote compelling the resignation of the Ministry.

*

If an elective upper House is made

to reflect simply the views of the lower House, it becomes practically useless; if, on the other hand, it may run counter to the popular chamber, there is risk of friction and tension as at present, but the more intense because an upper House so constituted stands on right rather than privilege and would be less inclined to give way than are the Lords under existing conditions. Almost any change therefore, which leaves the second chamber an effective body, is likely to curtail rather than extend the powers of the House of Commons and to decrease the respect in which that body is held by the public at large. No perfect scheme is devisable in this, as in many other matters, and an illogical system not far removed from that which has existed for many generations may after all prove the smoothest and most effective in its working.

*

One of the most interesting among the private members of the last British House of Commons was Mr. Harold Cox, long better known as the Secretary of the Cobden Club. Mr. Cox was elected in 1906 a member for the Preston division of Lancashire. It goes without saying that he was an orthodox free trader and a sound Liberal. On the budget, however, he refused to follow the Government. At the recent election he was strictly in line with neither party, and lost his seat. The incident was made the occasion recently of a complimentary banquet to Mr. Cox, Lord Rosebery presiding, and many members of Parliament being in attendance, not, however, any Liberals of note. Lord Rosebery took as his theme the subject of political independence, lamenting the decline of this even within his own memory in the British House of Commons. So late as 1885, he claimed, a vote of censure in the House on Egyptian affairs almost brought to grief a Gladstone Ministry with a majority of eighty; now partyism had become absolutely rigid and

hidebound. The more necessity therefore, Lord Rosebery argued, for a man of such independent convictions as Mr. Harold Cox, to whom in proposing his health he noted and applied the remark of the Butcher Duke of Cumberland about the elder Pitt, the two being bitterly opposed at the time: "I do not know this Mr. Pitt you talk about, but from what you talk about, from what you tell me, I think he is a rare thing—I think he is a man."

*

We may agree with Lord Rosebery as to the desirability of political independence, even within the lines of partyism, but it is not quite clear that it has disappeared. Mr. Balfour's Cabinet was split in 1903 by the tariff reform proposals, and the big majority in the House melted away before the spirit of independence aroused. Mr. Balfour's own cousins were among his strongest opponents and one of them, Lord Robert Cecil, has lost his seat in consequence. The present break in the ranks of the Liberals and the willingness of a score or two of Liberals to unite with Labour members and Irish members if Mr. Asquith does not toe the line, show also considerable independence of feeling and disinclination to obey the party whip under any circumstances.

*

Our own Mr. Joseph Martin, by the way, had hardly been elected before he had fallen foul of the official whip and within two days of taking his seat had, speaking metaphorically, shaken his fist in his leader's face, fully maintaining his old-time reputation in Canada as the "stormy petrel" of politics. Party lines have always been closely drawn where they have determined the fate of a Government or the mode of government, but there has never yet been lacking a spirit of independence when great crises have arisen. Probably the greatest amount of political independence is exercised, however, by the English elector who

votes now this way, now that way, at successive elections, by enormous majorities, in contradistinction to Scotland, Ireland and Wales, which remain practically unchanged from election to election. Of the net gain of 105 seats effected by the Unionists in the late election, no less than 101 were won in England, the remaining four in Ireland and Wales. Perhaps at the next election, certainly before long, all will go back again to the Liberal fold. It is probably not so much approval of the party that is being placed in power as disapproval of the party that has held power which prompts the violent fluctuations of the constituencies. Every Government fails necessarily of its promises and disappoints the hopes of the electorate, and so the people turn unceasingly from one party to the other seeking vaguely to discover which is best for its immediate purpose.

*

Practically the only matter mentioned in the King's speech other than the budget and the Lords was the fact that the Prince of Wales would make an extended tour in South Africa in the autumn prior to the opening of the Parliament of the new Dominion. In doing this, the Prince is repeating the precedent furnished in the case of the Australian Commonwealth. South Africa, too, is having its share of political trouble. The nature of the new Government is being actively canvassed, and a wide divergence of opinion exists as to whether the first Government should be coalition or partisan in character. Premier Botha of the Transvaal, who was one of the leading spirits in effecting confederation and in the conciliation movement generally, is a strong believer in a coalition Government, and would welcome as a main coadjutor Doctor Jameson, former Premier of the Cape, who took also a leading and effective part in the confederation negotiations. To the Dutch race as a whole, however, Doctor Jameson is

not acceptable, and this is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that he was the captain of the 600 reckless men who engaged in the memorable raid on Johannesburg that preceded the war.

*

But the real opponent of a coalition government is Mr. Merriman, the Premier of Cape Colony, an Englishman who has thrown himself into the Dutch side of the scale in South Africa, and who was bitterly opposed to the war. Mr. Merriman would give all power to the Dutch party as being in the majority. The precedent of Canada has been quoted in favour of coalition, but in our own case the way had been paved or rather forced by a coalition government in Upper and Lower Canada during the confederation negotiations. The whole South African system, judicial, educational and administrative, will have to be remodelled, and many high offices will have to be filled, and there is much force in the contention that only a coalition government, fairly representative of both races and all parties, can hope to arrange these elemental conditions in the new commonwealth in such a manner as to do reasonable justice to all concerned. It is a question for South Africans to settle among themselves, but it is somewhat of a paradox that the leading advocate of coalition is a Dutchman who fought stoutly against Britain and the leading opponent is an Englishman.

*

Germany and the United States have arranged their tariff differences and Germany escapes the penalty of the maximum tariff. Germany inclines to be conciliatory all round in fact, and has settled its long-standing quarrel with Canada arising out of the denunciation by Great Britain of the German and Belgian treaties so that the Canadian preference might be valid. It is Canada now that may be unable to escape the maximum tariff of the United States according to rumours flying about the press. If the

rumours should prove to be correct, the ranks of the Republican party, less compact now than at any time since the close of Mr. Cleveland's second term in 1896, will be further loosened, and Mr. Taft will have lost caste altogether with the tariff reformers—or shall we say tariff revisers, to distinguish them from the tariff reformers of Britain who are not working in precisely the same direction? Canada's exports to the United States are already only a third of her imports from the Republic, and a further reduction brought about arbitrarily by the tariff will be the source of much hard feeling which will not be confined to Canada. This is no doubt appreciated by the Washington authorities, who appear to have politely suggested that they would like Canada to begin negotiations. Times have changed since it was the fashion to snub Canadian Ministers and to ignore their representations. If the maximum is applied, it is suggested it will be done only because the United States Tariff Act permits no other course to be taken. The United States authorities and press are on the whole conciliatory in tone and have not apparently overlooked the fact that Canada is their third best buyer among the countries of the world. She is a neighbour whose friendship is worth keeping.

*

France seems disposed to follow in the wake of Great Britain and adopt an old age pension law, the Senate which has blocked the measure for several years, having at last given way, though not without greatly modifying the measure sent up from the Commons. The scheme involves contributions from employees and employers, the State adding its quota, but not, as in the case of Britain,

bearing the entire burden. As it is, however, the cost to France will be at the outset over \$25,000,000, and it is not clear at present where France will find the money. The question will be a leading feature at the general election to be held in a few weeks, the only rival to it in interest being the cause of proportional representation, which would receive a great impetus throughout the world were it accepted by France. Probably there is no great country to-day where the policy is so markedly pacific as is the case of the French Republic, when the rage for military glory prevailing down to a generation ago has subsided into a thirst for social reform along lines as sober as any Anglo-Saxon country could desire.

*

It is a striking testimony to the reputation achieved by Great Britain among the peoples of the East and to the honesty of its dealings with the mystics of Thibet when Colonel Younghusband's expedition was sent to that remote land, that the Lama, when he suspected the designs of the Chinese officials, should have fled to India for safety and thrown himself on British protection. This incident is a truer index of the work achieved by Britain in India than the bitter criticisms of political agitators whose only use of the knowledge they have gleaned of English methods is to foment disorder and crime, even assassination, by means of calumny and falsehood. The recent assassination of the Prime Minister of Egypt by a violent anti-British "Nationalist" so-called, the deceased being actually the first Egyptian statesman to reach that position in thirteen centuries, is an apt illustration of the mad futility of crimes of this character.





At Five O'clock

ST. YVES' POOR

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Jeffik was there, and Mathieu, and brown
 Bran,
 Warped in old wars and babbling of the
 sword,
 And Jannedik, a white rose pinched and
 paled
 With the world's frosts, and many more
 beside,
 Maimed, rheumed, and palsied, aged, im-
 potent
 Of all but hunger and blind lifted hands.
 I set the doors wide at the given hour,
 Took the great baskets piled with bread,
 the fish
 Yet silvered of the sea, the curds of milk.
 And called them "Brethren," brake, and
 blest, and gave.

For O, my Lord, the house-dove knows
 her nest
 Above my window builded from the rain;
 In the brown mere the heron finds her
 rest.
 But these shall seek in vain.

And O, my Lord, the thrush may fold
 her wing,
 The curlew seek the long lift of the seas,
 The wild swan sleep amid his journeying;
 There is no place for these.

Thy dead are sheltered; housed and
 warmed they wait
 Under the golden fern, the falling foam;
 But these Thy living wander desolate,
 And have not any home.

I called them, "Brethren," brake, and
 blest, and gave.
 Old Jeffik had her twisted hand to show,
 Young Jannedik had dreamed of death,
 and Bran
 Would tell me wonders wrought on fields
 of war,
 When Michael and his warriors rode the
 storm,
 And all the heavens were thrilled with
 clanging spears—
 Ah God! my poor, my poor!—

Till there came one
 Wrapped in foul rags, who caught me by
 the robe,
 And pleaded, "Bread, my father!"
 In his hand
 I laid the last loaf of the daily dole,
 Saw on the palm a red wound like a star,
 And bade him, "Let me bind it."
 "These my wounds."
 He answered softly, "daily dost thou
 bind."
 And I, "My son, I have not seen thy face,
 But thy bruised feet have trodden on my
 heart.
 I will get water for thee."

"These my hurts,"
 Again he answered, "daily dost thou
 wash."
 And I once more, "My son, I know thee
 not;
 But the bleak wind blows bitter from the
 sea,
 And even the gorse is perished. Rest
 thou here!"
 And he again, "My rest is in thy heart.

I take from thee as I have given to thee.
Dost thou not know me, Breton?"
I,—“My Lord!”

A scent of lilies on the cold sea-wind,
A thin white blaze of wings, a Face of
flame
Over the gateway, and the Vision passed
And there were only Mathieu and brown
Bran,
And the young girl, the foam-white Jan-
nedik,
Wondering to see their father rapt from
them,
And Jeffik weeping o'er her withered
hand.

—*The University Magazine.*

*

AREN'T you sorry for the *Grad-*
grinds of the world, who believe
in nothing but hard facts and who
never catch a glimpse of fairyland?
They may attain to practical triumphs
and reach the realm of multi-million-
airedom; but they miss the best of
the world, after all—which is some-
thing beyond the world. Those who
have never owned the sway of *Tit-*
ania, who have never listened on
Midsummer Eve to the music of the
meadows, are without the magic of
the brightest kingdom of them all.

The wisest people in the world
have believed in the “Little People”
and have cherished a hope of catch-
ing a sight of their revels on some
fair summer midnight, when “every
wave is charmed.” But what have
the fairies to do with this weather,
when the snow is still on the ground
and the bleak winds are whistling
through the trees? Thanks to a bene-
ficent arrangement of our affairs, the
poetry of Earth, as John Keats has
comfortingly told us, is never dead.
Just as we are longing for tropical
palms and the magnolias of the South,
there comes Herr Emil Paur with
his magic wand, and straightway the
violins, 'cellos, flutes and harp and
all manner of wood and wind instru-
ments carry us away to the music of
Mendelssohn's “Midsummer Night's
Dream.” It is late winter no longer,
with all the horrors of frost and bit-
ing wind. Thanks to Shakespeare
Mendelssohn, Herr Paur and several

score of good and true musicians, we
are back in fairyland, with *Peas-*
blossom and a goodly company. This
is not such a tragic globe, after all,
when the poet or the composer can
whisk us away from this dusty old
planet to a world all moonlight and
roses. Such wonderful Puck-like mu-
sic it is, which sets our feet and
hearts a-tripping and a-tingle! Then
it ends in the wonderful triumph of
the Wedding March which never be-
comes really hackneyed and which
opens wide the gates through which
Titania passed.

*

THERE is a theory to the effect
that suffering and disillusion are
good for us, and that tribulation is a
human condition which is highly bene-
ficial to the spirit. Now, I am not
going to deny that pain may have its
uses and that sorrow has been a
source of strength and purification.
However, I firmly believe that Joy is
higher than sorrow, and is our ulti-
mate condition and that the more we
dwell upon the joy which has come
to us, or which we have found, the
nearer we are to the Great Secret.
Ruskin has taught us many things,
but he has given us no more valuable
precept than the eulogy of Joy in
“Ethics of the Dust.”

The worst enemy we can ever meet
is he or she who would have us be-
lieve that the world is a vale of tears
and a place of lamentation, and that
Joy is a fugitive who will never be
tempted to come nigh our dwelling.
Stevenson has breathed a new mean-
ing into the old classic saying:
“Whom the gods love die young.”
According to Robert Louis, the Ever-
Courageous, it means that those whom
the gods love die young in heart.
Hence, though you may be more than
eighty years of age, if you have lived
close to the great and simple forces
of life, you will go away from the
earthly scene with the heart of a boy
or a girl. Have we not known these
spirits, beloved of the gods, whom
neither want nor trouble could daunt.



MRS. R. H. BRETT

whom disappointment could not embitter and who kept to the very last the freshness and "joy of life unquestioned" which belong to youth? Perhaps, that is what is meant when we are told that to become as a little child is to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

We spend our dollars on elaborate preparations for Happiness and think that all our modern improvements will mean an increase of comfort and the coming of Joy, and are dismayed when the looked-for guest is missing. No wonder that Puck exclaimed: "What fools these mortals be!" We are such stupid creatures, especially those of us who have grown up, chasing Happiness in such luxurious and reckless motor cars when all the time she may be calmly awaiting us by the fern-fringed brook or on the hillside. She is so near, if we will only look, so kind if we will only open our ears to her still, small voice.

If we will only banish the blue demons which dwell upon disaster and prophesy gloom, and turn to clear-eyed Joy, instead, we shall find

her ready to laugh with us along the path and we shall be fain to echo the words of Robert Louis, after all the clouds have cleared from life's twilight sky,

"Life is over, life was gay,
We have come the primrose way."

*

THE expression, "a lady of the old school," is frequently used in description of one whose manner has the energy and repose which we associate with a more leisurely age. The expression recurs to us involuntarily as we look at the strong, kindly features of Mrs. R. H. Brett, who, although in her eighty-ninth year, is still interested in affairs of public weal. Mrs. Brett was born on August 10th, 1821, at Presqu'île Harbour, now the town of Brighton. When she was three years old, her father (who was Bishop Richardson of the Methodist Episcopal Church) was appointed in 1824 to the first Methodist church built in York (Toronto). This little church stood on the corner of Jordan and King Streets and the parsonage occupied the ground on which *The Telegram* office now stands.

Mrs. Brett began her charitable work by distributing tracts on Elizabeth and Lombard Streets. She also called at many of the houses and gathered children for the Sunday-school. In 1850, a work was started, whose object was the reformation of unfortunate women, and it resulted after a time in the Industrial House of Refuge. In this undertaking she was associated with Mrs. James Leslie, Miss Rankin, Mrs. (Judge) Arnold, and Mrs. Wilson, wife of Sir Daniel Wilson. Of this society, Mrs. Brett was secretary.

About this time the Fugitive Slave Law was passed in the United States, and, soon after, the women of Toronto formed the Anti-Slavery Society, the object of which was to provide work and homes for the slaves who escaped to Canada. Of this organisation, Mrs. Brett was corre-

sponding secretary, and Miss Brown, sister of Honourable George Brown, was recording secretary. In 1873 the Y. W. C. A. was formed, with Mrs. I. C. Gilmour as president, and Mrs. Brett as vice-president. Under its auspices the Relief Society was organised, and has been in operation for thirty-three years. The city was divided into districts; collectors and visitors were appointed; and a system of distribution began which has resulted in thousands of the poor being clothed, fed and helped to positions.

During the years in which Mrs. Brett has worked, Toronto has grown from village proportions to a great provincial capital with a cosmopolitan population.

Mrs. Brett was president of this society for thirteen years and, on her retirement, was given the title of honorary-president. She still takes a deep interest in all affairs of this society, and, indeed, in many matters of public interest. Mrs. Brett has known many of our leading citizens, and her reminiscences of the old days are full of historic flavour, linking the efforts of to-day with the pioneer foundations in Ontario's capital. Mrs. Brett knows, as few of the present generation, the history of our constitutional government, and delights in the progress of her native province. Her patriotism is of the practical order and of such it may be said with justice: "Give her of the fruit

of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

*

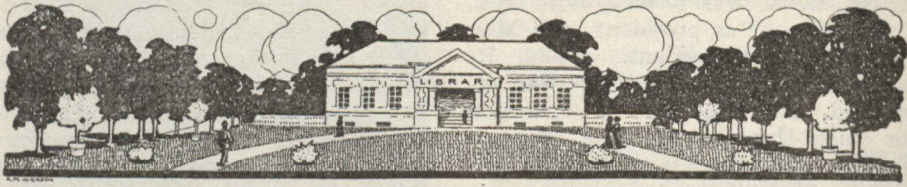
WE ever-hopeful human beings are always dreaming of what we shall do or what fair lands we may see. The days, weeks and months pass, and yet our ships do not come in, with their cargoes of gold and ivory. "Some day" remains the remote date on which all our fancies will be realised.

My cherished hope is to live in Victoria, where East meets West. Just read what E. B. Thompson says in *The University Magazine* and you will wish to go there too:

"All the sweet, luring hope which those shimmering islands had promised me a week before had been fulfilled, and my haven of rest was found. In a few hours the steamer was bearing me back to the rushing West, but passing again that shore where the new gods of a new Olympus look down on her from their glistening thrones I breathed to them a prayer: 'Keep her in quiet and growing beauty; guard her from commercial progress and swift wealth, that house by house, and garden by garden she may extend her borders, and with a broader charity and stronger culture retain her romance and old-world peace.' North and South have met beside her, East and West join hands before her, and every westering sun brings weary men to kiss her hand in re-awakened homage. Canada in her heart of hearts is glad. Two at least of her guardians are nobly born, one a stately French Madame at her Eastern River's gate, and the other an English gentlewoman off the shores of the farthest West."

JEAN GRAHAM.





The WAY of LETTERS

WHEN a clever man writes about another clever man, the book is more than readable. A New York critic declares that Mr. Chesterton's recent work on Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a case of the cleverest man in the world writing about the next cleverest. While rushing into superlatives and comparatives is a dangerous act of precipitation, there are many readers of the *Londoner* and the *Dubliner* who will agree with the *Gotham* reviewer.

Mr. Shaw is an irritation to the average man and a provocation to the average woman. He propounds the most revolutionary theories and, when he has the critics in a heated argument concerning his manners and his morals, he appears to walk away from the discussion with a careless shrug of his shoulders and a mischievous grimace. He sets all John Bull's notions about the Irishman at defiance and smiles over John's honest bewilderment.

This perplexing and brilliant personality affords Mr. Chesterton an unequalled opportunity for the play of epigram and paradox, in which the nimble author of "Heretics" rejoices. The book, "George Bernard Shaw," is one of the most ingenious works of the biographical or critical class. The author does not attempt to solve the Shaw riddle, but he makes it more interesting than ever. The chapter on the Irish is a wonderful bit of racial analysis—for an Englishman. We learn that the Irish are logical

and somewhat inclined to the ascetic, while George Bernard Shaw is a Puritan indeed. However, even Mr. Shaw, who declares that romance is a disease, has his moments of fervour. Mr. Chesterton shows that whatever is emotional, in the nature of this baffling personality, belongs to music. Mr. Shaw's fondness for music is his most tender characteristic, affording his nature a melodious outlet.

The work abounds in Chestertonian phrases and whimsicalities. Yet it is serious in its philosophy and discriminating in its literary and social analysis of the works and plays of the famous subject. The spirit of fairness is admirable, for these two luminaries in the literary world of London shine in utterly different spheres. Yet the author is not only just, but sympathetic, and almost persuades the reader, not merely to admire George Bernard Shaw, but to like him. (London: John Lane and Company. Cloth, 5/ net).

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DOCTOR SAUNDERS' book entitled "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia" is a noteworthy contribution to Canadian historical literature. It fills a place in the chronicles of the history of Nova Scotia that had remained empty too long, but it is so well done in this instance that the result merits the delay. The principal part of this book is that which deals with the life and work of the Honourable J. W. Johnstone, who in his day played a

prominent part in the social and political life of Nova Scotia. Of the three premiers considered in the book—Johnstone, Howe, and Tupper—he was in large measure the most picturesque, and he was as well a public man whose career is worthy of careful study and emulation by those who wish to know the best that this country has produced in good citizenship and statesmanship. Doctor Saunders brought to the task of writing this book a warm sympathy with the subject and a determination to deal with every essential in an impartial spirit. He spared himself no amount of research, which, together with a good literary style, has resulted in a volume that should find a place in every important library in the Dominion. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$3.50).

*

REVEREND LOUIS HENRY JORDAN, who was for some years pastor of Saint James Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, is the joint author with Professor Baldassare Labanca, Professor of the History of Christianity in the University of Rome, of an important contribution to theological literature entitled "The Study of Religion in the Italian Universities." To the subject of religious study and indeed to the study of comparative religions, Mr. Jordan has devoted a great deal of time and careful research, with the result that he is regarded as an authority on the subject. This new volume presents a synopsis and review of the history of the study of religion in one of the chief strongholds of Christendom. The exposition, taken as a whole, constitutes a complete survey of the subject with which it deals. The account given of the conflict that resulted in the abolition of the theological faculties in all the Italian universities is probably the fullest and most exact that has yet been published in English. A new spirit of inquiry is spreading over Italy, and must, before long, affect very powerfully the

critical study of religion in the national universities. (London: Henry Frowde. Cloth, 6/ net). Mr. Jordan is the author of an essay that has recently been published under the title "Modernism in Italy: Its Origin, Its Incentive, Its Leaders, and Its Aims." (London: Henry Frowde. Paper, 2/ net). The same publishers have issued a second edition of this author's "Comparative Religion, a Survey of Its Recent Literature."

*

MR. BARLOW CUMBERLAND, whose very valuable historical book entitled "History of the Union Jack," has been out of print for some time, has had published a revised and enlarged edition (making practically a new work) under the title, "History of the Union Jack and Flags of the Empire." The text of the first editions has in this volume been practically recast, and new matter has been incorporated, so that we now have a comprehensive volume in its special field and an admirable contribution to the history of the Empire. New illustrations have been added, and altogether a commendable ideal has been realised. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

THE second volume of Doctor J. M. Harper's "Series of Studies in Verse and Prose" has appeared under the title "The Battle of the Plains," and has proved to be a work of more than ordinary merit. The nature of the book is well set forth in the following description:

"The purpose is to give a comprehensive description, topographical and historical, of the contest which led to momentous changes in the Imperial oversight of the early colonies in North America. The favourable reception, which has been given the first volume of the projected series, may reasonably be taken by author and publisher, as an earnest of a like reception awaiting this one. The work is not intended to rival or supersede any of the many excellent historical

volumes which have appeared from time to time on the same subject. It has a mission of its own, proposing to take its place in literature, as may be, between the historical novel and the historical treatise of consecutive narrative. Its design is to bring the reader in touch with the scenes it describes, by means of a series of observation lessons, having each for its nucleus a synopsis in verse, *à la balade*—the said ballads being supplemented by notes explanatory of each event, and the whole being given to the public as an authentic account of the third siege of Quebec.

*

“ENGLISH Literature: Its History and Its Significance for the Life of the English-Speaking World,” by William J. Long, is a text-book that gives a direct, simple, and interesting account of the great English writers, their works, and the literary periods in which they are included. The sympathetic and scholarly atmosphere pervading the entire work cannot but inspire a love of good literature and give a better insight into the life and history of our race. This, it has seemed, is a more noble aim than the development of a detailed critical skill or a second-hand familiarity with literature through what has been written about it. (Boston: Ginn and Company. Cloth, \$1.95).

*

“CANADA, MY LAND” is the title of a book of verse by W. M. MacKeracher. It is composed mostly of patriotic poems, but there are as well some verses in a lighter vein and a few ballads. The patriotic poem, however, dominates. Here is a sample verse from “Canadian-Born”:

In one respect I fill the bill
As well as any man
Between Vancouver and Brazil,
Morocco and Japan.
From Hobart Town to Hammerfest,
From Greenland to the Horn,

My native land is much the best:
I am Canadian-Born.

(Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 50 cents).

*

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S novel, entitled “John Marvel, Assistant,” describes the efforts of three widely different, but mutually helpful young men to grapple with and solve some modern problems, each in his chosen field. This odd trio — an ungainly minister, a Jew Socialist, and a budding lawyer — incur the wrath of no less formidable enemies than political bosses, corrupt city officials, and powerful labour-leaders. A delightful love-story relieves the sombre and sometimes rather tragic experiences that go to make up the bulk of the novel. While the self-sacrificing rector, John Marvel, is by far the finest character in the book, he has no prominent part in the first half of the story. Like everything that Mr. Page writes, this novel deserves a thoughtful hearing. The author's knowledge of human nature and his ability to portray the same are everywhere evident. (Toronto: The Copp Clark Company).

*

WACLAW GASIOROWSKI, the author of “Tragic Russia,” presents a dismal picture of the Czar's Kingdom, and without doubt makes a case in justification of the title. Of the twenty-five rulers who preceded the present Czar, Nicholas II., twelve were murdered, the death of six others suggested murder, one took his own life, and six, of whom three were women, died a natural death. This is a book to read in order to understand the spirit that moves Russian reformers to-day. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Cloth, \$2.25).

*

WITH the view of lessening the indifference that some Britishers fall into, particularly in the “Do-

minions Beyond the Seas," Mr Frank Wise has made a calendar record of British valour and achievement on Five Continents and the Seven Seas and entitled the booklet "The Empire Day by Day." At the request of several of the ministers of education in the Dominion, a special edition, with a suitable preface, has been placed in the hands of every public school principal. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Paper, 25 cents).

*

"SEYMOUR CHARLTON," the latest novel by W. B. Maxwell, author of the much talked of "Guarded Flame," is faring well at the hands of the critics. It is a long novel but the interest, never at fever-heat, is carefully husbanded by the interplay of minor characters and lasts us fairly well until the end. As the title indicates, the book is really the life history of one man, *Seymour Charlton* and its *motif* is the gradual strengthening and purifying of a nature sadly in need of both. The main agent of *Seymour Charlton's* regeneration is his love for a young girl, much beneath him in social position, to whom he becomes engaged while a poor man and whom he marries after he has become rich and a peer of the realm. In some respects it is the case of the *Lord of Burleigh* over again, but not in all, for the young girl, so suddenly called to the "burden of an honour unto which she was not born" does not pine and die like the gentle *Lady of Burleigh*, but really does very well, considering! If it were not for her family, all might have been well, but it is easy to anticipate the troubles which arise from this source. There are troubles, too, from an old friend of hers who, with an utter lack of common decency, to say nothing of gratitude, repays *Lady Brentwood's* kindness by a deliberate attempt to win her husband from her. How far she succeeds and the aftermath are secrets which a reviewer, in the inter-

ests of the author, ought not to divulge, but those who insist upon a happy ending need not fear to find their feelings unduly lacerated. We leave *Lord Brentwood* a better and wiser man and his wife a happy and contented woman. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

NOTES

—"Our Lady of the Sunshine and Her International Visitors" is the title of a volume containing a series of impressions written by representatives of the various delegations attending the quinquennial meeting in Canada of the International Council of Women last June. It is edited by the Countess of Aberdeen, President of the International Council. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

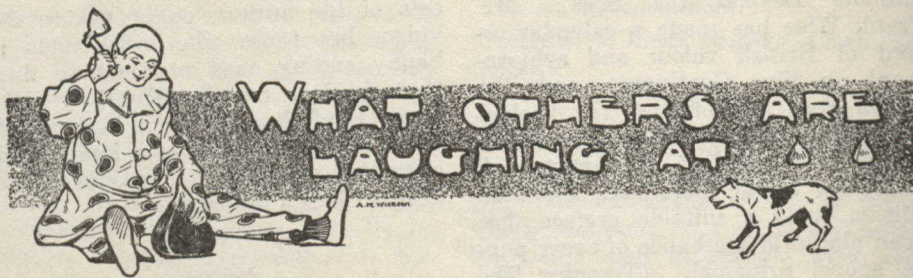
—"Cab No. 44" is the title of a novel of mystery by R. F. Foster. The New York police and all others concerned are puzzled, and the reader is kept constantly interested. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

—"Horace Mann: A Study in Leadership" is the title of a volume of biography by George Allen Hubbell, late professor at Antioch College. Horace Mann rose from a child of the rugged country life of New England to be President of Antioch College, and his career offered a fruitful field for the biographer. (Philadelphia: William F. Fell and Company).

—"Religion Rationalised" is the title of a volume of religious discussion by Reverend Siram Vrooman. (Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press).

—"Kings in Exile" is the title of a new book of animal stories by Charles G. D. Roberts. (The Macmillan Company of Canada are bringing it out).

—A most valuable book of information about Canada is "The Canadian Almanac," which this year reaches its sixty-third edition. As a work of reference it is invaluable. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Paper, 50 cents).



COMING TO TERMS

Possible Boarder—"Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms."

Scotch Farmer—"Before we gang any further, was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?"—*Presbyterian Standard*.

*

METHOD IN THEIR MADNESS

"Why do so many otherwise clever women write silly letters to men?"

"They're probably making collections of the answers they get."—*Cleveland Leader*.



AN INCENTIVE FOR GENIUS
Little Harold must play his lesson ten times
before he can go skating. —*Life*

LAYING A GHOST

Sir William Henry Perkins the inventor of many coal-tar dyes, was talking in New York, before he sailed for England, about the Psychical Research Society.

"Crookes and some other scientists go in for psychical research," he said, "though I confess that to me the subject makes no great appeal."

"Personally I have come in contact, during a fairly long career, with but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I'll call Snooks."

"Snooks, visiting at a country-house, was put in the haunted chamber for the night. He said he felt no uneasiness; nevertheless he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern."

"He fell asleep without difficulty, but as the clock was striking two he awoke with a strange feeling of oppression."

"Lifting his head, he peered about him. The room was wanly illuminated by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he saw a small hand clasping the rail at the foot of the bed."

"'Who's there?' he demanded, tremulously."

"There was no reply. The hand did not move."

"'Who's there?' said Snooks again. 'Answer or I'll shoot.'"

"Again there was no reply, and Snooks sat up cautiously, took careful aim, and fired."

"He limped from that night on, for he shot off two of his own toes."—*New York World*.



ORATOR: "Take the figures, forty-three million seven hundred and fifty-three thousand eight hundred and sixty-two in 1906, and subtract thirty-nine million four hundred thousand six hundred and eighty-seven in 1907, allowing 1.27 per cent. for increase of population. Gentlemen, you can draw your own conclusions."

ENLIGHTENED AUDIENCE: "'Ear, 'ear!"

—Punch

TO ADD INTEREST

A little boy was killed on a viaduct in a certain Texas city. A father was trying to describe him to his little son. The child tried to recall the dead child, and, failing, said sorrowfully to his parent, "I wish it had been Patty O'Hagan—I know him."—*The Delineator*.

*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ECONOMY

Wise—"Don't get foolish just because you've had a little money left to you. You'd better be economical now."

Gailey—"Ah, it's too hard."

Wise—"But if you don't live economically now you'll have to later."

Gailey—"Well, it isn't so hard to be economical when you have to."—*Catholic Times*.

591

WHAT DID HE DO?

Suitor—"If you reject me, I shall shoot myself."

Actress—"Oh, how lovely! In that case the manager will give me a better rôle."—*Simplicissimus*.

*

EXPERTS

Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a "little fib."

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly—"No, it's not."

Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nelly—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father."—*The Delineator*.



BOY (having blown for taxi): "Here, I don't want you. I blew once twice."
 CARRY: "Oh, I thought you blew twice once."
 —Punch

THE NOVICE

Old Lawyer (to young partner)—
 "Did you draw up old Moneybag's will?"

Young Partner—"Yes, sir, and so tight that all the relatives in the world can not break it."

Old Lawyer (with some disgust)—
 "The next time there is a will to be drawn up I'll do it myself."—*New York Sun*.

*

EXPERIENCE

Joynes—"I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented, married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of—"

Singleton—"How long have you been married?"

Joynes—"Just a month."—*Tit-Bits*.

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN

Lady (to her sister, a doctor)—
 "There—I cooked a meal for the first time to-day, and I made a mess of it."

"Well, dear, never mind, it's nothing. I lost my first patient."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

A COMMON WEAKNESS

Landlady—"Yes, I must confess I have a weakness for coffee."

Boarder—"It must be sympathetic. The coffee has the same quality."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

*

GENTILITY

Mistress—"Cook tells me, Mary, that you wish to go out with a friend to-night. Is it urgent?"

Mary—"Oh, no, ma'am, 't isn't 'er gent—it's my gent."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

SLIGHTED

Soon after the King had passed the huge concourse of children at Mousehold, Norwich, recently, a little girl was seen by her teacher to be crying.

"Why are you crying, didn't you see the King?" asked the teacher. "Yes, but, please teacher, he didn't see me."

—*London Daily News*.

*

NOT FAR WRONG

Septimus—"How is your little girl, Mrs. Smith?"

Mrs. Smith—"My little boy is quite well, I thank you."

Septimus—"Oh, it's a boy! I knew it was one or the other."—*Brooklyn Life*.

*

HOPELESS

"Will there ever be a woman President?"

"No. The Constitution says the President must be over forty-five years old, and women don't get that old."—*Kansas City Times*.

*

IN A SHOWER

"May I offer you my umbrella and my escort home?"

"Many thanks, I will take the umbrella."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

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not Medicine

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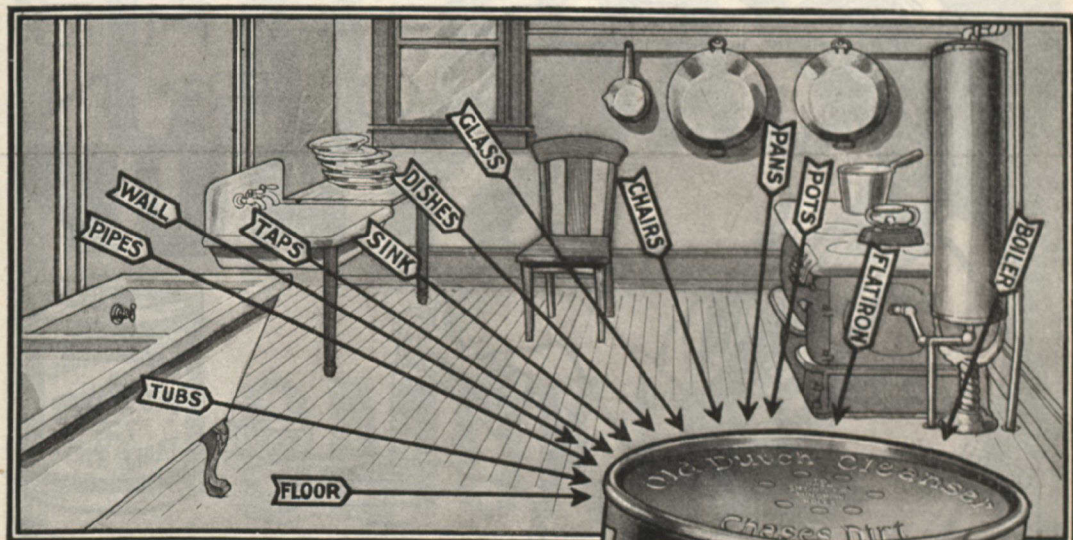
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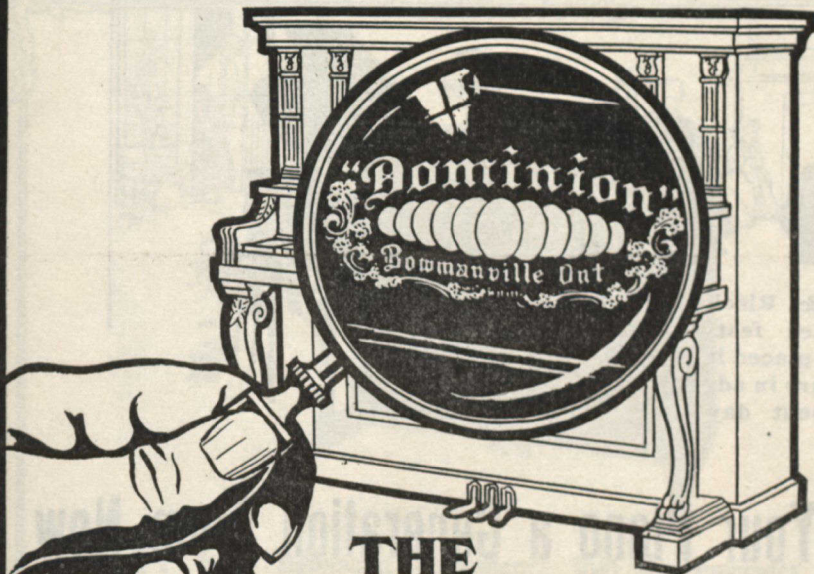
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Haydn

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Haydn's compositions comprise almost every form of vocal and instrumental music, yet his chief distinction is not in oratorio. His rank in the musical world is determined by his service to instrumental music. He fixed the form of the sonata and symphony which Beethoven (who called him "Papa" Haydn) perfected in beauty and expressiveness, for one thing substituting the light, gay Scherzo for Haydn's stately Minuets. As the musical father of Beethoven, Haydn is perhaps justly styled the father of classical instrumental music.

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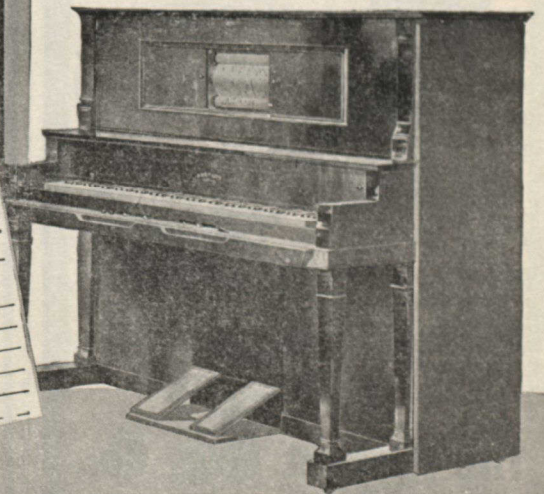
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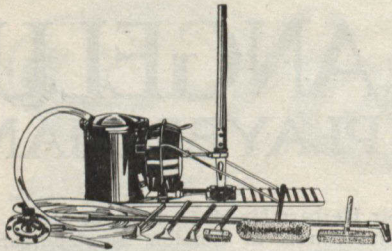
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No more soiled clothes from dirty lines or dragging on ground. No more weary walks around the yard snow, carry-basket. The you and every-easy reach.

through wet ing a loaded lines come to one is within

The "MONITOR" is easily handled opens automatically when set up and closes by simply pulling the cord. Is so light that any woman can set it up or take it down and put it away in two minutes and is strong enough to stand the hardest gales. The rotary motion makes the clothes dry quicker too. If your dealer does not handle it, write us.

**CUMMER-DOWSWELL LIMITED,
Hamilton, Ont.**

60



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they sell

"LADY CHARLOTTE"



Beautiful Pictures

are produced only by pure rich colors.

Winsor & Newton

are artists' colormen to the Royal Family and their

Oil and Water Colors

are the world's standard. Not dear. For sale at all Art Stores.

**A. RAMSAY & SON,
MONTREAL.**
Wholesale Agents for Canada.

**INDESTRUCTIBLE
FACTORY AND
STORE STOOL**

"Will never have to be replaced."



**ANGLE STEEL FRAME, FINISHED HARD-
WOOD SEAT, set in a Steel Band.**

Our Stool Eliminates all Breakages
and your Men's Time spent in repairing
the old wooden "MAKE SHIFT."

**We also manufacture all grades of
Wire Cloth and General Orna-
mental Wire and Iron work.**

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Manufactured by

CANADA WIRE GOODS M'F'G CO.

Hamilton, - Canada

**IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC
REVOLVER**

The equipment throughout with wire
springs makes the New Iver Johnson the
most durable, the smoothest and sharpest in
action and the most dependable
revolver sold at any price. The

New Model

Iver Johnson is the only
revolver equipped entirely
with spiral and round
wire springs—the
type of spring em-
ployed by the U.
S. government
in its rifles
wherever
they can
be used



The simple, but trustworthy
"Hammer the Hammer"
Safety Lever

in 2,000,000 Iver Johnson re-
volvers sold during the past 16 years, has proved
that the *only* way an Iver Johnson revolver can
be discharged is to *pull the trigger*.

Our new Catalogue tells all about these exclusive features.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire
cartridge, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge **\$6.00**

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32 or
38 center-fire cartridge **\$7.00**

Where unobtainable locally, we ship direct on re-
ceipt of price.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

145 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
NEW YORK—99 Chambers St. HAMBURG, GERMANY—Pick-
huben 4. PACIFIC COAST—717 Market St., San Francisco.
LONDON ENGLAND—40 Queen St., Cheapside, E. C.
Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and
Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles.

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

MADE ENTIRELY
FROM THE WOOL
OF AUSTRALIAN
MERINO SHEEP



"MEDIUM WEIGHT"

The right Underclothing for Spring.

The proper underclothing for this season of the year is MEDIUM WEIGHT "CEETEE" UNDERWEAR—a pure wool underclothing—soft, pleasant and always elastic. It is light, comfortable, and warm these cool evenings. Made from the finest Australian Merino Wool. "CEETEE" is full fashioned—knit to fit—not cut from the fabric

All sizes for men, women and children. Insist on "CEETEE", if your dealer doesn't stock write us.

The C. Turnbull Co., of Galt,
LIMITED
Galt, Ontario, - Estab. 1859

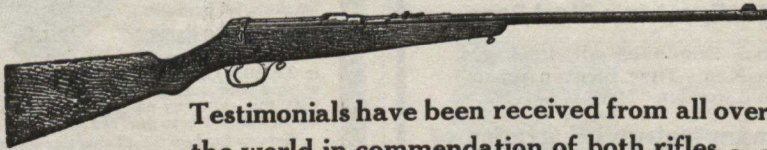
2262



THE "ROSS" RIFLE

SUPREMACY in marksmanship has been accorded the ROSS MILITARY RIFLE even by its most adverse political critics.

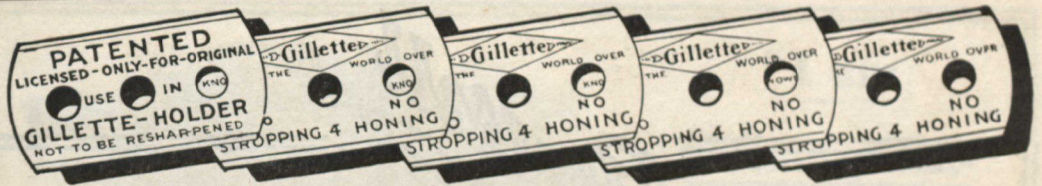
What the Military Rifle is to the Military World, the Sporting Rifle is to Sporting Circles.



Testimonials have been received from all over the world in commendation of both rifles - -

We shall be pleased to send illustrated catalogue and full information upon request.

The Ross Rifle Co., = = Quebec



Have You The "Gillette" Face?

— the cleanly shaven face
 — the fresh smooth skin
 glowing with health and un-
 marred by cuts or gashes?

That is the "GILLETTE" face—the face of the man who values personal cleanliness—the prosperous business and professional man.

You see the "GILLETTE" face at the clubs, in the banks, in the directors' rooms, wherever really "big" men meet.

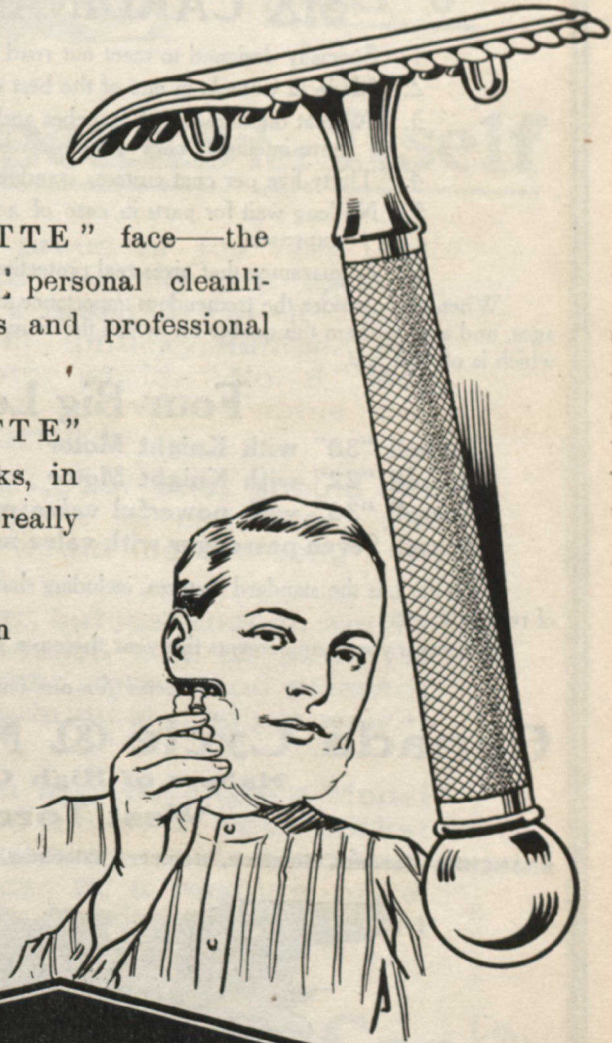
When you see a "clean shaven" man, think of the "GILLETTE" Safety Razor.

"GILLETTE" Standard Sets and Pocket Editions—\$5 to \$7.50

Gillette Signs show Gillette Dealers.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited

Office and Factory,
 MONTREAL





SIX CARDINAL POINTS

1. Specially designed to meet our road conditions.
2. Made in Canada in one of the best equipped factories in America.
3. A great organization of branches and agencies all over Canada to give intelligent care to the car wherever it goes.
4. Thirty-five per cent customs saved over imported cars.
5. No long wait for parts in case of accident—no customs delay or expense.
6. A guarantee that gives real protection.

When you consider the tremendous importance to an automobile owner of these great advantages, and add to them the quality for which the Russell is famous you will appreciate the value which is offered you.

Four Big Leaders.

Russell "38" with Knight Motor	-	\$5,000
Russell "22" with Knight Motor	-	\$3,500
Russell "30" with powerful valve motor		\$2,350 fully equipped
Russell Seven-passenger with valve motor		\$2,760 equipped.

Each car has the standard features, including shaft-drive, selective transmission, floating type of rear axle, etc.

Whatever your requirements this year there is a Russell to meet them.

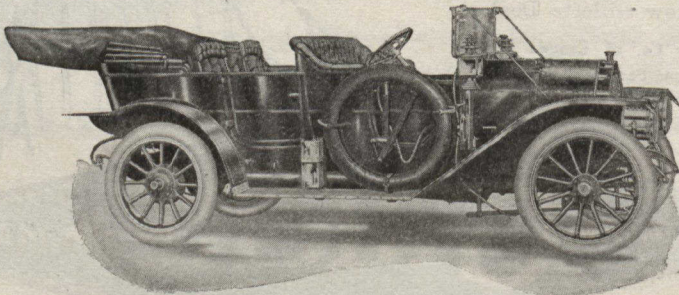
Send for our catalogue

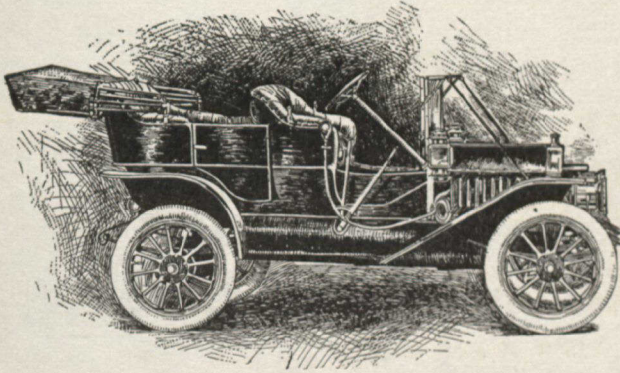
Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd.

Makers of High Grade Cars

West Toronto.

BRANCHES—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia.





"I am
McLaughlin-
Buick
Model '8'"

This Car Speaks for Itself

AND is justly proud of the fact that it is MODEL "8," not just because its designers failed to call it "13," or some such unlucky number, but because in the motor world, "No. 8" McLaughlin-Buick is a car whose name and number bear PRESTIGE.

It sells for \$1,325. and, should its REAL MOTOR VALUE be estimated, the mere cost price would be a "song" in comparison.

Not a heavy car, but just enough weight to act in perfect unison with its powerful motor, and afford that smooth and pleasant carriage so lacking in most medium weight cars.

Then, too, you may purchase a Model "8" and still have money in your pocket with which to enjoy it and provide a good up-keep. A reliable car at a medium price, lots of power and a handsome body—what more may one expect?

McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Ltd.

Head Office and Factory - - OSHAWA
 Toronto Salesrooms—Cor. Church and Richmond Streets



RODGERS CUTLERY

Used in the Royal Households

Joseph Rodgers trade mark as above stamps the quality of the cutlery and is an absolute guarantee of unequalled quality.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Ltd.

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENG.

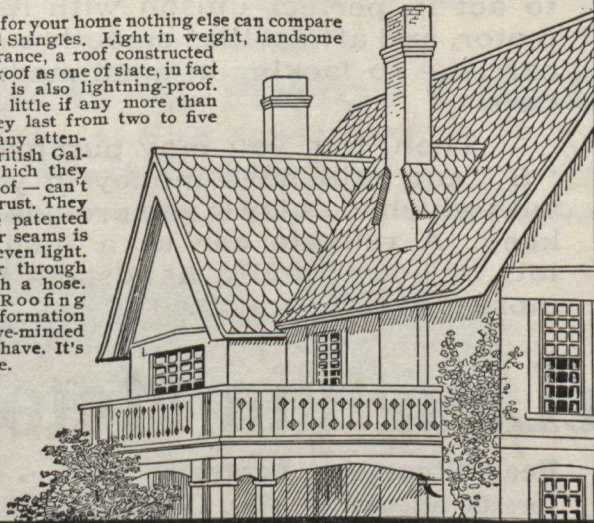
Galt Shingles

AS a roofing material for your home nothing else can compare with "GALT" Steel Shingles. Light in weight, handsome and dignified in appearance, a roof constructed of them is just as fire-proof as one of slate, in fact more so because steel is also lightning-proof. "GALT" Shingles cost little if any more than wood shingles and they last from two to five times as long without any attention whatever. The British Galvanized Steel from which they are made is wear-proof — can't burn, crack, curl up or rust. They last indefinitely. The patented construction of locks or seams is so tight as to exclude even light. You can't force water through "GALT" Shingles with a hose. Our new booklet "Roofing Economy" contains information that every progressive-minded property owner should have. It's free to interested people.

THE GALT ART METAL CO.,
Limited
GALT, ONTARIO.

Winnipeg, Dunn Bros.

16





China-Lac

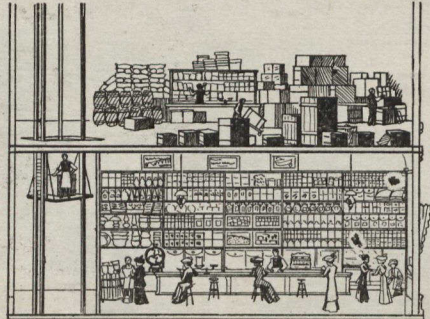
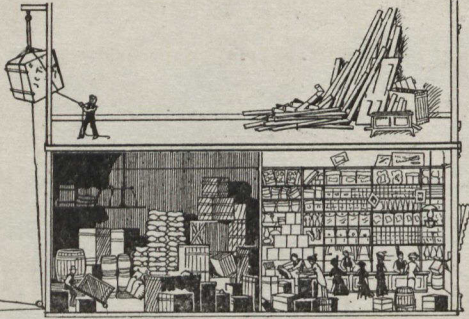
Is a Genuine Money Saver

The first cost is little because of the wonderful spreading qualities. A quarter of a pint of "China-Lac" will change a scratched, shabby chair or table into a beautiful piece of furniture at a cost of 15c. "China-Lac" is both a stain and a varnish. It covers all scars and lends a brilliant, lasting polish to everything it touches.

Its China-like finish—besides being tough and durable—is waterproof and may be washed as often as necessary without affecting its lustre. 14 rich colors, for Furniture, Floors, Doors, Porch Furniture, Oil Cloth, Linoleum, etc.

BRANDRAM-HENDERSON
LIMITED,

MONTREAL - HALIFAX - St. JOHN - TORONTO - WINNIPEG



THE OLD WAY

TIME was, when the average merchant with an upper flat, had no means of getting goods up there, except by laboriously *carrying* them up or by rope and pulley and with the assistance of a horse.

Nowadays, there are still some merchants who have not progressed much beyond these 15th Century methods—

Whose stores are littered with goods, and, whose ground floor space is largely taken up with merchandise that properly belongs in the upper floor store room

Why wait for a horse to pull up your heavy loads,—when by installing an Otis-Fenson Elevator you can have facilities for doing the work any time you want it done—efficiently and economically.

THE NEW WAY

UP-TO-DATE merchants of to-day use an elevator to get their surplus stock up-stairs. By this means, they are enabled to have the ground floor of their premises clean and neat—and to use *all* their first floor space for *selling goods*.

Wise merchants use an *Otis-Fenson Elevator*—because this modern machine combines *maximum efficiency with economy*.

Full particulars gladly furnished to anyone who writes.

Otis-Fenson Elevator Co.

LIMITED

Traders Bank Bldg., - Toronto

The form in which you use shaving soap is not so important as the quality of the soap. The kind of lather that thoroughly softens the beard, lasts until the shave is completed, and leaves the skin soothed and refreshed is the kind you always get from

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



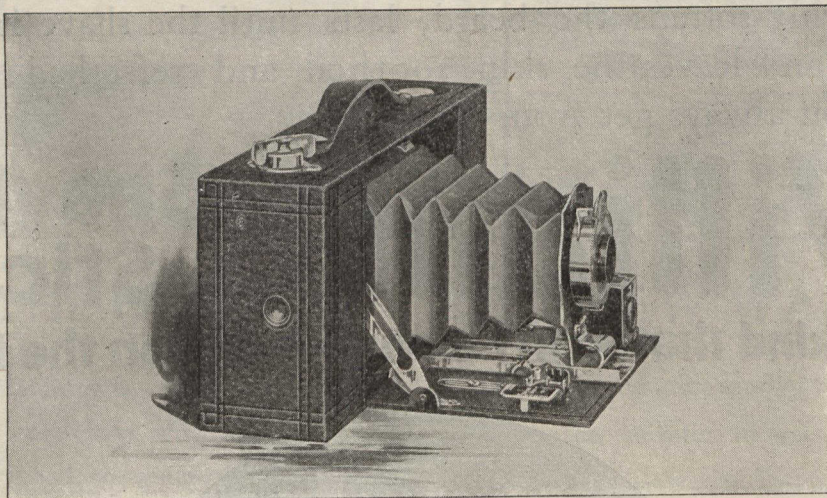
Williams' *Quick & Easy* Shaving Powder

is Williams' Shaving Soap in powdered form, but it is always Williams' Shaving Soap, having the same ingredients, the same careful manufacture, and affording the same creamy, refreshing lather that distinguishes Williams' Shaving Preparations from others.

Samples of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Williams' Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

Address: The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

IT WORKS LIKE A KODAK



2A Folding Pocket BROWNIE

Here is a new member of the Brownie family, which gives a picture of that highly popular size, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, in a folding pocket camera, at the extremely modest price of **\$7.00**. The illustration above not only shows the camera itself, but designates also the exact size of the picture it makes.

The 2A folding pocket Brownie loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges, has our pocket automatic shutter, meniscus achromatic lens, automatic focusing lock, reversible finder for horizontal or verticle views, two tripod sockets, and is in every respect a well made and well finished little camera.

Now on Sale by all Kodak Dealers. Price \$7.00.

Catalogues of Kodaks and Brownies free at the dealers or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,

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The Edison Amberola

Plays both Edison Standard
and Edison Amberol Records

Price \$240

Other types of Edison Phonographs
\$16.50 to \$162.50

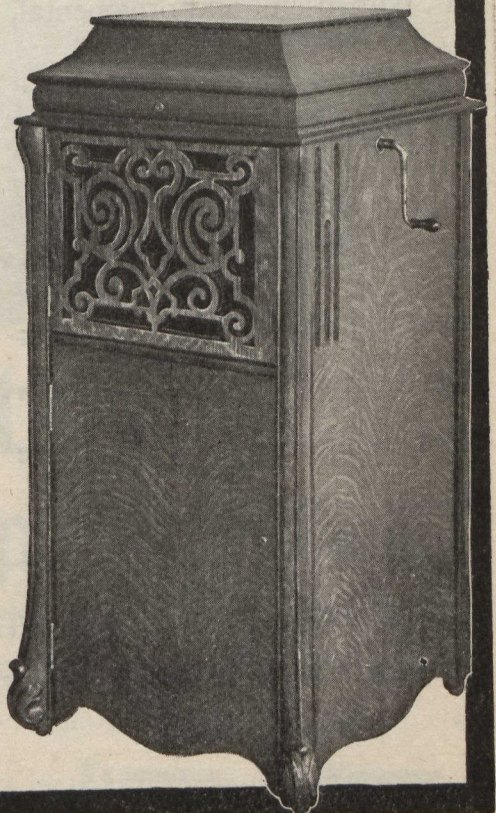
The Amberola is the newest and most beautiful Edison Phonograph. It offers two things that no other sound-reproducing instrument of the cabinet or any other type can offer—the wonderful voice of Slezak in the great arias from Otello and Aida, in which he proved himself the world's greatest tenor; and Amberol Records, the longest playing Records made.

Made in several finishes of mahogany or oak.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph (particularly the Amberola) play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

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

The Edison Business Phonograph means
shorter hours for the business man





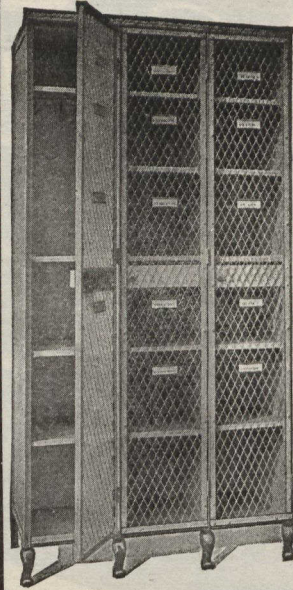
EVERYTHING

in silverware that is required for the home is manufactured by us, both useful and ornamental.

Because of their artistic merit they have quickly surpassed all others. Discriminating buyers realize that this trade mark instantly identifies them as the best. But be sure that they bear the stamp.



Standard Silver Company, Ltd.,
Toronto, Canada



FRUTLOKR

IS THE SHORT FOR
FRUIT LOCKER

A SHEET STEEL CABINET

made in
SIXTEEN COMPARTMENTS EACH HAVING A LOCK AND KEY

Enameled White
SIXTEEN MOVABLE SHELVES

CAN STORE 216 QUART JARS

A Splendid Safe for Wine, Fruit, Pies, Cake, Meats etc.

LIGHT, HANDY, SANITARY, SECURE

Made only by

The GEO. B. MEADOWS, Toronto
The Iron & Brass Works Company, Limited
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Your questions carefully answered
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Here is the Machine

which writes,
 which adds,
 which subtracts,
 and
 which covers the
 whole field of
 writing, adding and
combined writing
 and adding



The Remington (New Model 11) Typewriter

With WAHL ADDING AND SUBTRACTING ATTACHMENT

Remington Typewriter Company
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UNSIGHTLY COMPLEXIONS YIELD TO



CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by Cuticura Ointment. For preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, for clearing the complexion, for itching, scaly scalps with dry, thin and falling hair, for minor eruptions, rashes, itchings and irritations, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are unrivaled.

Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Z. P. Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, an Authority on the Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.



The Real Canadian Girl

will never waste her money on imported table salt. She knows that right here in Canada, we have the best table salt in the world—

Windsor Table Salt

The real Canadian girl, and her mother and grandmother too, know that Windsor Salt is unequalled for purity, flavor and brilliant, sparkling appearance.

WINDSOR Table SALT

13

STAMPS Large and finest stock British Colonials for Stamp Collections.

6 Barbades 10c., 11 Jamaica 12c., 9 Mauritius 12c., 6 Trinidad 9c., 5 Gold Coast 10c., 20 India 10c., 7 British Guiana 8c., 5 Nigeria 15c. 50 different 10c., 200 different \$1.50, 36 page Illustrated Catalog of Colonials 4c., or free with Orders.

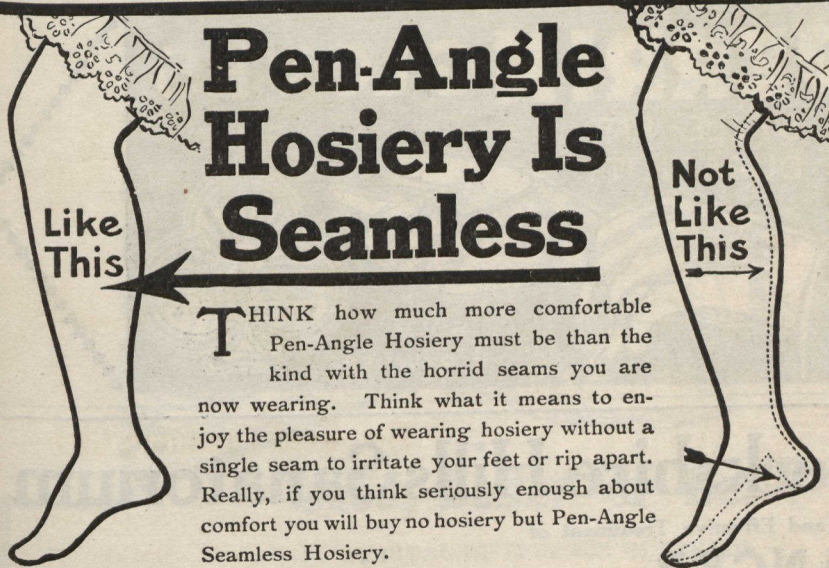
STAMPS BOUGHT FOR CASH

Canadians and British Colonials wanted, for which we pay the highest prices. Send samples and return postage.

ROYAL ALBUM

exclusively for British Colonials. Send for booklet.

COLONIAL STAMP CO. Established 1882
350 E. 53d Street, CHICAGO



Pen-Angle Hosiery Is Seamless

THINK how much more comfortable Pen-Angle Hosiery must be than the kind with the horrid seams you are now wearing. Think what it means to enjoy the pleasure of wearing hosiery without a single seam to irritate your feet or rip apart. Really, if you think seriously enough about comfort you will buy no hosiery but Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery.

2 Pairs Free for any pair that fails

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Read that guarantee over again carefully, for we want to impress it indelibly upon your mind, because it is the most liberal—the fairest and squarest—hosiery guarantee given anywhere.

It proves our unlimited confidence in Pen-Angle Hosiery. We must be sure of their quality to back them up so strongly.

EXCLUSIVE PROCESS

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machine in Canada.

They form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly without a single seam anywhere.

REINFORCED FEET

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these wonderful machines increase the wear-resistance, and at the same time make Pen-Angle Hosiery more comfortable—your ideal hosiery. So be sure and get Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery—the Hosiery with the DOUBLE guarantee.

FOR LADIES

No. 1760.—“Lady Fair” Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

PENMANS LIMITED, DEPT. D.,

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of three pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

FOR MEN

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special “Everlast” heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—“Black Knight.” Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 6-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330.—“Everlast” Cotton Socks. Medium Weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

INSTRUCTIONS

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

CATALOG FREE

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed, send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors. 46


PARIS, CANADA

Pen-Angle Hosiery

PERRIN GLOVES
 STYLE - FIT -
 DURABILITY



SOLD EVERYWHERE



The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

CANCER

Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

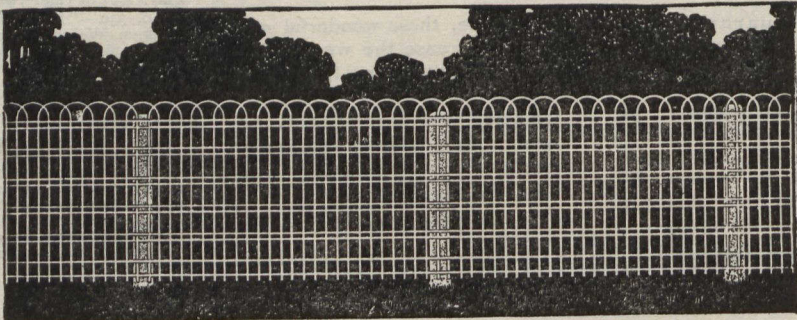
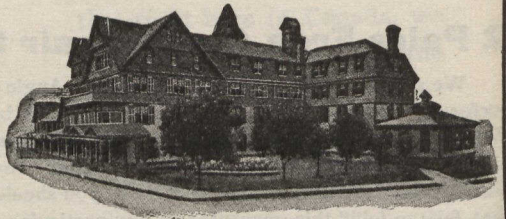
The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established thirty-two years.

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North Adams

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

For 61 years this great invention has successfully withstood the attacks of all imitators, because of original merit and continuous improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. The inventor's signature on every roller. Look for it. Take none without it.



Stewart Hartshorn



Good, Better or Best?

A VITAL DIFFERENCE IN BREADS

QUANTITY, you know, is comparative. Just as much so in bread, as in woollens or linens.

If you make bread at all you naturally want it to be good—as good as, or better than your neighbor's.

But is your bread as good as it ought to be? Does it furnish its full quantum of health and strength? Is it nutritious as well as delicious?

Ordinary flour makes fairly good looking bread. But if you care for **food value**, for nutrition, for digestibility, for bone and muscle and blood building quality, you will want a flour rich in the highest quality of **gluten**. You will want the flour that makes bread not only good-to-look-at, but also makes it strength-producing, health-producing.

But where can you get such flour and how can you tell it from the kind that isn't nourishing?

The safe way is to get OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD." Then you can't make a mistake.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is the **finest flour in the world** and makes the best bread in the world.

And it is just as good for Pastry as it is for Bread. Is is the one flour which has proved an unqualified success for every household purpose. And its absolute uniformity guarantees you against failure—

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR isn't just ordinary wheat sent to an ordinary mill and ground by the ordinary process. It is Manitoba Red Fye Wheat which is especially rich in high quality gluten, scientifically milled and subjected to scientific chemical tests as well as baking tests before it comes to you in sack or barrel, etc.

No wonder "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" makes the finest and most nourishing bread. No wonder it makes the most delicious and healthful pies, cakes, biscuits, muffins, rolls.

Bread made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is **vastly** more nourishing than bread made from ordinary flour. Also it is lighter, flakier, more delicious as well as more nutritious.

Order "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" at once. Don't delay. The sooner you commence using this finest of all flours the better for your family.



The Vogue of Black Opals

THE Black Opal has been called "The Chameleon of Gems." Although designated as "black," these stones are really a vibrant mass of color; blues and greens and yellows, dominated by intense flaming reds; pulsating colors that blend and fuse and separate with every turn of the stone to the light.

Henry Birks & Sons have now on exhibit a new collection of this year's mining from the famous Lightning Ridge Mine in New South Wales, and offer these gems for original mountings and settings in the form of Scarf Pins, Rings, Pendants, Brooches, Necklaces, etc.

Correspondence Solicited

Henry Birks and Sons, Limited

Gold and Silversmiths

Phillips Square

Montreal

Eddy's Bread Wrappers

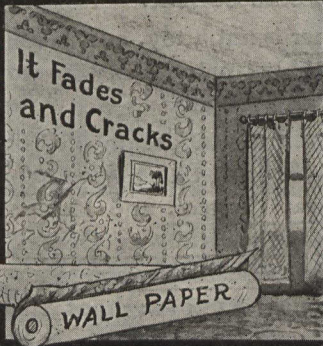
To prevent danger of impurities in delivery from the Oven to the Home, insist on your baker wrapping his bread in our wrappers.

We are the originators of Bread Wrappers.

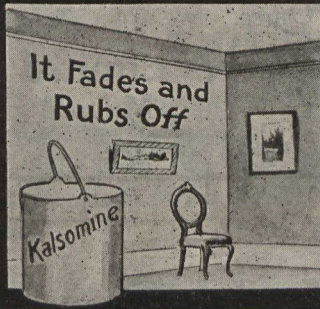
Now used by Leading Bakers of
Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, and other Cities.

THE E. B. EDDY CO'Y, HULL, CANADA

Alabastine Is the Cheapest Coating Yet the Most Artistic and Sanitary



Wall paper is unsanitary, often unsightly, and generally undesirable, because it fades, cracks and peels; and is easily mildewed. The flour paste, used in applying it to the wall, moulds and forms a productive breeding ground for all sorts of disease germs. This mouldy paste is the cause of the offensive odor from all wall papers—and the older the paper, the worse the odor. With all its disadvantages from a sanitary standpoint, wall paper costs from two to five times as much as Alabastine. Ordinary grades, including labor, represent from ten to twenty cents per square yard.



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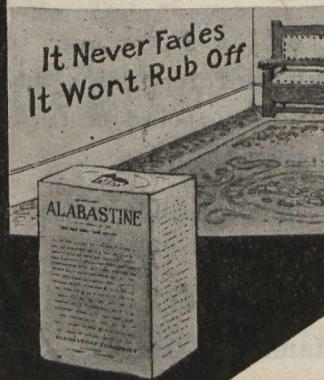


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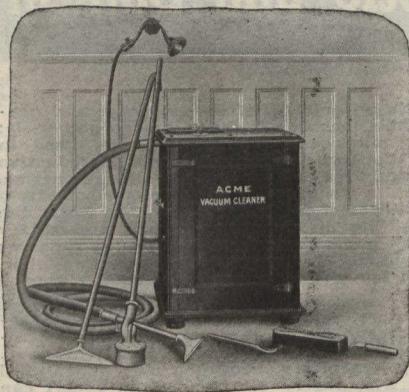
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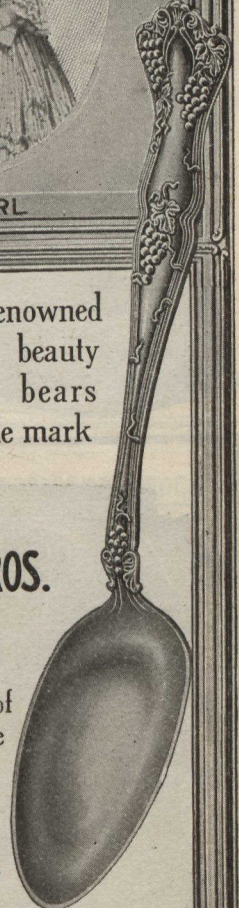
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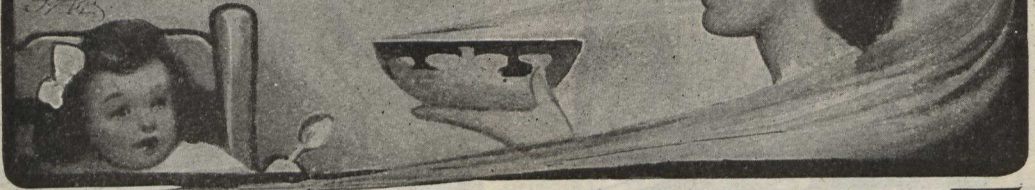
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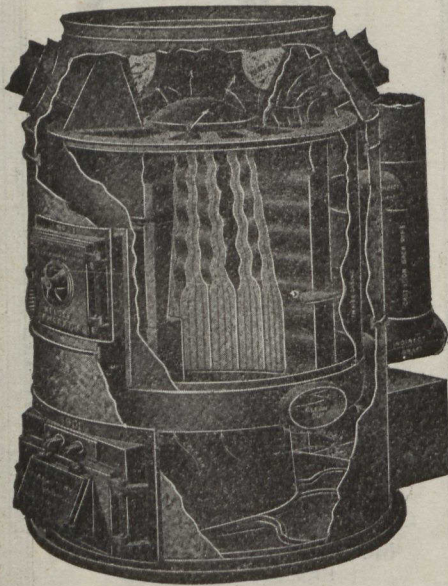
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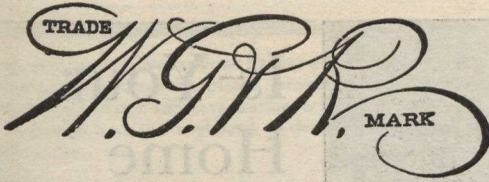
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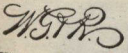
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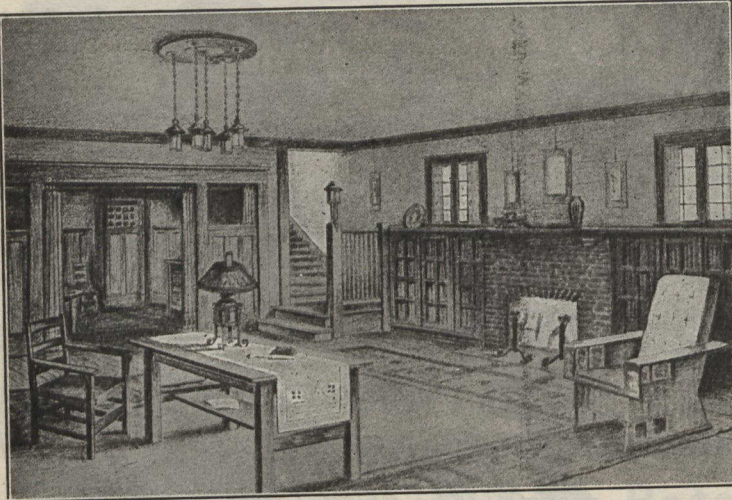
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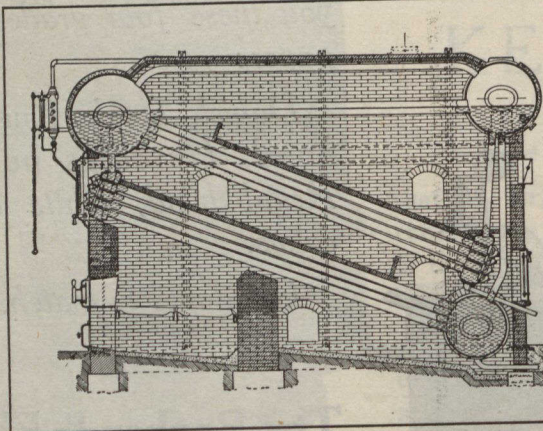
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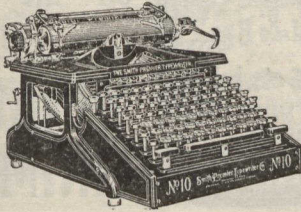
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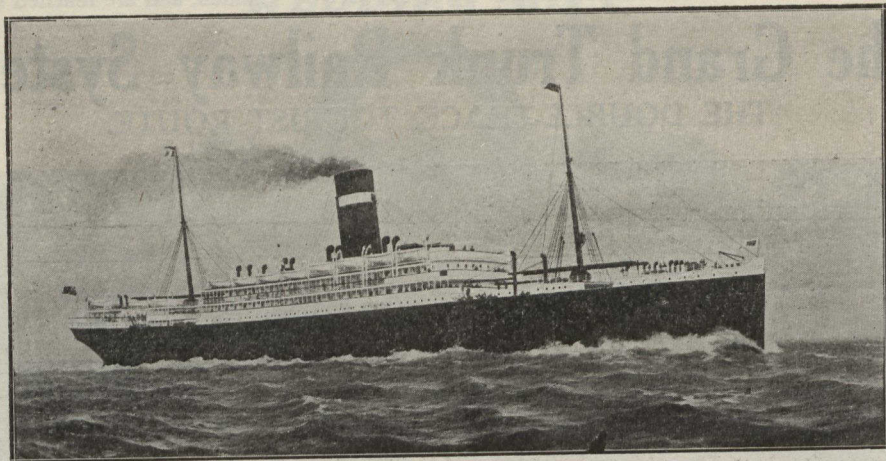
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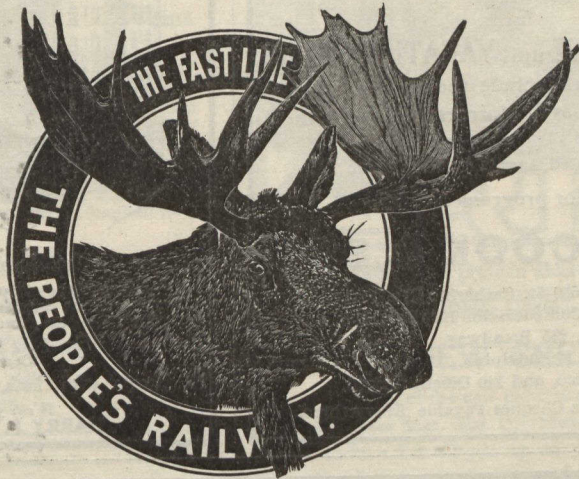
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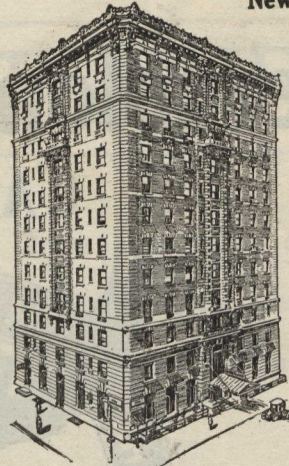
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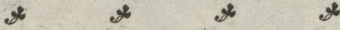
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
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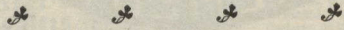
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Best Food for In-
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Every pen carefully
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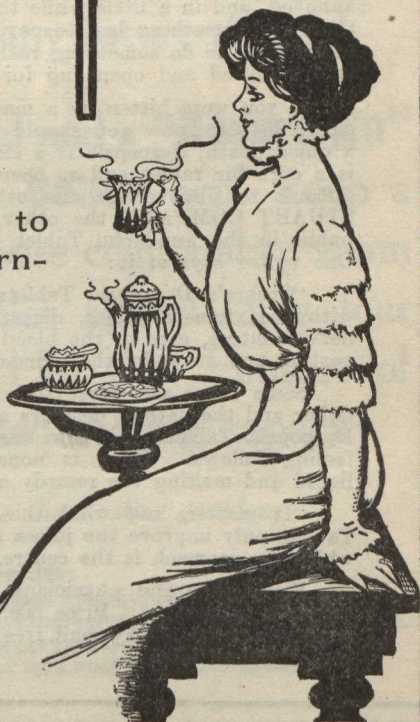
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Making Merry

At Mealtime, Means Good Appetite, Good Digestion,
Good Cheer, Good Heart, and Stuart's
Dyspepsia Tablets

Do You Use them? If not, Why?

DYSPEPSIA is the skeleton at the feast; the death's head at the festive board. It turns cheer into cheerlessness, gaiety into gloom and festivity into farce. It is the ghost in the home, haunting every room and hitting at every fireplace, making otherwise merry people shudder and fear. If there is one disease more than another that should be promptly attacked and worsted, it is DYSPEPSIA. It is the very genius of unhappiness, unrest and ill nature. In time it will turn the best man almost into a demon of temper and make a good woman something to be dreaded and avoided.

It is estimated that half of the trouble in this world comes of a stomach gone wrong—of Dyspepsia, in short. Foods taken into the stomach and not properly cared for; converted into substances that the system has no use for and hasn't any notion what to do with. It is irritated and vexed, pained and annoyed, and in a little while this state of things becomes general and directly there is "something bad to pay." The whole system is in a state of rebellion and yearns to do something rash and disagreeable and a fine case of Dyspepsia is established and opens up for business.

If you were bitten by a mad dog, you would not lose a day in going to a cure; do you know you should be just as prompt with Dyspepsia? Rabies is a quick death, dyspepsia is a slow one; this is about all the difference. There is a cure for rabies and so there is for Dyspepsia, and one cure was about as difficult to discover as the other. Pasteur found out one and the F. A. STUART COMPANY the other, and it is no longer a secret, as it is made public in the wonderful Tablet, which so many are using and praising to-day. One writer says of it:

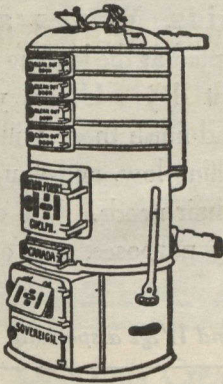
"Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are little storehouses of digestion which mix with the stomach juices, digest food, retingle the mucous membrane and its nerve centres, give to the blood a great wealth of digestive fluids, promote digestion and stays by the stomach until all its duties are complete."

Some cures are worse than the disease; they demand This, That and the Other and the patient despairs at the requirements; but not so with the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablet; they are easy and pleasant to take and no nausea or ill feeling follows. There is none of this "getting all-over-the-mouth" like a liquid and making the remedy a dread. Another writer says:

"It matters not what the condition of the stomach, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets only improve the juices and bring quiet to the whole digestive canal, of which the stomach is the centre."

Forty thousand physicians use these tablets in their practice and every druggist sells them. Price 50c. Send us your name and address and we will send you a sample by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall Mich.

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“SOVEREIGN”
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Take the heating problem into consideration and provide for a **“Sovereign” Hot Water Boiler and Radiator.** The first cost will be more than for a hot air furnace but it will give more comfort and burn less coal--and it will assist the sale of your house, and get you a better price for it if you should decide to “put it on the market” at any future time.

A ton of coal and a **“Sovereign” Hot Water Boiler** will keep a nine room house comfortably warm for five weeks, against only four weeks in a Hot Air Furnace of the same rated heating capacity.

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- ☞ We have a proposition above the ordinary, and we want men above the ordinary to handle it.
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NEW IDEA FURNACES

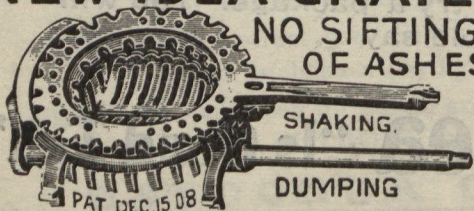
No Running Up and Down Stairs

The New Idea Furnace may be entirely controlled and regulated without going down stairs. The New Idea Regulator does this.

Handsome, solid steel chains are connected to the draft and check dampers in the furnace room, and brought up stairs over smooth working pulleys to a regulating board, placed in the hall or dining room, or other place convenient for the owner of the furnace. The installing of this system does not in any way disfigure the room, and the board itself is beautifully nickelled and is a real ornament. It is simply operated and saves an endless number of trips up and down stairs.

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SEND SIZE OF HOUSE

IF YOU WISH ESTIMATE OF

COST OF FURNACE

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Science has taught us wisdom. The evil spirits exist, 'tis true; we call them "Disease Germs," and they too, must be cast out. Once lodged in the stomach or intestines, fever with its hallucinations or biliousness with its aches and pains are the results.

**Eno's
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is the approved remedy for driving out disease germs. Its action is quick and thorough. It clears the intestines, awakens the torpid liver to new life, stimulates the mucus to a healthy flow, and cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive tract. A single dose will do wonders, a judicious use will make a new man of you and prevent you from backsliding into your old, half-sick self.

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