

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MAY

1907



FEATURES:

The Imperial Conference, by F. A. Acland
ILLUSTRATED

Ottawa: A Retrospect - by J. E. B. McCready

Eccentricities of Genius - - - by O. J. Stevenson
ILLUSTRATED

Germany: A Study in Government, by Charles T. Long
ILLUSTRATED

China: A Great Opportunity - - by John Waddell

The Pioneer of Atlantic Steamships, by Robert Ker
ILLUSTRATED

EIGHT ARTICLES FIVE SHORT STORIES

ONTARIO
PUBLISHING
COMPANY
LIMITED
TORONTO · CANADA



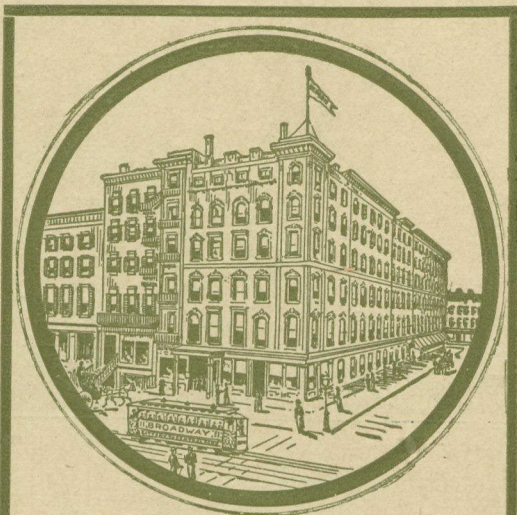
You cannot possibly have
a better Cocoa than

Epps's Cocoa

A delicious drink and a sustaining
food. Fragrant, nutritious and
economical. This excellent Cocoa
maintains the system in robust
health, and enables it to resist
winter's extreme cold.

Epps's Cocoa

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers
in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. and $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Tins.



St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location
WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment,
Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and
Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Character-
istic of this Hotel, and have Secured and Retained
for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

NATURAL

ENO'S

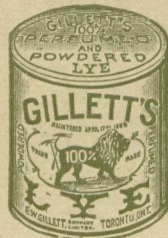
HEALTH-GIVING

FRUIT

REFRESHING

SALT

INVIGORATING



A Household Cleaner.

Gillett's Lye is the favorite
cleaner and disinfectant in every
well-regulated household. It
cleans thoroughly whether the
dirt is visible or invisible. Try

Gillett's Lye

for cleaning the bath, wash-stand, bed-steads, walls,
windows, etc. You'll be decidedly pleased with
the results.



Awarded Highest Honors at all Expositions.



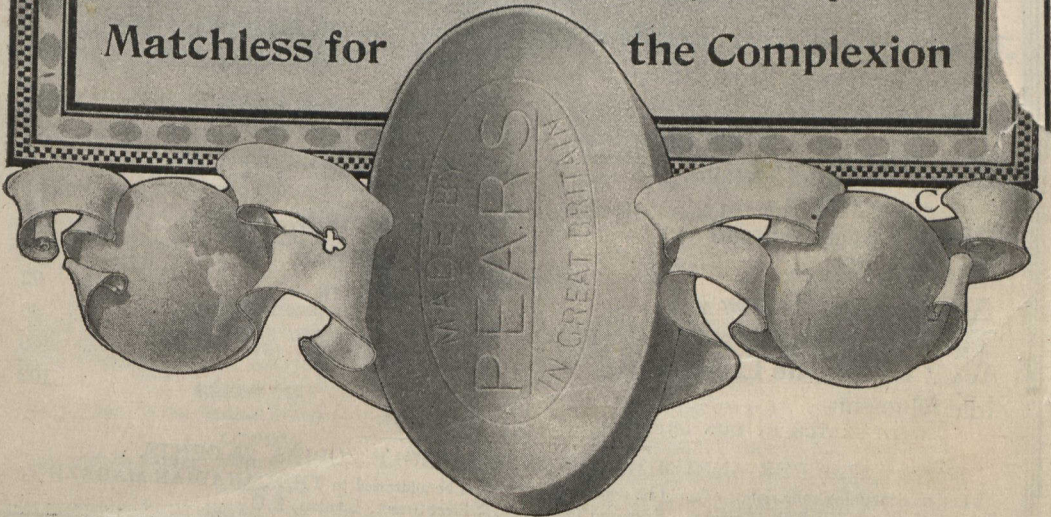
Man's Greatest Pleasure

His truest gratification, everywhere in the civilized world, is in the use of

PEARS' SOAP

Cleansing—soothing—invigorating, it gives a freshness and beauty to the skin, a glow of health to the body—satisfying beyond expression.

Matchless for **the Complexion**



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX.

CONTENTS, MAY, 1907

No. 1

| | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| A Memorial that Failed | | FRONTISPIECE |
| The Eccentricities of Genius | O. J. STEVENSON | 3 |
| ILLUSTRATED | | |
| The Pioneer of Atlantic Steamships | ROBERT KER | 10 |
| ILLUSTRATED | | |
| Ottawa: A Retrospect | J. E. B. MCCREADY | 16 |
| FIRST OF SIX ARTICLES | | |
| The Tyro, Poem | MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON | 19 |
| The Haunting Thaw, Story | E. PAULINE JOHNSON | 20 |
| She Too Was Gone, Poem | E. M. YEOMAN | 22 |
| The Burden of Widowhood | L. K. BEYNON | 23 |
| Germany: A Study in Government | CHARLES T. LONG | 25 |
| ILLUSTRATED | | |
| Morning and Night, Poem | KATHERINE HALE | 30 |
| A Canadian Singer | THURLOW FRASER | 31 |
| WITH PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS EDITH J. MILLER | | |
| China: A Great Opportunity | JOHN WADDELL | 34 |
| Lost Illusion, Poem | LILIAN M. MOWAT | 39 |
| Geneva Burton's Buzzing Party, Story | HELEN E. WILLIAMS | 40 |
| The Wealth of Nature's Son, Poem | OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY | 45 |
| Canada First | WILLIAM HOWARD STEVENS | 46 |
| The Imperial Conference | F. A. ACLAND | 49 |
| ILLUSTRATED | | |
| Evening, Poem | VIRNA SHEARD | 55 |
| The Poet of the Habitant | A. WYLIE MAHON | 56 |
| WITH PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND | | |
| Mademoiselle Maria Gloria, Story | MARJORIE BOWEN | 61 |
| The Adoption of Eliza, Story | MARY ROBERTS RINEHART | 68 |
| Little Marsh Babies | BONNYCASTLE DALE | 73 |
| WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR | | |
| Worry, Will and Action | DR. C. W. SALEEBY | 78 |
| FIFTH ARTICLE | | |
| Current Events Abroad | JOHN A. EWAN | 84 |
| Woman's Sphere | JEAN GRAHAM | 88 |
| At the Front Window | THE EDITOR | 92 |
| The Way of Letters | | 96 |
| What Others Are Laughing At | | 100 |
| Idle Moments | | 102 |
| WITH SKETCH BY DON GRAEME | | |

\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Office: 173 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE HOTEL CECIL LONDON

*Architecturally Famous as the
Finest Hotel Structure in Europe*

YOU can make a preliminary acquaintance with the Cecil by requesting a Booklet. This little volume presents by illustration and description a fair idea of the Hotel's luxurious interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, either brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information of service to the visitor to town. It can be had for the asking from the Offices of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto, Canada.



The Cecil is a cosmopolitan Hotel in the broadest sense of the term, with a Fixed Tariff based on a strict relation to the MODERN COST OF LIVING. Accommodation can be had from the modest, but comfortable, Single Room to the most elaborate Suite. The Public Apartments—spacious and elegantly equipped—have no rival in Europe. The situation of the Hotel is Central and Convenient; indeed, a SOURCE OF CONSIDERABLE TRAVEL ECONOMY to visitors to town on business or pleasure bent.

TARIFF

BEDROOMS.

| | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|---|
| Single..... | From \$1.25 per day | } No charge for Light or Attendance |
| Double..... | " 2.25 " | |
| Suite of Rooms.... | " 6.25 " | |

BREAKFAST.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------|
| Table d'Hote Room (Indian Floor)..... | 60c., 70c., 85c. |
|---------------------------------------|------------------|

LUNCH.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| Table d'Hote Room (Indian Floor)..... | 85c. |
|---------------------------------------|------|

DINNER.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Table d'Hote Room (Indian Floor)..... | \$1.25 |
|---------------------------------------|--------|

IN RESTAURANT.

| |
|--|
| Déjeuner, \$1.25; Diner, \$1.80 and \$2.50; Souper, \$1.25 Or à la Carte. |
|--|

ORCHESTRA AT ALL MEALS.

On Sundays Vocal Concert after Dinner.

There is no charge for Attendance or Light.

INCLUSIVE CHARGES QUOTED IF DESIRED.

THE JUNE NUMBER

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for June will contain some excellent contributions, and will mark the beginning of Monthly Comment on Current Events by Mr. F. A. Acland, who is referred to in this number as one of the very best equipped journalists in the Dominion.

Mr. Frank Yeigh will contribute the first comprehensive and well-illustrated article to appear on the great Selkirk Caves.

Mr. William Campbell will give his second article on Scottish Canadian Poetry with portraits of authors.

There will be an article on the King's prerogative by a well-known King's counsel.

The Fête Dieu, or the Procession of the Corpus Christi; the great annual pageant of the Roman Catholic church in Montreal, will be described and illustrated with reproductions of excellent snapshot photographs.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE
TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR POSTPAID

GRAND HOTEL, LONDON



Overlooking Trafalgar Square, the finest position in London. Well known to many Canadians for comfort and excellent management. Close to Royal Palaces, Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, and fashionable centres. Orchestra. Luxurious suites of rooms with private bathrooms attached.

Proprietors:
GORDON HOTELS LIMITED

For Illustrated Booklet giving full particulars of tariff, etc., apply to the Ontario Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

WILD'S FIRST-CLASS TEMPERANCE HOTELS

LONDON

30 to 40 LUDGATE HILL

ELECTRIC LIFT

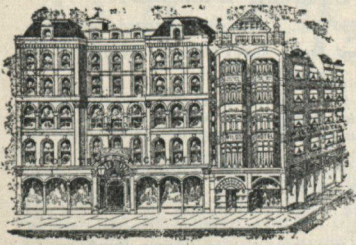
Central for the Wholesale Houses, Continental Trains and City.

Also at

70 and 71 EUSTON SQUARE

(Close to Euston, Midland and G.N.R. Stations)

Convenient for Early and Late Trains



Home Comforts, Cleanliness and Quiet

For illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of tariff, etc., apply to The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto

IT HAS NO EQUAL
FOR KEEPING
THE SKIN
SOFT,
SMOOTH,
AND WHITE

AT ALL SEASONS

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S
Regd **Larola**

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
after Cycling, Skating, Dancing, etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR IT, AND ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

It entirely Removes and Prevents all
**ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS,
IRRITATION,
CHAPS, Etc.**

INVALUABLE
for Preserving
THE SKIN
AND COMPLEXION
from the effects of
FROST, COLD WINDS
and HARD WATER.



Holborn, one of the main thoroughfares of London, being a continuation of Oxford street to the city. The famous old houses in front of Staple Inn, now preserved in their original shape, are seen to the right of this view, looking eastwards.

KINGSLEY HOTEL (NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM)

HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON

THACKERAY HOTEL (OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM)

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON

THESE well-appointed and commodious TEMPERANCE HOTELS will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges, of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

FIREPROOF FLOORS

PERFECT SANITATION

TELEPHONES

NIGHT PORTERS

BEDROOMS FROM 2/6 TO 5/6

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day. Kingsley Hotel, "Bookcraft, London." — Telegraphic Addresses — Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

For Illustrated Booklet, giving full particulars of Tariff, etc., apply to the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Next-of-Kin and Heirs Wanted A FORTUNE MAY AWAIT YOU.

UNCLAIMED MONEY.

£100,000,000 IN CHANCERY
AND ELSEWHERE

Every man and woman should buy DOUGAL'S Complete Index Register to Next-of-Kin, &c., containing nearly 500 pages, which gives valuable information regarding Money in Chancery and elsewhere. Price **\$1.00**, Post Free, from
CONGDON, 456 ONTARIO STREET, TORONTO

F. H. DOUGAL & CO, undertake Searches and Enquiries of any description in all parts of the World. No Agents.

F. H. DOUGAL & CO., Law Agents. Established 1844
453 Strand, London, Eng. *Over 60 Years' Reputation.*

Mention this magazine

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

Let us send you FREE our Mail Order Catalogues.

Curtains, Linens, Hosiery, Blouses, Gents' Tailoring Catalogue, Ladies' Fashion Booklet, Boot and Shoe List.

BUY BRITISH-MADE GOODS. STURDY, RELIABLE MAKES.

BENEFIT BY THE PREFERENTIAL TARIFF.

POPULAR CANADIAN PARCEL

5 pairs Lace Curtains \$6.30 Postage free.
(White or Ecu.)

Contains—2 pairs superb Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 60 ins. wide.

1 pair exquisite Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide.

2 pairs choice Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 43 ins. wide.

Merit, Taste and Value have increased the Sales every year.

Free to your home..... **\$6.30**

Letter orders have thoughtful attention. We are here in contact with the markets and supply at lowest rates, have been in business 50 years, and only transmit Reliable Goods. Direct from the Looms at makers' prices.

WE CAN HELP YOU. WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUES—FREE.

Price Lists may be obtained at the office of this Magazine.

SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms,
Box 684, NOTTINGHAM, ENG. Est. 1857.



THE HOTEL RUSSELL

LONDON, ENGLAND

EVERY environment that goes to make the life of the visitor congenial. Ideal location for the tourist visitor. Within easy reach of all the places of amusement, public buildings, in the very centre of the town, close to the leading railway termini and British museums. On high ground, overlooking the well-wooded grounds, verdant lawns, and carefully tended gardens of the historic Russell Square, ensuring composure at night amid quiet surroundings and bracing air. Internally arranged on the American plan, with a magnificent garden in the centre of the house, on which all public compartments converge. This garden during the season is the rendezvous of the Canadian in London and scene of brilliant functions and social gatherings. The bedroom accommodations at the Hotel Russell are luxurious in the extreme, without equal in Europe. Charges, as with the whole group of the renowned Frederick Hotels, are extremely moderate.

Full Information and Tariffs from the Ontario Publishing Co., Limited, 15 Wellington Street E., Toronto.

OTHER HOTELS OF THE FAMOUS FREDERICK GROUP COMPRISE

THE HOTEL MAJESTIC AT HARROGATE—The leading hotel at this the most fashionable of English Spas, annually becoming more, popular with the Canadian visitor.

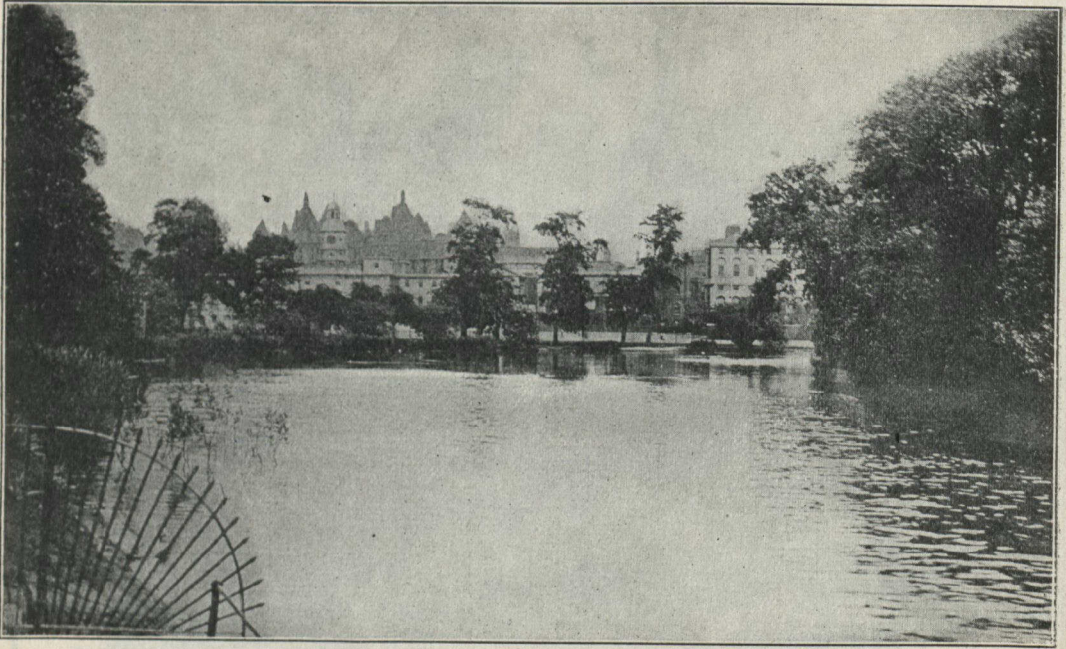
THE HOTEL BURLINGTON, DOVER—The finest hotel on the Dover-Calais route to Paris, and commanding a position overlooking the whole sweep of Dover Bay.

HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL—London's most magnificent terminus hotel, in conjunction with the Great Central Railway, the direct route to Stratford-on-Avon, the Penn County, Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons; Nottingham, the centre of the Dukeries; Manchester, and other great commercial centres of the North.

THE ROYAL PAVILION HOTEL AT FOLKESTONE—On the main route from London to Paris, adjoining the harbor landing stage.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE AT WHITBY—Well known as the Harrogate "after cure resort" Hotel.

THE SACKVILLE HOTEL AT BEXHILL—The most elegant hotel at the daintiest watering place on the South coast.



ST. JAMES' PARK AND ORNAMENTAL WATER—Shewing the Horse Guards and Parade, the Scottish Office and Whitehall Court, a handsome residential building, in the background. The scene in summer from bridge over this water is one of the prettiest in the metropolis. Over 1,500 various water fowl are kept by the Government in this Park, and some excellent Canadian specimens of ducks and geese.

J. M. BARRIE

In "My Lady Nicotine," page
17, says:—

If there is one man in London who knows tobaccos, it is myself. There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is *deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue*. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite healthgiving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister! That is a tobacco to live for.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS

CARRERAS, Ltd., LONDON, ENGLAND

Agents in Montreal—FRASER, VIGER & CO.
209 and 211 St. James Street

TOBACCOS WITH 40 YEARS' REPUTATION

My dear Sir,
don't argue.
I tell you I
have tried nearly
every blend there
is, and always have
to come back to
my first love,
"Barrie's Arcadia."

You cannot beat
"CRAVEN"
MIXTURE



CRAVEN (mild)
HANKEY'S (medium)

GUARDS' (full)
SIL PHILIPS (extra
special) 15s. 2d. per lb.

KNIGHTBANNERET (made from the most expensive
tobaccos) 16s. per lb.

SUMMER FABRICS READY SEND FOR SAMPLES

Let us send, postfree, samples of new Summer fabrics, which we sell by yard or piece or MAKE UP TO YOUR MEASURE. New goods include latest Tweeds, Scotch Winceys, Silks, Alpaccas, Venetians, Delaines, Linens, Zephyrs, Cambrics, etc., as well as the

SERGE THAT EXCELS ALL SERGES



Other styles and fabrics at moderate prices for real value. Costumes from \$6.35. Skirts from \$2.45. Girls' Dresses from \$2.20. Men's Suits from \$9.00. Boys' Suits from \$2.60. Trousers from good quality shrunk cream flannel, \$4.15.

SPECIALTY FOR MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR

Wontarewilware Tweeds, 54 inches wide, \$1.20 and \$1.45 yd.

POST FREE for the asking we send samples, Measurement Blanks, Style Plates. Address

EGERTON BURNETT, LIMITED

R.W. Warehouse
Wellington, Somerset, England



No. 47—SUIT to measure good Navy Serge, or Cornish Tweed, \$11.35. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed.



No. 454—COAT to measure in good Cream Serge or Cheltenham Homespun, \$12.95. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous Skin Fluid English.....
ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., Toronto**

RHEUMATISM

The best remedy for Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia

BLAIR'S PILLS

PURELY VEGETABLE NO RESTRAINT OF DIET

ALL DRUGGISTS AND STORES
40c. AND \$1.00 A BOX

GOUT

MAGIC LANTERNS BIOSCOPIES

HUGHES' MARVELLOUS PAMPHENGOS

Finest Oil-Lighted Lantern Extant. Nearly 4,000 Sold. 130 Candle-power

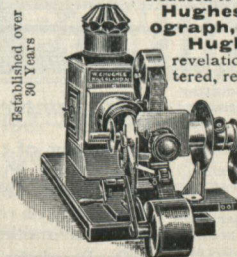
Gives brilliant 12 ft. pictures. Further reduced to £3 5s. Handsome Biunials Lanterns, £6 10s. Grand Triples, supplied to Madame Patti, Professor Malden, Royal Polytechnic, Dr. Gratten Guinness. Magnificently Illustrated Catalogue, post free. List of 600.00 Slides, 6d. post free. Bijou Illustrated Catalogue, etc., 6d. post free. Cheapest and Best Lantern and Bioscope Outfits in the World.

Hughes' Bioscope attachment. Gives 16 ft. pictures. Reduced to £7 7s. Worth £20.

Hughes' Drawing Room Cinematograph, £3 3s. Complete with Oil Lamp.

Hughes' Imperial Bioscope. A revelation in Cinematographs. Film registered, reversed and coloured while running. Splendid results. The King of Living Picture Machines. From £21. A combined lantern and cinematograph.

Established over 30 Years



Hughes' Cinematograph Peep Show. Greatest money-taker known. Animated pictures in the open air for twenty people. Not a toy. Complete, £21 10s. Bijou Acetylene ditto, £12 12s. Delightful results. Coins money.

Grandly Illustrated Catalogue of all Cinematographs, Cameras, Developing Apparatus, etc., post free, 9d. Grandly Illustrated film list, post free, 7d.

THE GREAT LANTERN HOUSE FOR OPTICAL LANTERNS AND SLIDES

W. C. HUGHES & CO., Specialists

BREWSTER HOUSE
82 MORTIMER RD., KINGSLAND, London, N, England

The higher your standard of personal cleanliness
the more you will appreciate the value of

Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Specialties

Because they offer, besides the ordinary superficial cleansing, the anti-septic advantages which hygiene requires and science provides. From those detailed below choose the articles which suit your requirements and ask your druggist for them. If not in stock he will obtain on order.

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder

*In tins—15, 30 and 45 cents.
Glass jar with sprinkler top—30 and 45 cents.*

A splendid cleansing and antiseptic dentifrice. Will not scratch or injure the enamel of the teeth.

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Paste

*In pots—15 and 30 cents.
Tubes—15 and 25 cents.*

Prepared for those who do not wish to forego antiseptic advantages but do not care to use a dental powder.

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Soap

In tins—10, 15 and 30 cents.
An antiseptic saponaceous dentifrice for either natural or artificial teeth.

Calvert's Dento-Phenolene

*In bottles—50 and 85 cents.
Sample size—25 cents.*

A pleasant antiseptic wash for the mouth and teeth. Economical in use.

Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap

15 cent tablets.

A pleasant antiseptic soap (10% pure carbolic) for ordinary use. It has a healthy action on the skin, and also acts as a preventive of contagious diseases.

Calvert's Carbolic Glycerine Soap

15 cent tablets.

This soap possesses the well-known hygienic properties of the products with which it is prepared, and is specially adapted for softening the skin and preventing irritation.

Calvert's Carbolic Shaving Soap

In sticks—15 and 30 cents each.

Assists in obtaining a clean, easy shave by thoroughly softening the beard. Pleasant, soothing, and useful to prevent irritation of the skin.

Calvert's 20% Carbolic Soap

30 cents a tablet.

Is a powerful antiseptic soap, thoroughly refreshing and purifying, and also gives protection against mosquitoes, black flies and other insects.

However slight a cut or scratch may be, there is always the risk of it festering and becoming a more serious matter. This danger can be promptly removed by application of

Calvert's Carbolic Ointment,

which by its antiseptic action arrests all septic and putrefactive development.

For chafed skin, sore eyes, chapped hands, ringworm and other parasitic ailments, its efficacy has been proved, and it gives quick relief for rheumatic and neuralgic pains, piles, indolent ulcers, etc.

35 cents, in tin with full directions for use

We will send our Sample Set

consisting of trial sample of our Tooth Powder, Dento-Phenolene, Toilet Soap and Ointment, on receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing.

Our Descriptive Booklet, sent free on request, tells more about these and our other Toilet Specialties.

DIRT AND DISEASE are usually found together, but both can be effectively kept away without extra trouble, labour, or cost, by using throughout your house

Calvert's Disinfectant Soap

It cleanses and disinfects in one operation, making every corner of your home healthy as well as clean at the same time, and is as good for laundry work as it is for scrubbing purposes. Its general employment for all household purposes will give every satisfaction.

5 cents a large tablet.

Works:
MANCHESTER
ENGLAND

F. C. CALVERT & Co.
349 Dorchester St. West, Montreal

Works:
MANCHESTER
ENGLAND

Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP
For Cleaning Plate

Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH
Glass Paper, Flint Paper

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH
Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD
Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA

JOHN FORMAN,

644 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

BRAND'S ESSENCE OF BEEF FOR INVALIDS

INVALUABLE IN ALL CASES OF
EXHAUSTION AND ENFEEBLED
DIGESTION

Recommended by the Medical
Profession Throughout the World.

Agent, H. HUBBARD

27 COMMON ST., MONTREAL, P.Q.

CHILDREN TEETHING

Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare
of their children should never be without a packet of

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S

TEETHING POWDERS

for use throughout this critical period. Be sure you
get the "Teething" Powders, and observe the trade
mark, a Gum Lancet, on each packet and powder.



OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

125 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND



THE BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

AGENTS FOR
LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
LIMITED



BY SPECIAL WARRANT PURVEYORS TO
H.M. THE KING AND EMPEROR OF INDIA

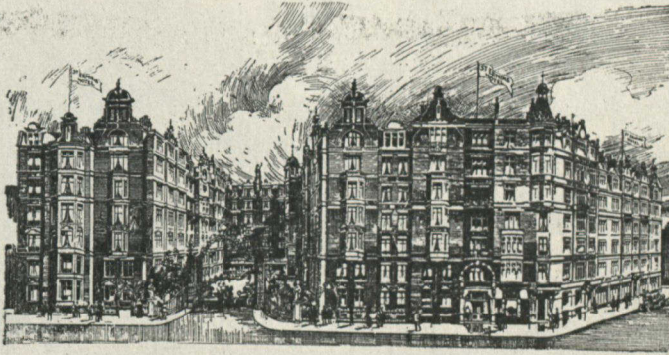
**CELEBRATED
OILMAN'S STORES**

ST. ERMINS HOTEL

ST. JAMES' PARK, LONDON, S.W.

SOCIAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOTOR UNION

Single
Bedrooms
from 5/-
Double
from 8/-
Large and small
Suites with
Private Baths.



Breakfast 3/-
Luncheon 3/-
Dinner 4/-

Inclusive terms
on application.

Situated in a quiet position between Charing Cross and Victoria Stations and a few minutes' walk of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

Telegrams:—"Erminites, London"

BENGER'S

Food

*The food that
"Assists Nature."*

Benger's Food can be prepared to suit any degree of digestion. Old and young, weak and strong, enjoy and benefit by it, and leading physicians prescribe it.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

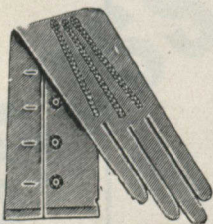


REGENT STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND

The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S GLOVES

AT WAREHOUSE
PRICES

NO INTERMEDIATE
PROFITS



The "Cynthia"—Ladies' Washable Kid Gloves, in White, Cream, Lavender, Pastel, Putty, Greys, Beaver, Tans, Browns, Navy and Black, 3 Buttons, 60 CENTS per pair.

The "Esme"—Ladies' Superior Quality Real Kid Gloves, in Black, White, Tan, Beaver, Pastel, Putty, Brown, Navy, Green, Grey or Lavender, with 2-row Self Loop Points, 4 Buttons, 69 CENTS per pair.

No. 303. Ladies' Doeskin Gloves (English make), Piqué Sewn, in Tans, Greys, Putty, White and Black, 46 CENTS per pair.

The "Brava"—Ladies' Real Mocha Gloves, in Grey, Tan, Beaver Shades and Black, Piqué Sewn, 3 Buttons, 65 CENTS per pair.

The "Edina"—Ladies' Fine Suede Gloves, in Black, White, Pastel, Beavers, Tans, Browns, Navy and Grey Shades, with Fine Loop Points, 4 buttons, 60 CENTS per pair.

Ladies' Tanned "Nappa" Chevrete Gloves, Piqué Sewn, Imperial Points, 3 buttons, 55 CENTS per pair.

Ladies' Fine "Kid" Gloves, 12-Button Length Mousquetaire, in White only, 91 CENTS per pair.

The "Cynthia"—8 Button Length Mousquetaire Washable "Kid" Gloves, in White, Biscuit, Pastel, Greys, Beavers, Tans, Browns, Navy and Black, 93 CENTS per pair.

12-Button Length do., \$1.19 per pair.

8-Button Length Mousquetaire Suede Gloves, Extra Quality, Piqué Sewn, in Black, Pastel, Beavers, Tans, Brown, Mole and Grey Shades, 91 CENTS per pair.

12-Button Length Mousquetaire Fine Suede, in Black, White, Pastel, Beavers, Browns and Grey Shades, 85 CENTS per pair.

The "Empress"—Ladies' French Suede Gloves, 12-Button Length Mousquetaire, in White, Black, Cream, Lavender, Grey, Biscuit, Pastel, Putty, Beavers, Tans, Navy, and all Light Fancy Shades, \$1.09 per pair.



Write for our Detailed Price List, Fully Illustrated, Post Free on Application.

Remittances, including Postage, to be made by International Money Orders, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, at the General Post Office, London. Only Addresses:

45 & 45a CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.; and 82 & 83 NEW BOND STREET, W.

POSITION
UNRIVALLED
IN LONDON

THE LANGHAM HOTEL

Portland Place and Regent Street, London, W.



FAMILY
HOTEL
OF THE
HIGHEST
ORDER

Quiet, Open
and Healthy
Location in
Fashionable
Part of West
End, close to
best Shops,
and conven-
ient for The-
atres and
Tube Rail-
ways.

Made
with the same
unfailing care for
half-a-century.

Callard & Bowser's Butter-Scotch

You may enjoy Callard & Bowser's
Butter-Scotch with the comfortable
assurance that only first-class materials
are employed in its manufacture.

*"Really wholesome
Confectionery"* LANCET

Each package bears our trade
mark—"The Thistle."

WORKS: LOND. N.

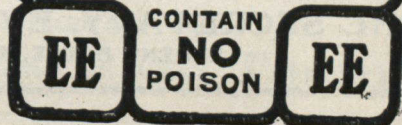


Steedman's SOOTHING Powders

Relieve FEVERISH HEAT.
Prevent FITS, CONVULSIONS, etc.
Preserve a healthy state of the constitution
during the period of

TEETHING.

Please observe the EE in STEEDMAN.





A REMARKABLE INVENTION

FOR THE

Culture of Hair

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is a practical invention constructed on scientific and hygienic principles by the simple means of which a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp. The minute blood vessels are gently stimulated to activity, thus allowing the food supply, which can only be derived from the blood, to be carried to the hair roots, the effects of which are quickly seen in a healthy, vigorous growth of hair. There is no rubbing, and as no drugs or chemicals of whatsoever kind are employed, there is nothing to cause irritation. It is only necessary to wear the Cap three or four minutes daily.

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

THE COMPANY'S GUARANTEE

An EVANS VACUUM CAP will be sent you for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completely restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company of London, the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full, on demand, without questions or comment, at any time during the trial period.

The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopecia (loss of hair) stated **that if a means could be devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles (hair roots) without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved.** Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

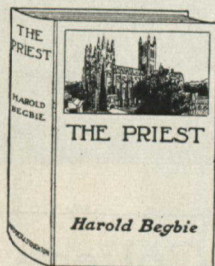
Dr. W. MOORE, referring to the invention, says that **the principle upon which the EVANS VACUUM CAP is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable.**

An illustrated and descriptive book of the Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent, post free, on application.

THE SECRETARY, EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., LTD.
REGENT HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM WM. BRIGGS

NEW BOOKS



THE PRIEST

By HAROLD BEGBIE

A novel that will stir.

Cloth, \$1.25

HILMA

By WM. TILLINGHAST
ELDRIDGE

Cloth, \$1.50

This book is said to be
another "Graustark."



THE FLYERS

By GEORGE BARR
McCUTCHEON

Probably one of the most
artistic books for 1907

Cloth, \$1.25

THE SECOND GENERATION

By DAVID GRAHAM
PHILLIPS

This, the most powerful novel
Mr. Phillips has written,
represents two years of liter-
ary labor.



LITTLE ESSON

By S. R. CROCKETT

A worthy successor to the "White Plumes of Navarre."
Cloth, \$1.25

RUNNING WATER

By A. E. W. MASON

This is one of the important Spring books. Cloth, \$1.25

THE STORY OF MARTIN COE

By RALPH D. PAINE. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

THE DAFT DAYS

By NEIL MUNROE. \$1.25

TOWARDS THE LIGHT

By DOROTHEA PRICE-HUGHES. Daughter of
Hugh Price-Hughes. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

The Philosopher and the Foundling

By GEORGE ENGEL. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

MYSTERIOUS MILLIONAIRE

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE. Cloth, \$1.25; Paper, 75c.

LIVING LIES

By ESTHER MILLER. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

A WILDERNESS WINNER

By EDITH A. BARNETT. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

SECOND BLOOM

By A. TAYLOR. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

ELECTRIC THEFT

By N. W. WILLIAMS. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

MAID OF BRITANNY

By MAY WYNNE. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75c.

We have just issued in PAPER form the following important books, 75c.

THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN

By CORELLI

SIR NIGEL

By CONAN DOYLE

JANE CABLE

By McCUTCHEON

WHITE PLUMES OF NAVARRE

By CROCKETT

BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER

By RANDALL PARRISH

FENWICK'S CAREER

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Wm. Briggs, 29-33 Richmond St. West, Toronto

THE
Bishop Strachan School

(WYKEHAM HALL)

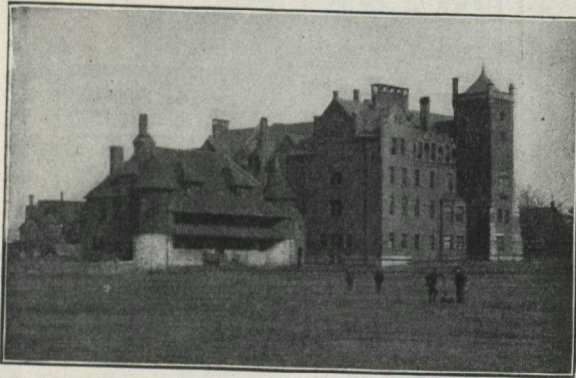
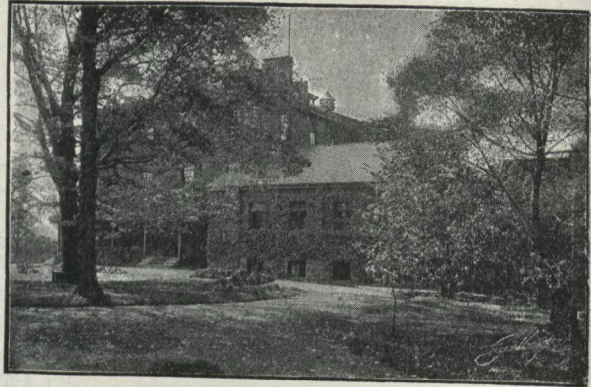
College Street, Toronto

FORTIETH YEAR

A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
FULL MATRICULATION COURSE
KINDERGARTEN

For Calendar apply to

MISS ACRES, Lady Principal



**Trinity College
School**

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Residential School for Boys

Founded 1865

For Calendar and all particulars apply to

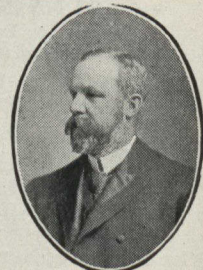
REV. OSWALD RIGBY

M.A. (St. John's College, Cambridge), LL.D.

HEAD MASTER

Spring AND Summer

months find hundreds of young men and women pursuing regular courses of training, either in daily attendance at our school or by means of our excellent instruction given by MAIL.



W. H. SHAW

Our Great
School, The

Central Business College

of Toronto

is well known in every part of the Dominion as the leader of its kind. We are doing a great work for the 1,400 students enrolled annually for Day Sessions, and for the thousands who study by mail. We desire to increase this work and to help many more. Write us for Special Catalogue for General Courses given to resident students. Dept. D.



COLLEGE BUILDING

THE SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

C.M. 393 Yonge Street, Toronto

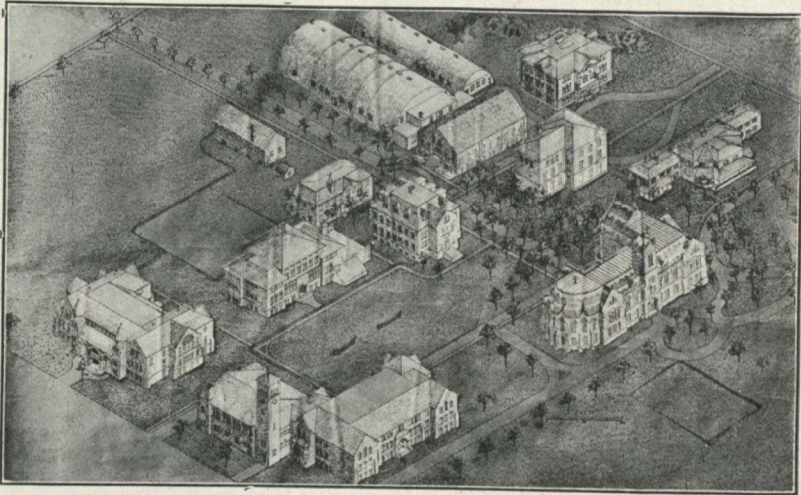
SOME MAIL COURSES

Mark. Clip out and Send to us

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Higher Accounting | Journalism |
| Chartered Accounting | Storywriting |
| Bookkeeping | Teachers' Exams |
| Stenography | (any grade) |
| Illustrating | Matriculation |
| Advertising | (any kind) |

Name.....

QUEEN'S COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY KINGSTON, ONTARIO



THE ARTS COURSE of this University, leading to the degrees of B.A. and M.A., D.Sc. and Ph.D., embraces Classical Literature, Modern and Oriental Languages, English History, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Political Science, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany and Animal Biology. This course can be taken without attendance.

THE LAW COURSE leads to the degree of LL.B. **THE THEOLOGICAL COURSE** leads to the degree of B.D.

THE MEDICAL COURSE leads to the degree of M.D. and C.M. **THE SCIENCE COURSE** leads to the degree of B.Sc.

THE ARTS AND LAW COURSES can be taken without attendance.

For calendar and further information apply to the Registrar, **GEO. Y. CHOWN, Kingston, Ont.**

SCHOOL OF MINING A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE KINGSTON, ONT.

Affiliated to Queen's University

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>I. Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Mining Engineering. b. Chemistry and Mineralogy. c. Mineralogy and Geology. d. Chemical Engineering. | <p>II. Three Years' Course for Diploma.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> e. Civil Engineering. f. Mechanical Engineering. g. Electrical Engineering. h. Biology and Public Health. |
|--|---|

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



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO

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.

28 VISITING TEACHERS—Music 19, Art 3, Physical Culture 2, Elocution 1, Domestic Science 2.

DAILY ATTENDANCE 140, of whom 50 are in residence; classes average 10 each.

PREPARATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY a specialty; extended course for those not contemplating a university education.

CLASS-ROOMS built specially for the work. There are also 18 sound-proof piano rooms and a large Assembly Hall.

LARGE LAWNS for games and recreation. Full-sized out-door skating rink in winter.

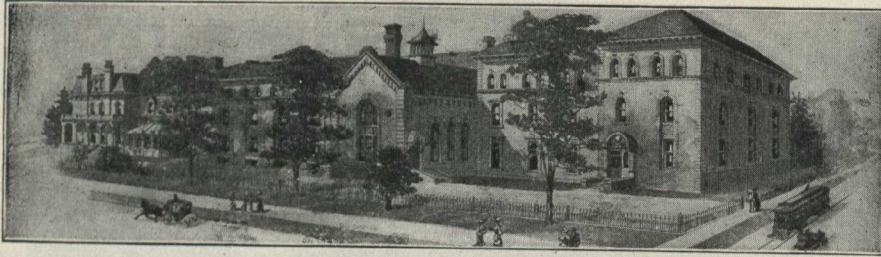
RESIDENCE distinct in its management from the school. Specialists in every department.

RECORD—1905-'06: 14 at Universities; 20 passed examination in Music at Toronto University, winning 11 1st class honors and 5 2nd class, and 10 at Conservatory of Music winning 3 first places in honor lists.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal

GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director
Late Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto



Toronto Conservatory of Music

Highest Artistic Standards, Diplomas, Scholarships, Free Advantages
Send for Illustrated Calendar.

EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director



COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE SOUTH

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Residential and Day School for Boys

TORONTO

Upper and Lower School. Separate Junior Residence. Boys prepared for Universities. Royal Military College and Business. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Principal.



WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

340 Bloor Street West, - TORONTO, CANADA

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Students prepared for University and Departmental Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the Principal, MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE

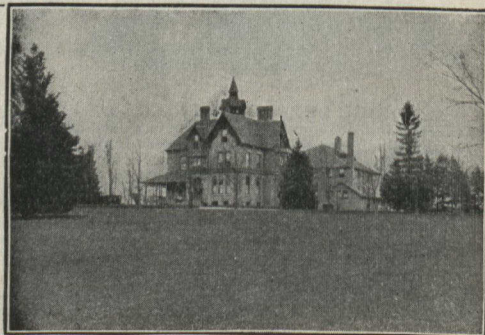
OSHAWA, ONT.

Visitor, the Lord Bishop of Toronto

Preparation for the University Young Children also Received

For Terms and Particulars apply to the SISTER in CHARGE, or to

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
Major Street, Toronto





Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

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.

For Prospectus and full information apply to

MISS VEALS,
Lady Principal.

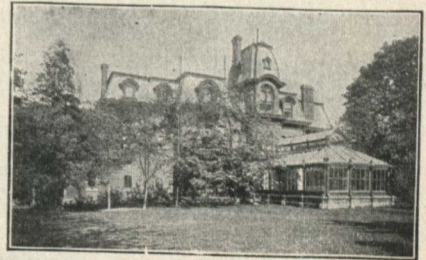
BRANKSOME HALL

A Residential and Day School for Girls

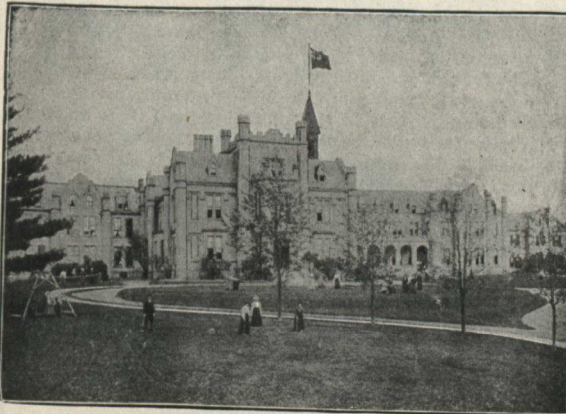
102 BLOOR STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Under the joint management of MISS SCOTT, formerly principal of Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, and MISS MERRICK, formerly of Kingston.

FOR CIRCULAR, APPLY TO MISS SCOTT



BRANKSOME HALL



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

And Conservatory of Music and Art, Whitby, Ont.

Points to be considered by Prospective Students:

- (1) Ideal home life amidst charming and healthful surroundings.
- (2) The most careful and judicious attention to the social and religious training of students with a view to the development of a refined Christian womanhood.
- (3) The best facilities and equipment for advanced instruction in Literature, Music, Art, Oratory, Commercial and Domestic Science and Art.

Thoroughness and exact Scholarship in every department, as well as a healthful, moral atmosphere, are the leading characteristics of the College. Send for Calendar to

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO THIS WINTER?

A FEW MONTHS SPENT AT THE

NORTHERN
Business College

OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO

in any of its departments will be well spent. Three courses of study—Business, Shorthand and Typewriting, and Preparatory.

College now open for the fall term. Students admitted at any time. Full particulars sent to any address free.

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

Royal Victoria College

MONTREAL

A RESIDENTIAL hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated on Sherbrooke Street, in close proximity to the University buildings and laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating-rink, tennis-courts, etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually. Instruction in all branches of music in the McGill Conservatorium of Music.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

THE WARDEN, ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, QUE.

Havergal College

PRINCIPAL—MISS KNOX. First-class Honors University of Oxford, Cambridge University Diploma in Teaching.

Assisted by three heads of departments: House—Miss Edgar, B.A., University of Toronto; Junior House and School—Miss Wood, B.A., London, England; Day School—Miss Jones, LL.A., St. Andrews.

Pupils are prepared for Matriculation at the University of Toronto for the Havergal Diploma, and for the examinations in Music of the Conservatory and the Toronto College of Music, and in Art of "The Royal Drawing Society," London, England.

The College offers exceptional conversational advantages in French, under a resident French Mistress,

assisted by six resident specialists in modern languages.

Particular attention is given to physical training by two graduates of the Boston Normal School of Physical Culture, who reside in the College, and give individual care to the pupils. Instructions in swimming will be given in the new swimming bath.

Large grounds adjoin the College, and afford ample space for tennis, basket ball, cricket, etc., in Summer, and for hockey upon a full-sized rink in Winter.

A new Junior School is now being erected. The Curriculum includes, among other subjects, elementary courses in Cookery, Wood Carving and Basket Weaving.

A Domestic Science School, with six Departments, is now being fitted up.

Copies of the Calendar, containing full information as to entrance, fees, etc., may be obtained on application to the Bursar, Toronto, Ont.

RIDLEY COLLEGE

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

For Calendar, Etc., apply to
REV. J. O. MILLER, Principal

UPPER SCHOOL

Boys prepared for the Universities and for business.

LOWER SCHOOL

A fine new building, under charge of
H. G. Williams, Esq., B.A.,
Vice-Principal.

ASSETS
\$8,424,011

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,050,000

**CENTRAL
CANADA**

**LOAN & SAVINGS
COMPANY**

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

THE
**London Life
Insurance Company**
LONDON, CANADA

HOLDS
No Speculative Securities

EARNS
A High Rate of Interest

ON ITS INVESTMENTS
(5.73% IN 1905.) PAYS

Profits Equal to Estimates

Get full particulars from any Agent
of the Company or write direct
to the Head Office

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| Capital paid up, - - - | \$1,000,000.00 |
| Reserve Fund, - - - | \$1,000,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits, - - - | \$ 183,713.23 |

DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq., President
HIS HONOR W. MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.
JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.

D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-President
THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.
JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

W. D. ROSS, General Manager

**GENERAL BANKING
BUSINESS**

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
AT ALL BRANCHES**

NOTICE TO DEPOSITORS

Hereafter interest on deposits with this Corporation will be paid or added to the account and compounded quarterly, on 30th. June, 30th. September, 31st. December and 31st. March.

CANADA PERMANENT
MORTGAGE CORPORATION
TORONTO ST., TORONTO

THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE
HAMILTON, CANADA

| | | | | |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|-----------------|
| Capital and Assets | - | - | - | \$ 3,580,702.62 |
| Paid to Policyholders in 1906 | - | | | 247,695.31 |
| Total Insurance in Force | - | - | | 17,884,073.61 |

Most Desirable Policy Contracts

DAVID DEXTER

President and Managing Director

Bank of Hamilton

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON

HON. WILLIAM GIBSON President
J. TURNBULL General Manager

Paid-Up Capital. \$ 2,500,000
Reserve. 2,500,000
Total Assets. 29,000,000

Branches:

| | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------------------|--------------------|
| Abernethy, Sask. | Fordwich | Manitou, Man. | Ripley |
| Alton | Georgetown | Melfort, Sask. | Roland, Man. |
| Atwood | Gladstone, Man. | Miami, Man. | Saskatoon, Sask. |
| Battleford, Sask. | Gorrie | Midland | Simcoe |
| Beamsville | Grimsby | Milton | Southampton |
| Berlin | Hagersville | Minnedosa, Man. | Stonewall, Man. |
| Blyth | Hamilton | Mitchell | Swan Lake, Man. |
| Bradwardine, M. | " | Barton St. Moorefield. | Teeswater |
| Brandon, Man. | " | Deering Br. Moose Jaw, Sask. | Toronto— |
| Brantford | " | East End Morden, Man. | College & Ossing's |
| Carberry, Man. | " | West End Niagara Falls | Queen & Spadina |
| Carman, Man. | Hamiota, Man. | Niagara Falls South | Toronto Junction |
| Cheesley | Indian Head, Sask. | Orangeville | Vancouver, B.C. |
| Delhi | Jarvis | Owen Sound | Wingham |
| Dundalk | Kamloops, B.C. | Palmerston | Winkler, Man. |
| Dundas | Kenton, Man. | Pilot Mound, Man. | Winnipeg, Man. |
| Dunnville | Killarney, Man. | Plum Coulee, Man. | Winnipeg, Man.— |
| Ethel | Listowel | Port Elgin | Grain Exchange |
| Fernie, B.C. | Lucknow | Port Rowan | Wroxeter |

Correspondents in Great Britain—The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited.

Correspondents in United States.—New York—Hanover National Bank and Fourth National Bank. Boston—International Trust Co. Buffalo—Marine National Bank. Chicago—Continental National Bank and First National Bank. Detroit—Old Detroit National Bank. Kansas City—National Bank of Commerce. Philadelphia—Merchants National Bank. St. Louis—Third National Bank. San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank. Pittsburgh—Mellon National Bank.

Collections effected in all parts of Canada promptly and cheaply Savings Banks at all offices.

Correspondence Solicited

Another Progressive Year

THE

Northern Life

Shows Splendid Results for 1906

SUCCESS BRINGS SUCCESS

| | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------|-------------|
| Insurance in Force | \$5,082,075.00 | Increase 7% |
| Cash Income | 188,949.82 | 8% |
| Total Assets | 748,111.83 | 27% |
| Government Reserve | 488,257.32 | 24% |
| Surplus Security for Policyholders | 257,854.51 | 34% |

Expenses decreased by 3%

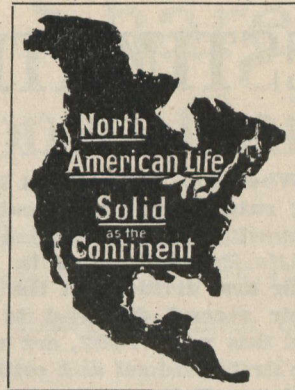
Interest Income paid all death losses

87% of Assets are interest bearing

Financial Gain during year . . . \$53,068.65

Surplus over all liabilities, including capital stock . . . \$31,142.01

JOHN MILNE, Managing Director
LONDON, ONTARIO



Certainty versus Uncertainty

The uncertainty of existence is matched only by the certainty of life insurance. The one suggests the other as the best means of securing to the family or dependent ones, a guaranteed provision for the necessities of life.

THE UNEXCELLED FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE

North American Life

SUGGESTS WHERE THE INSURANCE SHOULD BE PLACED

J. L. BLAIKIE President
L. GOLDMAN Man. Director
W. B. TAYLOR Secretary

HOME OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

ESTIMATES AND RESULTS

¶ When The Great-West Life commenced business in 1892 participating rates were issued calling for dividends in 15 and 20 years, and also with the "Quinquennial" or 5-year dividend period.

¶ Life Policies issued in 1892 on the 5-year Dividend Plan received their first dividend of the full estimated bonus of \$50.00 per \$1,000.00; their second dividend in 1902 of 50% over the estimated dividend; and this year, 1907, are receiving their third dividend of just double the first dividend and estimate.

¶ Every Policyholder has expressed his gratification with these dividends which are paid at the option of the Policyholder as fully-paid bonus additions, the equivalent in cash, or in reduction of future premiums.

¶ The distribution is on the English basis of an equal percentage of the sum assured, and not on the American so-called "contribution" system, and the eminent English Actuaries, R. P. Hardy, F.I.A., and George King, F.I.A., F.F.A., reported recently to the New Zealand Government, "that as a working system it has marked advantages over the contribution plan because it gives more uniform results."

¶ Our 15-year Deferred Dividend Policies issued in 1892 mature this year, and our Actuary has reported that they have earned, and are entitled to be paid, the full amount of the profits estimated at the time.

¶ Our non-participating rates are, and always have been, very low, but the results of our fifteen years' experience prove that the cost of participating Insurance has been very much less than these low non-participating rates, because of our high interest earnings.

¶ The applications for the first quarter of 1907 are over a million dollars in excess of the same period of 1906, every Province of the Dominion having contributed its quota to these magnificent figures in appreciation of the unprecedented results accomplished by this representative Canadian Company.

¶ No attempt of faddy foreign actuaries, disgruntled newspapers that fail to get the advertising they expect, or legislative committees, well described by D. P. Fackler, the well-known Ex-President of the Actuarial Society of America, as "absolutely innocent of any Life Insurance knowledge," must be allowed to "knock" the Canadian business of Life Insurance.

¶ For fuller particulars send for a copy of the Great-West Life Report for 1906.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE: WINNIPEG, MAN.

BRANCH OFFICES:

VANCOUVER, MONTREAL, HALIFAX, CALGARY, TORONTO, ST. JOHN, N.B.

You Have A Share In the Undermentioned Gains

If you are a policyholder in The Mutual Life of Canada, and you and your fellow policyholders participate in ALL THE GAINS —there are no shareholders to absorb dividends or any other profits. This means that you will have the best results from your policies in The Mutual Life of Canada. This will be particularly evident to you when you observe that not only are

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

the Assets, Income and Surplus increasing, but the EXPENSE RATIO is DECREASING. The Mutual

Life of Canada is both making and saving money for its policyholders. And in

every cent of these profits and savings the policyholders share

Head Office, - Waterloo, Ont.



Gains in 1906 over 1905

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|-------------|
| Assets | - - | \$1,088,447 |
| Income | - - - | 115,905 |
| Surplus* | - - - | 251,377 |
| Insurance in Force† | - | 2,712,453 |
| Expense Ratio to Income decreased | | 1.46% |

*Company's Standard †All Canadian Business

You have been particularly fortunate if you have selected The Mutual Life of Canada for your insurance

ROBT. MELVIN, President

A. HOSKIN, K.C. HON. JUSTICE BRITTON
Vice-Presidents

GEO. WEGENAST, W. H. RIDDELL,
Manager Secretary

Every Safe Deposit Vault in
SAN FRANCISCO
 Survived
FIRE AND EARTHQUAKE

We invite inspection of the most
 modern Safety Deposit Vaults in
 the City of Toronto

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, Limited
 18-22 KING STREET EAST.

The Boy's Own Paper
The Girl's Own Paper

These two splendid monthlies are of the highest standard of juvenile magazine literature. They appeal chiefly to the young people of school age. The best writers of boys' and girls' stories contribute to their pages, and every issue is beautifully illustrated. They are full of good stories of school and home-life, adventure, travel, besides containing articles of a useful character—the kind in which boys and girls delight. Subscribe now. New volume begins in November.

Price for each, 10c. per copy, \$1.20 per year

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited
 CANADIAN PUBLISHERS, ————— TORONTO

THE FISHING SEASON

Following up the Success of our Spring Fishing Number

THE MAY ISSUE

OF

ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

Continues to tell of fishing in Canada from Nova Scotia
to British Columbia.

The opening paper deals with fishing on the Cowichan River on Vancouver Island, and is a racy, well-written article.—P. E. B. tells of catching salmon near Vancouver.—How God Made Temagami, is an Indian legend told by Mr. Cy Warman in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired.—The inevitable Bear Story is given by Jesse Bentley in the style of the backwoods.—In noble verse Mr. C. H. Hooper describes the Birth of a Cloud.—The Deer and Bear Hunt of Union Camp has its adventures recorded by W. Hickson, a fine hunter himself who took part in the hunt he records.—All the best fishing haunts of the Eastern Shore of Nova Scotia are told about by Mr. E. F. L. Jenner.—In Our Vanishing Deer, Mr. E. R. La Fleche takes up the cudgels for the dog hunters and several correspondents give their views and experiences of hunting with and without dogs.—The Rev. Dr. Murdoch tells of a pleaaant day he spent on a Salmon Pool in New Brunswick.—Northern Quebec and its fishing attractions are pleasantly described by Mr. W. H. Allison.—A lover of the hunt tells How a Good Shot Was Missed.—Mr. Walter Greaves, a well-known angling authority, describes the best flies for use on lakes and stream trout fishing.—Angle-mania is a fine dialogue word-painting of the beauties of the Algonquin National Park and its delights to the fisherman.—Mr. Frank Carrell continues his story of a Fishing and Hunting Trip in Northern Ontario.—Under the Alpine Club of Canada, section two of the scenes to be visited by the members at their annual camp next July are described and illustrated.—Relief from the more serious nature of the contents is given in Jimmy's Wolf Drive, a fanciful sketch brimming over with humor.—Fish and Game Protection in Nova Scotia, takes up an article; a descriptive account of the Second International Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show at Montreal is given, and the Song of the Auto, by Dr. J. M. Harper, very appropriately follows.—Boating, Trap Shooting, Medicine Bag, etc., fills up a number no lover of outdoor life should fail to see and read.

FOR SALE AT THE PRINCIPAL NEWS STANDS

If you cannot procure a copy from your newsdealer send 15c. to the office of publication and a copy will be sent you postpaid.

W. J. TAYLOR, Publisher

SENTINEL-REVIEW BLDG.

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST

Brain, Brawn and Capital can all be Utilized

THE magnificent development of Western Canada since the opening of the Twentieth Century has attracted the attention of the world, and every year since 1900 has been an improvement upon its predecessor, in so far as immigration and general progress are concerned.

The inauguration of the new provinces—Saskatchewan and Alberta—in 1905, gave an immense impetus to the work of development there, and a largely increased population is the result. But there is always room for more in this land of great possibilities, and the Canadian Government still offers

160 ACRES FREE

to every young man over 18 years of age who is able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The excellent crop of 1905, it is claimed, will put fully \$60,000,000 in circulation in Western Canada, and it is freely stated that the great expenditure in railway construction at present going on will raise that amount to \$100,000,000 during the current year—which will bring added prosperity to the country that lies between Winnipeg and the foothills.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE

MAY BE FREELY OBTAINED FROM

W. D. SCOTT, SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION
OTTAWA, CANADA

THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION
11 and 12 CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENG.



WHAT ARE YOUR REQUIREMENTS?

The Confederation Life Association issues policies on all approved plans of insurance, the various plans being designed to meet the different requirements of insurers.

If you are considering the matter of placing insurance, it will be to your advantage to write to the Company, stating what your wishes are on the subject and you will receive by return of mail literature describing the form of policy best suited to your particular needs.

The Company publishes pamphlets and folders giving full particulars regarding the various forms of policy issued. They are printed in large clear type and the explanations given are full and definite.

All or any of these pamphlets will be gladly sent on application.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS :

W. H. BEATTY, ESQ. }
PRESIDENT

W. D. MATTHEWS, ESQ. }
FREDERICK WYLD, ESQ. } VICE-PRESIDENTS

HON. JAS. YOUNG }
A. McLEAN HOWARD, ESQ. }
S. NORDHEIMER, ESQ. }

GEO. MITCHELL, ESQ. }
E. B. OSLER, ESQ., M.P. }

D. R. WILKIE, ESQ. }
WM. WHYTE, ESQ. }
JOHN MACDONALD, ESQ. }

W. C. MACDONALD, SECRETARY AND ACTUARY

J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

THE GENIE OF THE JAR

Armour's Solid Extract of Beef is the wizard of the kitchen. It lends its magic touch of deliciousness to fish, flesh and fowl. It changes ordinary dishes into savory creations. It restores the true beef juices and flavor to warmed-over meats, gravies, sauces and soups. It is the saving grace when friends drop in unexpectedly—or whenever hasty dishes must be prepared.

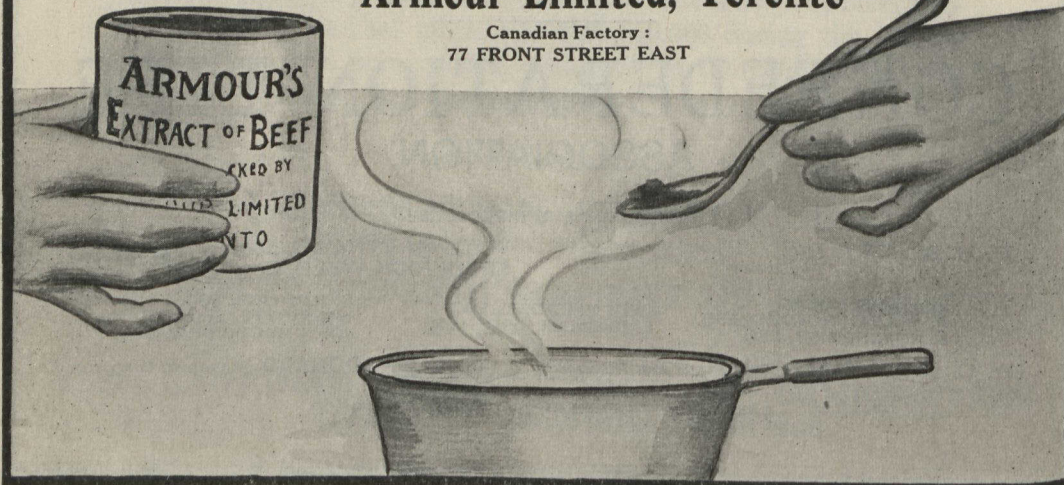
Armour's Solid Extract of Beef

Is the concentrated essence of choicest beef—and is ALL BEEF. That is why it requires only $\frac{1}{4}$ as much of ARMOUR'S as of fluid beef to properly season the same quantity of food.

"CULINARY WRINKLES" will help you to solve the problem of economical and enjoyable meals. Write for a free copy

Armour Limited, Toronto

Canadian Factory :
77 FRONT STREET EAST





CHARLES DICKENS
Who declined to honour
Cowper's memory.



WORDSWORTH
Who supported the proposed
memorial.



A MEMORIAL THAT FAILED

Sketch of a tablet that was proposed to be erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the poet Cowper. It was designed by William Calder Marshall, R.A., a distinguished sculptor of about the middle of last century.

See Article, Opposite Page.



COWPER
To whose memory the memorial was planned.



ADAM WHITE
Who promoted the proposed
Cowper memorial.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIX

TORONTO, MAY, 1907

No. 1

The Eccentricities of Genius

By O. J. STEVENSON

Affording a contrast in the attitude of Dickens and Wordsworth towards a proposed memorial of the poet Cowper.



R. GOLDWIN SMITH has quite properly observed that while Charles Dickens, by airing his domestic infelicities in *Punch*, showed that he was capable of doing degrading things, he must, nevertheless, have possessed redeeming virtues or he never could have produced so genuinely good a book as "The Christmas Carol." And yet we find Dickens by his own hand refusing point blank to sympathise with a proposal to erect in Westminster Abbey a tablet to the memory of William Cowper, poet. Of course, there was nothing degrading in the refusal, but it is reasonable to suppose that a man possessed of the wide range of sympathies of which Dickens has left unmistakable proofs would have gladly given a helping hand to perpetuate the name of a fellow-craftsman. Nor can it be said that Dickens was unkind to Cowper's memory, for many persons could have readily agreed with him that the proper place to erect a tablet to the memory of a modest, unostentatious man like Cowper was the retired churchyard wherein his bones had been reverently laid. Wordsworth was not of these. The beloved poet of nature expressed genuine sympathy with those who wished to honour Cowper, and he even offered to increase the amount of his contribution should it be found necessary. Dickens' refusal to contribute to this object is best presented in his own words, as addressed

to Mr. Adam White, a distinguished scientist of the middle of last century, who was from 1835 to 1861 curator of the Zoological Department of the British Museum*:

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. White, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging communication. Apart from considerations of selection and preference which arise in the case of such a proposal as Mr. White's, and which might perhaps suggest to Mr. Dickens that there are other English writers besides Cowper as yet unrecognised in Westminster Abbey, who have at least as strong a claim on public gratitude and remembrance. Mr. Dickens fears he cannot forward the object in view, for he has resolved never to subscribe to any monument to a man of genius, which cannot be contemplated by the people of this country, who speak the language in which he wrote, free from any charge and at leisure.

1 Devonshire Terrace,

Yorkside, Regent's Park.

Second October, 1847.

How very different is Wordsworth's letter on the same subject:

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for mentioning to me your project of having a tablet placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the Poet Cowper, and I hope you will put my name down as a subscriber. As his works are so popular among his countrymen, there can be little doubt that, with

*The letters and autographs reproduced in connection with this article are now in the possession of Mr. David White, of Toronto.

due pains taken, a sum sufficient may be raised by a subscription at the rate you propose, namely, five shillings a head. Should it not prove so, more would be contributed by many persons, in which number I wish to be reckoned. I have already received five shillings as a subscription for this purpose from my friend John Monkhouse, Esq., of the Stow Hereford (?), and if you will take the trouble to call upon Mr. Moxon, at 44 Dover St., when it falls in your way, he will pay you five shillings

for myself and friend upon your showing him this part of my letter.

I remain, dear sir, your obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

September 13th, 1847.

Another letter of Wordsworth's that is of much interest, is dated May 22, 1846. It is interesting, not because it contains any important facts or ideas, but because it gives us a glimpse of Wordsworth him-

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. White, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging communication. Apart from considerations of selection and preference, which arise in the case of such a proposal as Mr. White's, and which might perhaps suggest to Mr. Dickens that there are other English writers besides Cowper as yet unrecog- nized in Westminster Abbey, who have at least as strong a claim on public gratitude and remembrance, Mr. Dickens fears he cannot form the subject in view. For he has resolved never to subscribe to any monument

self, and shows his practical interest in the "weeds" of Rydal Mount, which is, of course, "the small pleasure ground" which he speaks of. Wordsworth has been described as having absolutely no sense of humour—but is there not a suggestion of amusement at least, in his mention of the American traveller in the last paragraph? The letter is, in part, as follows:

*and simply taken ~~from~~ Not
your book is no collection of
Extracts of Poetry, but a Bk
of Natural History. I shall be
glad to see your memoir at
your convenience*

Believe me

sincerely yours

Wordsworth

WORDSWORTH'S HANDWRITING SHOWS THE EARMARKS OF GENIUS

You do not appear to have received a packet of flowers, wild ones I mean, that grow in my small pleasure ground. I sent it per post about three weeks ago, and also a letter. Thank you for your insect tract, which I read with much pleasure. I am surprised that this communication has not reached you, for it was carefully dispatched through our post office.

Seventeen steps lead down from a platform in front of my house into a part of the little pleasure ground. The front of each of those steps is beautifully decorated with small wild flowers, of which I send a specimen, the wild geranium, Red Robin, a favourite flower of mine, and also one of the Ferns; these are all of course self sown; and would you believe it, an American Traveller once rather reproved me for not clearing away these weeds, as he called them. By the bye, in what consists the difference between a weed and a flower?

Believe me, my dear sir, sincerely yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

The white geranium which I send also from my garden is very rare in this country; it was transplanted by a friend of mine from the only place in the country where it is found. It gives me much pleasure to

put you in possession of this flower. How my other package failed to reach you I cannot conceive.

Another letter of Wordsworth's in the collection, is dated "Rydal Mount, Christmas Eve, 1844," and is interesting on account of a couple of clerical errors which it contains. The reader will notice that the "Sir" is missing in the introduction. The poet had evidently been called away after writing "Dear," and overlooked the omission on resuming the letter. Then, too, it will rejoice the hearts of the unlettered to observe that even the great William Wordsworth spelt "believe" with "ei" instead of "ie." The same error occurs in the preceding letter also, showing that it is not a matter of accident. By the way, I wonder if the "Mummers" or "Waits" visited Rydal Mount on this particular Christmas Eve.

RYDAL MOUNT, Christmas Eve, 1844.

DEAR,—I should deem it an honour to have any extracts from my poems inserted in

*affectionately
Wm Cowper.
Oct. 31. 79.*

WILLIAM COWPER'S WRITING IS AT LEAST LEGIBLE

I am yours very truly
Dante G. Rossetti.

THE AUTOGRAPH OF A FAMOUS PAINTER,
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

If you think necessary, you may enclose this note to him and simply tell him your book is no collection of Extract Poetry, but a Book of Natural History. I shall be glad to see your memoir at your convenience.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

such a book, as I have no doubt yours will prove. But as Mr. Moxon has a part interest in the profits of my volumes, it would be as well to ask his permission and to let him know that I have readily granted mine.

The following letter from Browning is addressed to F. O. Ward, Esq., and is dated by Mr. White in pencil as being written in 1852. The Brownings had spent the summer of 1852

Robert Browning 26 Devonshire St.
author of Paracelsus Wednesday 29.
My dear Ward, 1852

I leave to-morrow & shall not see you - (unless at Paris, who can say?) Here are my books, commended to your kindness - & I hope a little worthier of it than in their first form ^(direct to Paris). If you can give me a letter to Mr. Forgnies (& Mad^e F.) telling them that besides being Poets we are good simple folk in want of lodgings near the Madeleine - that will be one more favor to
30. Yours ever faithfully
R. B. Browning

[ALL WHO DOUBT THAT BROWNING HAD GENIUS SHOULD CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE OF HIS HANDWRITING

in London, and returned to Florence in the autumn.

26 Devonshire St.,
Wednesday Ev'g.

MY DEAR WARD,—I leave to-morrow and shall not see you (unless at Paris, who can say?) Here are my books commended to your kindness, and I hope a little worthier of it than in their first form.

If you can give me a letter direct to Paris to Mr. Forgues (and Mad. F.) telling them that besides being Poets, we are good simple folk in want of lodgings near the Madeleine, that will be one more favour to

Yours ever faithfully,
R. BROWNING.

Two letters in Mr. White's collections with which I was particularly delighted were those of Tennyson, written in 1866, and Coventry Patmore, written in 1865. These letters are both sent in reply to an enquiry of Mr. White's as to their opinion of the value of natural history as a subject of the school course; and it must be gratifying to the advocates of the teaching of nature study in the present day, to know that, over forty years ago, two such men as Tennyson and Coventry Patmore gave it such hearty encouragement. The letter of Coventry Patmore,



MR. ADAM WHITE

Who promoted the proposed Cowper memorial
From a pencil sketch by Norman Macbeth

which comes first in point of time, is as follows:

BRITISH MUSEUM,
Dec. 4, 1865.

MY DEAR WHITE,—I and my children have been delighted with your lucubrations in natural history. I entirely think with you as to the utility of obtaining, if possible, a place for natural history in the ordinary educational course. It is a study of which even a smattering is an advantage. Almost everything one learns concerning our fellow creatures of the field and air increases our friendship for them and our pleasure in their society. Some day you must come and see my bird cage; it contains fifty-four little fellows from all parts of

I remain

Dear Sir

with great estimation

Yours

Thos Campbell

To W. Wordsworth Esq.

the world, living together on excellent terms.

Yours most truly,
COVENTRY PATMORE.

In his love of birds and animals, Patmore evidently was scarcely less enthusiastic than Rossetti, who had a regular menagerie of tame "pets" in his back yard. Patmore's letter, it will be noted, was written only a few weeks before he retired from the position of Assistant

Librarian at the British Museum. Mr. White had already retired in 1861.

The letter of Tennyson, which follows, is much more formal in tone, as Mr. White was evidently not on terms of such close intimacy with Tennyson as with Patmore:

January 26th, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I much regret that, owing to a somewhat prolonged absence from home when your letter reached Farringford, and a

remedy if he be aware
of even a small portion
of the mystery and might
of the Nature that
surrounds him. They ought
to learn this practically.
I ~~very~~ remember our
meeting at The British
Museum - ~~at the~~
I thank you for your little book
I am dear Sir

Truly yours

Tennyson

consequent accumulation of letters which made the answering of all impossible, and obliged me to answer those first which required an immediate reply, I have not yet told you how heartily I agree with you in the desirableness of encouraging the study of Natural History, especially among children, whose eye can be so easily educated to observe, and where restless natures must have some occupation, and that too likely harmful if not good, at an age when nothing can be indifferent, if indeed at any age anything can be really indifferent. The dullest country can scarcely be dull, if as in man the human being can look with seeing eye on the things around him; the most difficult outward circumstances can hardly be without remedy if he be aware of even a small portion of the mystery and might of the nature that surrounds him. They ought to learn this practically. I remember our meeting at the British Museum. I thank you for your little book.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

A. TENNYSON.

The remaining letters from authors, in the collection, are less interesting, being, in most cases, merely formal notes, of which the following from Campbell and Rossetti may serve as illustrations.

The letter from Campbell, which is

addressed to Wordsworth, is unfortunately not dated. It is as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you excuse me for taking the liberty of introducing to you my countryman, the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Park. He is ambitious of taking your bust. I remain, dear sir,

With great estimation, yours,

To W. Wordsworth, Esq. THOS. CAMPBELL.

The final letter, or rather note, is written by Rossetti to Mrs. Coventry Patmore. Rossetti was at this time a young man of twenty-five, but had already published "The Blessed Damosel," and had helped to found the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Coventry Patmore was thirty years of age, and had been married some six years when this note was written.

14 CHATHAM PLACE,
BLACKFRIAR'S BRIDGE,
Friday, January 14th, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. PATMORE,—I fear I shall be prevented from availing myself of your kind invitation for Tuesday, for which pray accept my best thanks.

Hoping that all your family are well,

I am, yours very truly,

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

on excellent terms.

Yours most truly

Coventry Patmore

Adam White, Esq

HOW COVENTRY PATMORE SIGNED HIS NAME

The Pioneer of Atlantic Steamships

By ROBERT KER

Vindicating the claim that a Canadian vessel, the Royal William, was the first craft to cross the Atlantic without using sails.



DURING the year 1905, the press of the United Kingdom gave interesting details of a souvenir which had been presented to and graciously received by his Majesty King Edward. The souvenir was presented by the Messrs. Mason, of Birmingham, and was supposed to have derived its interest from the fact that it had been manufactured out of the pump of the steamship *Sirus*, alleged to have been the first passenger steamer that had crossed the Atlantic under her own steam. The record is that the *Sirus* left Cork on the 3rd of April, 1838, for New York, which city she reached on the 22nd of the same month. In June, 1847, she was lost, and after lying for fifty-one years she was salvaged, and the metal work purchased by the firm already referred to. There is no particular reason to question the details that are available either as to her passage across the Atlantic or her subsequent history. After making, as they allege, several voyages across the Atlantic, the *Sirus* finally returned to the coasting trade between Cork, where she was built, and the English ports. In 1847, on a voyage from Glasgow to Cork, via Dublin, she went ashore in a dense fog in Ballycotton Bay, and became a total wreck. Such in brief is an outline of the history of the *Sirus*, and as far as it goes is quite creditable, but the claim made on her behalf of having been the first steamer to cross the Atlantic cannot be sustained. Whatever honour attaches to the enterprise unquestionably belongs to a Canadian built steamer called the *Royal William*, built in the city of Quebec, and registered in that port on the 22nd of August, 1831.

During the past quarter century much

newspaper correspondence has taken place on the subject, and the whole question was supposed to have been definitely and conclusively settled about twelve years ago by the labours of the Honorary Librarian of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, Captain F. C. Wurtele. It is a matter of surprise to those familiar with the facts on this side of the Atlantic that any well-informed company should have fallen into the mistake of giving currency to a claim that is absolutely without foundation and against which there is the clearest and most conclusive evidence, as I shall now proceed to show. The materials are to be found in the shape of an appendix to the Annual Report of the Canadian Secretary of State, and is thus certified by John J. McGee, Clerk of the Privy Council, on a memorandum dated 29th February, 1894, from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, submitting a pamphlet prepared by Capt. F. C. Wurtele, Honorary Librarian of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, free of charge, in which evidence is collected establishing the fact that the *Royal William* was the first vessel to cross the Atlantic, propelled by steam, and recommending that the same be referred to the Secretary of State for publication. The *Royal William* was not by any means the first vessel built under the far-famed cliffs of Cape Diamond, Quebec, but about 1825, the spirit of enterprise was very active, and as a result the Quebec and Halifax Navigation Company was apparently contemplated, and six years later duly incorporated. An act of the Province of Lower Canada (1825) offered the sum of £1,500 to the first person or company "that shall cause a steam vessel, of not less than 500 tons burthen, to be built

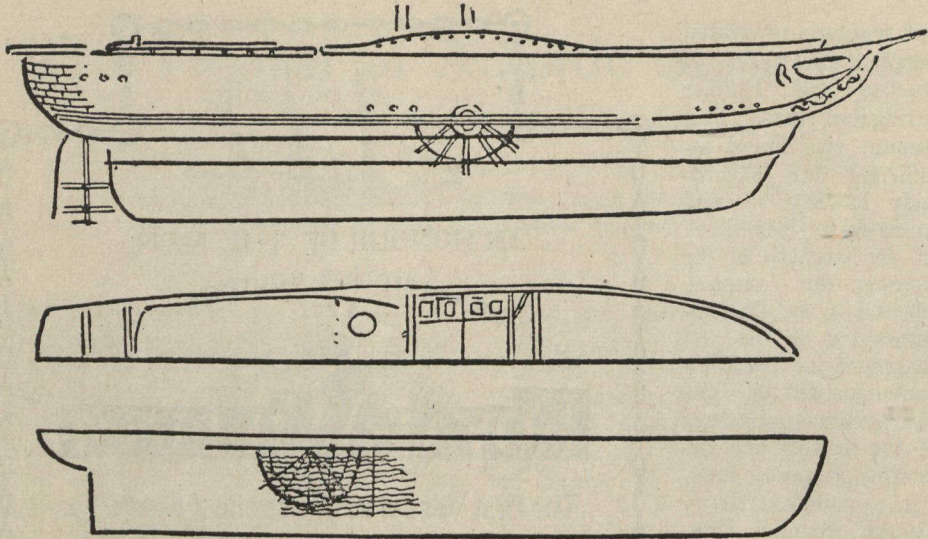
and regularly navigated between the ports of Quebec and Halifax during four years." This amount was found insufficient and accordingly in 1830 it was increased to £3,000, and on the strength of the increase the company referred to was duly incorporated on the 31st March, 1831. The company consisted of some 240 persons and three of the names are deserving of special mention, namely, Henry Cunard, Samuel Cunard, and Joseph Cunard; so that they are thus directly associated with both the first and later efforts to bridge the Atlantic. This proprietorship doubly enhances the historic interest of the *Royal William*, which thus becomes the pioneer of the magnificent fleet which now ploughs the Atlantic with clockwork regularity. The contract for building the *Royal William* was given to John S. Campbell and George Black, shipbuilders, under the supervision of James Gondie, marine draughtsman and foreman. The keel was laid on Thursday, 2nd September, 1830, in the shipyards, situated under the cliff where Wolfe's monument stands. The vessel was built with such expedition that she was launched on the 27th April, 1831, and the interesting ceremony was performed by Lady Aylmer, a name that has become closely identified with the history of Canada, and is well represented even now by Lord Aylmer, Adjutant-General of the Canadian Militia. The *Royal William*, we are told, had a magnificent appearance on the stocks; the prow, stern and quarter galleries being particularly tasteful. Her actual builders'

IN HONOUR OF THE MEN
by whose enterprise, courage, and skill
THE
ROYAL WILLIAM
The First Vessel to Cross the Atlantic by
Steam Power was wholly constructed in
Canada and navigated to England in 1833.
The Pioneer of Those Mighty Fleets of Ocean
Steamers by which Passengers and Merchandise
of all Nations are now conveyed on every sea
throughout the World.
ORDERED BY
THE PARLIAMENT OF CANADA. JUNE 13 15 1864.
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, OTTAWA

FAC-SIMILE OF TABLET IN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA

measurement is 1,370 tons, but she would not carry more than 400 to 500, owing to narrow gauge and the space occupied by the engine.

On Saturday, the 30th April, she proceeded in tow to Montreal to receive her engines, which were about 200 horse power. On the 24th August of that year she sailed for Halifax, having on board twenty cabin passengers, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Bedard, M. Massue and daughter, Miss Marret, Miss Kreene, Lieut. Seymour, 71st Regiment, and others. Steerage passengers numbered seventy. The cabin fare was £6 5s. od., including meals and berth. The vessel was very cordially welcomed into Halifax on the 31st August, having occupied six and a half days to make the voyage, but this included two days' detention at



SKELETON OF THE ROYAL WILLIAM

DIMENSIONS—Length of Deck, 169 feet; Length of Keel, 159 feet; Extreme Breadth, 47 feet; Depth of Hold, 19 feet; Rake of Port, 2 feet; Rake of Stem, 13 feet; Draught of Water, 14 feet; Burden, 1,645 tons.

Miramichi. Having made several trips between Quebec and Halifax, she concluded her season on the 9th November, in the port of Quebec, and a few days later proceeded to Sorel, where she lay up for the winter. It was then first suggested that she should make a voyage to England, but as it was thought that such a trip might invalidate their Act of Incorporation the suggestion came to nothing.

Such was the position of this affair at the close of that year's navigation, and the incoming year (1832) was destined to prove very eventful in the history of the *Royal William*. Who has not heard of the Cholera Year? The Asiatic cholera was rampant in Europe and of course Quebec was destined to suffer. No less than 3,000 victims were claimed by the terrible disease, prostrating business and carrying disaster to the Quebec Steamship Company. The *Royal William* started on the 16th June with eleven cabin and fifty-two steerage passengers on her first, and as events proved, her only voyage to Halifax. When the captain brought the Quebec letters to the wharf at Miramichi, the contents were no sooner made known than a panic seized upon the inhabitants and the unfortunate vessel was promptly quarantined and the passengers landed on Sheldrake Island. She was released

on the 12th July, and proceeded to Pictou, but on attempting to enter the harbour she was met by an armed vessel, and had to proceed at once to Halifax where she was again quarantined, and after an absence of fifty-three days she returned to Quebec, having on board a dozen cabin passengers and twenty-seven time-expired non-commissioned officers and men of the 71st Regiment, and her service was discontinued until she could obtain a clean bill of health from the port of Quebec, but not succeeding, she went into winter quarters on the 24th October. To meet the heavy expenses a loan of £5,000 had been obtained on mortgage, and as the mortgagees were urgently pressing, the stockholders held a meeting, but apparently without much success, for the judgment was obtained against the company, and the vessel was advertised to be sold at the church door in the parish of Sorel on the 3rd April, 1833. She was bought in by the mortgagees for £5,000, although she had cost £16,000. The purchasers made an offer to the original stockholders, but as nothing came of it another company was formed and the *Royal William* was re-registered at the port of Quebec on the 18th May, 1833.

The new owners decided to send the

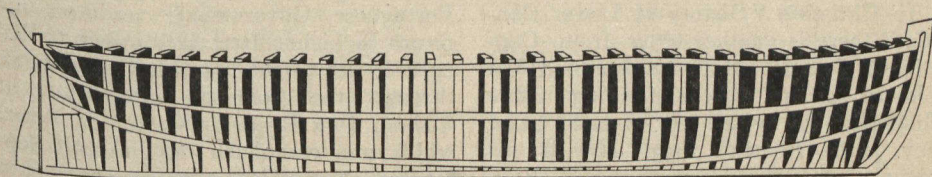
vessel to England for sale, and advertised her to sail on the 1st August. Cabin passage to London, £20 exclusive of wines. The following memorandum appears on the records of the Quebec Custom House: "The steamship *Royal William*; McDougall, Master, cleared on Saturday the 3rd August, 1833, for London, and sailed for London at 5 o'clock a.m., on Monday, 5th August, 1833. The *Royal William* arrived at Gravesend, 25 days' passage from Pictou, N.S."

From Quebec we follow the *Royal William* to Pictou, her last port of clearance, and the following official declaration speaks for itself: "I, Donald McDonald, of Pictou, in the said Province of Nova Scotia, aged fifty-six years, do solemnly declare that I am the collector of customs for the port of Pictou, N.S." In the book

September, in 25 days from Pictou. Was sold for £10,000 to carry troops for the Pedroites to Portugal."—*Quebec Gazette*.

"London, September 14th. Steamer *Royal William* arrived here some days since from Pictou in nineteen days out, of which she had two days' detention to make some alteration in machinery. The whole distance was performed by steam with most perfect success with Pictou coal."—*Quebec Gazette*.

It is a matter for regret that her log is not forthcoming, but fortunately there is the next best thing, namely, a letter from her master, John McDougall. It bears date, London, November 16th, 1833, and was addressed to Mr. William King. The original is, or was, in the possession of Sir James Le Moine, and was published in the transactions of the Literary and



MODEL OF STEAMSHIP ROYAL WILLIAM

of records of exports, wherein I find the following particulars which I now give *literatim et verbatim*:

"Date of clearance, 17th August, 1833, *Royal William*, 363 tons, 36 men, John McDougall, Master; bound to London (British); cargo, 254 caldrons of coal, a box of stuffed birds, and six spars, produce of this Province (N.S.), one box and one trunk, household furniture and a harp, all British, and seven passengers. And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the act respecting extra judicial oaths."

The barque *Rokeby* arrived in Quebec on 24th September, and reported meeting the *Royal William* on the 27th August in latitude 47° 55", longitude 6° 45' 30", sails set and steam up, nine days out, wind W.S.W.

"Arrived at Gravesend on the 12th

Historical Society of Quebec. It reads as follows: "Dear Willie. You will, I am certain, think me very neglectful in not giving you an earlier account of our proceedings with the *Royal William*. We left Pictou on the 18th August, after having waited several days for some passengers who were expected from Prince Edward Island, and for whom we had laid in a stock. We were very deeply laden with coal, deeper in fact than I would ever attempt crossing the Atlantic with her again. However, we got on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland where we experienced a gale of wind which rather alarmed my engineer; he wished very much to go into Newfoundland. We had previously lost the head of the foremast, and one of the engines had become useless from the beginning of the gale; with the other we could do nothing, and the engineer reported the vessel to be sinking.

Things looked rather awkward; however, we managed to get the vessel clear of water, and ran by one engine after the gate ten days. After that we got on very well, and put into Cowes to clear the boilers, a job which generally occupied them from 24 to 26 hours every fourth day. However, we managed to paint her outside there; the inside we had previously done, which enabled us to go up to London in fine style. Ten days after her arrival she was sold, and has since been thoroughly repaired and coppered; her model is considered to be superior to any of their steamers here. I should not be surprised to hear that George Black had got orders to build some more like her. She was sold for £10,000, which I believe has all been paid. I am now employed by her owners at £30 per month, and I shall sail in a few days for Lisbon, etc., etc."

In Christie's "History of Lower Canada," there is another letter from Captain McDougall, which he promised Mr. Christie for the purpose of giving further details of the vessel. It is dated Saint Foy, 10th August, 1853, and is extremely interesting in every way. "Robert Christie, Esq., M.P.P. Dear Sir,— I lately found some papers connected with the *Royal William* steamer which brought to my recollection my promise to furnish you with a brief sketch of her history while I was attached to her, from the 10th April, 1833, to the 1st January, 1838. I took charge of her at Sorel after she was sold by sheriff's sale, from Captain Nicholas, and was employed during the month of May towing vessels from Grosse Isle, and afterwards made a voyage to Gaspé, Pictou, Halifax, and Boston in the United States; being the first British steamer that entered that port. On my return to Quebec the owners decided on sending her to London to be sold, and I left for London via Pictou on the 5th August, and was detained at Pictou until the 18th, repairing the engines and boilers and receiving coals.

"I then started for London and was about twenty days on the passage, having run six or seven days with the larboard engine in consequence of the starboard

engine being disabled, and was detained at different times about a week, lying to repairing the boilers which had become very leaky. About the latter end of September the *Royal William* was sold by Messrs. George Wilds & Co. (the agents to whom she was consigned) to Mr. Jos. Sirres, the shipowner of Radcliffe, through Messrs. Wilcox & Anderson, for £10,000 sterling, and chartered to the Portuguese Government to take out troops for Don Pedro's service, and on my arrival in Lisbon, offered to them for sale as a vessel of war, but rejected by their Admiral, Count Cape St. Vincent. I then returned to London with invalids and disabled soldiers from Don Pedro's service, and laid her up off Deptford victualling office. In July I received orders to fit her out to run between Oporto and Lisbon, and made one trip between these ports, and a trip to Cadiz for specie for the Portuguese Government; and on my return to Lisbon I received orders to dispose of her to the Spanish Government, through the Spanish ambassador at Lisbon, Don Evanston Castor da Perez, which was completed on the 10th September, 1834. Her name was changed to *Isabel Segunda*, being the first steamer the Spaniards ever possessed, and Commodore Henry hoisted his broad pennant on board as commodore of the first-class, and commander-in-chief of the British Auxiliary Steam Squadron, to be employed on the north coast of Spain against Don Carlos. I joined the Spanish service under him with the rank and pay of a Commander, but with a special agreement by which I was guaranteed £600 sterling per annum, under a contract to supply the squadron with provisions from Lisbon. We proceeded to the north coast of Spain, and about the latter part of 1834 returned to Gravesend for the purpose of delivering her up to the British Government to be converted into a war steamer at their dockyard, and the crew and officers were transferred to the *Royal Tar*, chartered and armed as a war steamer, with six long 32 pounders, and named the *Regina Governadoza*, the name intended for City of Edinburgh steamer, which was chartered and then fitted up

as a war steamer, to form part of the squadron; when completed she relieved the *Royal Tar* and took her name.

The *Isabel Segunda* when completed at Sheerness dockyard took out General Alava, the Spanish ambassador, and General Evans, and most of his staff officers, to Saint Andero and afterward to San Sebastian, having hoisted the Commadore's broad pennant again at Saint Andero, and was afterwards employed in cruising between that port and Fuesti Arabia, and acting in concert with the *Legion* against Don Carlos until the time that their service expired in 1837. She was then sent to Portsmouth with a part of those discharged from the service, and from thence she was taken to London and detained in the City canal by Commodore Henry until the claims of the officers and crew on the Spanish Government were settled, which was ultimately accomplished by bills, and the officers and crew discharged from the Spanish service about the latter end of 1837, the *Isabel Segunda* was delivered up to the Spanish ambassador, and after having her engines repaired returned to Spain, and was soon afterwards sent to Bordeaux, France, to have the hull repaired. But on being surveyed it was found that the timbers were so much decayed that it was decided to build a new vessel to receive the engines which were built there and called by the same name, and now forms one of the Royal Steam Navy of Spain, while her predecessor was converted into a hulk at Bordeaux.

"She is justly entitled to be considered the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic by steam, having steamed the whole way across, while the *Savannah*, an American steamship which crossed in 1822 to Liverpool and Petersburg, sailed the most part of the way, going and returning."

The *Savannah*, to which reference is made in the foregoing letter, possesses a unique history, and in many respects fairly indicates the enterprise of the nation to which she belonged. She left Savannah for Liverpool under steam on the 22nd of May, 1819, and we are told arrived "with all sails set to the best advantage at 2 p.m. Sunday, June 20th, in the River Mersey; hove to off the bar

for the tide to rise, and at 5 p.m. shipped the wheels; furled the sails, and running to the River Mersey at 6 p.m., came to anchor off Liverpool, with the small bow anchor, twenty-nine days, eleven hours, from Savannah." During the whole voyage the vessel had only been under steam for eighty hours, if indeed so much, for on the return voyage, which was evidently a stormy one, the engines were not once used until Captain Rogers was entering the harbour of Savannah. He always got up steam entering a port, thus giving foundation to the idea that, like the Irishman who swam across the Atlantic, he had steamed the whole way. In addition to the fact that the *Royal William* was the first vessel to cross the Atlantic under her own steam there are one or two other points that may well cause regret that she had not a more honourable ending than that of becoming a Bordeaux hulk, and the first is, that of her close connection with the Cunard family, but still more that under her new name she was the first steamer in the history of nations to deliver a hostile shot. The circumstance is thus stated: "It was on the 5th May, 1836, in the Bay of San Sebastian, during the action on land then in progress between the British Legion under General Sir De Lacy Evans and the Carlists, entrenched behind a series of field works. The first shot from the ship dislodged some Carlist sharpshooters who were picking off rank and file and officers of the Eighth Scottish Highlanders."

A memorial brass of the *Royal William* was placed in the corridor of the library of the Canadian Parliament, Ottawa, and formally placed by his Excellency the Governor-General in the month of June, 1894. There were present members of both Houses of the Canadian Parliament, and the representatives of many distinguished literary and historical societies.

If the enterprising Birmingham firm could secure the remnants of the old *Royal William* and make a souvenir out of it, that indeed would be a present worthy of a king; but the fiction about the *Sirus* is one that should never have been perpetuated, and most certainly not by a souvenir to our Most Gracious Sovereign Lord, King Edward VII.

Ottawa: A Retrospect

By J. E. B. McCREADY

Affording sketchy and humorous glimpses of the Capital of the Dominion about the time of Confederation.



AMONG the capital cities of the world Ottawa is but of yesterday. Washington is older by some sixty years. Mexico is still older. London dates from the Christian Era. It was 753 years earlier when Romulus with two white oxen drew a furrow around the base of the Palatine Hill, marking the boundaries of earliest Rome. Athens, "the Eye of Greece," has existed for nearly 3,500 years, and is still a capital city. Damascus, coeval with Abraham, yet reposes in beauty among its ancient palms.

There are some points of resemblance and many of difference between the two great English-speaking capitals of North America—Washington on the Potomac and Ottawa on a mightier river 500 miles to the northward. Both were first established in the primeval forest. Tom Moore, who sang of "Ottawa's Tide," also sang of the Potomac in lines as applicable to the noble Canadian river:

"Oh mighty river, oh ye banks of shade,
Ye matchless scenes in Nature's morning
made,

While still in all the exuberance of prime
She poured her wonders lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learned to stoop, with humbler
care,

From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair."

The Irish poet's unfavourable impressions of the capital of the Republic, as it was in 1804 when he visited it, are well known:

"In fancy now beneath the twilight gloom
Come let me lead thee o'er this 'second Rome!'
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davii bow
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber
now—

This embryo capital where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers ev'n now adorn
With shrines unbuild and heroes yet unborn,

Though naught but woods and Jefferson we
^{see}
Where streets should run and sages ought to
be."

Ottawa was crude and rough, indeed, when the first Parliament assembled in 1867, but less so than the Washington of sixty-three years earlier. Weld has left on record that at the United States capital there was the "necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles in order to see a next neighbour in the same city," and Moore tells that "the public buildings, which were in some degree of forwardness, have been since entirely suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of the roof has fallen in.... The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation." The Rideau Hall of sixty years later was not a very lordly mansion, but was neatly kept.

The Ottawa of 1867 was a straggling city, made up of two principal communities, commonly known as Upper Town and Lower Town, with the public buildings on "Barrack Hill" as a connecting link. Lower Town was mainly French, but Sandy Hill at its southern verge was a fashionable residential quarter, with Daly Street as the most exclusive section. Upper Town clustered about the Chaudiere Falls and the great lumber mills, whose operatives were indifferently housed on LeBreton Flats or across the river in the shanty town of Hull. Westward from the Parliament Buildings, just beyond where the statues of the Fathers of Confederation now stand, was an old stone building, known

as the officers' quarters. In front of this building three tall poles were standing, each with a bit of plank about five feet long spiked horizontally to its top. On these positions of prominence three bears, pets of the Regiment, were wont to repose, basking in the sunshine. They were an object of frequent interest in full view from my office window in the southeast corner of the building.

The Library building was still unfinished, and Lovers' Walk not yet carved out of the cliff side. Parliament Square was rudely enclosed with a high board fence, already tumbling down and useless. It was no uncommon sight to see a herd of twenty cattle pasturing on the square on a warm June day, and these, when struck by a tormenting gadfly, would, with heads and tails erect, race madly down the hill across Wellington and Sparks Streets to the open fields beyond.

Ottawa had then no fixed system of waterworks other than wells distributed about the town, from which hard water was drawn for drinking and culinary purposes. French carters from Lower Town peddled soft water from the river, and did a brisk business on wash-days. They also supplied the fire department, when fires occurred, as they sometimes did. Hand engines, of which there were five or six, were exclusively in use. The days of steam fire extinguishers had not yet come. To stimulate zeal in both firemen and watermen the city paid rewards—I think it was \$20 to the engine throwing first water on the fire, and \$5 to the carter who brought first water to the engines, and the usual price per barrel thereafter. There were strange scenes at fires in Ottawa in those days. I am tempted to record a typical incident.

It was a winter night and about ten o'clock when this particular alarm was sounded. The fire was in a shop on Sparks Street, west of Bank Street. The engines responded promptly, as the crowd always did, but there was no water. The entire upper part of the building was soon ablaze, and the bystanders were jocularly throwing snowballs into the seething flames and commenting on the shrewdness of the carters. "They

are waiting for the big light," it was said, in allusion to the apparent custom of becoming assured that the fire was to be really worth while for the watermen to attend. They had a monopoly of the water supply, and the bigger the fire the more barrels of water they would sell. Moreover the Ottawa river was deeply frozen and the descent to it along the canal bank was steep. So on this particular night they were in no hurry. Meanwhile the engines stood in a row near the burning building, the firemen with their hands on the brakes. The roof was ready to fall in when the first carter, driving furiously, appeared on the scene. His horse was seized by the men of the nearest engine while he gesticulated, swore and tried to whip up his horse. Quickly the firemen inserted the suction hose in the barrel and began to pump vigorously, but no water was thrown. The barrel was empty—the carter was just starting after his first load. Later from the eastward came a galloping carter with water, and the bystanders shouted with delight. The men of another engine seized upon the prize with avidity, but the supply was not sufficient to quite fill their hose, and not a drop was thrown upon the fire. Then another carter came racing in. A struggle ensued to obtain possession of this little store and to prevent the engine which had already a little from getting this additional supply. That would mean first water and the reward. Eventually there came a troop of furiously driven nags and water barrels, few of the barrels half full, and intermittently some water was thrown by one and another engine upon the fire. Soon the coming herd of watermen, eager now to make count, formed a cordon about those within with empty barrels, and the latter could not get out nor the former get in until the police broke the blockade. Little remained of the building by this time.

Broad streets and wide spaces between buildings were the city's salvation many times in those days. It were long to tell how at length a movement for a better water supply was set afoot and the *Free Press* was founded by

Mitchell and Carrier as its earnest advocate. When the subject was publicly debated a small army of carters gathered on the square by the city hall and interrupted the speakers for the space of three hours with angry shouts of "No water! No water!" Their craft was in danger. I remember these scenes the more vividly from having been a daily contributor to the *Free Press* on the water question at the time.

The summer of 1870 was a season of gloom in Ottawa and the Ottawa valley. Sir John Macdonald was absent, slowly regaining in Prince Edward Island his shattered health. Following the threatened Fenian invasion of the spring, drought set in and intolerable heat. No rain fell for months. Some days the thermometer rose to 110 degrees in the shade, and all work was suspended in the mills. It was dangerous to venture out without a sunshade in the day and the nights were almost as hot as the days. Fires raged throughout the Ottawa valley, and the smoke was so dense that no one saw the sun rise or set for weeks at a time. Midway of the forenoon a red ball appeared dimly in the sky, glared down fiercely for a few hours and then disappeared in the smoke in the middle of the afternoon. There was a ruddy glare all around the horizon at night from the forest fires.

Then the wind arose and a tempest of flame and smoke swept the valley. Two thousand persons were rendered homeless in a night; houses, barns, fences, crops, and live stock all gone. The green grass burned in the meadows and the very soil was consumed. The city was several times seriously threatened and Rideau Hall was in great danger. To save the vice-regal residence a broad track was cleared through the woods on all sides with great labour, and full water barrels placed at short distances to assist the defence.

Later came the real crisis. A sudden change of wind brought the fire sweeping in on the southwestern side, where the forest was in actual touch with the suburb. Cinders and ashes drifted in the streets. Almost every one believed the city to be doomed. Householders

packed their effects for removal. There was almost a panic when the mayor issued a proclamation ordering all places of business closed, and that every man capable of bearing a spade or a bucket should proceed to the fire line. The case was desperate and the army of fire-fighters resolved upon heroic measures. They cut the big St. Louis dam which impounded the waters of Dow's Lake as a feeder for the Rideau Canal. The dam was high and the plentiful out-flowing waters poured in a deluge down the ravine below. Simultaneously, the sweeping fire reached the ravine. Many cinders blew across, but the thousands of ready hands with the plenty of water now at hand, extinguished every incipient blaze. The cutting of the dam left many steamers and barges high and dry, and put the Rideau Canal out of business for the season, but it saved the city.

There was little of society in Ottawa in those days, except that made up of the cabinet ministers and their families, with the civil servants, their wives and daughters, and these as yet but lately become residents. Curling was in some vogue as a winter sport, checkers and chess were played in the winter evenings, but hockey, or tobogganing had not yet come in, nor had baseball, tennis or golf for summer pastimes. Casual visitors of more or less note in the warm season enjoyed the sensation of running the slides at the Chaudière on the cribs of big square timber, en route from the Upper Ottawa for shipment at Quebec to Europe. There were, of course, no telephones, electric lights or street cars. One railway, the Saint Lawrence and Ottawa, gave the citizens ingress and egress by modern methods, and the station was beyond the eastern end of the town.

A talk with one of the older residents in those days turned naturally upon such events as the bringing to Ottawa of the body of the dead Duke of Richmond, on a rough ox-cart, along the Richmond Road, then simply a winter lumber road. That had occurred in 1820. He had been bitten by a pet fox, which had gone mad, and he died in great agony in a barn beside the waterway, in which he

had come by boat from Kingston. Men and women walked beside the cart, with difficulty holding in its place the rough box in which the body had been placed. Or, one would be told of the days of Col. By and the canal building, or of the later advent of E. B. Eddy, who came to the Chaudière with fifty cents in his pocket, bought an axe and had already become a lumber king. Or, the story would be told of how the whole townsite of Ottawa had been in the still earlier days bartered for a yoke of oxen.

Ottawa was largely Catholic in religion then, from the relatively large size of Lower Town. There were also Episcopalian churches, high and low; Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, and there was the Catholic Apostolic church, in which the Todds and Patricks of the House of Commons staff were worthy and shining lights. Lord Cecil, a younger brother of the late Marquis of Salisbury, on his retirement from the regiment in garrison, had rented the theatre as a place of meeting for the Plymouth Brethren. He appears to have had the double object of closing the theatre against plays and disseminating what he thought a purer gospel than was

dispensed in other churches. Here he preached in his own eccentric fashion, and his auditory sang hymns of his remarkable composition. A favourite among these began as follows:

If you believe and I believe,
 --- And all together strive,
 You shall the grace of God receive
 --- And Ottawa shall revive.
 --- ~~And Ottawa shall revive, etc.~~

These meetings in the theatre were largely attended by the soldiers whom they were particularly intended to benefit, and by the working classes and servant girls. Others went to the meetings out of curiosity. It was something to hear and see a lord preaching in a theatre. Those who attended from mere curiosity were wont sometimes to leave irreverently in the midst of the service. Once when a party who thought themselves ladies and gentlemen were thus going out, Lord Cecil paused in his discourse to remark in his drawling way, "If there are any more servant girls who wish to go out they had better go now, all together." The shot told, and there was less interruption of that sort thereafter.

Let the foregoing suffice for glimpses at the Ottawa of early Confederation days.

In the July Canadian Magazine Mr. McCready will tell about his dismissal from the railway service and about some interesting events it led to, with reminiscences of Sir Leonard Tilley and Hon. Peter Mitchell.

The Tyro

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

MASTERS, tax I thy patience overmuch?
 Be kind for sweet art's sake, if not for mine.
 The weakness of my hand makes crude my touch;
 Strong burns the spirit for the light divine.
 But I am young, my masters, full of fears:
 Youth's immaturity is yet my yoke.
 Suffice it if some find, in after years,
 In this my task of youth, one firm sure stroke.
 Oh, masters, I will strive to conquer all;
 What though I still be striving at the end;
 Yet shall I be content, though young I fall,
 If simple truth all my defects defend,
 If it be said, though I stop short the goal:
 "Though oft he erred, his was a strong, brave soul."

The Haunting Thaw

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

(Tehahionwake)

A graphic account of an Indian's race with dogs and sled against sunshine and Chinook winds



FOR three minutes the trader had been peering keenly at the sky. Then his eyes lowered, sweeping the horizon with a sharp discernment that would not admit of self-deception.

"Peter!" he called.

Peter Blackhawk came to the door, though he only came to that insistent voice when it suited him.

"Peter," repeated the trader crisply, yet with something of deference in his tone, "we can't wait another hour for Louis. He should have been here with that pack of stone-marten a week ago. There is a thaw threatening and we can't wait." Then almost pleadingly: "Can we, Peter?"

"No, Mr. McKenzie. I am afraid it will be hard to make Edmonton as it is," answered the Indian.

"You have *got to* make Edmonton, or you and I will lose two thousand dollars apiece. Do you know that, Peter?"

The words *got to* lacked the tone of authority. The trader could never bully this Indian.

"Then I'll make it," acquiesced Peter, with the pleasantness born of independence. "The dogs are fit, and I have got the mink and beaver ready, and a few——"

"How many mink skins?" demanded the trader.

"Sixteen hundred."

"Not bad, not bad. They're the primest skins that ever went out of the north, and the price gone up sky-high. Not a bad pack, Peter."

The strain on the trader's face relaxed. "But we must get them to the market, or they're fur, just plain fur, not money."

The Indian scanned the horizon. "I'll

start in an hour, if you say don't wait for Louis and the stone-marten."

"Then don't wait for Louis and his d——d stone-marten," jerked the trader, and turned on his heel with a curse at the threatening thaw.

Within the hour Mr. McKenzie was shaking hands with the Indian.

"Got everything, Peter?" he asked genially, now that the dog-train was really off. "Everything? Plenty of Muck-a-muck, tobac, dog-fish, matches, everything?"

"Everything," said Peter Blackhawk, knotting his scarlet sash about the waist of his buffalo coat. "Plenty of everything but time." He shook his head gravely. "I'm starting too late in the season, I will have to work them too hard," he added, turning towards the dogs, which were plaintively yapping to be away, their noses raised snuffing into the wind, the chime of their saddle bells responding to every impatient twist of their wolfish bodies. Another hitch to the scarlet sash, an alert, quick glance at huskies and pack-sled, then—"Good-bye, Mr. McKenzie."

"Good-bye, Peter, my boy."

The red and the white palms met and the dog-train hit the trail.

An hour later the trader came to the door and looked out. Far against the southern horizon a black speck blurred the monotonous sweep of snows and sky. "He'll make it all right," he assured himself. "He'll beat the thaw if any one can. But, d—m him, he wouldn't have gone if he didn't want to. You can't boss those Iroquois."

Swinging into the southward trail towards the rim of civilisation, Peter Blackhawk was saying to himself, "I'll

beat the thaw if any one can; but I wouldn't have come if I didn't want to. Those d—d traders can't boss an Iroquois," which only goes to show that absolute harmony existed between those two men, trader and train-dog driver though they were.

Blackhawk had come from the far east with three score of his tribesmen on the first Red River Expedition. Voyageurs they were of a rare and desirable type, hardy, energetic, lithe, indomitable, as distinct from the western tribes as the poles from the tropics. Few of them had returned with Wolsley. The lure of the buffalo chase proved stronger than the call of their cradle lands. In the northern foothills they made their great camps, mixing with no other people, the exclusive, conservative habits of their forefathers still strong upon them. And young Blackhawk had grown into manhood, learned in the wisdom of the great Six Nations Indians of the east, and in the acquired craft and cult of the native-born plainsman of the west. McKenzie considered him the most valuable man, white or red, in all the Northwest Territories.



The third night out something disturbed Blackhawk in his sleep, and his head burrowed up from his sleeping bag. It was the heavy hour before dawn. The dogs lay sleeping, exhausted by their over-mileage of the previous day. The gray-white night lay around, soundless, motionless. What had awakened Blackhawk? His tense ears seemed to acquire sight as well as hearing. Then across his senses came the nearing doom—the honk, honk of wild geese V-ing their way along the shadow trail of the night sky. He heard the rush of their wings above, then again their heralding honk as they waned into the north. They were the death-knell of winter. Blackhawk whistled to his dogs.

"Soft snow after sunrise, boys," he said aloud, after the manner of men who face the trail without human companionship. "We must travel at night after this, when sundown means hard surfaces."

"The dogs stretched sulkily. They devoured their fish, while the man brewed

coffee of cognac strength to fortify himself against limited sleep and increased action.

When the sun looked up above the rim of the white north, its gold was warm as well as dazzling. The snow ceased to drift under the keen night wind. The hummocks grew packed and sodden. The dogs slipped in their even trot, their feet wet and their flanks sweating. Peter put up his whip and prepared to stay until nightfall. He could not deceive himself. The snow was going and Edmonton dozens of leagues away! But with sunset the biting frost returned. The south outstretched before him, smooth, glassy, frozen hard; it was the hour of action for man and beast. Again the north became draped with an inverted crescent of silvery fringes that trembled into delicate pink, deep rose, inflammable crimson, and finally shifting into a poisonous purple, with high lights of cold, freezing cold, blue.

"God's lanterns," whispered Peter. "He must mean me to make Edmonton. I cannot miss the trail with those northern lights ablaze."

And night after night it was so, until one morning came a soft, feathery Chinook wind, the first real proclamation that spring was at his heels. That day gray geese in numberless flocks fishtailed the sky. As Blackhawk passed each succeeding slough, scores of brown muskrats crouched in the sunshine on the thin ice at the doors of their humped-up houses.

That night for the first time the Indian lashed the dogs, feeling in his heart the lash of his partner's tongue. Again hanging in the north were "God's lanterns," but the invisible spirit of the coming thaw urged him on like a whip. At night he could feel its fingers clutching at the sled, balking its speed. He could see its shadowy presence ahead in the trail obstructing the course of the dogs, weighting their feet with its leaden warmth. It began to trail beside him, to mock and jeer at him, to speed neck and neck with him hour after hour. In the day-time it outstripped him, throwing up uncovered tufts of grass and black earth in the trail, so that the sled could not carry and the dogs almost bleated like sheep in their exhaustion. At night he distanced it

flying across the newly-frozen crusty snow and sloughs.

But the haunting thaw was on his track, coming nearer and nearer now even in the night time. It was tracing lines on his forehead, painting worry in his eyes. It was thinning the limbs and emptying the bellies of his dogs. It was whispering, then speaking, then shouting the word "Failure" at him. And that night a thin sickle of moon was born with its frequent change of weather. Snow fell, spongy, wet stuff. Once more the dog-train made time, and late the next afternoon, up the slush and mud of the main street in Edmonton trudged a weary-footed Indian, the sole alert thing about him being the shrewd bright eyes that snapped something of triumph to the casual greetings of acquaintances. At this heels lagged a train of four huskie dogs, cadaverous, inert, spent, their red tongues dripping, their sides palpitating, dragging the fur pack as if it were a load of lead.

But when the great fur-buyer greeted Blackhawk with a thousand questions, Peter had but four words to say, and he said them fifty times that night: "I beat the thaw."

And when the sickle moon arose, round and ripened, Peter turned his back on the southern trail, facing once more God's lanterns of the north. This time the dogs trotted free of burden, and Peter took his ease astride a cayuse which had already begun to shed the long ragged coat it had grown for self-protection against the winter cold, leaving but the rich dark fuzz beneath, soon to be bleached buckskin colour by the hot Alberta sunshine. The

little people of the prairies were thinking of spring garments; the rabbit and weasel were discarding their snowy coats for jackets of russet; the white owl was abandoning his ermine robe, calling through the night for darker, obscuring feathers; the wary lynx, which had grown huge, mat-like snowshoes of fur about his feet last November, was replacing these articles, useful only for winter prowling, with his usual summer footwear of soft, silent padding.

For the third time that day Trader McKenzie came to the door and looked out. Then once more far against the southern horizon, a black speck blurred the monotonous sweep of prairie grass and sky.

"Peter," he yelled, and taking a key from his leathern fob, unlocked a door that swung clear of the wall. From behind it he took a black bottle, ripped off the capsule, pulled the cork and set it on the table with two large horn cups.

They did not say much as they met and clasped hands, palm to palm, red and white. But McKenzie spoke: "Did you beat the thaw?"

"Beat it by driving like hell. Sold every pelt at the top-notch price—here's the credit."

For an instant the two men eyed the paper with a gratification utterly devoid of greed. Then the Scot's hand reached for the bottle.

The horn cups were spilling full as each man raised one to his lips.

Then McKenzie said with some emotion: "Bully for you, Peter. Here's ho!" "Ho," said Peter.

She Too Was Gone

BY E. M. YEOMAN

SHE too was gone. The wild birds sweetly sang,
 Rapturing the world with songs of happy lot,
 No note heard I. Entrancing flowers sprang
 By all my ways; but, lo! I saw them not.

The Burden of Widowhood

By L. K. BEYNON

A striking account of an early custom among the Carrier Indians. An awe-inspiring funeral.



NE evening in the year 1835, a fur-trader pitched his camp on the lonely shores of a small lake within the wilds of western America. His simple preparations for the night were soon completed, but, feeling restless, he filled his pipe, and strolled along the lake shore. As he walked, the long twilight faded into night; the moon rose clear, and all around was wildly peaceful. But a strange longing for civilisation and the old home and friends came over him, as he thought of the red men who in their ages of wandering had been the sole visitants of that lovely spot, and of the many deeds of barbarous cruelty, and the sad human tragedies that had possibly been enacted there. His reverie was broken by a human cry, as of someone in great anguish of spirit; soon other voices joined in the weird chorus, which sounded strangely terrifying through the silent night.

The trader was not armed, but he stole stealthily through the forest in the direction from which the sounds issued. Soon he came to an open space among the trees, beside a dark pool. In this space lay the dead body of a young Indian, quite nude, and so emaciated that it looked like a mere skeleton. A young girl of not more than eighteen years sat on the ground supporting the head of the corpse. She was evidently the widow of the dead man. Beside her was a pile of fir-wood cut into long, thin sticks. All around stood the mourners, their faces horribly smeared with grease and tar, while in their hands they held clubs, or hatchets, or guns. Their tall, blanketed figures swayed backward and forward as they chanted the funeral dirge, which became ever louder and more blood-curdling.

The young widow drew her blanket closely around her, as if she might thus hide her shame and grief, while she bent over the dead form of her husband, and joined in the melancholy wail. The trader could hear her stifled sob, and he saw her furtively wipe away the tears of real grief, which the daughters of Eve must always shed when sorrow strange and terrifying first pierces their young hearts. In time she might learn to bear grief with Indian stoicism, but not yet.

Two Indians, evidently relatives of the dead man, built the funeral pyre by laying the sticks of fir-wood in transverse layers, and on this they placed the body. Then all came forward, uttering the most awful cries, and dropped something on the corpse—blankets, clubs, moccasins, anything that they thought might propitiate the spirit on its wanderings to the happy hunting ground. An old woman, the mother of the dead man, then took a lighted torch, and touched it to the pyre. As she did this a deep silence fell on the assembly, because these were the Carrier Indians, who believed that death was often caused by an enemy who was "strong in medicine," and it was the custom for the friends of the deceased at this point in the ceremony to accuse the one suspected of having caused the death and to wreak on him their vengeance. This was the reason that all came armed, no one knowing but that he might be the victim of some enemy. This time it was evidently believed that death resulted from natural causes, for no one was accused, and all with evident relief again joined in the funeral dirge.

Now began the extreme misery of the poor widow, who was left to her husband's relatives to torture, while her own friends looked on in stoical silence. They tor-

tured her unmercifully, until at last her mother-in-law in a fury that beggars description, rushed at her and threw her against the burning pyre. The poor girl struggled away, and was gasping in the cool air, when the old hag again caught her and pushed her into the fire. This time, overcome by the heat, she fell unconscious, when only a few steps from her husband's burning body. It was well that she could not feel, for the awful demon in human shape, not yet satisfied, rushed at her and gashed her unconscious form with a hatchet. She was now left, and all again joined in the funeral wail.

It was a strange and weird sight that the trader saw before him. The leaping flames were greedily licking up the poor skeleton, and casting their flickering gleam over the unconscious form of his widow, while all around were the cruel, barbarous faces of the savages, looking ghastly in their grease and tar, lit up by the pale, unstable light of the fire. In the background lay the dark, silent pool, and all around the wind sighed through the pines. Above the funeral dirge, every now and then, could be heard the wild, terrifying howl of wolves.

Suddenly all was silent. The wails of woe were hushed, and the mourners, one by one, silently disappeared in the forest, all but the old mother and the unconscious widow. The old woman crouched down beside the dying fire, and so motionless was she that one might have thought

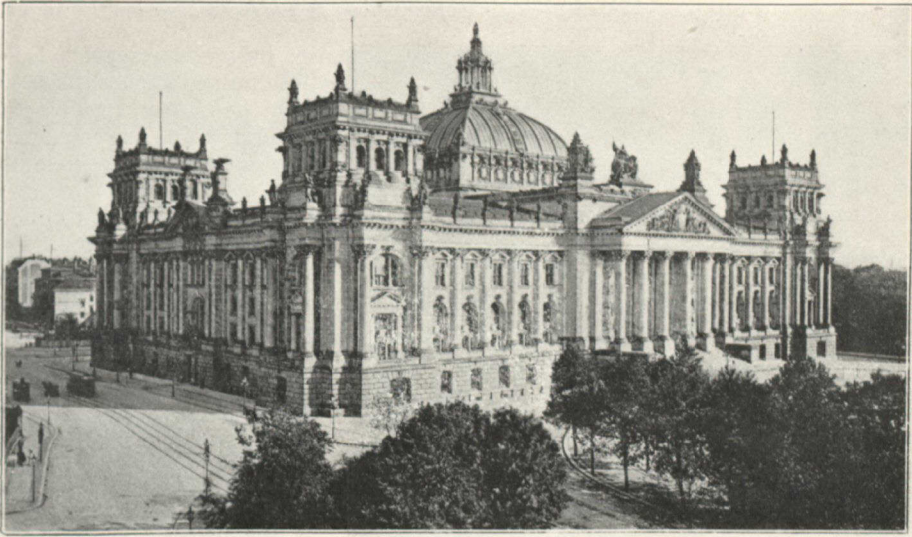
her a statue, had it not been for the tears that trickled down her wizened face, the true tears of a mother's grief.

As the first pale gray light of dawn appeared, the younger woman moaned and sat up. At this the crouched figure by the dead ashes moved also. The old woman got up then, and gathered the ashes, the last remains of her son, and put them into a small bag, which she took over and tied around the neck of the widow. She then gave the girl a rough kick, and motioning for her to follow, disappeared into the woods.

The ashes were the sign of the widow's bondage. For two years she must be the slave of her dead husband's relatives, and must always carry his ashes. At the expiration of that time they should free her. But what might not happen before two years?

The girl got painfully to her feet, and stood for some time looking as one dazed at the place where the pyre had stood; she felt the bag on her neck and over her face came a look of horror. She was motionless for a few minutes, and then with stealthy steps, she crept down to the water's edge. Long she looked into the dark, cold depths of the pool; she moved closer, as if she would still farther pierce its mysteries, but as her foot touched the cold water she shuddered, and lifting her face to the sky, she muttered, "Manitou! Manitou!" and turning limped away into the forest in the direction in which the old woman had gone.





THE REICHSTAG BUILDING, THE SEAT OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT

Germany: A Study in Government

By CHARLES T. LONG

Sidelights on an intricate system of government that has worked well for the people.



HE system of government in Germany is most interesting to those who have lived under constitutional and parliamentary rule as obtains in England and Canada. Responsible Government as enjoyed by British subjects is unknown in Germany.

At the conclusion of the Franco-German War in 1871, the twenty-six States which compose the German Empire united as a Confederation, each retaining its own sovereignty and reserving the right of local self-government. King William of Prussia was chosen first Emperor. At this time a constitution was framed by Bismarck, and sworn to by each and every ruler of the several States. King William of Prussia was crowned Emperor at Versailles shortly after the surrender of Napoleon III. The constitution then adopted is the basis of the present German

governmental system. It bestows the title of German Emperor upon the Kings of Prussia, but as a matter of fact the position is in reality a presidency, not a sovereignty.

As German Emperor the King of Prussia simply stands among the other German kings and princes as *primus inter pares*. The constitution provides for a federal council composed of representatives from the different States. To this council, called the Bundesrath, belongs the real power. It is composed of fifty-eight members, all of whom are appointed and dismissed at pleasure by the sovereigns of the twenty-six States. In this council Prussia has but seventeen members, consequently her influence does not dominate.

The Bundesrath is unlike the Canadian Senate inasmuch as there is no appeal from its decisions or the laws it may pass. Should the Canadian Senate reject



A LATE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

a bill passed by the Commons, an issue may be made of the question, and the country appealed to. In case the government should be returned to power the Senate would, of necessity, be required to sanction the bill. Not so with the Bundesrath, which is not in any way responsible to the people. A member is accountable to no one but his own particular sovereign. This body initiates all governmental measures, and then entrusts them to the Chancellor of the Empire, and the Ministers of State, to execute, after they have been submitted to the Reichstag for approval. The Chancellor and the Ministers are appointed by the Emperor, and are accountable only to him and the Bundesrath.

The constitution also provides for a popular chamber called the Reichstag, which is composed of 397 members, elected by universal suffrage. This body, which comes direct from the people, has no power of initiative. To it are submit-

ted the measures which have been framed by the Government and sanctioned by the Bundesrath. The members may discuss the measures, advise or condemn, but they have no power to alter or add to them—the members of the Government are not members of the Reichstag, nor are they in any sense responsible to it. If the Government, after the Reichstag has discussed a measure, see fit to incorporate any of the ideas suggested, or drop any of its provisions, all well and good, but if not there is an end to the affair so far as the people's voice in the matter is concerned.

The Reichstag is composed of no less than seventeen different parties, comprising Conservatives, Liberals, Democrats, Socialists, the Catholic party, the Labour party, Nationalists, Poles, Pan Germans, Natural Liberals, Free Thinkers, etc., but for practical purposes there are four well-defined parties, which

taken in their order of strength as at present constituted are as follows: The Centre, or Catholic party; the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and the Socialists.

As has been pointed out the Reichstag has no power to initiate legislation, but it may refuse to vote supplies which have been decided upon by the Ministers and the Bundesrath. In this case the members are usually dismissed, and a new election takes place. What would happen in case the new Reichstag persisted in its refusal is not known, no such case ever having happened. On more than one occasion Bismarck dismissed the Reichstag for opposition to his measures, and in each case the new members did his bidding. Last December the Reichstag by a majority of nine refused to sanction the estimate for the colonial department, and immediately the Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, dismissed the members in the name of the Emperor, and ordered a new

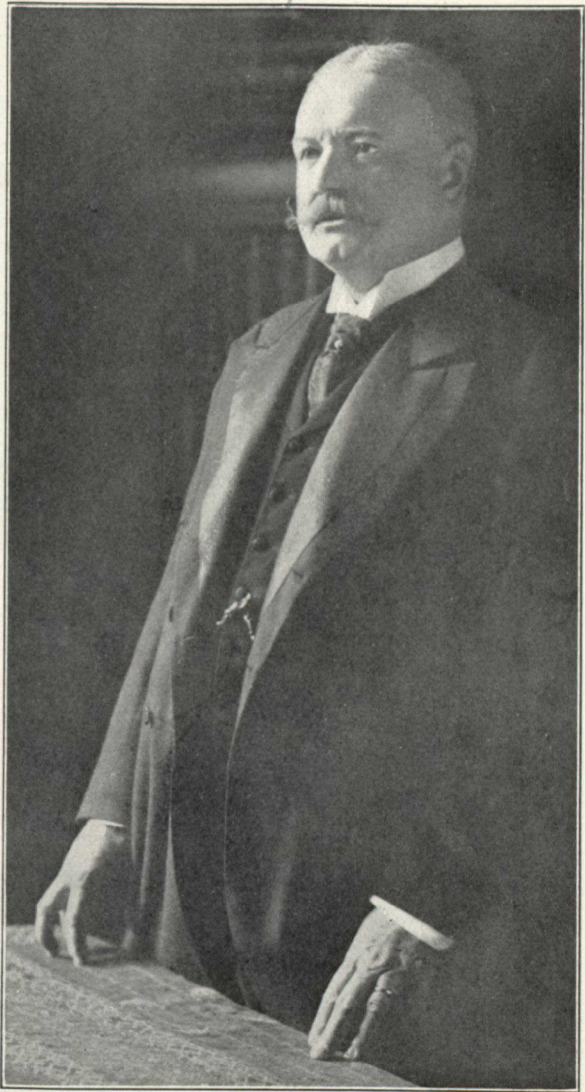


HERR BERNHARD DERNBURG

The new force in German colonial affairs.

election. The country seethed with excitement. The government estimate had been voted down by a combination of the Centre, the Socialists and Poles, as against the Conservatives, National Liberals, Freisinnige and Anti-Semites. For some years past there has been a growing feeling of discontent because the people have not a greater voice in the affairs of the nation. The Socialists have demanded that the power of the Bundesrath and the Emperor should be curtailed and the Ministers made responsible to the people's representatives.

This was really the meaning of the adverse vote. The Reichstag was dismissed in December and the new election held on January 25th last. In the meantime public meetings were held in all the large centres, and the Government made no secret of the fact that they were making every effort to crush the Centre and the Socialists. They appealed to the people on patriotic grounds, pointed out that the Centre and Socialists had refused to

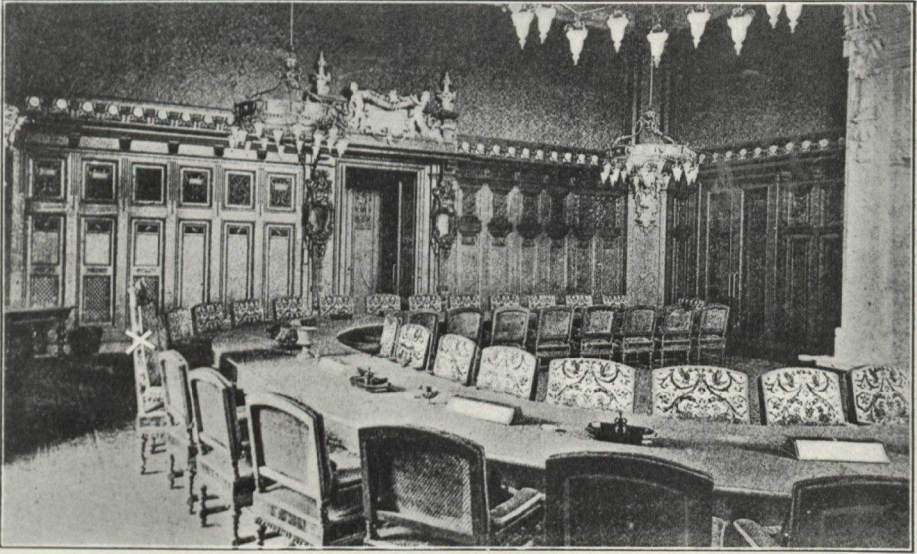


PRINCE VON BÜLOW

Chancellor of the German Empire.

vote supplies to carry on the war in German South Africa, where German soldiers were fighting for their country, and called upon the people to defeat those who had refused to feed the nation's heroes. The result was a crushing defeat for the Socialists, who returned with only 43 seats, having lost 33, but the Centre party came back with 105 seats or five more than they had in the old house.

The new Reichstag promptly passed the

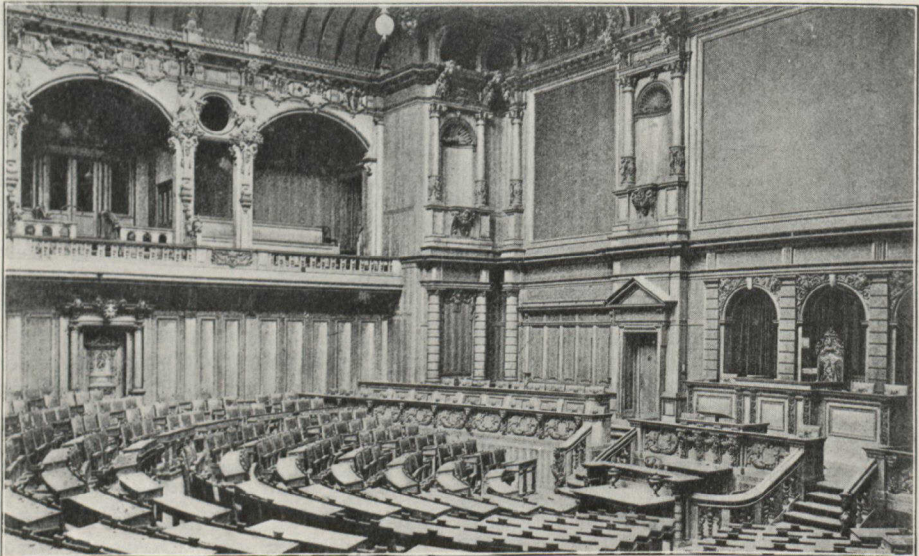


A CHAMBER IN THE REICHSTAG

The meeting-place of the Bundesrath, the power behind the German throne. The chair marked X is the one occupied by Prince Von Bülow, Chancellor of the Empire.

estimate, and so the whole affair has died out, and the Emperor, Chancellor and Bundesrath have every reason for congratulation. What the result would have been in case the new Reichstag had refused the grant can only be surmised. Some

claim the Chancellor would have dismissed them again, but the more conservative think this would have created a grave situation and possibly resulted in a revolution which might have shaken the throne.



THE REICHSTAG CHAMBER

The man of the hour in Germany is Herr Bernhard Dernburg, the new Minister of the Colonies. For years German colonial affairs have been the laughing-stock of the world and a constant source of irritation at home. German colonial officials seemed to do nothing but make mistakes both at home and abroad. The head of the department was a noble who had no training in business, and who had no knowledge of the requirements of the colonies. The result was that while business prospered at home in every branch the colonies continued to be an ever-increasing source of financial burden, and of late it began to be whispered that the officials administering the affairs of the colonies abroad had become corrupt. The Emperor was quick to grasp the situation and immediately set about finding a capable man for the post. In diplomatic circles in Berlin the story goes that the Emperor sent a high official to Herr Dernburg, who was then managing a large private bank, to ask him if he could recommend a capable man for the post. Dernburg, so the story goes, replied he knew the proper man, and that the man was himself. He was then drawing a salary of \$30,000 per annum, and the



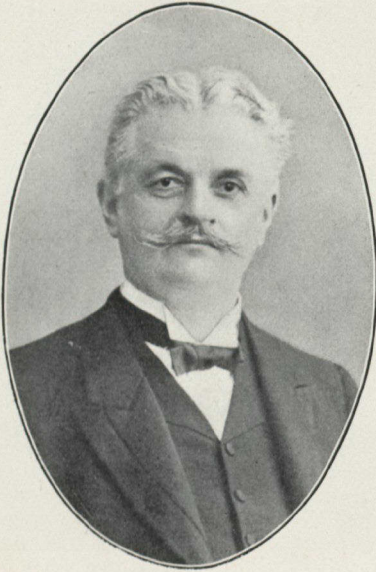
WILLIAM V. KARDORFF
Leader of the Pan-German Party.



AUGUST BABEL
Leader of the Socialists.

remuneration of a Minister is not half that sum, but being already rich he could afford the luxury. The Emperor was delighted, and though Dernburg is a Jew, and no one of his race had held office since the formation of the Empire, he appointed him at once to the important office, and gave him a free hand to place the colonial department on a firm business basis and weed out all the old and decayed timber.

Dernburg set to work with characteristic energy, and soon his skill as an administrator and his experience as a business man made a wonderful change in German colonial affairs, and inspired a confidence in the financial world which had the effect of causing capitalists to invest in colonial enterprise. When Dernburg assumed office, he found a rebellion in progress in German South Africa among the native blacks. He called for more troops and energetic measures to suppress the rising. He demanded more money to clothe and feed the soldiers, and here he ran foul of the Centre and the Socialists in the Reichstag. During the election he went about the country delivering addresses on colonial affairs, a thing unheard of in Germany for a Minister of



E. BASSEMAN

Leader of the National Liberals.

the Crown to condescend to address the people direct. The upper classes were shocked, but the people hailed the innovation with delight and rewarded the Minister by smashing the Socialists. After the election Dernburg came back to the Reichstag, and had the satisfaction of seeing his disputed estimate passed by a majority of thirty.

When the present Emperor came to the throne, it was feared by many in Germany, as well as abroad, that he would prove a disturbing element to the peace of the world. He was considered impetuous, vain, arrogant and a determined

autocrat. His first act of importance was to dismiss Bismarck, who had founded the Empire. This seemed to justify his critics, but gradually the people of Germany have learned that while their Emperor may be impulsive, he is very wise; while perhaps vain, he is dignified and of irreproachable character and life; while arrogant, he is just, and a tremendous worker; and while autocratic, he thoroughly believes in his divine right to guide and rule his people, and makes every effort to live up to the part. Whether owing to his influence or not the country has prospered commercially in an astounding manner since his ascension to the throne, the army has developed into the most perfect war instrument on earth, and the national spirit has risen to a patriotism hitherto unknown. There is a growing spirit among Germans that the Reichstag should be clothed with similar powers to those of the English House of Commons and the authority of the Emperor and Bundesrath reduced to that of the English King and House of Lords, but on the other hand many wise ones claim that the country is not yet ripe for such a change and scoff at the idea of Germany being capable of achieving in less than forty years of political life a system which took England centuries to evolve. One thing is certain—the recent signal defeat of the Socialists at the polls has put the reform movement back for many a day in Germany, and possibly as long as the present Emperor reigns the members of the Reichstag will be compelled to be satisfied with the privileges they now enjoy.

Morning and Night

BY KATHERINE HALE

WHEN in the early dawn we slip away,
The sky one pink rose lying on the bay,
The world seems very young to you and me:
As young as love, as laughing and as free.

But oh! at night when we come floating back,
Glooming like shadows on the far moon's track,
How much a part of earth and heaven above,
How old we are, and oh! how old is love!

A Canadian Singer

By THURLOW FRASER

Sketch of Miss Edith J. Miller, contralto, who has won distinction abroad.



It is nothing new to hear of distinguished success achieved by Canada and Canadians, for this is Canada's growing time, a time in which she has attracted more world-wide attention than ever before. But the success we have been winning is mostly material, the success which can be measured by money standards, the success which has come from the exploitation and development of our national wealth of mine and ocean, forest and field.

But it is good to know that Canadians, in the midst of their material successes, are not neglecting art, literature and general culture for their own sakes. And although the demand for the best products of culture is yet so small in Canada that it sends our ablest artists abroad to secure recognition, it is a fact to be proud of that so many of them have achieved fame in the most highly cultivated centres of other lands. One of the latest of these to win such distinction is Miss Edith J. Miller, the Canadian contralto, who has been accorded a most flattering reception in the musical world of London.

Miss Miller's home is in Portage la Prairie, Man., and she is the only surviving child of Mr. W. W. Miller, who has been postmaster in that city for the last twenty-seven years. As a child she gave promise of having a fine voice, and early received musical training from her mother and later in a college which at that time existed in her native town. Afterwards she went to Toronto where, in the Conservatory of Music, she studied under Francesco D'Auria, and won the gold medal for her year.

After teaching for a year in the Winnipeg Conservatory of Music, she followed Signor D'Auria's advice and went

to Europe to continue her studies. In London, under the tuition of Randegger, and in Paris under Madame Marchesi, she made such progress that Col. Henry Mapleson, the impresario, made her a most flattering offer. But she felt that a rest was needed, and returned to Canada.

A short holiday was followed by Miss Miller's début as a prima donna in Toronto, her first concert being given in Massey Hall. Her success was immediate. The *Toronto World* described her song recital as "A decided triumph." The *Mail and Empire* noted her power of interpretation of both the light and serious numbers, and told how she was "applauded and recalled during the evening with spontaneous enthusiasm." Other critics were equally generous in their praise. In every Canadian city where she appeared she had a similar reception.

A brief visit that Miss Miller made to New York resulted in engagements which lasted three years. Out of three hundred applicants she was chosen as contralto soloist in St. Bartholomew's church, often known as the Vanderbilt church. Then she held a similar position in Tomkins Avenue Congregational church, Brooklyn, probably the largest of that denomination in the world.

It was during her stay in New York and Brooklyn that Miss Miller became known to the great audiences that gather at Chautauqua. For a season she filled an engagement there, singing at two concerts weekly.

At one of these an incident occurred which aroused the enthusiasm of the Chautauquans. Lord Aberdeen, then Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Aberdeen, were on the platform. When Miss Miller came out to sing, Lord Aberdeen recognised her at once, and, with-



MISS EDITH J. MILLER

A Canadian contralto whose singing recently was rewarded by a bouquet of flowers from King Edward.

out waiting for her song, hurried across the platform and greeted her most warmly, to the immense delight and enthusiasm of the throng that filled the great auditorium. Miss Miller gracefully responded to his Excellency's greeting by singing some of his favourite Scotch songs.

Wearied with constant and exacting work, Miss Miller returned from New York to her home in Portage la Prairie. There she remained three years. During that time she conducted the choir of Knox church, bringing it up to a very high state of efficiency.

In September, 1904, she again went to

England and, after a period of hard study, gave her first concert there in the Aeolian Hall on November 3rd, 1905. It was under the distinguished patronage of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Minto, and Lord and Lady Strathcona. The concert was a decided success; the musical critics of the great London dailies had very flattering words for the new contralto, their encomiums having hardly one qualifying phrase.

After her initial success in London, Miss Miller made a concert tour of the provinces and of Ireland, returning to London to fulfil many public engagements in leading halls, as well as private engagements in drawing-rooms.

But it is during the present season that the young Canadian singer has achieved her greatest success. The Royal Choral Society, of which H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, is president, and Sir Fredrick Bridge, conductor, chose her as mezzo-contralto soloist in Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*. Of course, in such a selection nothing but merit counts. It was made as the result of exacting tests successfully sustained before Sir Fredrick Bridge and the committee on selection. The *Dream of Gerontius* was rendered in Albert Hall on February thirteenth last. Miss Miller sustained her part so well that, as we learn from English papers, musicians like Sir Hubert Parry, Ffrangcon Davies, and others "overwhelmed her with congratulations."

The following evening, February fourteenth, the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is president, gave their concert in Queen's Hall. At this King Edward was present, and with him the Prince of Wales and a distinguished company of British nobles and foreign ambassadors and diplomats. Miss Miller's rendering of "Gavotte" from *Mignon*, sung in French, produced a double encore.

After her first song, the King sent a bouquet of flowers to Miss Miller, and when the concert was over commanded that she should be presented to him. Both the King and the Prince of Wales

warmly praised the voice and powers of expression of the Canadian singer.

The undoubted position Miss Miller has attained in the musical world is shown by her second engagement with the Royal Choral Society as soloist in Elgar's "Kingdom." These two concerts of the Choral Society are Miss Miller's first appearances in oratorio, and it is a remarkable tribute to her musical skill that she should be chosen as contralto soloist in the two most important oratorio engagements in London this year. With the exception of Madame Albani and Madame Donalda, no other Canadian vocalist has won such recognition. As might be expected, her success has led to many other important engagements for the rest of the season.

Like every other true success, Miss Miller's has been quite as much the result of a genius for hard, persistent work, as of a genius for vocal music. No one understands better than she the necessity for self-discipline, for unremitting care, study and training. Indeed, it is this tireless persistence which is perhaps her chief characteristic.

I take the liberty of quoting a couple of paragraphs from a sketch of Miss Miller's life, and an appreciation of her singing which appeared in *The Gentleman's Journal* (London), of October thirtieth, 1906:

It has been said, and we endorse the statement, that Miss Miller's wonderful gift is evidenced to the highest advantage in oratorio, concert and song recitals; but although generally described as a contralto, she really has a mezzo-contralto voice of fine quality and flexibility, and her singing of a wide range of songs is marked by admirable method and control. She is, too, possessed of dramatic powers of no mean order, whilst her refinement of delivery imparts to every class of song she sings, a spirit of grace and beauty.

Since being in England, she has sung much in many fashionable drawing-rooms. Socially, she is most popular; and, apart from her singing, her natural Western freshness, her vivacity, and charm of conversation have gained her many friends. Both Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie and Mr. Henry J. Wood have given her valuable assistance. Mr. Harold Speed, R.A., has painted her portrait, and it hangs at the Academy this year in the same room in which are exhibited Mr. Colin Forbes' portraits of the King and Queen.

China: A Great Opportunity

By JOHN WADDELL

A review of the situation in China, giving reasons why Canada should extend her trade with that empire.



AS introduction to this article I shall quote from the London *Outlook* on foreign affairs in 1906: "The year has seen China for the first time in half a century in the enjoyment of external security, and it has watched in that colossal empire the resurrection of old ambitions and the stirring of new internal forces. Throughout the eighteen provinces, Japanese influence has made enormous strides. The Middle Kingdom is being intellectually irrigated. She is arming herself; her sons are being encouraged to complete their education abroad; a commission has been touring the world to collect data for the establishment of a Chinese parliament; she is feeling her way towards a handier and more efficient system of government and a greater unity and centralisation in her administrative framework; China for the Chinese has become more than a policy *pour vivre*; the boycott of American goods, the opium edict, the trouble over Sir Robert Hart's position, the disinclination to grant any further concessions to foreigners, the abolition of the examination system, and the rise of a native press, are all tokens that China intends as quickly and as completely as possible to be mistress of her own household. Compared with this mighty *risorgimento* there is only one other event in the calendar of 1906 that deserves more than a moment's consideration. That event, of course, is the summoning and the dissolution of Russia's first parliament."

Since China is about to become one of the great factors in the world's history, it behooves Canadians, as being among her nearest neighbours, to take a vivid interest in her progress.

A few comparisons will help to make our ideas about the country less vague than they unfortunately are in the case of most of us. The Chinese Empire has an area somewhat greater than the United States, with a population about five times as large. By far the most thickly populated part is China proper, which in an area, five-fourteenths of the whole, contains more than thirteen-fourteenths of the population. China proper bears to the rest of the empire somewhat the same relation that Old Ontario does to New Ontario. The United States, including Alaska, has an area of 3,622,933 square miles; Canada, 3,655,946; the Chinese Empire, 4,277,170. Of this area, China proper contains 1,532,420 square miles, with a population of about four hundred and seven millions; the remaining 2,744,750 square miles having a population a little over twenty-six millions.

The Chinese Empire has slightly more than one hundred inhabitants per square mile, while in China proper the number is 266. England and Belgium, the most thickly populated countries in the world, have about 640; the United Kingdom as a whole, 360; Japan, 326; New York State, 148; the whole of the United States about 25; Prince Edward Island, by far the most thickly settled province in Canada, 51; the Dominion as a whole, *two*.

In round numbers the imports of China in 1905 were worth \$335,000,000; of the United States, \$1,180,000,000; of the United Kingdom, \$2,825,000,000; of Canada, \$265,000,000; of Japan, \$250,000,000.

In the same year the exports of China were valued at \$170,000,000; of the United States, \$2,665,000,000; of the United

Kingdom, \$2,035,000,000; of Canada, \$220,000,000; of Japan, \$165,000,000.

One comparison more: In 1905 China had 3,000 miles of railway; the United Kingdom, 38,431 miles; the United States, 212,349 miles; Canada, 20,601 miles.

On all hands one sees and hears of the awakening of China. For centuries she was the fountain of civilisation; for centuries the fountain has run dry. Western nations carried on and perfected the arts and sciences imported from the East. China herself made no advance. The Chinese, however, continued to regard themselves as the aristocracy of the earth and at the highest point of civilisation, and they resisted the entrance of foreigners and foreign inventions. On the one hand there was the pride of the learned class, who gloried in the wisdom handed down through hundreds and even thousands of years; on the other hand, there were the vested interests of millions of poor labourers. The anti-progressive influences are seen conspicuously in the case of railways. Millions of coolies earn a living of five cents a day by carrying merchandise in baskets or wheeling it in barrows. They object to being replaced by a locomotive, which can do the work of thousands of them. Moreover, religious sentiments or superstitions are an important factor. The Chinese people the earth and air with spirits whom they do not worship in a true sense, but whom they regard with terror. On the one hand, they try to conciliate them; on the other, they endeavour to hoodwink and outwit them. They believe that spirits cannot turn a corner, but must move in straight lines. Hence in a house two windows are rarely opposite, lest spirits should pass through, and few roads from one village to another are straight. The Chinese in burying their dead attempt to dodge the spirits, and in choosing a lucky spot will sometimes keep a body for years. Then, no matter how inconvenient or unnatural a place may seem to western ideas, if it fulfils the condition of prospective immunity from the machinations of malignant and designing spirits, *there* the grave is made. Hence there are tombs everywhere scattered all over the coun-

try, and these tombs are so sacred that three dollars or more are demanded, of a railway company for every grave that has to be removed. In the case of one railway forty-six miles long, built in such a manner as to avoid the places most thickly covered with tombs, three thousand graves had nevertheless to be removed, an average of one for every eighty feet. The first railway in China was built by British promoters in 1876. It was fourteen miles long, and so great was the sentiment against it, that no sooner was it completed than it was bought by the Government. The roadbed was torn up and the engines dumped into the river. There were no further attempts at railway building till 1881. By 1905 there were three thousand miles, and there are a number of concessions for building other roads. Most of these concessions were obtained from China forcibly, and are not likely to be added to. The Chinese wish to control their own railways. They bought back from the United States, at what was almost a fanciful figure, the concession for the Canton-Hankow railway, which, in connection with the Hankow-Peking railway, will make one of the longest and most important lines in the country.

Japan and Russia, as a result of the late war, have the largest control of railways, especially in Manchuria. Japan has 669 miles and Russia 967 miles. According to the treaty of peace, each nation is entitled to provide a military guard of fifteen for every kilometre (about twenty-four per mile). This gives Japan 16,032 soldiers in that country and Russia 23,208. The Chinese plenipotentiaries expressed a desire to have the guards removed as soon as possible, and Japan promised to withdraw if Russia would; but Russia will probably not accede to the request. The growth of railways promises to be very rapid. As the superstitious objections are fast disappearing, the commercial advantages are more and more evident. The rate of progress will depend largely upon the financial resources of the Chinese themselves.

China is now following in the course pursued by Japan a generation ago. In

1868 Japan entered upon its new career. Delegates were sent to Europe and America to study the constitution of other countries, and in 1889 a constitutional government was established. Western education was introduced, university professors were imported for a certain number of years, and the military system was remodelled. Meanwhile China kept in her old way, but the war with Japan in 1894-5 seemed likely to bring about a change, and it was the general opinion that if China meant to maintain her position among nations, she must adopt western ideas. She was, however, in the grip of Russia, and, moreover, the official class hoped that the old system would be able to stand against any force that western influence could bring to bear against it. The Russo-Japanese war freed China largely from Russian control, and gave her a lesson in the benefit to Japan of western civilisation. The younger generation of Chinese had recognised that China's defeat in the war with Japan was due to official corruption and to the lack of science such as Japan had derived from the West. The Chinese army was supplied with charcoal instead of gunpowder for the cartridges, and with black beans instead of pebble powder for the shells. The arms purchased from foreign nations were out of date, and were sold to the Government at a ridiculously high figure by the army contractors. The education and training of the officers was such that even the best weapons were of little avail; and it is not to be wondered at that the common soldiers, taking advantage of the lax discipline, deserted whenever they thought fit. So a reform party was started, and its members were increased on account of Germany's seizure of Kiaochow in 1897, and of Russia's consequent demand for Port Arthur, as well as owing to the public discussion of the partition of China. The Emperor in 1898 issued a series of edicts instituting reforms, but the conservative forces prevailed, the Emperor was deposed, and the Dowager Empress seized the reins of power.

The Boxer movement and the repris-

als therefor on the part of the European nations helped forward the reform party. The edicts of the Emperor, promising reforms, were re-issued with additions, and now since Japan's defeat of Russia China is sending out commissioners as the Island Kingdom did forty years ago, with a view to collecting information regarding western modes of government and western civilisation. The Emperor last September issued a decree promising constitutional government when the people should be fit for it.

Of all the outside nations, Japan exerts the most influence. As China sees Japan conquering by a combination of patriotic enthusiasm and scientific appliances, she asks herself why she should not take a place in the world equal or even superior to that of Japan. In order to learn from Japan, China is sending her own men to that country to study, and has obtained Japanese instructors for her schools. In 1897 the Chinese Government sent two students to Japan. After the late war the numbers, which had increased gradually from year to year, made a sudden bound, and a few months ago there were nine thousand Chinese students in Japan, every steamer bringing an additional quota. Students educated in Japan are not required to pass provincial examinations in China, which are preliminary to the final examinations in Peking, the door to the highest official appointments. This means that instead of the futile learning which has for centuries been required of candidates for office, modern education is encouraged. The effect has been also to modify the old system of examination in China itself.

About two hundred Japanese are serving the central and provincial governments of China. Some are teachers in schools and colleges, some are military officers, some are police officers, and some are financial advisers.

Foremost in the progressive movement in China is Yuan-Shih-kai, viceroy of Chih-li, the metropolitan province. He is an enthusiastic advocate of military reorganisation. The army is now national instead of provincial, as hitherto. The reorganisation has begun, and in

a few years there will be half a million men trained for service.

Now that China is abandoning her old futile learning, is changing her military organisation, is introducing railways and steamboats, is beginning to absorb western ideas, is even to some extent changing her diet and mode of living, what are other nations going to do about it?

It is to be noted that the Chinese nation does not contemplate being absorbed by the West. She does not contemplate foreigners gaining control of her transport and her industries, and there is no more talk now of the partition of China than there is of the annexation of Canada to the United States. As our motto is "Canada for the Canadians," so China's motto is "China for the Chinese," but this motto is not coupled as formerly with "down with the foreigners." The foreigner is now recognised as an important consumer of what China has to sell, and a necessary provider of what China wishes to buy.

It is noticeable that the imports are nearly double the exports, the ratio being greater than even in the case of Britain. But these imports are largely for the development of the country, not for buying native produce for export. China's imports are greater than those of Canada though its exports are less. When we consider that the population of China is seventy times the population of Canada, it is evident that her external trade is relatively small. A large country may have a small external trade because it is self-sufficient. The external trade of the United States is less in proportion to its population than that of Canada, but its internal trade is enormous. But notwithstanding its immense internal trade, the external trade of the United States is seven times that of China. It is evident then that if China is to have the civilisation and commerce of the West, there is an unparalleled opening for development in external trade. In 1904 there was an increase as compared with 1903, and in 1905 an increase over the preceding year. It is very noticeable that while the increase in imports from the United

Kingdom in 1905 amounted to twenty-four million dollars, the increase from the United States was over thirty-six million, or rather more than half as much again. This in spite of the boycott against America. There was a subsequent decrease of about ten million dollars in the imports from the United States during 1906, but this was largely due to the small importation of copper, for which there was a special demand in 1905 for coinage purposes. There was also a falling off in cotton, which in 1905 had been imported beyond the demand. In addition, the boycott affected the importation of petroleum.

The cotton trade in China is peculiar. In some departments Great Britain supplies the greater proportion, in others the United States. As an example, over ninety per cent. of gray plain shirtings are from Britain, while nearly ninety per cent. of gray plain sheetings are sent by the United States.

The imports from the United Kingdom have increased greatly during the last twenty-five years, but the imports from other countries have increased at a greater rate. During the decade, 1880-89, the United Kingdom supplied 23.9 per cent. of the imports; during the decade 1894-1903, only 17.3 per cent. This may be due to the growing demand for goods not provided by Britain, which could not compete with the United States in wheat or in copper. It is to be feared, however, that Britain is losing some of the trade which she should retain.

The exports of China have undergone a great change in the last forty years. In 1864, tea formed 58 per cent. of the total export, silk 24 per cent., and raw cotton 12 per cent. The export of cotton was abnormally high, owing to the civil war in the United States. In 1904 silk led with 33 per cent., tea was 12½ per cent., and cotton 10½ per cent. Forty years ago tea and silk combined constituted 82 per cent. of the whole; in 1904 they were only 45½ per cent. The total exports have so increased during the period mentioned that the amount of tea exported in 1904 was greater than in 1864, but now the actual amount is diminishing year by year owing to the

competition of India and Ceylon. The high-water mark for the Chinese tea trade was in 1886, and the quantity exported in 1905 was only about three-fifths of what it was at that date. The export in 1905 was ten million pounds less than in 1904, and in 1904 thirty million less than in 1903. Of the tea consumed in the United Kingdom only $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was Chinese in 1904, and only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1905.

There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the cause of the falling off. By some it is attributed to the primitive methods of cultivation and curing, hand curing being employed in China, while machinery is used in India and Ceylon. By others hand curing is said to be preferable, and the fault is believed to lie in lack of advertising. It is generally admitted that the very highest grades of tea are supplied only by China, no Indian tea selling for more than one hundred dollars a pound, while on several occasions Chinese tea has been sold in London for between two hundred and twenty-five and two hundred and seventy-five dollars a pound.

Though within the last four years silk has passed from the second place to the first among China's exports, yet the industry has of late years declined somewhat. The Chinese silkworm is the best in the world, but latterly disease has attacked both eggs and worms, and practically nothing has been done to remedy the evil, though in other countries it has been successfully combated, and now their silks are superior to the Chinese. While it does not seem likely that the tea trade will ever recover its former position, there is nothing to prevent the silk industry from becoming more valuable in the future than in the past. The two staple industries having fallen off, the one in all probability permanently, the other temporarily, it is fortunate that their place is being taken by a large number of products, none of which approaches silk and tea in value, but all together amount to a considerable sum.

The shipping of China has grown enormously of late. It was about ten per cent. higher in 1905 than in 1904, and it

has more than doubled within nine years. The British tonnage was in 1905 more than the total in 1896, but the British proportion has in that period declined from 65.23 per cent. of the whole to 48.24 per cent. Germany and Japan have made the greatest percentage of advance, but the actual tonnage increase of British shipping is greater than that of Germany and Japan together.

The resources of China are first of all agricultural, but the mining and manufacturing possibilities are great. It is said that every province contains coal, some of them in large quantities, while iron, copper and other ores are found, and will probably be found to a still greater extent as the country is prospected.

The Chinese are to a certain extent changing from rice to wheat, and the probability is that wheat will become more and more important as a food. Manchuria is largely prairie, and can raise wheat sufficient to supply the whole country. The quality compares favourably with that of wheat grown in the United States; probably it is not so good as our best grades. In the meantime the United States trade in flour has grown extensively. The methods of farming in Manchuria have hitherto been very primitive, but there is an enormous tract of country suited to cultivation on a large scale with the most modern implements. Steam ploughs and threshers are, according to the consular reports of the United States, being now introduced.

Americans are pressing into China. The monthly consular reports devote a great deal of attention to the country. The consuls give in detail the condition of trade, point out the openings for American goods, suggest how trade may be wrested from other countries, as for instance, the cotton trade from England, and in every way stimulate to effort. Direct agencies are recommended, not agencies in which other countries are represented as well as the United States. American agents are urged for the principal places, such as Shanghai and Hong Kong, with Chinese sub-agents throughout the country. Emporiums for the display of American goods are proposed, so that the Chinese may see the goods and

not depend upon catalogues, which apparently are not very effective. One consul reports that he found that there were many applicants for catalogues that he was distributing, and he thought that they were doubtless creating an interest in the goods described. He learned on enquiry, however, that the Chinese found the paper of the catalogues useful as insoles for their shoes, liking especially those with the thickest paper. Chinese newspapers have lately been obtaining a very wide circulation, hundreds of new papers having been started, and advertisements of American goods are appearing in them with good result.

It is a question for Canadians to consider what share they are going to take in the rapidly increasing trade with China. We cannot compete in cottons; we cannot compete in many branches of manufacture, but we ought to be able to compete in agricultural implements. We ought to be able to compete in wheat

and flour. We ought to be able to compete in some varieties of fruit. China is almost deforested. A great deal of lumber has gone from Seattle and other American ports. Canada ought to be able to compete in lumber to great advantage. The condensed milk trade is a considerable one. Within just a few years the American export of this commodity to China has grown from zero to \$350,000. The total import is \$800,000. An American firm in Canada has shipped extensively. There is no reason why Canada should not make a profitable trade in this article. A writer in *The Forum* advocates the establishment of American banks in China. Canadian bankers whose reputation is high should be able to aid Canada's trade at least as much as American bankers can that of the United States.

China is nearer to Vancouver than to San Francisco, and with our growing railway facilities we ought to be able to get our fair share of the trade of the Orient.

Lost Illusion

BY LILIAN M. MOWAT

BLUE is the mountain side;
 White is the summer sea—
 My eyes look out through tears
 For the joy that is gone from me.

What was my joy? Ah, well—
 I hardly looked to see:
 Light and gossamer wings,
 Hum of the errant bee.

Touch of the morning air,
 Breath of the currant bloom,
 Green of the breathing pine,
 Yellow of massing broom.


Rose of the dawnlit cloud,
 White of the summer sea,
 Blue of the mountain side—
 These were my joy to me.

My eyes look out through tears;
 But others, I know, will see
 The wonderful, shining face
 Of the joy that is gone from me.

Geneva Burton's Buzzing Party

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

How an innocent prank, a youthful desire for originality, led to embarrassment and finally to an original announcement.

 AM sorry to go off and leave you in this way, Jean," said Mrs. Burton, turning from a hasty descent to the panting motor, beside which the Judge already stood waiting, in begoggled hideousness.

She settled herself on the cushioned seat, and continued: "Nora and Emma will see to everything about the house, and you will have Bessie," with a smile towards the latter, "to stay with you over night. If they had not written so peremptorily about sister Louise's condition, I—"

The car started. "If anything happens, go"—called back Mrs. Burton; but Geneva never learned where she was to go, for the car was bumping down the avenue, like a wicked-looking beetle spitting back steam as it went.

Geneva and Bessie sat on the side steps, looking out on the tennis lawn. Beyond it stretched the orchard. Judge Burton was very proud of its size, and the shapeliness of its row upon row of trees. "You must not go without seeing my orchard," was the frequent remark to visitors. Now it was really beautiful. Each tree seemed enveloped in a cloud of rosy and pearly blossoms, over and through which bees hovered and clambered, humming drowsily. To the girls, sitting disconsolately on the steps, it sounded like the roar of the ocean, beating its ceaseless music on the beach.

"How lonely a house seems after anyone goes away!" broke out Geneva impatiently. "Why, I can just hear the silence in there," with a backward jerk of the head.

Bessie acquiesced by a nod. "It's always like that at home—when Mother or Katherine leave, you know."

Geneva drummed her fingers on the post against which she was leaning. "Everything looks so sleepy and forsaken, I wish we could do something to wake it up. What's the crowd up to?"

"I saw Brackley Shaw at the post office this morning, and he asked the same thing, only he particularised."

Geneva looked conscious. "I wish we *could* do something," she repeated, to hide it. "Can't you think of something, Bessie? You ought to know of something, you go to all the different summer resorts. What do they do there?"

"Why," pondered Bessie, "we go in bathing."

"Of course we can't do that here," interrupted Geneva.

"And dance, and talk, and walk," continued Bessie; "there is always something going on. The time simply flies."

"That doesn't help me much," commented Geneva, crossly. "What I want is something original, and larky, and just heaps of fun."

They were both silent after this, Bessie looking a trifle resentful at the reception of her suggestions, Geneva tapping her toes, and cogitating absently.

Suddenly her face lightened, and she burst into a triumphant laugh, and springing to her feet, gave Bessie an affectionate hug. "Bessie, I've got it, the very thing!" She indulged in more laughter, while Bessie somewhat stiffly extricated herself. "What is it?" she asked coldly.

"Such fun! I couldn't think of a solitary thing, and then as I sat there, looking over at the orchard, it suddenly flashed across me, and I could have

shouted, it was so—so apposite, I suppose Dad would call it."

"What *is* it?" repeated Bessie, her pique melting before her curiosity.

Geneva stopped gesticulating and assumed an air of great gravity.

"A buzzing party," she announced, watching for the effect of her revelation upon her friend. It was disappointing. "What in the world is that?" queried Bessie in bewilderment.

Geneva threw herself down beside her, and poured into Bessie's astonished ears explanations which made her eyes bulge with interest.

"Come on," cried Geneva, as she finished, and they stood regarding each other with feelings of mingled awe, admiration, and daring; "come on, we must begin."



Margaret Burton was Geneva's sister, but, unlike the latter, she was staid and sedate and proper and—much older. To sit in a hammock with a gentleman, for instance, was to her simply unthinkable. She had been in Boston studying music for nearly a year, and as she stepped off the train at Mapleton on this particular evening she realised that it was good to see the little station again and the familiar faces of the station-master and the few old acquaintances, who shook hands so warmly. It was good to be home again. She was experiencing a delicious thrill of anticipation, too, for she was unexpected, and the moment she had so long looked forward to, of stepping in upon her family unannounced, was at hand. As she looked at the little stores and post-office (hadn't they shrunken? Surely they used to be larger) she was meditating upon the fact that every one she had spoken to had seemed so surprised, and almost amused to think she had come. She could understand the surprise, she *was* unexpected, but why the amusement, she asked herself.

"I guess Geneva didn't expect you to-night," one acquaintance had asserted, glancing significantly at her companion.

"No one expected me. It's a sur-

prise. I've never been able to do it before, and—"

"Well, you will this time," the acquaintance turned back to call.

There was a double meaning to it, somehow. It sounded ominous. She hurried on. The church and the old school-house, where she had had the best times of her life. It was turned into a museum now, and full of all sorts of curiosities. She turned a corner, crossed the road, and entering an imposing gateway, hurried up the avenue. Home at last.

The upper part of the house she saw was dark, but several lights shone out from the lower windows. Suddenly she paused. What was that hum? She listened intently. Voices! She went toward them. In the orchard of all places! Suddenly she found herself before a hammock, strung up between two of the trees. A girl she didn't recognise was sitting in it. And as she started to back away, murmuring an apology, Alec Hunter, one of the younger village boys, emerged, and came forward with a somewhat awkward greeting.

"Why, Margaret Burton, how did you get here? This *is* a surprise!" And after a few minutes' conversation, "Judge and Mrs. Burton were called away to Quebec, suddenly, this afternoon, you know."

"Oh," said Margaret, disappointedly, "that must have been what the others meant. Well, Jean is here, isn't she?" and interrupted herself to ask, "But why don't you come into the house, Alec? What is Jean thinking of to leave you out here?"

She glanced at the stranger, and Alec introduced her. "Come right into the house," she repeated, assuming the air of hostess. "I can't think what Jean—"

"Oh, we are all right here, Margaret, thanks; fact is, we—" he stumbled for a word, "we would rather stay out here, don't you know?"

"No, I certainly don't. Why, what nonsense! Ugh, it's chilly, come in, come in!"

Alec glanced at the girl in the hammock, who got up, and they followed

Margaret across the lawn toward the house, talking commonplaces.

A sound caught Margaret's ear. "What's that?" she inquired, stopping short. Alec tried to hurry her on. "I'm sure I heard some one talking behind that tree."

She circled round it, and saw another hammock with two more occupants. It was a girl, this time, who extricated herself. "Why, Margaret Burton, you don't mean to say that you've got back to-night!"

"It seems to surprise everybody," smiled Margaret.

"Well, I should think so," said the other, kissing her. "Seen Geneva yet?"

"No, I've just come."

"I'll go and get her. You'd better stay here."

Margaret turned to Alec Hunter. "There is something very queer about things here, what is it?" she asked, anxiously.

"Better wait until Geneva comes back," he returned uneasily.

"Well, it's very queer," she repeated.

Geneva came running out of the door and down the steps, which they had by this time reached, and flung her arms round her sister's neck. "Well, Madge, of all things; this is a surprise to-night!"

"That is what everybody says," plaintively observed Margaret, somewhat mollified by the sight of her extremely pretty sister; "but why is it particularly surprising to-night?"

Geneva flashed a look at Alec Hunter, who slowly shook his head.

"Come into the house, dear."

A peal of laughter rang out, and then died away again, in the precincts of the orchard.

Margaret stopped determinedly. "Jean, what is going on here? What are all the girls doing out in the orchard at this time of night? Why, the dew must have fallen, and it's chilly."

The two girls protested, faintly, that it was "lovely," while the boys looked sheepish.

"We are having a buzzing party," threw out Geneva, somewhat defiantly. "I didn't know that you were coming

to-night, or of course I would not have planned it."

"A 'buzzing party'? Geneva, are you out of your senses? What is a 'buzzing party'?"

"Can't you hear them?" retorted Geneva, with a wave of the hand toward the orchard, from which the distant murmur of voices floated; "they are all at it—buzzing."

Margaret turned to Gertrude. "What does the child mean?"

"Why, you see, it's a new kind of a party. The hostess, Geneva, asks all the girls to come and bring the boys they are—oh, you had better explain it, Geneva."

"No, go on, you are doing it beautifully."

"Well, each one brings along the one who is 'rushing' her, don't you know, and she, Geneva, has hammocks put in various places throughout the orchard, and when she, Geneva again, rings a bell we all go off to our different hammocks, two and two, you know, and talk, or 'buzz,' till she rings the bell again, at about eleven, when we all come in and have refreshments and things, and dance or play games, or sing, don't you know? It's quite simple, you see," ended Gertrude, gaining courage as she saw the interest, as she interpreted it, with which Margaret listened to her recital.

She was rather abashed, therefore, when the latter said in a firm, appallingly calm voice, "This must be stopped immediately."

This edict drew forth such an outcry, and so many explanations and promises, and wheedlings, that Margaret was finally, and very unwillingly, cajoled into letting the "buzzing" proceed.

"Are you—er—doing it, too?" she inquired, avoiding the obnoxious name, as she turned coldly to her sister.

"He's waiting now—Brackley Shaw."

"Whatever put it into your head I can't imagine," wailed Margaret.

In the little dip where the orchard connected with the south end of the garden, Geneva found Brackley Shaw swinging moodily, and slapping viciously at mos-

quitoes. As her figure emerged from the surrounding trees, he resigned his seat to her, and leaned sulkily against one of the gnarled limbs.

"Why didn't you call this a mosquito party?" he inquired; "their's is the only buzzing I have heard this last half-hour. They have kept me fairly well entertained—and employed," he supplemented with a savage thrust at the invisible foe.

"You wouldn't talk like that if you knew what I had been going through," said Geneva dejectedly, as she sank into the depths of the hammock.

"Why, what have you?" he returned in surprise. "Nothing happened, I hope?"

"Happened! Madge has come!"

"Madge," repeated Brackley perplexedly.

"My sister Margaret, you know?"

Brackley gave vent to a low whistle. "You didn't expect her, then?" he asked somewhat superficially.

"Expect her? I should think *not!*"

Brackley reflected. "How did she take it?"

Geneva shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"What did she say?" pursued her interlocutor, curiously.

"What didn't she!"

"You are very communicative, I must say," grumbled Brackley.

Geneva suddenly became deeply absorbed plaiting the fringe of the hammock. "Well, for one thing, she said it wasn't—proper."

Brackley laughed. "Well, it is rather—rather funny, you know."

Geneva flared up. "I thought you said it was a brilliant idea, that you wondered how I ever thought of it."

"So I did—wonder."

"Now, if that isn't exactly like a boy; whirl right round the minute anything unpleasant turns up."

Several replies occurred to Brackley, but he rejected them in favour of silence.

"Nothing has turned out as I expected," sighed Geneva, after a moment of it, which she spent in idly swinging, Brackley in peeling the bark from the tree. "I suppose you are having just a horrid time, and are wishing you hadn't come."

"Now don't go to supposing anything so absurd as that. What I *was* thinking, though, was that seeing that your sister has come, you might like to see her alone, and that it is up to us chaps to wander home."

He unfolded this scheme somewhat tentatively, uncertain how she would take it. His fears proved correct.

"Of course if you want to go," she began.

"Now, there you go. I don't 'want.' This place is an Eden, with the apple blossoms out like this, and you are—"

"Now, don't say I am an Eve—why I am, am I not?" she broke off to exclaim.

"Dear me," she went on, presently. "I knew there was something I ought to do—the ice cream."

"What about it?"

"Why, to see if it froze all right. I rushed off when I heard Madge come, and—you will be all right here, won't you?"

"Not much, you don't. Hereafter, where thou goest I shall go."

The stars had come out. Like those wonderful ones which burn in India, they were not, as Kipling writes, "all pricked in on one plane, but, preserving an orderly perspective, drew the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred gates of heaven itself." Framed by the picturesque, criss-cross, flowering branches, with now Orion, now Cassiopea, now the Great Dipper, as principal, they made myriads of enchanting pictures. The soft flutter of the fragrant petals, as they floated down like fairy boats to their anchorage of green, permeated the orchard like a half-audible sigh.

As the two tip-toed towards the house, they were surprised to see a light flitting between the trees at the farther end of the garden. "That can't be a buzzer," observed Brackley, as Geneva darted a little in advance to look, "for lights are strictly contrary to the rules you read out." "Sh!" murmured Geneva, "come on," and she ran to the kitchen steps, where she sank down, helpless with stifled laughter.

"Don't you see," she explained to

her puzzled cavalier, "it's Margaret? She thinks it's awful, and the poor dear has got a lantern and is going round hunting up all the buzzers. Oh, my, oh, my! Can't you imagine how ill at ease and foolish they will all look? I vow every one will say, "What a surprise; how glad Geneva must have been to see you!"

"See here, if your sister doesn't like it, I think we ought to clear out."

"No such thing. And I will be mortally offended if you go. Of course at first it seemed a little—"

"Yes," assented Brackley, readily.

"But she doesn't really mind, not really, you know. Now for the ice cream."

She provided herself with two teaspoons, and they were speedily in the shed, Brackley removing the bags and ice. Geneva dipped out two spoonfuls. "Isn't it freezing beautifully?" They raised their spoons simultaneously, their eyes seeking each other for the verdict.

"Too sweet," commented Geneva.

"Just right," contradicted Brackley, emphatically, and added, "peachy."

"Oh, do you really think so? I am so glad. I was afraid—" But she didn't say what she was afraid of.

They re-covered the freezer carefully.

"Now, what's your next move?"

"Refreshments. But what am I to do with you?"

"Where thou goest, oh Buzzeress, there go I."

"Oh, you said that before. Do be original if you can't be anything—" she broke off laughing. "I forgot you were not Bessie."

"Pleasant for Bessie, I must say."

"Oh, she doesn't mind. See here, do you want to be useful?"

"As well as ornamental; just try me."

"Good boy; it would help me heaps if you would bring in some of that short wood and make roaring fires in the hall and drawing-room grates; I expect they are most out."

They *were* most out. And by the time Brackley had coaxed the flickering flame into a big, hearty blaze, Geneva had spread the dining-room table with a tempting array of cakes, cookies, home-

made candy, etc., and was on her knees before the china closet, counting out saucers for the ice cream.

Brackley took a knife and flourished it over the table. "All right to abstract a chunk from this virgin cake, I suppose?"

Geneva, turning, nearly dropped the saucers at the sight.

"Brackley Shaw!" she cried, horrified, "if you touch that cake, I'll never, never—"

"Oh, well, if you are so particular."

His eye roved appraisingly over the table. "What about these thingum-gigs; no objection to my testing some of them, is there?"

Geneva, who had now risen, pushed the plate toward him, as if he were some wild animal to be appeased, and she was thankful the price was no greater. "One would think you were starving," she contented herself with saying.

"So I am, so I am; buzzing is no end of a hungry game."

He possessed himself with alacrity of two or three Mocha cakes, and lounged round the room munching them.

"Rather good, this, of the old codger."

Geneva was counting spoons. "Yes," she assented absently. Then glancing up. "Well, I like your 'rather good.' That painting," she spoke with an impressiveness intended to convey reproach, and in unconscious imitation of her father's manner, "that painting was done by Friedmont, and is considered *wonderful*, and worthy of *any* gallery."

Brackley chuckled.

"Now I think *everything* is ready. And if you will take the gong out and call them—"

When Brackley returned no one was in sight. "I say, Geneva, where are you?" he called in some alarm.

"Sh!" came a muffled voice from Judge Burton's study, which was in darkness, "come in here if you want to see the funniest sight. Be careful," as he stumbled against a table. "There, isn't that perfectly killing? The buzzers!"

From every part of the orchard, little groups of twos and threes were emerging upon the lawn. Some of the couples still held themselves apart, talking earn-

estly; but for the most part they all mingled in one big, slow, houseward-moving mass. Margaret Burton could be distinguished in their midst, her head momentarily turning from the girl, whose arm was closely linked in her own, to the tall youth, on the other side, who had possessed himself of her lantern, which he was swinging carelessly as he talked.

"Jove, hear them buzz!" ejaculated Brackley, laughing.

"And isn't that Madge all over? She didn't like the idea a little bit, yet is doing her best to make it go off all right. And when they come in you'll see she will be just as sweet, and sing, and play for us to dance. We are not a speck alike," she concluded regretfully.

Brackley could find no consoling word to offer and was silent. Geneva continued:

"When I was a youngster I used to try so hard to be like her. I would say to myself, 'Now for one day I will be perfectly good,' and would go round smiling, and doing kind little things, you know."

"Well, how did it work?" queried Brackley, doubtfully.

A flash of humour crossed Geneva's face. "They all thought I was sick, and pestered me with questions as to where the pain was," she admitted with a reminiscent smile. "I guess I was never meant to be good," she added mournfully.

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed Brackley, grasping his opportunity. "I wouldn't want you to be as good as all that, you know."

"Sh! They are coming."

"I want you to be just as you are."

"Come on. They'll be in first."

"But I want to say something," holding her hand.

"We haven't time, or we'll have to walk out like ninnies after they've got in."

"It's too late now, anyway, to get out before them."

"It's awfully awkward, isn't it?"

"Not so very. I tell you what we'll do," and Brackley straightened his shoulders back, as the idea settled: "We'll walk out just as we are, hand in hand, and it will be an original 'announcement'."

And they did, Geneva blushing delightfully.

The Wealth of Nature's Son

BY OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

THE summer winds blow soft across the hay;
 The scent of gardens lingers in the air;
 The robin's fluting wood-notes sing a lay
 Of clouds with lining silvered, free from care.
 The orchards and the meadows, pink and white,
 The deep-greened verdure of a tree's first bloom,
 The ripened fruit, unfolding to the light,—
 Reflect their mellowed joy from Nature's womb.

Through fields of virgin, bending, golden grain,
 Through byways o'er a path of stubble straw,
 Through railed fence and down a shady lane,
 By forests, brooklets, hedges, thorned and raw,
 Through sunny days and days of darkened hopes,
 Through life's rough journey to the other shore,
 Through blackened ashes up to shining slopes,—
 God keeps the farmer from the City's poor.

Canada First

By WILLIAM HOWARD STEVENS

Love of money has been replacing love of country, but a softening of racial asperities may counteract it.



HAVE no wish to satirise Canadians who believe that Canada is their home-land; this is a word that by the sacred ties of birth and relationship appeals to their hearts in their innocent love of home, and arouses impassioned feelings if any scapegrace ridicules their patriotic love of Canada. But the almighty dollar has such an influence as to make its inroad into the heart and hoodwink the most patriotic. The great tempter, in many ways plys his insidious trade upon the would-be Canadian, who, before he is aware of it, becomes entangled in the cunningly laid meshes.

When our young men become politicians their patriotic interest for native land is frequently swamped in the nefarious relationship. On occasions they may burst forth into eloquent acclaims for their home-land, but the evil genius of political partisanship and selfish ambition so blind moral faculty that patriotic love becomes merely an insipid platitude.

The Christian ministry and school-teachers, and higher college professors who have received their education in Canada, consider to some extent that a patriotic love of the home-land, in view of the broader principle of education and religion, is only a secondary matter. Where education and religion make for unison in the development of the mind and more honourable and better inclination of the heart, their bias is to prevent any barriers between peoples who are kept apart by accident. These are the excuses that education and religion offer when the wealthier people put forth the bait of larger salaries for their services. Of course, I do not say that this is why Christian ministers and educationists have left Canada for the United States,

but it is none the less a fact that they have left the less richer field of labour for the country of greater inducements of pecuniary gain and advancement.

Notwithstanding some doubts as to the effect of denationalising Canadians in the United States, business inclined young Canadians and working classes are there in the thousands, and have doubtless to a large extent become citizens of that country. I know of friends and acquaintances who went to the United States some years ago, and have counted themselves since to be citizens of that country, and doubtless many others can be found in Canada who can say the same thing. They too have relatives who have left Canada for the States, and who are now citizens of that country. Of course, the reason of this change is a pertinent question worthy of consideration. The blunders of the home Government, officialdom, partisan and unprincipled politicians and racial discord and ambition may have hindered Canada's progress.

Whatever was the root cause of the confederation of the several provinces it was the first step to a progressive spirit, and it gave some young Canadians the impression that Canada was for Canadians. I remember attending a meeting held in the Agricultural Hall, corner of Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto, for the formation of a Young Canada Party. In some of the young men at that meeting the spirit was willing for the new party, but there were present some young politicians who harassed the Young Canada enthusiasts and broke up the meeting. And George Brown through *The Globe* put a final damper on the ardent spirits of the Young Canada Party.

The more staid business men and politicians looked upon the Young Canada

Party as an enemy to the home Government, and it was therefore considered separatist and ultimately annexationist to the United States, Canada's destiny according to the views of Dr. Goldwin Smith, who has used his pen and influence to accomplish that end. Though the gentleman was considered and derided as a traitor, he evidently was sincerely honest in his views.

Though several of the Provinces were confederated they appeared to him only as a rope of sand, and the racial difference in Quebec Province was to him an obstacle to a harmonious unity of the Canadian people; and, as a liberal observer, doubtless, he knew that the Tory Party outside of home Government officialdom took very little interest in Canada, and where there was any difference between Canada and the United States the authorities treated Canada's interests in a secondary light. We need only refer to the boundary disputes and settlements and the undercurrent influence that caused the United States arbitrators to be rather stiff against the commissioners appointed by Canada in the settlement of disputes between the two countries.

Since Dr. Goldwin Smith first gave out those views of Canada's destiny the progress made by Canada and the change in her relationship within and without should, I think, have modified his viewpoint. However, though the gentleman's views may not be acceptable to patriotic Canadians, he is honourably above board in expressing them.

Can Carnegie's gifts of large sums of money for the building of public institutions in Canada have an unbiassed honesty of purpose about them? Carnegie may be an honourable man, and those accepting his gifts may be honourable men, but, looked at through the lens of a truly patriotic glass, can it be perfectly justified? I may be considered oversensitive in my scruples, but yet there is to my view a taint with the influential almighty dollar that is unsavoury. Carnegie's desire to have Canada united to the States must be certainly well known by those Canadian gentlemen who have accepted his gifts. He has advised the Canadian people to forsake their Cana-

dian patriotism and throw in their destiny with the people of the United States. And it must be of pure selfishness on his part in the interest of the States that he so desires it. For a man of his capabilities must be aware of the treatment of selfishness that Canada has received on different occasions for the purpose of forcing Canada to the wall and into annexation. Since Mr. Carnegie sees that force through the selfish policy of the United States will not do the work, it becomes to him the pleasant duty of playing the benevolent part.

To look straight at the position, one cannot help being impressed that there is an undercurrent influence to weaken Canadian patriotism in favour of this gentleman's desires. For surely his giving of such large sums of money cannot be without its softening influence his way. It is useless for the receivers of such gifts to appeal to one's common sense, that it is not an influence in favour of the donor and his desires. The influence of money is the same now as when Paul told of its baneful force. It does influence and weaken Canada's patriotism with many plausible arguments.

Our pulpit orators as well as our politicians, our business men and our newspaper writers, are often the victims of its influence. Business success rather than patriotic love and interest for the homeland is the first matter to be considered, and thus too often the foreigner and the unscrupulous Canadian work in harmony for the sale of the precious birthright. By some of our leading lights we have the epithet hurled at Canada: "Only provincialists," who are in duty bound to the mother-land for the succour received from her. Self-preservation is a human law that every sensible person follows, and in following out this law he allows his experienced judgment to guide him in his special interests. If there is the trait of home affection in his breast, the parent will get the honourable attention a motherly loving-kindness demands, consistent with the son's ability to render to her his service. As a child he thinks as a child, but as a son who has gained experience in life he allows his actions to be governed by the situation with which he is surrounded.

His affection for the mother-land is the affection of a son rather than that of a child; the affection of the child for the parent is still throbbing in his bosom, but he being married to the own-land centres his affections in a first duty to the interests of his own-land. Canada is his home, and it should therefore have his first consideration.

In this light then every true Canadian must think whether a binding relationship with the mother-land, with all its responsibilities attached, would be beneficial to Canada's up-growth and solidarity into a prosperous and worthy commonwealth. Canada wants no first mortgage from the mother-land. True Canadians should, I think, have high ideals in the political and moral construction of the Dominion. While Canadians respect and even love their neighbours and are consistently loyal to the mother-land, both will receive as much of his duty as is consistent with his position. Canadian liberty in these days of intelligent respect must be thoroughly understood; it must not be of the narrow conception of a business, political or religious duty, as is understood. It must be distinguished by its thorough knowledge of the dividing line of selfish license and human liberty.

Great Canadians have allowed the impression to go broadcast that Canada's evolutionary up-growth and solidarity will be best gained by the stern lessons of our environment of race and religion. We are confederated into States and are fast being taught to borrow ideas for our development with equal impartiality from sources apparently opposite. And thus there is the apparent dividing line of race and religion; and, although our politicians are mostly ambitiously selfish and partisanly narrow, and in some cases corrupt, our leaders are learning to distinguish between the liberty of right living and a licentious selfishness.

Canada is peopled with two dominant races different in their mental and religious ideas of public duty, yet with this difference, there is seen a growing harmony in their party political councils in the public interest. Both the English-speaking and the French-speaking leaders of

the people feel it to be a first duty to ally themselves with the political party congenial in political aspirations with their conception of national government. Thus wise harmony of views in the course of time will grow into the status of a worthy commonwealth. The assimilation of races is a very touchy subject, yet who dare say that such a thing may not occur in Canada. The conscience, intelligent and unfettered, and a true liberty of the mind to think, may work marvels in harmonising many differences. Abuses may follow in the trail of party government, yet in the case of party government in Canada good results are seen in the two races putting aside their social prejudices and allowing themselves as party friends to think and work together in the country's interests. It can be seen that jealousy on occasions has been cast aside in the choice of leaders. We know of the Cartier-Macdonald Government, and today we have the Laurier leadership, softening down the asperities of the race and creed, and in due time, by honesty of purpose and wisdom in the leaders of the two races, we may become a people with a oneness of national aim. Canada has been unfortunate in her outbursts of patriotic sentiment. There has been no one sufficiently big of heart and eloquent of love of country to give a lasting impression for the warming and moulding of the young Canadian mind into a real love for his native land.

However, the general Canadian people are so engrossed by the influence of the infatuating dollar, that they allow patriotism of native land to become a huge joke with selfish outsiders from over the lakes doing business in Canada. The absence of patriotic self-respect seems on occasions to be lacking in their business callings. It is not a matter with the general run of our business men whether my country shall be considered as well as myself in my business dealing. There is no patriotism with them in business. Self is the chief end in life, regardless of the character of the business engaged in, and thus we have the unfeeling monopolist and the increasing millionaire infesting business with anti-patriotism.

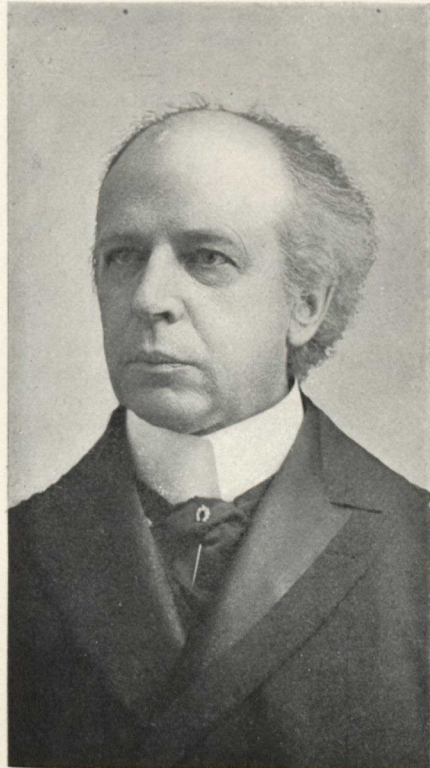
The Imperial Conference

By F. A. ACLAND

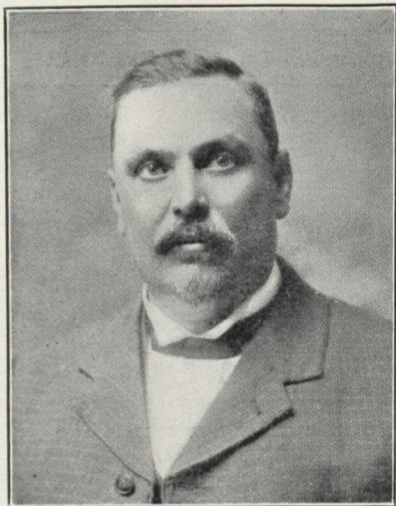
An illuminating essay, showing the uncertainties and incongruities of Empire-building.

BEFORE these lines are printed the Imperial Conference at London will be well under way. The title by which the gathering is known is somewhat high-sounding and perhaps somewhat misleading, in so far as it suggests a conference of powers of equal rank, which it certainly is not, but it is in any case a phrase of fateful import, and marks an interesting stage in the evolution of the British Empire. What will follow it or replace it we do not know, and it is useless to conjecture. Ten or fifteen years may completely change the aspect of the Imperial horizon. It has happened so before. In 1763, Benjamin Franklin ridiculed the idea that the American colonies could ever dream of severance from England, and combatted thus the arguments of those other British statesmen of his day who would have preferred to accept from France in settlement of English claims the island of Guadeloupe as a safer as well as possibly more valuable addition to the Empire; in 1776, thirteen years later, he lent his great influence to the work of exterminating the name of Britain on the American continent. The tendency of the present age is in a contrary direction, fortunately for the prospects of the Empire. Had an Imperial Conference been possible in 1775 the situation might perhaps have been saved; but it was not possible in any modern sense of the phrase, and the process of Empire-building had to start afresh. True, it is but a little over a hundred years since Franklin and Washington were on the stage of action, but they are as remote from us as Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror were from them. We have crowded a thousand years into the century. Not that it has been done deliberately.

Nothing else was possible after the wizardry of modern science had lifted from the eyes of mankind the scales that had kept it purblind through all the past, so that for the first time it really beheld the world and plunged straightway into a riot of prodigal achievement and wasteful wonder-working from which it has not yet emerged. We are working to-day along all lines of thought and action towards that coherent heterogeneity which Spencer de-



SIR WILFRID LAURIER
Nestor of the Imperial Conference



GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA
Premier of the Transvaal.

clares to be the ultimate goal of all things. It is an age of organisation, of co-operation, of wise and intelligent compromise. Of evolution in the political domain, our own Confederation is an excellent example, that of the Australian Commonwealth is a second, that of South Africa, to which Prime Minister Botha of the Transvaal has publicly committed himself, will be a third, and there are other examples elsewhere; that of the organisation of the Empire, should it come, will be the greatest of all.

A swifter change and a more agreeable one than that of Franklin, is that which transforms General Botha from the leader of the Boer forces against Britain, into a peaceful Colonial Premier, bound to Westminster to debate with his peers how best to promote the unity and greatness of the Empire into which he was so unkindly jostled by Kitchener not yet half a decade ago. Well may *Punch* evoke from the shade of Kruger the ejaculation in echo of his famous warning—"These English stagger humanity!"

But in face of changes so swift and sudden on the one side and the other, one may well refrain from endeavouring to forecast the situation as it may be in 1917 or 1920, much less to undertake to say whether the Imperial Con-

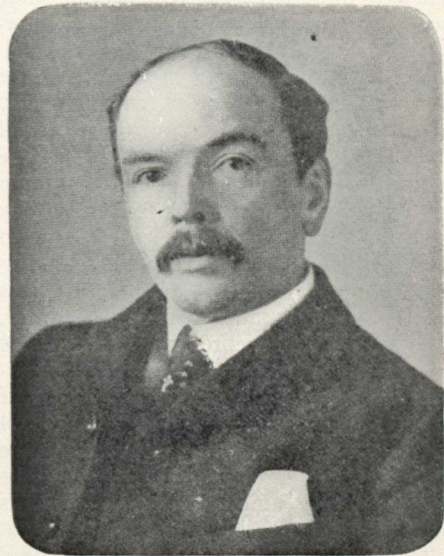
ference of this century is the forerunner of an ordered Empire of the next—or sooner, or whether it will once more shrivel into nothingness at the rude touch of dissension or crisis, and vanishing like Prospero's vision, "leave not a wrack behind."

In the meantime, the Conference to which the Imperial Government has invited the Premiers of the great self-governing colonies is a very substantial and practical reality, even though we may not see how, still uninvested with more than the shadow of authority, it is to accomplish anything in particular. It is, in fact, in all probability doing more actual good to the Empire in its present condition of forced passivity than it could achieve by the most ardent activity, for it is always possible that the activity may be in the wrong direction. Labouring under the disability of practical impotence, it is still a magnificent object lesson to the world. Though the Premiers gathered to-day at Westminster from the very ends of the earth are able to do little more than talk, their friendly presence there in the shadow of the walls of England's own ancient legislature, merely to confer, is in itself evidence in ample measure of the general soundness of the relations of the various parts of the Empire to the great central core, of the various members of the body to the heart; and if further testimony to the same effect is needed, we find it in the statement of our own Prime Minister, who, when twitted by the Opposition Leader with having refrained from indicating any special problems of Empire for discussion at the Conference, replied in effect that the existing conditions were perfectly satisfactory; if Sir Wilfrid had added "for the present," his proposition would have received the widest assent. It is the future and not the present that gives concern to any. Empire, as Bacon tells us, "is a thing rare and hard to keep," and the more eager minds among us are forever wrestling with this problem in the thousand forms in which it presents itself. To measure the true greatness of that Empire we have but to realise how paltry, beside the gathering of the leaders of the nations that Britain has planted over the

earth—nations still so largely one with her in blood and sentiment, in joy and sorrow, in ambition and glory—would appear the utmost display that might be attempted by any rival race. What would not Germany give to see such a conference assembling in Berlin, or France, if a brilliant group of over-sea French Premiers might meet at Paris? But the irony of history has determined that the only over-seas Premier of French blood and tongue should be wedded to British ideals and British institutions, and should constitute the shining figure of the British Imperial group; and Germany, if she looks closely at the Conference, may also find there in Botha, a distinguished figure, representing in blood and speech a race kindred to herself, but adding his fame now to the lustre only of the British name.

Turning to the Conference ourselves, we find in it on behalf of the colonies, seven Premiers, the first ministers of Canada, Australia, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal and the Transvaal. Of the seven, the best known figure, not only to Canadians, but to the British world at large, is the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has now attended three of these picturesque Imperial gatherings, and will be the Nestor of the Conference. To the English people Sir Wilfrid Laurier has always appealed with peculiar interest, his double personality of French and English typifying with a special vividness the elasticity as well as the illimitability of the British Imperial system. With the appearance of General Botha in the circle of Premiers, Sir Wilfrid will find a rival in popular interest, and the public a new illustration of these qualities. The fact that he was so lately an open foe will add to the piquancy of his appearance as an Imperial counsellor. Next in interest, no doubt, will rank Dr. Jameson, the Cape Colony Premier, lieutenant ten years ago of Cecil Rhodes, and achieving a world-wide notoriety of doubtful value by his rash and unsuccessful raid into the Transvaal, from which incident there could be no ultimate outcome but war; his present position, as Premier of the colony, shows, at least, that he did not alienate the sympathy of

the British people of the Cape either by his attempt or his failure to capture the Boer capital with a guard of 600 men. The incident will bring Jameson little credit to-day with the British public, but fortunately for him it has been forgotten in the memory of the titanic struggle to which it was the prelude. As for the other Premiers, they are less generally known than the three I have indicated. Seddon, of New Zealand, "Dick Seddon," as the workingmen of his country loved to call him, for of all colonial statesmen, this ex-English miner seemed truest to their cause and most effective as their friend, is gone, dying a year ago as unconventionally as he had lived; in his stead, at the Conference, is Premier Ward, somewhat less rugged in type, and less impressive through the Empire at large; Premier Deakin, of Australia, whose constituency is second only to that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's among those represented at the Conference, is again a comparatively new figure, replacing at the Conference that of Premier Barton, who presided over the destinies of the Commonwealth during its earliest and most difficult years. The other Premiers are those of Natal and Newfoundland, smaller colonies, whose leaders move in a field of



DR. JAMESON
Premier of Cape Colony.



SIR J. G. WARD
Premier of New Zealand.

action too limited to bring their personalities before the world.

Apart from the value of the Conference as an evidence to the nations of the substantial unity of the scattered Empire, despite the fact that it is unorganised, there is undoubtedly a very special value also in the occasional or periodical intercourse of the Premiers of the various colonies with each other. It cannot fail, for instance, to strengthen Botha in his new allegiance to Britain to find the chiefs of Britain's far-flung Empire so devoted, one and all, to the ideal of an enduring union of its various parts, though they may differ as to the steps to be taken, or even as to whether any steps need be taken immediately for the achievement of this ideal. Looking at Sir Wilfrid Laurier, like himself the representative in blood of another race than Britain's; like himself, also, the representative, politically, of two races of diverse types, Botha may well feel that he has in no way narrowed the outlook of his own people, nor limited the scope of their ambition, by pledging his word that they shall remain within an Empire of such breadth and freedom. So, too, the three Prime Ministers from South Africa, Botha, again, with Jameson of

Cape Colony, and F. R. Moor of Natal, may receive from Laurier and Deakin, the representatives of two great colonial confederations, some further impulse in the direction of that South African Confederation which must come before the real progress to unity and prosperity of the vast Southern sub-continent can begin. Friendly, informal conference, face to face, on such matters, among the men who united a few years ago in pouring their legions of improvised soldiery into the then unconquered country of Botha, must go far to aid the novices to the Imperial faith in acquiring confidence in the new outlook that has opened before them within the Empire, as also in leading the unfederated colonies in the direction of that same "coherent heterogeneity,"—to quote that wonderful phrase again, which Canada and Australia have respectively attained in their confederations. On a host of smaller matters, much good may come about, indirectly and directly, from the present Imperial Conference, but it will result from the informal rather than the formal discussions that may occur in connection with it.

The moment we touch the more formal part of the programme outlined by the Secretary for the Colonies, we touch also the crux of the real problem of Imperialism, so far at least as it presents itself to the Imperialist of what we may call the more advanced or native type. Certainly the modest topics which Lord Elgin specifies as matters for discussion, viz.: (i) The constitution of the Conference, (ii) emigration to the colonies, (iii) naturalisation, and (iv) the method of ordering ammunition from this country, are innocent enough in their appearance, with the possible exception of the first, which, in the hands of Chamberlain, might pre-empt an intention of radically changing the character of the Conference, but which with Lord Elgin and Mr. Winston Churchill at the Colonial Office, does not probably indicate any desire to increase materially the powers or responsibilities of the periodical gathering of Premiers. Nevertheless, under this head will come up at the instance of the Colonial Secretary, the question of the desirability of extending the scope of the Conference, and

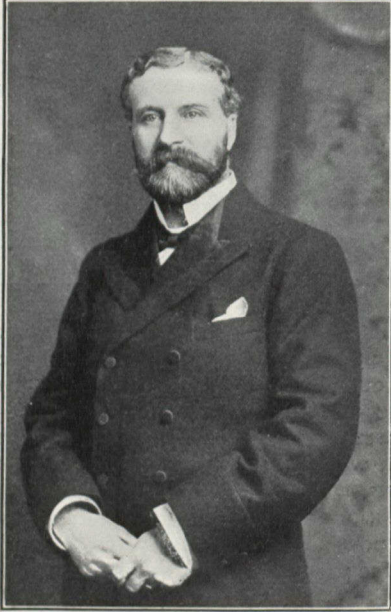
whatever may be the attitude of Lord Elgin, it is not unlikely that from some quarter may come the suggestion of transforming the body into an Imperial Council. Much may hang on a name, and there would be no object in a change of name unless it involved something further. The proposition appeared first officially in a communication sent by Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the predecessor of Lord Elgin in the Colonial Secretaryship, to the Colonial Ministries in 1905, and figures now on the agenda because of this fact. The attitude of the Dominion Government on the question was indicated clearly in a report prepared by a committee of the Canadian Privy Council, otherwise the Dominion Government, in reply to Mr. Lyttelton's despatch. Hitherto, it must be remembered the gathering had been known as the Colonial Conference. The Canadian Government discussed the matter on these terms, the letter being, of course, forwarded through the Governor-General: "Your Excellency's advisers are entirely at one with His Majesty's Government in believing that political institutions may often be wisely left to develop in accordance with circumstances, and, as it were, of their own accord, and it is for this reason that they entertain with some doubt the proposal to change the name of the Colonial Conference to that of the Imperial Council, which they apprehend would be interpreted as marking a step distinctly in advance of the position hitherto attained in the discussion of the relations between the mother country and the colonies. As the committee understands the phrase, a Conference is a more or less unconventional gathering for informal discussion of public questions, continued, it may be, from time to time, as circumstances external to itself may render expedient, but possessing no faculty or power of binding action. The assembly of Colonial Ministers which met in 1887, 1897 and 1902, appears to the committee to fulfil these conditions. The term Council, on the other hand, indicates in the view of your Excellency's Ministers, a more formal assemblage, possessing an advisory and deliberative character, and in conjunction with the word Imperial, suggesting a permanent institution which, endowed with a continuous life, might

eventually come to be regarded as an encroachment upon the full measure of autonomous legislation and administrative power now enjoyed by all the self-governing colonies. The committee, while not wishing to be understood as advocating any such change at the present time, incline to the opinion that the title 'Imperial Conference' might be less open to the objections they have indicated than the designation proposed by His Majesty's Government."

This is a concise and closely reasoned argument against the use of the term "Council," and equally against conferring on the Conference any increase in powers beyond those possessed at present, which, as the document quoted suggests, are practically nil. Obviously the creation of a body with any formal rights or powers involves a long step in advance of the present position, and strikes, in fact, at the root of the whole question of Imperialism. It is necessarily complicated with the questions of defence and participation in expenditure and control of expenditure, on which every public discussion in this country shows the widest variations of view, and concerning which it cannot be said that there is any settled con-



HON. ALFRED DEAKIN
Premier of Australia.



SIR R. BOND
Premier of Newfoundland.

crete expression of sentiment. There are many who would urge Canada forward to share in the burdens of Britain and participate also in her responsibilities. But when the situation is examined at close quarters, it is evident such a thing cannot be. Britain will not, dare not, allow any real control of her armaments to pass out of her own hands, and in the absence of any real share in control, no colonial premier dare ask for any considerable subsidy from his country. But it is by no means unanimously conceded that Canada owes it as a duty to contribute to the military expenditure of Britain, directly or indirectly. Any expenditure incurred by Britain on account of any of the self-governing colonies, should be without doubt repaid. The colony for whom the expenditure is incurred should be consulted if possible; the mother country might safely be allowed a certain latitude in this respect. But when we come to enquire what this figure would reach, it must be infinitesimal. Few of us stop to think that if Canada went out of the Empire to-morrow, Britain would not be able to lessen her expenditure by a shilling,—

rather the loss of Canadian ports and of the latent strength of the Canadian population would weaken Britain. This country, therefore, is in no sense a burden upon the mother country at the present time, and if we count into the scale the large expenditures which Canada has been making for years past to develop her resources and to open up territory in which the surplus population of Britain may find homes, it is at least an arguable question whether we are not benefiting the Empire as much as if we had spent the same money in paying a portion of Britain's warship bills and left hundreds of thousands of additional unemployed on her hands. It is not likely the Conference will come to any satisfactory conclusion on the question of defence, and it is likely no extension of the powers of the Conference will take place until the defence problem has been solved.

There are many minor matters indicated by particular colonies as subjects for discussion. Australia, for instance, would discuss Imperial stamp charges on Colonial bonds, extension of British interests in the Pacific, profit on silver coinage, decimal currency, and the metric system. New Zealand names for discussion the following: Reservation of bills, Western Pacific Islands, universal penny postage, reciprocal admission to certain professions. Cape Colony names: Double income tax, extension of Imperial cables, and shipping questions, as, *e.g.*, rebates control of combinations, subsidies. It will be observed that many of these subjects are more or less technical or local in their character; and departmental heads might better deal with them than Premiers, or a conference between the colony concerned and the Colonial Secretary would be more to the point.

There remains the vital and difficult question of inter-Imperial trade, and the proposal to stimulate it by means of an inter-Imperial preference. The subject has come into the politics of the parent land, and to some slight degree into our own, and the public is familiar with it from almost every conceivable aspect. Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony each put forward a preference resolution in some form, but in view of the attitude of the Campbell-Bannerman Government,

it is unlikely there will be any important result to the deliberations of the Conference on the question.

On the whole, therefore, it looks as if the formal part of the proceedings at the London Conference must be eliminated before we find any considerable value attaching to them. Informally, on the other hand, the meeting of the Premiers cannot fail to be most fruitful and beneficial. Some may be disappointed at the conclusion; those for instance who cry out with Prof. Leacock for action: "Find us a way. Build us a plan that shall make us in hope, at least, an Empire permanent and indivisible." So Prof. Leacock writes in the (Montreal) University Magazine. But it was by patience and strength the Empire was built up, and it is only by patience and strength it will be kept together; and one does not read these qual-

ities in Prof. Leacock's cry. If, instead of seeking to use the power of the Empire to gratify the small ambitions of each part, we rather endeavour continually to promote good feeling and harmony within its borders, to keep it at peace with the world, and to develop the character and virtues of its people, we shall be doing more to bring about Imperial unity and strength than by securing the creation of an Imperial Council which could have no real authority until England is willing to surrender her independence, or by achieving a trade agreement which would probably bring friction rather than harmony to those it concerned.

In the former task we can all bear our part, in the latter we are but shadows; but it is the former that demands the truest statesmanship, the calmest minds and the most enduring courage.

Heaven

BY VIRNA SHEARD

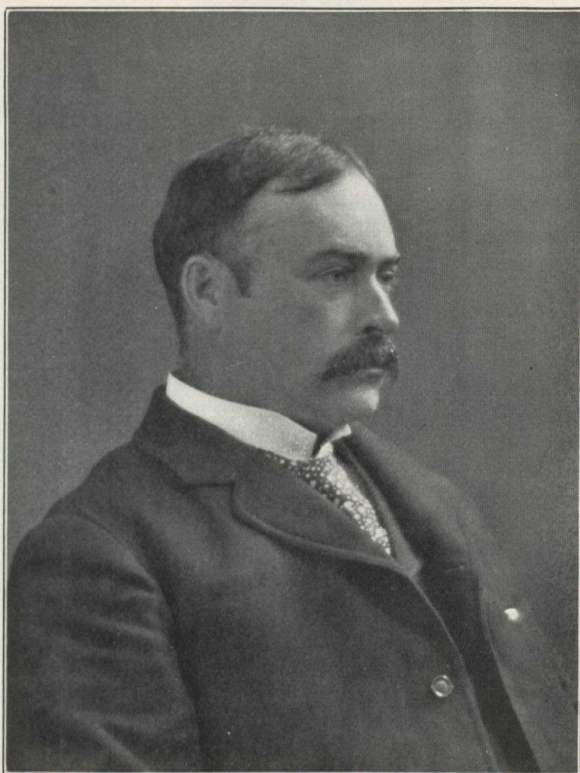
NOT with the hallo'ed saints would Heaven be
 For such as I,
 Who have not reached to their serenity,
 So sweet and high.

Not with the martyrs washed by holy flame
 Could I find place;
 For they are victors, who through glory came
 To see God's face.

Not with the perfect souls that enter there
 Could mine abide;
 For clouded eyes from eyes all cloudless fair
 'Twere best to hide.

And not for me the wondrous streets of gold
 Or crystal sea;
 I only know the brown earth, worn and old,
 Where sinners be.

God guide us to some sun-blessed little star
 We ask not where,
 Nor whether it be near—or it be far—
 So Joy is there.



DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

The Poet of the Habitant

By A. WYLIE MAHON

An appreciation of William Henry Drummond, whose lamentable death occurred recently at Cobalt.



THE name of William Henry Drummond will live as the pioneer in one of the most picturesque and attractive literary fields in Canada. Although the Poet of the Habitant has passed away in the hey-day of his achievements, the work he accomplished will remain for a more complete appreciation by posterity. At best his death seems premature. Apparently possessing a robust constitution, he gave promise of many years more; but on April 6th, the

Destroyer came. Dr. Drummond was up at Cobalt, having gone there on learning that sickness had broken out in a camp in which he had an interest. He was not well himself when he started, but his great human sympathy is shown in his last act of benevolence—going to a rough mining camp to render in no professional way the service that only those who practise the profession of medicine can render. Paralysis overcame him, and he lay unconscious for several days before the end came.

Although Dr. Drummond did not publish his first volume of habitant verse until well on in life, few names in Canadian literature are so widely known to-day, and so well-beloved, as that of the author of *The Habitant*, *Johnnie Courteau*, and *The Voyageur*. Dr. Louis Fréchette, in an introductory note to *The Habitant*, calls Dr. Drummond "the pathfinder of a new land of song," a beautiful expression which Longfellow a good many years ago made use of with reference to Dr. Fréchette himself.

Dr. Drummond's poetry, like all Gaul in Cæsar's immortal Commentaries, may be divided into three parts, first, the English poems, which are few in number but fine in flavour; and secondly, the Irish dialect poems, which are still fewer in number, but richly racy of the "ould sod," of that

"Most distressful country that iver yet was seen,"

where Drummond first saw the light in 1854; and thirdly, the French-Canadian dialect pieces, which constitute the principal and most characteristic part of the work of Canada's most popular poet.

Dialects have been cultivated in literature so assiduously of late that the most of us have longed at times for something English, something more easily understood, something more in accord with the grammatical genius of the language which we call our mother tongue, where the words have a more comfortable look when they have their heads on and their tails not off. Charles Sumner, the distinguished American statesman, when he tried to read James Russell Lowell's Biglow Papers, said: "It is too bad that they were not written in English." Many have felt in this way about some of the dialect literature of to-day.

But we must not forget that there are dialects *and* dialects. Some are classic. They have been made so by the character of the people who have spoken them, and by the genius of the writers who have employed them. The Scottish dialect, for example, is wondrously expressive because of the keenness of the Scottish intellect, and the richness of the Scottish character, and the genius of such

writers as Burns and Scott and George Macdonald.

Still some critics have held that Burns' English poems are superior to his dialect pieces, and that there was no good reason why he should have made so much of his work difficult to understand and difficult to read, by putting it in the form of a somewhat barbarous brogue. There is no man with lowland Scotch blood in his veins who does not fiercely resent such criticism as this, who does not feel a profound sense of pity, mingled freely with contempt, for the poor body who holds such views. Criticism of this kind is both heresy of doctrine and heresy of heart.

Dr. Drummond's French-Canadian dialect poems have certain rich and charming qualities about them which have given them a popularity unprecedented in the history of Canadian poetry. They are not quite like anything ever produced before. Sir Gilbert Parker and Dr. Henry Van Dyke have made some use of the French-Canadian dialect in their stories, but they have done so with prentice hands. Dr. Drummond lived so long amongst the French, and entered so intimately into their lives and ways of thinking, that the language they spoke when trying to speak English became as familiar to him as his mother tongue. In the most sympathetic way he entered into the gay and simple life of the French-Canadian peasantry. He succeeded in a marvellous degree in converting himself into an habitant.

As an illustration of this sympathetic interpretation of French-Canadian life, I need refer only to that beautiful poem, *The Curé of Calumette*. The profound reverence of the habitant for the parish priest, who is monarch of all he surveys, whose right there is none to dispute, who is medical and legal adviser as well as spiritual, is brought out very beautifully in this poem:

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev' it
 heem jus' de sam',
 For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé
 do all de tam,
 Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no
 matter he's riche or poor,
 Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look
 out for dat man I'm sure.

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebby
 know not'ing at all,
 But dere's wan t'ing I'm alway wishin', an'
 dat's w'en I get de call
 For travel de far-away journey ev'ry wan on
 de worl' mus' go,
 He'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I'm
 leffin dis place below.

In many cases those who have gone amongst the simple farmers of Quebec have exercised their gifts in caricaturing what they have seen and heard, in making laughable pictures of ignorant priests and superstitious people; but there is nothing of this in Dr. Drummond's books. He lived amongst the French-Canadians till he had learned to love them, till he was able to interpret their life aright, till he was able to put himself in their place and look upon life as they do.

These dialect poems contain a delicate sense of humour which is most delightful. There is nothing whimsically extravagant about them, nothing to make any one laugh boisterously, nothing of Mark Twain's preposterous confusion of sense and nonsense, and yet there is a flavour of humour about these short and simple annals of the poor which is charming. Dr. Drummond's English poems have no trace of this saving grace of literature. This leads us to wonder if the humour consists in the dialect, in the oddities of grammatical construction and expression. An American critic in deprecating the books written in the Scottish dialect says: "I wonder what would be thought of books like Wee McGreggor, and all the rest of the books of that kind, if they were translated into ordinary English." He thinks that they would lose all their humour and become flat, stale, and unprofitable.

Although Drummond's dialect enhances in many cases, and perhaps creates in some the happy sense of amusement which we get from the poems, we cannot fail to see that the humour nearly always goes deeper than the dialect. In *The Habitant* there is a good illustration of this kind. An evening in the kitchen is pictured in a most graphic and amusing way. We see the old man smoking his pipe in the corner, and the

old woman sewing by the big stove her father had given her when she got married a long time ago. The cat is playing with the pup, and the old dog is snoring, and the big stove is roaring:

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder

An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
 She say de more finer moon never was shiner—

Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,

An' some one is place it hees han' on de latch,

Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé
 He's tak' it firs' prize on de gran' ploughin' match.

Ha! ha! Philomene—dat was smart trick you play us;

Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,

Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder

W'en moon you was look for is come, I expect'.

A scene like this would be humorous if expressed in any language. The humour goes deeper than the dialect. Sometimes Drummond's humour consists in making the habitant say amusing things all unconsciously, with the simplicity of a child, and I think this is the quality which predominates.

That Dr. Drummond was not indebted altogether to dialect for his humour is evident from the many addresses he was called upon to deliver. Two years ago his address before the Canadian Club of St. John, New Brunswick, was a rare and rich humorous treat. His theme was the disposition of men in Ontario, who had reached the voting age, to live forever. "Judging by political history," Dr. Drummond said, "the son of Ontario who reaches the years of maturity, and the right to a vote, never dies. Once his name has been enrolled upon the glorious roster of his country, his name, if not his fame, is undying. He may pass from this earth, and the place that once knew him will know him no more for months, or even for years at a time. There he lies, the noble son of Ontario, perchance in some foreign land, where instead of the

butternut of his native homestead, the gloomy cyprus guards his lonely grave; but though the dread trumpet remain unblown, yet one blast from the old familiar party horn summons him to the same old polling booth. His ashes may have been scattered to the winds, or his body become food for worms, but his vote goes marching on."

Dr. Drummond's poetry is not all in a gay and humorous strain. In some of his later poems there is a spiritual note which is lacking in much of his earlier work. In *The Last Portage*, the old man who is nearing the end of life dreams that he is starting on his last journey. It is a dark night and the way is rough, and his heart is fearful; but there comes to him the sweet voice of his dear boy long dead to comfort him. Under the inspiration of the child's presence he can say:

An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slippery log lyin' ev'rywhere—
De swamp on de valley, de mountain too,
But climb it jus' as I use to do—
Don't stop on de road, for I need no res'
So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.

An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again wit' de baby smile
An' say, Dear Fader, I'm here you see,
We're bote togeder, jus' you and me—
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night.

All literature that helps us to be better citizens, better men and women, has in it a spiritual note which awakens earnest thought, and leads us to think sometimes of the last portage and what lies beyond. Dr. Drummond's poetry is not altogether lacking in this spiritual quality. As Dr. O'Hagan says: "It requires but little talent to set the foibles of a people to metre, but it calls for genius in touch with the lowly and the divine to gather up the spiritual facts in a people's lives, and give these facts such artistic setting that both people and poems will live forever." This Dr. Drummond has done. He has written himself immortally into these dialect poems, and has enabled Canadians of a different nationality and a different faith to understand more sympathetically the people of rural Quebec.

The Poet of the Habitant succeeded as an entertainer, the vehicle being his own poems. One of his favourite selections for a reading was *Johnnie Courteau*. The poem itself follows:

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

Johnnie Courteau of de mountain,
Johnnie Courteau of de hill,
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun,
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run,
An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still,
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever,
Ax dem along de shore,
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan,
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,
Johnnie Courteau!

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Meckinac,
Who was de man can walk de log
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog,
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem,
If de raf' she's swingin' roun',
An' he's yellin', "Hooraw Bateese! good
man!"

W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tete de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree,
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife!
Johnnie Courteau!

Oh, he never was scare for not'ing,
Lak' de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way,
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem,
He dance on hees botte sauvage,
An' shout, "All aboar' if you want to fight!"
Well! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
On Philomene Beaurepaire,
She's nice leetle girl w'at run de school
On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule,
An' he see her off on de piquenique dere,
Johnnie Courteau!

D'en somet'ing come over Johnnie,
W'en he marry on Philomene,
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun',

He chop de wood an' he plough de groun',
An' he's quieter feller was never seen—
 Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish,
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan,
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'
Along on de reever up an' down,
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man,
 Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening,
No matter de hard we try,
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song—
 "A la claire fontaine,
 M'en allant promener,
 J'ai trouve l'eau si belle
 Que je m'y suis baigner!
 Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai."
Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long,
Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby—
 Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,
De place she's so nice an' clean,
Must wipe your foot on de outside door,
You're deadman sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing to Philomene—
 Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch on de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere,
But, anyhow, noboddy see it dere,
So she's buyin' de new farm de noder day—
 Madame Courteau!

One of Dr. Drummond's most popular
poems is "De Bell of St. Michel." It
follows:

DE BELL OF ST. MICHEL

Go 'way, go 'way, don't ring no more, ole bell
of Saint Michel,
For if you do, I can't stay here, you know
dat very well;
No matter how I close ma ear, I can't shut
out de soun',
It rise so high 'bove all de noise of dis beeg
Yankee town.

An' w'en it ring, I t'ink I feel de cool, cool
summer breeze
Dat's blow across Lac Peezagonk, an' play
among de trees,

Dey're makin' hay, I know mese'f, can smell
de pleasant smell;
O! how I wish I could be dere to-day on
Saint Michel!

It's fonna t'ing, for me I'm sure, dat's travel
ev'ryw'ere,
How moche I t'ink of long ago w'en I be
leevin' dere;
I can't splain dat at all, at all, mebbe it's
natural,
But I can't help it w'en I hear de bell of
Saint Michel.

Dere's plaintee t'ing I don't forget, but I
remember bes'
De spot I fin' wan day on June de small san'
piper's nes';
An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de
beeg, beeg trout,
Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem
out.

An' leetle Elodie Leclair, I wonner if she
still
Leev jus' sam' place she use to leev on 'noder
side de hill;
But s'pose she marry Joe Barbeau, dat's
always hangin' roun',
Since I am lef' old Saint Michel for work on
Yankee town.

Ah! dere she go, ding dong, ding dong, its
back, encore again,
An' ole chanson come on ma head of "a la
claire fontaine,"
I'm not surprise it soun' so sweet, more
sweeter I can tell,
For wit' de song also I hear de bell of Saint
Michel

It's very strange about dat bell, go ding dong
all de w'ile,
For when I'm small garçon at school, can't
hear it half a mile;
But seems more farder I get off from Church
of Saint Michel,
De more I see de ole village an' louder soun'
de bell.


O! all de monee dat I mak' w'en I be travel
roun',
Can't kip me long away from home on dis
beeg Yankee town,
I t'ink I'll settle down again on Parish Saint
Michel,
An' leev an' die more satisfy so long, I hear
dat bell.



Mademoiselle Maria Gloria

By MARJORIE BOWEN

A romantic tale in which courage, loyalty, human sympathy and love are strangely commingled.

ND what of the woman?" said Das Cabral. He looked at the little group of men standing in the bare room, half shrouded by the dusk of the May evening.

"What of the woman?" he said again.

De Barros swung round; through his torn cloak shone the tarnished gilt on his Spanish uniform.

"Let the woman come with us," he returned impatiently. "And quickly. We have Marlborough at our heels."

There fell a heavy silence. Like men ashamed under misfortune, these Spanish officers stared through the long window into the courtyard of the château; it was two days after Ramilies. Then one of them spoke; he was slim and tall, and wore the blue uniform of the Bourbons.

"Who is this lady, Messieurs?" he asked.

He came into the centre of the room as he spoke, and the last light fell on his face, showing him blonde and pale against the dark Spaniards; obviously French.

De Barros answered:

"It is my cousin, Monsieur. She is fatherless; the English sacked the convent where she stayed, and she and some of her companions took refuge here in my empty château. When I returned to-day I found her here, alone. The others have fled to relatives in Brussels. Since we have decided to abandon the château to the English, my cousin must come with us."

Das Cabral broke in fiercely:

"What can we do with a woman? We—flying for our lives—to join the Marshal; we—with Marlborough sweeping us from the Spanish Netherlands?"

"She is of my blood," answered de Barros.

A third officer spoke sharply. "Know you anything of her?"

"Signor, nothing."

"Where is she?" demanded Das Cabral.

"Upstairs."

The Frenchman pulled the curtain back and looked out.

"Bring her down, Messieurs," he said; "I see the horses wait. If we are to make our way to Villerois' army, retreating swiftly to Menia"—he lifted his shoulders—"we cannot tarry."

"Of a certainty, no, Monsieur le Duc."

De Barros swung quickly from the room; they heard him calling outside:

"Maria Gloria!"

The Frenchman turned to his companions who were standing silent; men dazed and stunned with the terror of defeat.

He gave a bitter little laugh. "Let us follow our host, Messieurs."

They went out into the great hall; a gloomy place full of shadows. By the gaunt carved dragon on the newel post stood de Barros with a lantern in his hand that struck his sword-hilt into points of light.

"Maria Gloria!" he cried impatiently.

Down the wide, dark stairs came a woman's voice:

"Yes, my cousin."

"Make ready to come with us," said de Barros. "My companions have joined me; we are riding on the instant to join the army at Menia."

Very coldly her voice came in answer:

"You are flying before Marlborough?"

"I have told you. Come down, Maria Gloria."

There was a sound of steps on the

upper landing as if she leant over the baluster, but they could not see.

"The English march this way?" she asked.

De Barros flared with impatience:

"Girl, Marlborough marches on Brussels; he has Brabant under his heel; Louvain has fallen, and Mechlin—and we have been defeated at Ramilies—very bitterly."

There was a pause of seconds, then came the woman's voice:

"Did you fly from Ramilies, my cousin?"

Das Cabral broke into a curse, and her cousin answered hotly:

"We have been cut off from the army. I told you that when I returned this afternoon. My château was named as a rallying place for my friends—"

She interrupted very scornfully:

"Your friends! Who are they?"

"My friends," he answered. "We are under the command of Monsieur le Duc de Courcillon."

"Who advised this flight?" she cried.

"Who commanded this retreat?" flashed her cousin.

"Come down—I have no more time."

From the dark overhead came a haughty laugh. "I will not. I do not care for your company. Monsieur de Courcillon is a coward."

On the ceasing of her clear, young voice there fell an ominous silence. Then de Barros spoke, containing himself:

"Marlborough is marching this way—burning everything on his route; do you understand?"

The answer came at once:

"Yes. And there is one, de Barros, will stay and face him. You are all cowards."

Das Cabral gave an angry laugh:

"Let the little fool alone," he said, and turned on his heel towards the courtyard.

De Barros made a step up the stairs. "What can ten men do against an army?" he cried.

"The same as one woman—die," she answered.

"Must I bring you by force?" exclaimed de Barros, and he sprang up the stairs.

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and then the sharp grating of a key turning.

"The fool has locked herself in!" shouted her cousin.

They heard him struggling with the door, and called to him to desist.

"By all the gods, we can wait no longer. The English do not touch women. Come down."

De Barros clattered down into the hall. His face was dark and frowning.

"To saddle!" he said. "I have done what I could."

De Courcillon came into the lantern light; the cross of St. Louis on his breast shone like a star.

"Monsieur," he said, "I will stay and protect the lady; *au revoir*, or shall I say *adieu*?"

They stared at him.

"She is safe," said de Barros, "from the allies."

"Monsieur, not if they burnt the château over her head."

"In which case, Monsieur le Duc, you would do no good with your extraordinary gallantry."

De Courcillon flushed.

"Messieurs, a Frenchman has yet to learn that any gallantry of his can be extraordinary. I choose to remain here."

"Which means death, or surrender to the English."

"Your pardon, Monsieur; it means the first only."

He ascended the stairs.

De Barros called after him, incredulously.

"This is madness, Monsieur!"

De Courcillon turned on the stairs; his hand lay near the cross of St. Louis on his breast.

"I have only lived to die well," he said. "I do not care to see the lilies trailing in the dust or to return to France with news of the enemy's victories. The lady was right. I should have died at Ramilies. But here I have my chance; your cousin, de Barros, has given it to me."

He bowed gravely to them, and went up slowly to the darkness.

The Spaniards looked at each other a moment, then passed into the court-

yard, took the horses from the waiting soldier and rode away. De Courcillon, standing outside the locked door with the dark about him, heard them go. There was a window on the landing, and it stood open; he rested his arm on the sill, and looked out over the fair, dim fields of Brabant.

The sky was perfectly pale and clear; the moon was rising through a distant belt of leafless trees; in the ivy under the window hung a nest and the bird sat on the mossy lip of a gargoyle near, singing. Straight ahead was a flare of red; at first it looked like a stormy sunset, but the sun had sunk behind the château.

De Courcillon knew this for one of the burning villages in Marlborough's track.

He heard from the window and drew nearer her door, bending his head to the crack.

"Mademoiselle," he said.

There was a sound like the rustling of garments, but no answer.

"Mademoiselle Maria Gloria," he said, "do you not hear me?"

Her answer came very low, as if she was frightened. "Who are you? I saw them ride away."

He heard her creep nearer the door.

"My name is Louis Anne de Courcillon," he said, "and for the sake of that name I am here."

"Monsieur de Courcillon!" came very contemptuously. "The coward who fled from Ramilies—the leader of a miserable party of fugitives!"

He answered very gravely:

"Mademoiselle Maria Gloria, I am here to die for you."

He could hear her laugh in her throat. "To persuade me to fly," she said scornfully. "My cousin has left you to bring me. I will not come."

"Mademoiselle, I do not ask you."

The voice rose impatiently. "Then, Monsieur, depart. I desire not your company."

This time it was he who laughed.

"And I do not choose to fly the English when a woman stays to face them."

"Ramilies was the place to stand at bay," she answered fiercely, "not my chamber door."

"You do not understand," said de

Courcillon. "And yet, from what you said, I thought you would."

"I called you coward."

"It did not hurt me, Mademoiselle."

A silence from behind the door; de Courcillon waited patiently; the warm May air blew in through the open window; he saw the fire on the horizon glow more brightly as the night fell; Marlborough must be drawing near.

He could not see anything but the dim outline of the closed door, the gaunt carving of the baluster above the black pit of the stairs; he began to marvel at her utter silence.

"Mademoiselle Maria Gloria," he said; the name fell softly over his tongue. He found himself picturing her face, yet when she spoke he found no need to imagine her, for he forgot that he had never seen her.

"Mademoiselle, will you not unlock the door?"

There was a rustle of silk; then her voice came very pleasantly through the dark: "Monsieur, what will you do when the English come?"

She had a light in her room, for he saw a yellow ray through the crack of the door; it intensified his darkness. He laughed a little before he answered:

"These stairs are a fine vantage-ground, Mademoiselle. I have a pistol."

There was a sound as if she panted or sighed; then she said:

"They will burn the château."

"Of a certainty, yes. Firstly they will try to make me prisoner. I am de Courcillon."

"And you will hold them at bay, Monsieur le Duc?"

"Mademoiselle," he answered superbly, "will you not come out and see me do it?"

Her answer came with the old note of contempt: "It is too late. You should have died at Ramilies, for the glory is faded and the lilies broken and the star of Bourbon set."

"Mademoiselle, come out, and I will show you the star of Bourbon shining still upon my breast."

"It does not shine, Monsieur le Duc, for you are in the dark." Her voice ended in a half sigh, half laugh.

"Mademoiselle," said de Courcillon, "it will shine when the English mount the stairs with their torches, and in that light my sword will glitter too; will you not unlock the door?"

"No," she said very resolutely.

"Will you when the English come?"

"Monsieur, I hope you will not stay till then."

"Mademoiselle, your hope is vain."

He heard her cross the room; the sob of a lute as her skirt touched the strings, the patter of her high heels on the boards; a silence fell, then she came back again to the door and spoke:

"Do you hate the English, Monsieur?"

"Mademoiselle! I am the foe of all who fight for the Archduke."

"Ah, yes; but these English. Does it make you wince, Monsieur, that they should tear the jewels from the high crown of France?"

"Because of that," he answered proudly, "shall I die to-night. If I did not care I might ride away. You too, Mademoiselle, do you not wait for the same reason?"

She was silent a space, but his straining ears caught the sound of her moving; he imagined her with her head resting against the door; he had a complete picture of her, when with a sudden start he recollected that he had not seen her:

"Mademoiselle," he said impulsively, "what colour is your hair?"

An angry laugh answered him.

"A Frenchman never did a woman a service unless she were fair; if I say I am ill-favoured will you go, Monsieur?"

"Why do you wish me to go?" he asked curiously.

"I think it is for me, not for France, you stay. I do not want you to die for me. I am happier alone."

He heard her foot tapping impatiently as she spoke. "A de Courcillon has no need to defend his motives, Mademoiselle. I stay because I choose. I shall revenge Ramilies on some English before the episode is closed. I pray one Englishman may mount these stairs to meet the welcome of my pistol-shot."

She asked slowly:

"Who is he?"

De Courcillon laughed.

"The man who cost us Ramilies."

"Marlborough?"

"The spy, Mademoiselle; the man who feigned to be a deserter and joined us at Bruges. The man who stole our plans, our dispatches, who listened at our councils—it would pleasure me to shoot that man."

"You discovered him?" she asked.

De Courcillon was on fire at the recollection.

"Sooner than he intended—yet too late—he fled like a hare to the English camp with a sword thrust in his arm."

"He may be dead."

"No; because Marlborough knew what that man alone could tell him. At least, he lived to reach his general."

"How long ago is this, Monsieur?"

"About a month."

"You would remember him?"

"Mademoiselle, perfectly."

"He was English?"

"*Mon Dieu*, absolutely."

"Noble or common?"

"Mademoiselle, wherefore these questions?"

"Monsieur le Duc, they were to pass the time."

"He was, I think, of the nobility. He was also a traitor."

"Undoubtedly, Monsieur."

"He called himself Cornet Howard."

"Monsieur, I hope he may come to-night."

"I do desire it, Mademoiselle."

"Yet is not your sword too clean—for—this traitor?"

"It will be my pistol, Mademoiselle."

"From the window?"

"If I can, Mademoiselle."

"Oh! but he may not come."

"Leave it to justice, Mademoiselle—and open the door."

"Monsieur le Duc, I will not."

"Why, Mademoiselle?"

There was no answer. Her voice had sounded softer, less contemptuous; but now she withdrew with an utter silence that no demands of his could break. He left her door at last and went to the window. It was quite dark now.

He put out his hand and touched the cool ivy leaves. It seemed a long while since he leant from a window thus; not

since the war began, four years ago; there had been no time for musing in these campaigns.

These disastrous campaigns!

De Courcillon could remember Neerwinden and Landen, and the fall of Namur that Boileau sang, the triumphs of Vauban and Luxembourg, the great King, great indeed.

It was not pleasant to reflect where France stood now, and how the "invincible army" was being whipped through Europe before a German adventurer and an English upstart.

He turned instinctively, passionately, to the door. "Mademoiselle Maria Gloria! come out and stand beside me—you and I—for France!"

Her voice came quickly, strangely troubled:

"Ah—depart—because of France—the King should not love such servants—for a wayside folly—"

"For France," repeated de Courcillon.

"Monsieur le Duc—you will be killed—for no good. I entreat you to go."

"Mademoiselle—you face death—why do you think that I am afraid?"

There was a pause, then her voice, all agonised and broken:

"*Mon Dieu!* I cannot have you slain—"

He cut her short with a laugh.

"Why, Mademoiselle?"

"Ah! the useless pity of it; and—I called you coward."

"Mademoiselle, it meant nothing."

"I did not mean it."

He turned sharply to the window. "Hark!" he cried, "they come!"

Out in the dark he gazed. The air was full of heavy and murmuring sounds, a rattle and a measured thud; the moon showed vague, black shapes and shadows; de Courcillon clutched the window-ledge. There was utter silence from Mademoiselle Maria Gloria.

"*Mon Dieu!* they come," whispered de Courcillon. "Marlborough marching on Brussels!"

The darkness gathered and spread. From the growing noises the sound of galloping horses suddenly detached itself; red lights splashed through the trees.

In a few seconds the place was a sombre glow crossed by waving giant

shadows; the whole park was intensely alive with the unseen, silent with the terrible.

At a plunging gallop some horsemen rode forward into the courtyard and halted. Men carrying torches followed them; the light fell over a man on a white horse, a standard that bore a rampant lion in gold and a dim array of red and steel.

The man on the white horse sat well back with the reins up to his breast; the black plumes on his hat were blown fluttering out; the torchlight shone in his cuirass plate with a glow as if it blazed with fire; the standard, swaying a little, was far behind him; he looked up at the château window with a swift, contained glance.

De Courcillon set his teeth.

"Marlborough!" he whispered.

His hand was on his pistol when he heard the door behind him open; he flung around.

She stood with the light behind her; he saw her, tall and splendid with black hair about her shoulders and an upthrown head.

"Come in," she said hoarsely. "I cannot let you die."

He laughed in her face.

"The English are below; do you imagine, Mademoiselle, that you can *hide* me?"

She fell back a step, wincing.

"Oh, God," she said; "oh, God—and this is for France?"

"For France—and you," smiled de Courcillon. "Maria Gloria, I thought your hair was black."

There was the trampling of footsteps in the château. Maria Gloria gave a cry and, stepping forward, caught his arm.

"Hide," she whispered. "Hide."

He looked down into her white face. "Where is your heroic courage gone?" he cried.

"My courage! ah!"

She fell away from him, like one desperate, but he very gaily turned to the window.

"St. Louis for France!" he cried. "God and St. Louis for France!"

He leant over the window-ledge and stared down at the English. His sword

flew out; in the glare of the torches below it glimmered a circle of light in the window.

Marlborough looked up.

An English voice cried out:

"The place is inhabited, your Highness."

"Yes, my lord," said his Highness calmly; "send up more men and bring 'em down."

There was a pause of flaring, moving lights, and great, black shadows splashed over the darkness below.

De Courcillon turned from the window, breathing hard.

"They come," he said. "Now, Mademoiselle, give me the light."

She was standing within the door, her hands resting either side on the framework; her black hair hung heavily over her white dress. In the pale oval of her face her eyes shone dimly bright, dark and shadowy. The sombre lamplight behind her showed the vast apartment with walls tapestried in faded gold and purple.

"Enter," she said hoarsely.

She moved aside for him to pass. He looked beyond her into the room; stepped back as from the edge of an abyss and gave a little, strangled cry. Under the lamp was a couch, and along it lay a man in a red uniform with a bandaged head and sunken, livid face.

"Cornet Howard!" said de Courcillon thickly. Mademoiselle Maria Gloria laid her hand on his arm.

"They brought him here yesterday," she said quietly, yet swiftly. "He was wounded—and pitiful—Monsieur le Duc, do you not understand?—he was one against ten—when the others left this morning I could not abandon him too, dying, perhaps—I could not go with my cousin—I could not tell that the English would find him; they might have burnt the château over his head."

"So it was not for France, but for an Englishman," said de Courcillon, very white. "How did he come here?"

"A company of our men had him prisoner; he escaped. The servants found him swooning on the road."

"And, Mademoiselle, why did you lie to me? Did you think I should slay a wounded man?"

"I did not know; I thought, at least,

you would not let me stay. My cousin would have killed him."

The Englishman made a movement as if he attempted to speak; he struggled upwards.

"Ah!" cried de Courcillon. "I do not war on swordless spies, Mademoiselle. You might have unlocked the door."

He turned to leave the room, but she caught him passionately by the wrist.

"Do you think I will not do for you what I did for him?" she panted. "You shall not die—do you hear?—I will save you."

He gazed down into her wild dark eyes.

"Mademoiselle, it is impossible," he said. "After all, what does your motive matter; mine remains—for France."

He unlocked her fingers and stepped lightly out upon the landing.

They were trampling up the stairs.

"King Charles or King Louis?" shouted the leader.

"France!" cried de Courcillon; but from behind him the wounded man called out hoarsely:

"England, and—don't fire!"

De Courcillon leant over the baluster.

"Messieurs, I am one of his Majesty's officers."

"Surrender!" called the Englishman.

De Courcillon laughed. "Have I not said I am one of King Louis' officers?"

"We shall fire on sight then," came the answer.

The English swarmed up the stairs; one of them carried a lantern, and the star of St. Louis broke into glitter on de Courcillon's breast.

There was a confused babble of voices.

"That is he with the star," cried one. But Mademoiselle Maria Gloria was there upon the landing.

"No!" she cried. "There is an Englishman here. She carried the lamp with her, and as she spoke she dashed it down; the sudden light extinct in sudden dark confused the English; they heard the weak voice of Cornet Howard calling to them not to fire and de Courcillon's gay voice: "Messieurs, you are correct; he with the star is a Frenchman!"

The darkness grew alive with the sound of stumbling footsteps and English curses;

they could not tell if it were one man or twenty awaiting them, and to complete their bewilderment the man with the lantern tripped.

They were in a complete darkness filled with their laughter and oaths.

"Go back into the room," whispered Maria Gloria to de Courcillon.

He felt her close to him, her hands went to his breast and clung to his coat, pleading; but he put her aside with a laugh, and fired into the press of men mounting towards him.

A murmur of rage arose; someone fell heavily; they shouted for lights, and forced up to the blackness and silence of the landing, broken only by the paler square of the window.

The foremost man managed to strike his flint and tinder; as the flame rose they saw a figure looking down at them with the star of St. Louis glittering on the breast.

There was a low hum of voices, and muskets were fired at the star as the tinder went out.

A sound followed like a very delicate laugh. A dark outline swayed up against the square of the window, then forward against the stair rails. There was a deadly silence of a second, then something losing balance fell over the balustrade and slipped with a dull sound into the hall below.

A man's voice rose loud and passionately in incoherent sobbing.

Suddenly the place was flooded with light as a party of men with torches swept in from the courtyard.

"What is this?" asked Marlborough, stopping.

On the smooth brown floor of the hall lay a woman with her long black hair twisted over her face and on her breast a little diamond star.

Marlborough's eyes flashed over the soldiers on the stairs staring dumbly, stupidly at the dark head hidden.

"What have you done?" he demanded; then to the man beside him: "Is she dead?"

But de Courcillon had come down the stairs unopposed; very terribly calm, he walked past them all and dropped to one knee beside Maria Gloria.

"She did it for me," he said; "see—she took this off and pinned it a target to her breast in the dark; for me—for me—"

Marlborough bared his head, for all the red light his face showed pale.

De Courcillon lifted the black hair; the silence was intense, till above them showed the wan figure of Cornet Howard, clutching at the ribbing of the wall.

"Your Highness," he said, "give—that—man—his life——" and he fell back into a comrade's arms.

"Monsieur," said Marlborough.

De Courcillon lifted his face, and at sight of it the Englishman drew back.

"We will intrude no longer," he said. "I have no need to tell you, Monsieur, that you are free."

De Courcillon rose from beside her, as if for the first time he observed who watched him.

"Believe me," said Marlborough, "I would give my chance of Brussels this had not happened, Monsieur."

He turned abruptly to the door, his officers at his heels; he thought of the long lock of gold hair he wore under the burnished cuirass, and as he ordered his soldiers away he shuddered.

But de Courcillon was calm; he took from her the star of St. Louis; and when he had seen her lifted up and taken away, he turned into the night and rode across the meadows.

"Had we had time, we had loved, Mademoiselle," he said to the star of St. Louis. "But now there is no need of time, for we have all eternity."

And when he fell with the Bourbon flag at Oudenarde these diamonds shone very brightly on his breast.



The Adoption of Eliza

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

A waij, accepting shelter over night, brings relatives along, and almost works the undoing of the hosts.

"WHAT'S that?"
Wilson stopped in the act of fitting his latch-key into the lock, and peered into the darkness of the hall. Thomson drew his heavy overcoat round him and kicked his feet together in a futile attempt to warm them.

"Don't stop to listen," he said, "you embarrass me. The noise you refer to is merely my frozen ribs beating a tattoo on my shirt bosom. When I get as cold as this I don't expand like most substances; I contract, and my clothes are so much too large that the little shivers have plenty of room to play. Hurry up and open that door."

"Miaou!"

There was no mistaking it this time. Wilson struck a match and looked about him. Close to the door there crouched a gray cat, its coat crusted with ice and snow, its tail drooping dismally. It blinked uncertainly at the light, and then, with an anticipatory purr, rubbed itself confidently against Thomson's trouser leg.

"By George! The poor little devil's almost frozen. Here, cat, cat—kit, kit. How the mischief do you call the blamed things, anyhow? Oh, yes,—puss, puss here, puss, come and snuggle up to your uncle. He knows just how you feel."

"Do you mean to say," said Wilson, as the cat settled, comfortably purring, in Thomson's arms, "that you are going to take a cat into this house, when you know they are mental poison to Mrs. Higgins? If you don't care for yourself, think of me; remember that I share your sorrows as well as your apartments."

Thomson chuckled.

"I say," he said, "you don't happen to have a bit of pink or blue ribbon for its

neck, I suppose? I dote on pink and blue bows."

His companion threw open the door with an angry snort and stalked upstairs, followed by Thomson, serenely smiling, suspiciously bulging.

The bachelor apartment which they shared was warm and comfortable. Pussy expanded genially in the heat and warmth of the sitting-room, and curled up confidently in the most comfortable chair, where, to Thomson's secret amusement, Wilson covered her with his dressing-gown before he retired.

The apartment boasted of three rooms and a bath, and when, one week, Thomson had sent home a billiard table, and Wilson had retaliated with an automatic piano, the sitting-room became, as Charlie Elkins said, "standing room" only. Whereupon the two men, tired of crawling under the billiard table to get to a window, compromised by turning one of the bedrooms into a den, and with the aid of twin beds occupied the same room with comparative comfort.

"Jolly nice evening," said Thomson, throwing his coat over the back of a chair and winding his watch. "There's nothing I know of pleasanter than a small, informal dinner, and bridge afterwards. Did you notice that little fair-haired girl in the blue dress?"

"I saw her."

Wilson made no attempt to conceal a yawn.

"Pretty girl, isn't she?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary; her nose is too long."

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" Thomson's tone was distinctly aggrieved. "Lovely humour you're in. I thought everything was going your way to-night. Didn't you take Ethel

Hardy into dinner, and play at the same table all evening? What's happened?"

"Nothing happened." Wilson lowered the window from the top with elaborate care. "But it's wasting time for me to try to understand a girl's mind. Miss Hardy was my opponent, and twice when I led from the wrong hand she took a trick from me. Then when she did it I retaliated the same way, and I'll be blessed if she spoke to me the rest of the evening. What can you make of a thing like that?"

"Nothing whatever," said Thomson, with the philosophy of the onlooker, turning off the electric light. "Go to sleep now and think it out to-morrow."

At eight o'clock the next morning, William, the house factotum, knocked at the door.

"All right," was the response.

"Shall I bring some soda?" William's voice was discreetly lowered.

"Yes, William." Wilson was wide-awake now. "And I say, William, can you bring Mr. Thomson a glass of milk?"

"What's that, sir?"

"Milk, a glass of milk."

"Milk! Why yes, sir, I—I think so, sir." There was deprecating astonishment in the voice now. "Want a little Vichy in it, sir?"

"No, nothing; just plain milk. Warm it a little, William."

As William retreated down the hall, creaking astonishment at every step, Thomson turned savagely to Wilson:

"You lunatic, what in creation made you say I wanted the warm milk? It's a wonder you didn't order a bottle and a rubber tube."

Wilson smothered a laugh in his pillow.

"Who brought the cat in, you or I?" he asked. "All right, William, just put it on the table in the hall."

Thomson got up, and in bath-robe and slippers went into the sitting-room, while Wilson, from his bed, gazed at the photograph of a girl over the mantle shelf, and mused dejectedly.

"Holy smoke!" Thomson's voice came through the open door. "Look

here, George, how many cats did I bring in last night?"

Wilson reluctantly interrupted his melancholy train of thought.

"One," he said.

"Well, there are six here now!"

"Six! The dickens!"

Wilson sprang out of bed and hurried into the adjoining room. True enough, there were six, five of them very tiny and of varying shades of black, white, and yellow, the sixth large, gray, and placid. In spite of his consternation, Wilson laughed at Thomson's dismayed countenance.

"What will Mrs. Higgins say?" he asked.

"Say? She won't say anything, she'll be speechless. Where's that milk?"

The milk was brought in, but the cat—by common consent christened Eliza, after Mrs. Higgins—refused the glass. However, upon her breakfast being presented to her in the nickel-plated soap dish from the bathroom, she condescended to take it—a part of it at least—Wilson inadvertently putting his foot in it while glancing over the morning paper.



Both men were long overdue at their places of business before the question of Eliza's future was decided. Even then, only her immediate disposal was settled, it being proposed to lock her, with her family, in the large bathroom cupboard until the leisure of the following day, Sunday, would admit of a search for a permanent home.

It was late afternoon when Wilson, in his downtown office, decided to throw pride to the winds and call up Ethel Hardy over the 'phone. It was Mrs. Hardy's voice that answered him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hardy? This is George Wilson. Is Miss Ethel at home?"

"Just hold the line, Mr. Wilson, and I will see where Ethel is. But first I want to ask you if you will contribute to my temperance fund, you know—"

"Is that Mr. Wilson?" broke in another voice on the line. "Oh, Mr. Wilson, I'm so anxious. Something ter-

rible has happened in your rooms, I'm certain."

"I'm using the line now, Mrs. Higgins. Call me up in a few minutes."

Wilson was uncomfortably conscious that Mrs. Hardy was listening with attention. But Mrs. Higgins would not be denied.

"Ever since that awful night when you and Mr. Thomson locked poor Mr. Elkins in the bathroom cupboard and then lost the key, I've been that nervous, although William is sure you were quite sober last night. But the strangest sounds are coming from that cupboard, like someone too weak to call, and scratching at the door for help. And the key is gone."

"I'll come home and investigate, Mrs. Higgins. Good-bye. Are you still there, Mrs. Hardy?"

But Mrs. Hardy's receiver went up with a snap like the crack of doom to Wilson's agonised ear, and he felt with absolute certainty that his landlady's unfounded insinuations were being at that moment repeated, with various maternal warnings, to Ethel.



Wilson did not go home. He ate a gloomy dinner at the club and dropped in at the Empire for a while. Then, when he felt quite certain that Mrs. Higgins had retired, he started homewards. At the corner of his street he met Thomson.

"Hello, George," said the latter. "How's Eliza?"

"Haven't you been home either? Didn't the old lady call you up?"

"No, she called me down. Look here, don't you suppose that cat's hungry?"

Wilson stopped short.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "And all the restaurants closed."

"Restaurants!" said Thomson scornfully, "who wants a restaurant? What we need is a dairy."

"I'll tell you"—Wilson's tone had the ring of inspiration—"I'll try the druggist's. It's the only place that's open. If your pocket flask's empty I can use that. You go home and let the cat out of the cupboard and I'll bring something if I have to find a cow."

Fifteen minutes later he arrived, triumphantly breathless, and produced the flask.

"Here, Eliza, old girl," he said, emptying its contents into the soap dish. "This is stuff to make your whiskers curl. It's cream, old lady, double cream, the kind you whip up and put into cups of chocolate."

Eliza tasted warily, cocked her head on one side and tasted again, then fell to work with amazing alacrity and finished it off. Then, after performing a careful toilet, she cleaned up her family in the most approved fashion, Thomson smoking and watching her amusedly. In the next room Wilson was once more engrossed with the photograph over the mantel.

"I say, George," called Thomson, after a while, "did you examine to see if that flask was empty?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, I may be mistaken, but Eliza seems to have quite a picturesque little flutter. She's insisting on putting the yellow kitten into the coal scuttle."

It was too true. Eliza was intoxicated. After several futile attempts to put her family to sleep in the coal scuttle, and after a hopeless attempt to curl herself up in the umbrella stand, she dropped in a maudlin heap before the fire and slept till morning.



Sunday morning breakfast was usually sent up, and served by William in the den. As Eliza had awakened vociferously hungry, her joint owners gave her the contents of the cream jug and drank black coffee in gloomy silence.

"This settles it." Wilson put his cup down with a bang. "That cat and her rainbow-hued progeny leave this place this morning. I won't put in another twenty-four hours like this if I can help it."

"That's right, drown them," said Thomson heartlessly.

"I did not say I intended to kill them. I'm not quite lost to all sense of humanity. What I want to do is to find a home for them. It ought to be an easy matter to find some poor family just outside the city who would lodge and feed them."

"Maybe Mrs. Higgins has a nice cov-

ered basket to carry them in. I'll ring for William."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You brought the cat here, and I'm going to use your old dress suit case to carry them, if I have to take them away."

"Oh, very well! Can't I lend you my pyjamas to make them a bed?"

But Wilson proceeded in dignified silence to change his house coat for his street attire. That done, he placed Eliza and her family in the suit case and strapped it up. Still in silence, he took out his penknife and cut a small, square aperture through leather and lining. Thomson turned from the window just as he finished.

"Here, what in thunder are you doing with my suit case?"

"As a strong supporter of the S.P.C.A., I don't approve of confining cats in restricted spaces without air. Don't expect me to dinner."

He shut the door on Thomson's astounded face, and went nonchalantly down the stairs and into the street.

A newsboy across the street doubled up over his papers and shook with laughter. Wilson looked down at the suit case and stopped to replace a long, sinuous tail that waved in slow anger through the air-hole.

It was church time, but the bus he took, bound for the suburbs, was almost empty. Wilson put the suit case at his feet, becoming at once absorbed in the *People*.

The bus was gradually filling. Someone sat down beside him and unwittingly knocked over the case. A clear "miaou" was the instant result, and Wilson fell to coughing violently. He straightened the case, and slightly flushed, glanced around to see if Eliza's remonstrance had been overheard. Directly across a young lady was sitting, her eyes fixed with fascinated attention on the advertising card just over his head. The position was a strained one. In the nature of things, Wilson reasoned, she will have to look down in time, and—

"Good morning, Miss Hardy," he said genially.

Ethel Hardy's "Good morning" was just a bit cool, but Wilson ignored the

chill. Picking up the suit case he moved over beside her, and sat down with an air of assurance he did not feel.

"On your way to church, I suppose?"

A long, wailing cry came from the suit case. Wilson coughed until his throat was raw, and the rattle and jar of the bus being in his favour, had some hope that he had eclipsed Eliza.

"Yes," Miss Hardy answered, when Wilson's paroxysm had subsided. "Are you going out of town?"

"For a day or so," Wilson lied hopefully. "I'm going on a hurried business matter."

"Indeed!" Miss Hardy arched her pretty eyebrows. "I thought you were going to the Mercer's to-night. I expected to meet you there."

Wilson's first impulse was flight, his second, to tell the truth; the third, on which he acted, was to lie out.

"That's so," he said; "strange about it, isn't it? Odd how many things slip a fellow's memory."

"It is, rather. But isn't this the wrong direction for any of the railway stations?"

Wilson braced himself and met the blow.

"Look here, Miss Ethel, I—I'm not going away at all. The truth is"—then inspiration—"my laundress lives just outside the city, and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that I'm taking some washing out to her. She couldn't come in, poor soul. Her husband fell down stairs this week and broke some ribs, and—and the children have scarlet fever."

"Mercy!" Miss Hardy moved away along the car seat. "How awful! Are you not afraid?"

"Oh, not at all," airily. "I think the danger of contagion is much overrated, and"—here Wilson caught a glimpse of the conductor, whose gaze was fixed with rapt attention on the suit case, and stooping, he firmly replaced Eliza's tail.

He was thankful to observe when he straightened up, that Miss Hardy's eyes were fixed on the view through the windows across the way. The paved streets had given way to scattered houses, and now the bus was making its way rapidly along country lanes. As Wilson sat up it drew up at a small inn opposite

a post-office and a diminutive church. Miss Hardy signalled the conductor and rose.

"Do be careful of the scarlet fever," she said. "Are you going much further?"

"A couple of miles or so," said Wilson shamelessly.

The bus started slowly, turned a corner, travelled a hundred feet and stopped.

"All change," shouted the conductor, and the bus emptied itself. Wilson got up and went out to the step.

"Look here," he said confidentially to the conductor, "I suppose I don't need to tell you what I've got in that suit case."

"Cat, sir?" and the conductor grinned.

"Cat! Cats, six of them! Do you know any place in this neighbourhood where I could find this family a home?"

The conductor took off his gloves and blew on his fingers thoughtfully.

"Ike," he called to the driver, "do you know any one near here who wants a cat?"

"Cats," corrected Wilson.

"I should think not," grunted the driver. "Cat population's three times the human now. They say there ain't a rat or a mouse in the county."

"Better take them back to town, sir," said the conductor sympathisingly. "There's places where they buy them for the fur."

Wilson groaned, and going back into the bus, gazed murderously at the suit case. The conductor pulled the bell cord twice, and with a creaking of wheels the bus started back to town. It turned the corner and paused. Looking up, Wilson was electrified to see Miss Hardy enter. When she caught sight of him, she blushed furiously, but walking un-

steadily the length of the vehicle, she sat down beside him.

"They must have been short miles," she said severely.

"No shorter than your church service." He was cool enough now. "Look here, Ethel Hardy, you didn't come out here to go to church, and I didn't come to see my laundress. The woman with the afflictions was a myth. So was the business journey. If I confess, will you?"

"Certainly, although I need only confess to a human desire to know what you were going to do with the cat."

"Cat! Then you knew?"

"I could scarcely help it, with six inches of gray tail waving out of that ridiculous hole for ten minutes before you saw me. But when we had come so far, and you showed no sign of getting off, I had to. Of course I thought I was taking the next bus back to town, and here I find you, cat and all."

Wilson looked suddenly down. Through the air-hole a stubby black tail was dangling listlessly. With a sudden determination he picked up the case and opened it.

"How sweet!" exclaimed Miss Hardy. "Why, I do believe it's my poor lost Eliza!"

At the end of Wilson's recapitulation of the trials of the last two days, Miss Hardy laughed hysterically.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to find Eliza again. I adore cats, although mother dislikes them. But they look so domestic, lying on the hearth-rug."

Wilson leaned over to her tenderly.

"Ethel," he said softly, "if you'll provide Eliza, I'll provide the hearth-rug."

"Dear Eliza!" Miss Hardy stooped over and patted the suit case lovingly. "I think that she really deserves a new rug."



Little Marsh Babies

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

A day with the camera amongst the wily young creatures that inhabit the waste places.



OUR canoe was threading the channels of the drowned lands this bright April day, when suddenly Fritz exclaimed frantically:

Look here! Look here!"

"What is it now, lad?"

I stopped the canoe, and following the extended arm and fat finger of the panting boy, saw an extremely interesting sight. Right at our bow, rising about two feet above the water, was an old, deserted muskrat house, and on its top were two coal-black youngsters peeping and chirping at our intruding canoe. They were large, being loons, and as big as plump young goslings—eyes, head, bill, feet, and feathers one unvarying fluffy black. The feet, set far back, were pressed against the dry flags that formed the rude nest, simply a depression in the top of the house, all ready to slide down to the water and dive away beneath. Some strange fascination for the awful long, olive green monster with two heads and four waving arms that had invaded their quiet home scene held them to the spot. The reflex in my camera was hurriedly opened, focussed, and almost instantly the picture was taken. So here they are for you to look at.

It is not often that one finds a loon's nest. In our annual trips of eight months' duration a single nest is our usual reward. The chipped remains of the large olive green, red-spotted eggs lay around and under the babies, but the larger portions of the eggs had been thrown out of the nest by the mother and could be seen on the weed-strewn bottom a few inches below the surface.

I took my net and laid it gently over the little ones and scooped them up for closer

examination. It is wonderful the instinct of defence that is so early implanted in some of the youngsters of the marsh. These little, soft, downy rascals pecked and fought at my hands in true desperation, and when Fritz, prompted by the big organ he calls his heart, took one and fondled it and lifted it up to his face, cooing and crooning like some demented wild man of the marshes, the tiny bit of fluff and feathers promptly bit him on the nose, and the lad irreverently said "rats" and quickly laid it down. It scrambled all over the canoe like some



MUSKRAT KITTENS



THE YOUNG OF THE LOON

big black frog. I secured them both and laid them gently on the nest; with one impulse they both slid down the rounded side and disappeared beneath the water.

We could follow their motions, as it was shallow and undisturbed. They swam with both legs, and—well, arms is the best name for the fluff-covered wings, as they used them in starting the slide down the nest exactly as we would use our hands and arms. They could do about twenty feet below water, then up they popped like two black corks and stared at us an instant, then down they went—and they may be there yet for all we know to the contrary, as we never saw them again. We heard the velvet-collared mother raising loud protest at our prolonged visit, so, not wishing to alarm this happy family too much, we dug in our paddles and sped along the flag-bordered channels of the marsh.

The water was rising again. How are these clever dwellers of these wet, secluded places to tell what man, with his timber dams and canal locks, is going to do to the water? They can tell—to the fraction of an inch—when Nature has decreed that the water shall rise no higher that spring, and will all start simultaneously, over dozens of miles of marsh—ducks, rail, crakes, mudhens, bittern, griebs, blackbirds, wrens—to build their nests, and the water will steadily and continuously fall from that time.

We stopped before a dry standing clump of last year's flags. A marsh wren was gossiping away in loud, insistent chatter with an equally garrulous neighbour. They both ceased as the shell-like bow of our canoe entered the scene, and as we laid down our paddles and took off our hats for a cooling moment, they both sidestepped and tipped their heads and looked first at us and then at one another, as much as to say what a funny animal—throws its arms off onto its shell, and then coolly takes off the top of its head. Instantly they went to work in a perfect frenzy of energy. They were house-building, and this breed is either weak in the upper story or possessed of an extra amount of energy, as they often build another nest or two just for exercise. Day after day we have found these extra nests, just as you see the one we then pictured, and week after week we have visited them, and they were never put to any use at all. It was ludicrous to watch these busy builders, they ran so swiftly along the bending flags. "Cheep, cheep," then a rip with the sharp bill and a piece of the dry ribbon-like flag was torn off. True little architects—to make this bit of dry flag fit nicely about the circular nest, they passed the pieces slowly through their bills, nipping it every half inch or so; this crimped

it as nicely as any machine could; then they ran over the rustling dry marsh and added the bits to one of the nests. These will hang so thickly along the side of the bog that they have often reminded us of some dry, husky fruit, and not a full fifty per cent. of these well-built nests are ever used.

The bright blue sky above, with its fleecy clouds floating slowly over, was so perfectly reflected on the calm surface of Rice Lake as our craft entered it, that we had the uncanny feeling of being suspended in mid-air. We skirted the wide mouth of the Otonabee and darted up the east branch, entering the marshes again at the Forks. Nature was in one of her lavish moods to-day; unknowingly we might think her extravagant. On all sides myriad insects were flung in wavering clouds; from tree root to top tiny snails covered every branch, trunk and twig; even the swelling buds were loaded with these little black shell-bearers. The surface of the quiet reaches in the marsh were covered with seed of the spatterdock, muskrat-loosened wild onions, tender sprouts of the lily, luscious long green ribbons and tiny white roots of the wild celery in prodigal abundance. What is all this mass of rich food here for? Watch and see. On swift wings a bunch of gabbling pintails drop in and start feeding before the circles of their plunge have died away. Out of the very clouds, so it seems, a whirring mass of marsh blue-bills descend, sweep for a moment in wide circles, then settle down into the marsh; soft-winged teal, dainty wood-ducks, swift hooded mergansers, and noisy black ducks drop in; a few musical whistle-wings join the scattered flocks—and instantly every bird starts to feed.

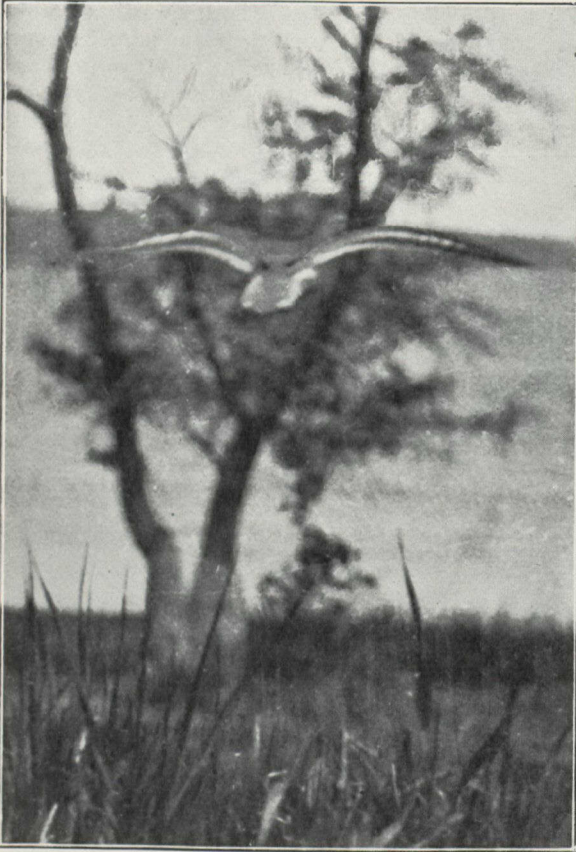
"Breakfast seems ready for them most anywheres," said the fat boy. Some of these

wild ducks had flown north steadily for ten hours on their annual migration, covering a distance of fully five hundred miles; on swift wings, ignoring state or international boundaries, they headed on, on for the far distant feeding grounds, and wherever they chose to alight, there was the ready table spread. Oh, how I would like a wife like Mother Nature! Just imagine the scene, ye benedicts, that would ensue were you to drop in unannounced with a dozen fellow-roysterers from a five hundred mile trip for a noon-day breakfast. I think I hear a sweet voice say sharply, "I'm going home to my mother."

We were seated in the canoe, well hidden in the marsh. Fritz was sleeping, as usual, in the bow; I was smoking, as



YOUNG SANDPIPERS AND NEST



A SANDPIPER FLYING

A very difficult thing to photograph.

usual, in the stern. Through half-closed eyelids I saw a female muskrat pass, and like a topsy turvy vision of my noonday dreams, I thought it held another in its mouth. I shook off my stupor and sat erect. There was the muskrat all right, swimming past the canoe. In her mouth she held one of her numerous litter, a three or four weeks' old kitten. It was held by the back of the neck in gentle toothhold, upside down and kicking like fury. I threw a handful of water onto the flushed face of the sleeping fat boy. I really wanted to awaken him noiselessly, so that he might see the way these animals transport their young, but it dived like a flash just as the rising sun of Fritz's red face appeared over the edge of the canoe. He said I was dream-

ing and was angry at my splashing him. No sooner had he settled back and resumed his wheezy snore than the muskrat appeared for the second time. Another pink-legged, blind little baby raised its wee voice and struggled all over its silky gray body against this unusual mode of progress. I half drowned Fritz in my zeal to awaken him. "Oh! say," he broke out, then he stuttered off into a chain of half-murmured words of wonder and delight as he watched the novel scene.

Very quietly I raised my paddle, motioned to Fritz to remain still, and followed the swimming muskrat. Down she dived, half drowning the spluttering youngster by the length of her stay; then we saw her again near some floating bog, and lost her again. Once more we saw the ripple of her way, then lost her for good, nor did a full afternoon's work discover where she had hidden the little ones.

The next day as we toiled along the narrow marsh channels under a broiling sun we stopped for a moment beside a patch of bog. There was a newly made "draw up," just a bunch of weeds and flags, wild rice straw and parrot grasses, raised up high enough to make a resting place for some nocturnal animal. On it were the two long-sought "kittens." We lifted them in and delightedly examined them—dainty little pets, with big heads and great hind feet, soft and silky, pink-skinned and gray-furred, blind and bewhiskered and whimpering. We tried to settle them back onto the nest, but they rolled off continually into the water, so often that Fritz said he was no "bally" diver or wet nurse, and turned the job over to me. Then we laid the pine plank camera float on the bow, set the little chaps on it—and here they are for you to inspect. Odd marsh babies, are they not?

One day as Fritz was trying to be restful underneath a shady basswood he heard a shrill bird's cry oft repeated. At great sacrifice to his comfort he stood erect and lumbered off down the path to the island's shore. A spotted sandpiper was making the air ring with her sharp notes of alarm. "Peet, peet, peet," she shrieked. "There's a bird gone lony down there," Fritz said, poking his head into the shanty where I was writing. While the lad resumed his arduous work under the tree I walked to the bank top and looked over. The sandpiper was making long, noisy runs along the pebbles, lifting on short flights every few minutes, but calling loudly whether on wings or feet. Her babes were there, and—cause of all the alarm—two big crows were watching with sidelong glances to see if they could locate the exact spot that held them. I knew from experience that as long as that strident call of hers resounded not a feather would the little ones move; they would squat and crouch, motionless as the stones around them. I drove off the crows with a few pebbles and lay down to watch if the mother bird would betray the place that held the young ones. Not she; she ran over so many different spots, calling now in another key, but still warning them to be still. I returned to the "shanty." Within ten minutes I heard the "follow" call. This means—come along, and is usually acted upon at once by the little ones of all the feathered races. Very quietly I approached the bank, noted the exact spot where the big bird stood, then "coo-ee-ing" at the top of my voice, I ran down the path. I had them located within a circle of about fifteen feet diameter. Stepping very cautiously I carefully examined every foot of that shore; then I did it on hands and knees, minutely searching every foot of that pebbly beach. After a full

hour's work, one of the pebbles waved a feather in the wind; as a rule stones do not bear feathers. Thus I found the little chap. It was cowered beside a round limestone rock, its gray and buff coat of down and immature feathers exactly matching the weather-stained rock. Later, I found another. There were four. I managed to start them all, but I could catch only two. It seems impossible, but once I saw two of them running over the clean pebbles, and not a blade of grass was in sight. I secured one, but where was the other? I never found it. Finally I laid the two on a bit of shore-swept weed and managed to get them still enough to picture. Then I took the mother flying, with an exposure of one-thousandth second.

I ascended the bank with the camera and precious films and safely rolled a number farther into the holder. Fritz meantime had also been successful. He had made a complete job of it this time; he lay on his back, fast asleep under the tree.



MARSH WREN'S NEST

It is built in the rushes so as to escape detection.

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

In this article the author further discourses on worry and its subjection to will and action.

V.—WORRY, WILL AND ACTION



It is very commonly, yet curiously, supposed that the actions of men and women are determined by their beliefs—that the will, with all its results, is the servant of the intellect. Students of the mind, however, know that this is not so; the relation of the intellect to the will is merely that of an adviser or guide which investigates and suggests the means by which the will may accomplish *its* will. Creeds, beliefs, opinions, and what is commonly understood by education—these are not the mainsprings of human action. Any belief or opinion may act as a *pilot*, but something else is the gale.

Plainly, it is a matter of the utmost moment to discover this something else which determines the acts of men and so gives human life its characters and decides its consequences. The man in the street may know that psychology is the study of the mind, and by the mind he understands the reason or the intellect; but psychologists of to-day are far more concerned with other aspects and attitudes of the human spirit, since they realise that elsewhere than in merely intellectual processes are to be found the causes of human action. The extraordinary idea that the mind consists of the intellect alone still pervades the legal and popular notion of insanity, which considers that the holding of erroneous opinions is the sole test of insanity, and is unaware that a man may have a keen and balanced intellect, and yet be utterly and dangerously mad.

In all that has been said I am trying to show the importance of my present subject, as we shall immediately see. The

real causes of human action are not rational convictions, such as the conviction that two and two makes four, which in themselves are powerless to affect the will, and have never yet *caused* (though they continually *direct*) any human action whatever; but are states of feeling or *emotion*. Emotion, as the word suggests, is the cause of human motion: the emotion of love causes motion towards the beloved object; the emotion of fear causes motion from the feared object; the emotional state known as courage will cause one act; the emotional state known as hate will cause another. The mainspring of will is emotion. Students of the mind diseased are acquainted with cases of what they call *apathy*, which literally means *no feeling*. These result in what is called *aboulia*, which means *no will*. The utterly apathetic person *does nothing*. Feeling neither the emotion of hate, nor that of love, or ambition, or fear, or apprehension, or jealousy, or even a desire to live—such a person becomes like a vegetable. Danger does not affect him. The cry of fire will not cause him to stir a finger. He will remain motionless whilst his child is drowning before his eyes, and even ambition, the last infirmity of noble minds, stirs him not at all. He is in the state aimed at by ascetic, Buddhist, or Christian, who has conquered all desire, and who has therefore conquered his own will. He has no emotions, no motives, and therefore no motions, which are the outward manifestations of will.

Plainly, therefore, anyone who desires to understand or explain human life, to read the hearts of men, like Cassius, to know *why* men and women do wise or foolish things, must make himself a

student not of the part of the mind which we call the intellect, but of the part which we call the emotional nature. This alone will give him the truly human action, since this alone is the cause of human action.

Books have been written on the manner in which the acts of men and women are determined by love, by fear, by ambition, by the desire to assert itself, and by the desire to renounce self. But no one has yet written a book on one of the most potent and frequent and malign of all emotional states—that state which we call *worry*. If it were possible, I should devote a whole book to this new, and yet old subject; but, as things are, I must content myself with a brief chapter, hoping to be suggestive rather than final in my treatment of this vast subject.

Sometimes the influence of worry upon the conduct of its victim may be negative rather than positive; its action is paralytic. This consequence of worry is most commonly manifested in those who lead the intellectual life. The man who has a book to write, or plans to make, or a practical problem to solve by his wits, may find that worry paralyses thought. He "cannot give his mind to his work." The power of sustained attention to his business is utterly destroyed by his emotional state of mind.

There can be no question that the world has suffered incalculable loss by the influence of worry upon men of genius. The typical genius—such as Schubert, let us say—is a man little appreciated by his own age, and little fit for the practical tide of life. He is constantly the prey of worry—temporarily eased, perhaps, as in Schubert's case, by the benefactions of a publisher who gave him ten pence apiece for songs to which men will listen as long as ears can hear. The idea of a home for geniuses has often been ridiculed, and people have declared that no works of art would be produced save under the influence of the need of money, forgetting that the true genius must do his work or die. One of our indictments against worry, then, is certainly its paralytic effect upon the most valuable functions of the human mind, and especially upon the creation of works of genius—the

worth of which in human life is daily increasing.

We are all familiar with the paralytic effect of worry in other conditions. Excess of self-consciousness tends to produce what we call "nervousness," and everyone who has played games or spoken or sung or acted in public knows what are the effects of this minor species of worry. In games we know that confidence is half the battle; that "nervousness," lack of confidence, worry about one's capacity, and apprehension of failure are all but certain to produce that which they fear. If the relative importance of the subject merited further consideration, it would be of no interest to consider how it is that worry is enabled to interfere in those delicate muscular co-ordinations upon which success in most games of skill depends, and how it is that lack of worry, and, better still, the presence of its opposite—a judicious self-confidence—provides the best condition for success, whether in singing or playing billiards or public speaking. But it is not with these negative influences of worry upon the human actions that I am here mainly concerned, interesting though they are, and serious though they may often be in many a case.

Having shown that the positive acts of men are determined by their emotions, I wish to classify and describe the kinds of acts that men perform under the influence of the emotion we are studying. In general, it may be safely said of any emotion, such as love or even its opposite, hate, that it may lead to desirable acts or to undesirable acts. This is obviously true of the case of love, and is no less true of its opposite, for hatred of evil may lead to desirable action, just as other kinds of hate may lead to evil action. But I summarily assert that the influence of worry upon the will of man is wholly and invariably bad. No qualification is needed for the assertion that this potent motor force invariably tends to drive us to wrong action.

The very smallest indictment to be laid against the door of worry in this respect is that it leads to too hasty action. In general, we know that we want *happiness* of one kind or another. It is the

business of the reason to decide, in any given case, how that end may best be attained. Under the pressure of worry we only too often act hastily and without adequate use of the reason, and so we do the wrong thing. We feel that it is far better to make some decision—any decision—than to continue in a state of suspense, doubt, anxiety, worry; and so we make our decision before we are able to ensure that it is the wisest decision. Here the real motor, precipitating our action, is worry, and the consequence, as like as not, will be yet more worry.

But the graver aspects of the influence of worry upon human conduct will be realised if we consider the fashion in which worry causes us to meet everyday difficulties of life. When the mind is at peace with itself and circumstances, the ordinary calls of life upon our patience, our forbearance, our perseverance, and our power of overcoming difficulties—are adequately met. We do not lose our sleep, or fly to alcohol or other drugs; and a difficulty may even act as a not unwelcome stimulus, fit to make us realise the best of which we are capable. But contrast the fashion in which the victim of worry meets life's demands. Even the slightest of them suffice to make him irritable. Now, irritability is a terribly powerful influence for evil in too many lives, and its chief cause is worry. I will not forget that many a man and many a woman becomes irritable in consequence of various kinds of physical disease, or in consequence of insomnia. But it is pre-eminently the worried man that is the irritable man. Let us, then, consider a typical instance of the practical influence of worry upon conduct.

The worried business man returns home in the evening, but brings his business worries with him. When he is not worried he is a considerate and affectionate husband and father; his wife's little requests, the noise of his children's play, do not disturb his equanimity. On the contrary, it is a pleasure to be able to serve his wife, and an enjoyment to hear his children enjoying themselves. But how different is the effect of precisely

the same influences upon the worried man! This noise in which he would otherwise find the sweetest music falls upon other ears—ears made hypersensitive, no doubt, by the strain to which his nervous system has been subjected; and he displays what physiologists call the "irritability of weakness." The noise is actually louder than it would otherwise appear, and he cannot tolerate it. The wise wife may soon see that "something has worried Jack to-day," and she will prevent her children from exposing themselves to the consequences, whilst she will defer her request for a new hat until a more auspicious occasion. But this is not always possible, nor is it always done when it is possible; and the result will be disaster. The noisy little boy may receive a blow when he expected a smile, and his drum may come to an untimely end. Doubtless the father's worries depend upon the fact that he has to support a wife and children whom he loves; but the influence of worry is invariably malign, and will show its malignancy even in the case of those whose interests have caused it. If the worry is a daily and persistent force, the children may become intolerable; their father seems to love them less, and therefore they love him less. They suffer, and so does he.

But the burden is far worse for the wife and mother, even though she is better able to understand its cause. The very sight of her may suffice, or almost suffice, to rouse the latent irritation of which worry is the cause, and happiness leaves the home.

To these considerations we must add the consequences of that very constant foe to womankind—*domestic worry*. The burden of life by no means falls entirely upon the sex which groan most loudly under it. It is the peculiar character of a woman's work, of course,—it is never done. The man has at least the change, as a rule, from the environment of business to the environment of home—and this may suffice—in accordance with what was said when we were discussing holidays—to change the mental currents, so that business worries disappeared. The woman has not this advantage; the environment of home

and of business are one and the same for her. The escape from domestic worry is thus specially difficult. The conscientious, diligent, and hard-pressed housekeeper of all ages and places is apt, like Martha, to be troubled about many things; and small blame to her. That she should become irritable in consequence of domestic worry is quite inevitable at times, and then everybody suffers—husband, children, servants, and herself. These are all commonplaces, I admit, but a necessary condition for the cure of domestic worry and its consequence is an impartial, detached recognition of the facts and their origin. It may fairly be said, I think, that women have only themselves to blame for a very considerable proportion of domestic worry, with its consequences of irritability and bad temper leading to worse things. Even after fully recognising that the ordinary housewife is specially subject, at any rate at times, to unavoidable worry, we must surely grant that the common practice of living up to the very limit of one's means, if not beyond it, is responsible for a great deal of woman's worry that might be avoided. One says, especially woman's worry, because it would appear that the wife, rather than the husband, is more often responsible for the neglect of that margin of income which, as Mr. Micawber knew, spells happiness. Hence it is worth while yet again to point out the commonplace facts—that the happiness attained by keeping three servants when one can only afford two is most lamentably outweighed not merely by the worry involved in the incessant effort to make both ends meet, but also by the consequences of that worry upon sleep, health, digestion, and temper—these, again, injuring every member of the family, and possibly leading to its utter destruction.

For it cannot be doubted that mere petty worry, acting like the "cumulative poisons" with which doctors are familiar, only too often forms a necessary link in the chain of causation which leads to estrangement between parents and children, or estrangement between themselves, leading to separation or even divorce. This is a terrible indictment against worry

that it not infrequently destroys the family, which is the necessary unit of society, and the stability and security of which constitutes the first condition of any stable and secure society.

We have already spoken of worry as the state of emotion which often produces in men the will to end their own lives.

Having considered the fashion in which worry affects the actions of the individual as an individual, and his or her actions as a member and constituent of the family, let us observe how society as a whole is affected by the action of worry upon its individual units.

What has already been said will suffice to enable us to realise that half of the cost of worry is a great loss of individual and therefore a social *efficiency*. It is commonly supposed that the welfare and successes of an individual is his affair alone, just as it is commonly supposed that a nation can thrive only by injuring other nations. But it is not so. On the contrary, it is certain that the failure, the premature death, the diminished efficiency of any individual, act in general as an injury to every member of the society of which he forms part. A force, then, which makes for inefficiency, often paralysing and arresting or destroying desirable acts and accomplishments on the part of individuals, as a personal interest even for the fortunate few whom it does not directly affect. The malign action of worry upon the deeds of individuals must be reckoned, then, as an injury to the body politic. Worry raises the death rate, very notably the disease rates, for each of which, and especially the latter, society has to pay. It raises the accident rates; we have seen how it interferes with the nervous balance and co-ordination, and with the self-confidence which are necessary in all games, arts, and duties involving muscular skill. Society, also, has to pay for the hospitals and the asylums and many other charities, the need for which is largely increased by worry. The individual, the family, and society at large, then, are injured by the effects of worry upon human actions.

There remains one other notable fashion in which worry affects human action, and, as in every other case, affects it for

the worse. Our final subject here, then, is worry in its relation to the great goddess of getting on. Worry as the servant of this goddess seems to be more potent nowadays than ever heretofore, and it is important for us to consider how far this kind of worry—worry about getting on, or *ambitious worry*—depends upon a false conception of the true means to our common end—life and happiness.

I decline to say that this kind of worry depends upon a false philosophy. In all likelihood, the reader is familiar with the most popular books of Dr. Samuel Smiles, such as "Self Help." Since his death we have read many jibes at the lowness of his ideals and the contemptible character of his teaching. But, after all, those who penned those jibes would doubtless have jumped at the chance of bettering themselves as readily as their fellows. I venture to say that every normal person, in virtue of the common human inheritance, has a greater or less desire to get on; ambition is the last infirmity of noble minds. We desire to get on simply because we suppose that in doing so we shall get happiness, and it is quite idle to pretend that, up to a point, our argument is not well-founded. We are familiar with the millionaire who assures us that he was happier as a ragged boy, and we do not doubt his word. He speaks of the burden of wealth, but we do not observe that he seeks to relieve himself of the burden. We say that there is a compensating balance in life, and we quite properly recognise that the poor man does not suffer from his poverty as the rich man would do if his riches left him. We recognise that there is a principle of adaptation to the environment, and that one does not miss what one has never known. But this very principle—that happiness as conditioned by material circumstances depends very largely upon what one is accustomed to—is in itself the very best argument for the desire to get on, since he who succeeds in getting on is constantly enjoying new advantages which, just because they are new, mean much more to him than they do to others born with a silver spoon in their mouths. As far as I can learn from biology, Nature not only sanctions, but also aids and abets

in every possible way the desire for happiness, and if getting on is going to serve happiness, I am not prepared outright to condemn it.

But that is the whole question. It is an almost universal human character to glorify the means at the ultimate expense of the end. We see it in its most piquant form in the miser, starving, shivering, dirty, unattended, clutching his useless gold. We see it in the bibliomaniac who purchases first editions, and covers his shelves with wisdom, into which he never dips. It is enough for him to own the book. He does not care to read it, much less would he disfigure its immaculate pages with marginal notes. And the case is the same with "getting on." It is not an end in itself, but a means—and certainly not an entirely contemptible and negligible means—to the true end of happiness; but our general tendency betrays us here, and we make of the means an end. Happiness or no happiness, we will "get on," and it is at this point that worry takes its place.

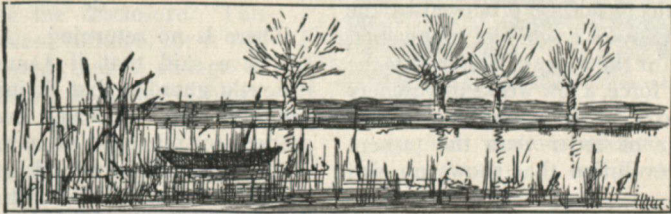
To worry about getting on is plainly to forfeit happiness on account of that which is to bring happiness. This is no bargain for a rational man. Observe that I am not speaking here of the attempt to earn a competence or such an income as may make marriage possible. Worry on these scores may be recognised as futile, but it can scarcely be called irrational. The irrational worry about getting on is that which implies the inability to be content or to enjoy the present. Directly it is so defined, everyone must admit the justice of the adjective "irrational"; besides it is of its very nature to be deprived of satisfaction, for it has no definite goal. I think there is little doubt that this kind of worry is a very insidious trap for many young men whose incomes are not fixed, but vary in proportion to the amount of labour which they are prepared to expend. The fact that money is only a means to an end tends to be forgotten. The symbol, as ever with symbols, is exalted at the expense of the thing symbolised. Men who have no occasion to overwork, find themselves prematurely senile, or temporarily incapacitated, in consequence of the extraordinary delu-

sion that it is a man's duty to make as big an income as he can. I do not say that this doctrine is definitely formulated by all of us, but in point of fact we nearly all subscribe to it. We know perfectly well that the income is not an end in itself, but we know that it is a very effective means to the only end anyone cares about, and before we know where we are we have been trapped into the practical, if not the theoretical, acceptance of the doctrine that the means of happiness are worth purchasing at the cost of happiness.

We shall afterwards see that the cure

of this kind of worry is such common sense as that of Thoreau, Stevenson, and Spencer. We shall see, I hope, that, as Spencer put it, life is not for work, but work is for life, whilst life itself is for happiness—the higher the better, but, whether high or low, *happiness*. To worry about "getting on," or to multiply domestic worry in the effort to appear successful in getting on, is to lose the object of work and of life. I repeat, then, that part of our cure for worry will consist in a recognition that the means of happiness are not worth purchasing at the cost of happiness.

(The sixth article of this series will appear in the June Canadian Magazine)



Ethics of the Farm

SOME say that conditions on the farm have greatly changed [within the last twenty-five years. So they have. Most of us older chaps can remember when every farmer of sense had cider in his cellar from one to five years old, when sides of bacon and strings of ham hung temptingly in the smoke-house, when sliced apples lay drying above the kitchen stove, when basins of milk, thick with cream, stood cool and sweet in the spring-house, when rosy-cheeked maidens beat the ploughshare at the dinner hour, and hired help could be had at a decent wage. But now the cider mills are nothing more than a picturesque memory; the apples all go barrelled in a "lump"; the hogs are sold on the hoof; the smoke-house has disappeared from lack of use; the milk goes wholesale to the creamery; the rosy-cheeked maidens are young women of degree, and hired help—well, that has become an almost extinct phenomenon. Still, we manage to get along, even if we are beginning to see that this is a materialistic age, an age when primitive and utilitarian wholesomeness has given way to practical, prosaic money-making.

Farmer John.



Current Events Abroad.

A LONDON newspaper set in motion the rumour that the Czar would abdicate within a month and that his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, would become regent. The change would be accompanied by the dissolution or rather the abolition of the Douma and the withdrawal of all other recent concessions to the democratic spirit. The endeavour of the Grand Duke would be to bring about internal order and peace by adopting a ruthless and thorough-going reign of repression. Count Ignatieff would once more take up the civil sword and domestic quiet would be produced by the old-time remedy of a whiff of grape shot, the bayonet or the rope. Better, say the advocates of force, a few weeks of butchery in which 100,000 lives would be sacrificed on the altar of order than the present sputtering revolution that shows no sign of expiring.



That there is no lack of victims under present conditions is a matter of common knowledge. A writer in a German weekly furnishes data which enables him to declare that in the past two years the sacrifice of lives by those responsible for domestic peace has been greater than during the combined reigns of Nicholas I, Alexander II, and Alexander III. One Russian paper is quoted as declaring that between January, 1905, and February, 1906, 14,654 were killed and 18,052 wounded. This is founded on recorded figures and the real number is almost certainly greater. This is doing pretty well. During the period quoted, 1,650 persons met death under judicial condemnation. In January of this year 713 political prisoners were sentenced, 148 to death, ninety to hard labour, and fifty to Siberia, the balance receiving various other sentences. It is calculated that throughout the Empire during 1906, 1,500,000 were confined. The jails and fortresses were bursting, and perhaps the occupants were

more fortunate than some of those outside, for at least they had food. The man who can conclude after this that what Russia wants is more stringent measures of repression is so incurably reactionary that nothing but a real revolution can open his eyes. Russia has taken a step forward and there can be no actual retraction. The Douma may be abolished and other recent concessions withdrawn, but the intellectual class which has had a taste of them will only take the opportunity to recover its breath for another rush forward.



There is no returning. Acute observers have said that if Louis XVI had jealously guarded that divinity that doth hedge a king, by which even his futile predecessor managed to maintain the awe of courtiers, there would have been no assault on the Bastille, and all that was thereby involved. Nicholas has allowed his people to get a glimpse of the lath and plaster that compose the imposing structure of Czardom, and they can never be got to believe that it is adamant any more. It may well be that the occupant of the Russian throne is overwhelmed by the burden that has been his since he ascended it. When messenger after messenger brought tidings of woe to the Scottish usurper and at last that Birnam Wood was moving against him his reason tottered. What must be the almost hourly condition of a monarch whose appointment to high office is equal to a fiat of death? From all parts of his kingdom comes the news of the assassination of his satraps. That a constitution never very robust should be tried by that fear that lurks at every step may well be believed. But the evils from which he suffers cannot be cured by putting the instrument of a more thorough-going dragonnade in his place. Russia may be pacified when its thoughtful classes are convinced that an administration is in power disposed to devote itself seriously

and assiduously to the good of the people. Until that impression is widespread there can be no rest in Russia.

U

There are indications that the publication of the correspondence of the Papal nuncio seized by the French authorities at the time of his expulsion from France will prove what the chiefs of the Republic have asserted, namely, that the church was hostile to the existing form of government, and was fomenting discord in France. So extreme a step as the publication of this correspondence would not be taken unless it were expected that public opinion will be profoundly moved by the disclosures. Rumour has it that Monseigneur Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, will resign as a consequence of the disclosure. This would be a useless sacrifice, for it will never be believed that a change of officials will ensure a change of heart.

U

A London cable declares that Governor Swettenham was required by his Downing Street superiors to apologise to Admiral Davis. The readers of these pages know that there has been no disposition in them to overlook the fact that the Jamaican Governor had not comported himself with discretion or wisdom. At the same time the American admiral proved himself to be a fidgety and conceited bounder, who was apt to get on the nerves of an official precisian of the Swettenham type. An expression of regret might be due from the Colonial office to the American foreign office, but no considerations of etiquette called for an apology to Davis from anybody. If Lord Elgin insisted on such an apology from the Governor, he was ill-advised.

U

Ambassador Bryce is engaged in a round of travel which included speeches at three American cities of the first rank, and two Canadian cities. An ambassador has to be discreet, but Mr. Bryce's experience and skill enabled him to say a good many things of importance without a breach of the proprieties. Mr. Bryce is



THE GERMAN COLONIAL POLICY CAN NOW BE RESUMED WITHOUT HINDERANCE

—Kikeriki (Vienna).

an Imperialist, too, and was not afraid to label his brand of the article. Not a common legislative authority, but rather legislation in common for the unity and welfare of the Empire by each of its equal and component parts was his idea of Imperial Federation. Flaws may be found in this definition, but can there be a definition in which there will not be flaws? An attempt to define the affection between sweethearts would be faulty, or at best inadequate, because it would be an attempt to define the indefinable. The relations between the mother Empire and her daughters equally defies the parts of speech. Lord Milner gives his definition in the current number of the *National Review*. "What is that," he asks, "we who call ourselves Imperialists really have in our minds when we talk of the consolidation of the Empire, of 'imperial unity,' and so forth? It is, I take it, nothing less than this: that the several states of the Empire, however independent in their local affairs, however dissimilar in some of their institutions, should



A HINT

—Washington Star.

yet constitute for certain purposes one body politic; that in their relations to the rest of the world they should appear and be a single power, speaking with one voice, acting and ranking as one great unit in the society of states." Yet, in the course of the article, Lord Milner does not attempt to grapple with geographical separation and the different interests which such a separation seems to involve.

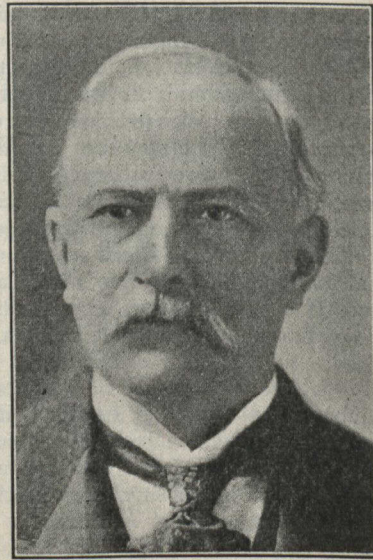


The Armageddon which occurs periodically in one or other of the Central American republics is taking place between Honduras and Salvador on the one hand and Nicaragua on the other. Zelaya, the President of the latter, is credited with ambitious designs of uniting in one republic all the republics in the isthmus. From the progress of his arms it looks as if he were capable of accomplishing his aim if left alone. It is not at all likely however that his powerful neighbours will stand by and allow him to give permanency to any of his conquests. Before the outbreak of hostilities the quarrelling states were warned by both the United States and

Mexico [that bloodshed would not be tolerated. Some other way must be found of settling their differences. In spite of these admonitions, however, hostilities began and the two paternal neighbours have not implemented their threats. The war has been a procession of victories for Zelaya. We shall see what use he will make of them.



A very pretty fight is brewing in Ohio. Mr. Taft, the Secretary of War, is avowedly the President's nominee for the Presidency in 1908. Ohio is Mr. Taft's home State. The noted Senator, John B. Foraker, has a large measure of control over the Republican machine there. Whether he has ambitions for John B. Foraker or not may be left to conjecture, but at all events he does not propose to forward the Taft

SENATOR JOHN A. FORAKER,
OF OHIO

boom. Until he has the endorsement of his own State, Mr. Taft can hardly be said to have a boom. Senator Foraker is not working very hard to secure him this. Quite the contrary. The proposition he has made is that at the next Republican State Convention the delegates shall be asked to state their preferences both for the Ohio Senatorship and for the Presidential nomination. It is an open act of defiance to what is called Rooseveltism and presages a tremendous struggle in the State.

U

Mr. Haldane, the British War Minister, has remodelled the army. The effect of the proposals he has laid before Parliament is to provide a field force of highly trained professional soldiers of 160,000 men, the creation of a special contingent to whom the duties of the clerical work, transport, hospital attendance, etc., will be relegated, and, thirdly, there will be the so-called territorial army of 300,000 men, composed of the present militia and volunteers. The men of the latter body will contract for a period of four years, and if any one wishes to break his agreement he must give three months' notice and pay a fine of £5. His annual term of training will be a fortnight, but on the outbreak of a serious war he will be liable to go into camp for six months' training, preparatory to taking part in the struggle if need be. This, it will be seen, comes dangerously near to conscription and conscription. As some have expressed it, the voluntary system is on its last trial. If it does not succeed now, the advocates of conscription will have the floor.

U

The foes of the Campbell-Bannerman Government have had their innings and have expressed their views with respect



HON. R. S. HALDANE
British War Minister

to the folly of putting the government of a colony in the hands of those who but a few short years ago were sworn to extinguish the British name from South Africa. The office of the critic is an easy one, but he may occasionally be asked what he would do in the premises himself. It does not seem possible to have a community of white men within the bounds of the British Empire and refuse them the right to govern themselves. This was the situation with which the government were face to face, and it must be considered that they made the only decision that was possible, namely, to confer the management of their local affairs upon the electors of the two South African commonwealths. The newspapers of the Continent do not attempt to conceal their astonishment at such an experiment. Should it succeed it will be one more signal proof of the healing properties of liberty and home rule.

John A. Ewan.



WOMAN'S SPHERE



THE HATS

SEE the ladies with the hats—
Stunning hats—
Looming up in battlements and slanting
down in flats!
How they flutter, flutter, flutter,
At the corners of the street!
And the ones who wear 'em utter
Words as soft as melted butter
To the friends they chance to meet,
As they flash, flash, flash,
In a sort of shiny hash,
Till you'd think a flock of blue and green
and pink and purple bats
Were the hats, hats, hats, hats,
Hats, hats, hats—
The fearful and the cheerful string of hats!

—Harriet Whitney Durbin.



THE FASHIONS OF SPRING

THERE is nothing especially alluring about the fashions that come in September and November. Furs and cloth are heavy and unappealing; but when the April counters bloom with organdy, dimity and crepe de chine, the feminine heart is stirred to its depths and responds to the gentle lure of summer fabrics. But the hats are the final temptation which draws the dollars from miladi's new brown pocket-book. To a mere man, woman's interest in the fashions is bewildering, and he is fain to agree with the English "Bystander," who says:

Whatever spring weather may be, it is gratifying to learn that "Spring fashions are to be insidiously becoming." Insidiously! As men and husbands, we hope the news is true. Not that men really care what women wear. The stern-faced elderly lady who goes into a milliner's shop and comes out with a little blue sauce-boat and a couple of ostrich feathers balanced on the top of her head, labours under a delusion if she thinks she does that for our delight. So do lovelier and younger women. They do it for their own. But we do like women to think themselves

becomingly dressed. There is a restful spirit about them then that is very charming. Men, conscious of their well-cut, inconspicuous clothing, do not realise the pangs that Fashion causes to such of her followers as she doesn't happen to suit. Fancy if men were subject to fashion, and a fiat went forth that we had to appear in kilts and whiskers, and straw hats with a pink rose under one ear!



A MODERN PHILANTHROPIST

BEING rich may be an exhilarating experience; but being very rich is qualified by much boredom. Miss Helen Gould is doubtless making as sane and helpful a use of her many millions as any other rich person. But according to what the papers say, she is afflicted by many tiresome mendicants. During her recent visit to Paris, she was beset by a host of beggars. She subscribed towards a new organ in one American church; in another she bought a pew outright, and made it perpetually free to visitors; she made handsome gifts of money to the Young Women's Christian Union and to Mrs. Hoff's hotel for girl students, and she subscribed to the American hospital fund. She was induced to visit the Latin quarter by friends, who hoped that she would be moved by the sight of yards and yards of American canvas, and would contribute to the cause of United States art. But the multi-millionaire is said to have regarded the Latin quarter and its inhabitants with a cold eye. She bought nothing and subscribed to nothing associated with the American art student's career.



A LACE EXHIBITION

THE famous Ritz Hotel in London, England, has lately been the scene of the Royal Irish Industries Exhibition, which has met with general favour. The

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has taken a deep interest in the event, and indeed, the Royalties have shown that the Irish industries are near their affections. Various fabrics have been on exhibition, but the lace attracted the most general admiration.

Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the ex-Empress Eugenie are all in possession of valuable lace collections, but one of the Vanderbilts has a lace treasure that excels them all. There is one collection, says an English authority, which is even more costly than that of the rich New Yorker. It belongs to His Holiness the Pope. It is kept in cedar-wood cabinets in the Vatican, and as it is the custom of the Royal and noble Catholic families of Italy, Spain and Austria to present their bridal lace to the Church, the collection is an ever-growing one. The latest addition is the veil worn by Queen Victoria Eugenie at her marriage to the King of Spain.



A WOMAN KNIGHT

MADAME BARTET, the first actress in France to be admitted to the ranks of the Legion of Honour, is known as "Bartet the Divine." If she has not attained the celebrity of some of her colleagues, this is her own deliberate choice. Seek all over Paris, in the shop windows where photographs of stage favourites are exposed, says the *Grand Magazine*, and your search for a portrait of the personification of all that is best in the true, refined Parisienne will be in vain. "To the photographers who have solicited her for years to allow them to sell her portrait, she has invariably given a refusal. Moreover, Madame Bartet detests publicity of all sorts; does not smoke, does not drink, dresses always quietly, wears no jewellery—imitation or real—prefers books to commonplace gossip, is never seen affectedly posing at a first night or on a race-course, or any other place where people congregate, thinks the country vastly superior to the town—in a word, leaves undone all those things which she ought to do according to the creed of many members of her profession. In spite of these shortcomings, she has attained in the most critical



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND HER SISTER, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

city in the world an incomparable reputation as an actress."

Her favourite maxim is from George Eliot: "The first condition of human goodness is to have something to love, the second to have something to revere."



A SISTER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA

THE recent visit of the Dowager Empress of Russia to her sister, Queen Alexandra, is said to have been greatly enjoyed by the two "daughters of Denmark," who have always been extremely fond of each other. The Dowager Empress was called Princess Dagmar in her girlhood, but assumed the name, "Marie Feodorovna" on her marriage to the then Czarevitch, the Grand Duke Alexander, to whose brother she had formerly been betrothed, a prince who died of consumption. The young couple took up their abode in the old Anitchkoff Palace, where four sons and a daughter were born. The Emperor Alexander II was assassinated and his son succeeded to the doubtful honour of ruling Russia, while the new Empress devoted herself to guarding her husband from the dreaded dangers of his

position. Twice she saved him from death by assassination. In 1888, when the Imperial railway carriage was wrecked, the Czar saved his consort from serious injury by holding up for some time a great beam which threatened to crush her. In spite of his herculean strength, the Czar died of consumption in 1894. The home life of the late Czar and his beautiful Danish wife is said to have been one of rare happiness, in spite of the terror that always hovers near a Russian throne.



RESTAURANT MANNERS

THERE is little doubt that our manners are less pleasing than our grandmothers'. We hear occasionally of a gentleman of the old school, and, once in a while, of a gentlewoman of the same faded but courtly pattern. We read their old, time-stained letters, perchance, and sigh for the days when leisure and courtesy made an epistle a work of art. We may be as good as our grandmothers, but we are not so polite. What is to blame for our *brusquerie*? "The restaurant," replies a New York authority. The restaurant is not known to the feminine population of Canada, except in the large cities, where its evil effect on manners may very easily be detected.

Said a Canadian woman from a small town, regarding certain guests whom she had encountered at a large summer hotel: "I was so surprised to see well-dressed women with their elbows on the table, lounging in their chairs, as if they had never been taught how to behave." Those who surprised her would probably have called her criticism provincial and old-maidish, but there is no denying that the women who live in United States and Canadian hotels are rapidly losing those small graces of speech and manner that the women of a more leisurely *régime* deemed essential. If we are inclined to think the old-fashioned habits ridiculous, a meeting with one of the gentlewomen of a more formal day will show us that there is a real charm in the restraint that recognises social obligations and niceties. "The tender grace of a day that is dead," sometimes applies as well to customs as to friendships. Both the menu and man-

ners of the restaurant are conducive to *ennui* and awkwardness.



A CURIOUS PRAYER

A CONTRIBUTOR sends this information: "A collector of odd pieces of china and pottery has recently added to her store a quaint old sailor's mug, from which, many decades ago, some jolly Jack Tar was wont to quaff his morning and evening pint. The mug bears on its fat side this pious prayer:

From rocks and sands and barren lands
Kind Fortune keep me free;
And from great guns and women's tongues
Good Lord, deliver me.



MORE SIMPLE LIFE

THERE is a new school in Old London which rejoices in the flowing title: "Simple Life School for Dames and Damsels." The founder of this institution is Miss Elsa D'Esterre, who was born in the delightful town of Dublin, and has the good spirits and vivacity which are the birthright of the children of the shamrock. She was educated in Germany and became sworn translator to the British Consulate at Frankfort. But translation is dull work at best, and Miss D'Esterre removed to England, where she became a high school mistress at Oxford.

Finally she turned her academic attention to domestic matters, and concluded that Mary Ann was so impossible that the British housewife should study the plainest work in order to be in a position either to direct Mary Ann or to do without her. The simple life, according to Miss D'Esterre, means the modification of domestic life. Therefore, housework—cooking, sewing, washing, dusting, brass, plate and furniture polishing—is taught thoroughly at the school, with the object of fitting those who have servants to govern them with the authority that springs from knowledge and of enabling those who are deprived of servants to do without them with the minimum of inconvenience. The gospel of simplification is preached in other directions, too, in the avoidance of unnecessary furniture and of unessentials in anything.

The worst of it is that the moment we

are conscious of striving for simplicity, the quality evades us. As a Southern woman said of happiness: "It must be with you in the cradle or you do not have it at all." As soon as we sit down and begin to consider how simple we are going to be, the grace and virtue of the condition seem unattainable. But if this agonising for the simple life means that we are going to say farewell to bric-a-brac in the form of small mats and pink ribbons on the chair-backs, a real stride has been taken.



THE SOLEMN SEX

WOMEN are so frequently told that they have no sense of humour, that they sometimes take the remark for more than a joke. A writer in that buoyant weekly, *M. A. P.*, re-asserts the unlaughing nature of women and philosophises in cheerful manner:

Why do men laugh more than women? Is there any physical basis of laughter? Here we get near the secret. I think the secret of laughter is largely physical. It is the reaction of the mind on the body, of the spirit on the flesh. Laughter is the safety-valve of the soul. The giant laughers have been men—Shakespeare and Rabelais. I do not regard Cervantes and Sterne as laughers. They are smilers. They are not jolly roasters and guffawers. They are not fat, rotund, jovial hilarities. They are thin, lean, ironic smiles. A smile is a diluted laugh. Sterne is a diluted Rabelais. There must be no bitterness in laughter. It must be benevolent and benign, largely indolent, gigantically at ease. It must not fret and fume over the burthen and the mystery of all this unintelligible world. It must lie back in soft cushions and wallow in the simple enjoyment of good food, good drink, and good tobacco. It must be greedy, selfish, egoistic, insolent, and unambitious. Therefore, on the whole, laughter is not a moral thing. It is, indeed, essentially unmoral. If man had always laughed he would never have progressed. It is tears that wear away every stone. Laughter is the end, not the beginning. That is why laughter is scarce in this evolving world. But I think

we might safely have more laughter without endangering the evolution of man.

But women may protest that they sometimes break forth in Minnehaha moods, whereupon they are informed that the feminine mirth is giggling, not laughter. There is always one object that stirs amusement in woman's gentle breast—a man who is in the act of telling the sisterhood just how deficient it is in the ability to see the joke masculine. If woman were to laugh at man whenever she feels like it, domestic peace would be unthroned forever.



ANIMAL WORSHIP

MR. SAMUEL CLEMENS, better known as Mark Twain, was asked, on one occasion, whether a certain woman were intelligent. "Well," he drawled, "I wouldn't like to say she's intelligent, and I wouldn't like to say she is not. She is the sort of woman that would keep a parrot."

There is a certain class of woman that takes delight in being abjectly fond of cat, dog or parrot. It would be mirth-provoking, if it were not painful, to see a grown-up human being lavishing unhygienic endearments on some unfortunate poodle or pug and addressing it in terms that would indicate the descent of a brain storm. While the more humane treatment of animals is one of the marks of modern civilisation, and while no one would deny the satisfaction that comes from the companionship of a faithful dog or a "comfy" cat, there is something intellectually degenerate about the women who fondle to a nauseating degree the most repulsive specimens of doghood they can obtain. Household pets are all very well, but household idols of the canine or feline order must always be decidedly revolting to healthful humanity.

Jean Graham.





A WORD FOR THE "CANADIAN"

THIS month of May begins volume twenty-nine of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The number is worthy of special notice in more than one respect. It begins with an article entitled "Eccentricities of Genius," in which Mr. Stevenson has brought forward some extremely interesting sidelights on several of the early Victorian writers. It is not often that original material of this kind is available, and it is therefore gratifying to know that to students of literature it is first being given by a Canadian publication, thousands of miles away from the place where the persons concerned lived and wrote.

This number marks also the beginning of a series of articles by Mr. J. E. B. McCready along the line of a series published some time in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE under a general title "When the Dominion was Young." All who have read the first series will be glad to know that another has begun, for Mr. McCready, besides being an extremely entertaining writer, has the good fortune to know what he is writing about. Any one who wishes to learn something about the early days of Ottawa and to enjoy picturesque sidelights on conditions that prevailed at the Canadian capital about a half-century ago, should read "Ottawa: A Retrospect."

Much has been written about the Imperial Conference, which is already in session, but it is safe to say that nothing saner, more sympathetic or illuminative has been written on this subject than the article that appears in this number, from the pen of Mr. F. A. Acland. Mr. Acland is one of the best equipped

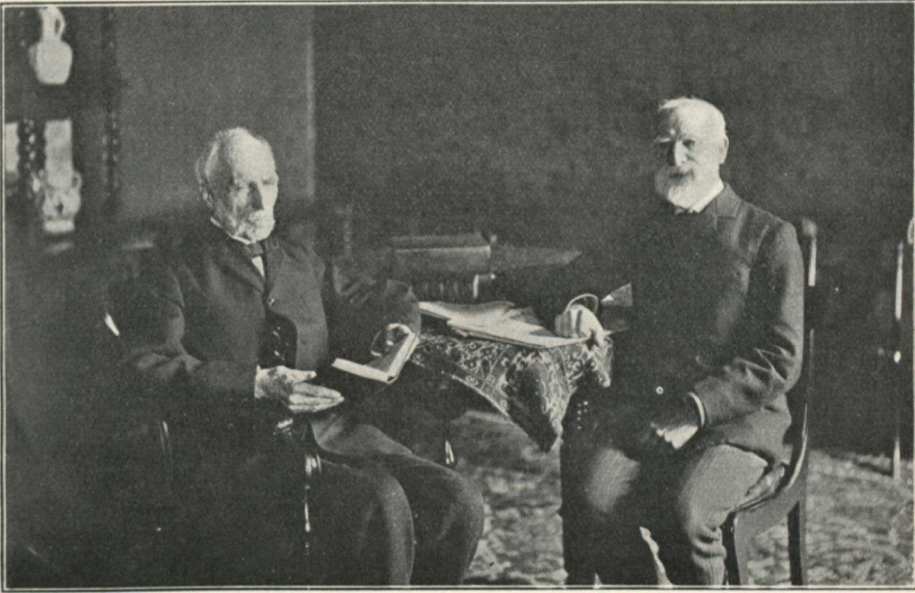
journalists in Canada, and he writes with a sureness and a comprehensiveness that show him to be capable of a wide outlook and of a seasoned appreciation of the significance of this meeting of the Colonial Premiers.

To every one who reads THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, particularly after reading Mr. Acland's article in this number, it will be of interest to know that, beginning with the June number, Mr. Acland will contribute every month several pages of comment on passing events both at home and abroad. For years Mr. Acland was on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*, and by those who know, it is freely admitted that he possesses exceptional qualifications as a journalist.



MR. BRYCE'S VISIT

WHETHER or not the visit to Canada of Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, will work to the advantage of the Dominion is, of course, nothing more than a probability. One thing, however, can be said with certainty: the eminent publicist made a profound impression on those who had the good fortune to hear him speak, and it is safe to say that he was sufficiently well convinced that Canadians have a pretty well-defined opinion as to how much importance should be credited to Canada by British statesmen negotiating with representatives of the United States. Both Mr. Bryce and his venerable friend, Mr. Goldwin Smith, assured the Canadian Club at Toronto that the British Government would do the utmost to conserve the interests of the Dominion, and the latter gentleman expressed his conviction that even in late negotiations with the



GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE

Photograph taken by Galbraith in the dining-room of *The Grange*, Toronto.

United States everything had been done for Canada that diplomacy could do, and preserve peace. Many will not agree with that opinion, but, whatever may be the fact, it is gratifying to know that peace has been maintained even though there might not have been the remotest likelihood of conflict. The spectacle of war between the two great English-speaking nations now is almost unthinkable, and yet we know what superheated jingoism can sometimes do.

Perhaps it is intended that Canadians should practise the broadest kind of patriotism, and provide repeated examples of the contention that it is advisable to do a little wrong in order to obtain great good. That might well be. It is just possible that the loss to Canada of certain portions of territory averted great calamities to humanity. But if great calamities have been averted we ought to know it. Our light should not be hidden under a bushel. If our country has been a martyr to universal weal, we ought to have the glory of it and be enjoying whatever beatification of mind might be possible in the circumstances.

TWO GREAT MEN

THERE is a peculiar charm about the picture of Mr. Goldwin Smith and his friend and former pupil Mr. James Bryce sitting together at the table in the dining-room of *The Grange*, a residence that should some day be preserved for its historic associations. While Mr. Goldwin Smith is a most unostentatious historian, philosopher and essayist, and Mr. Bryce an eminent British diplomat, both are literary men of the highest order. In Dr. Smith we have one who has carried about him throughout his long and fruitful years the rare tone and atmosphere of Thackeray, Carlyle, Dickens, Disraeli and Tennyson, and it may be said of him that he is the last great living link that joins the present with a time when the calling of letters in England was particularly glorified. Mr. Bryce comes of a later generation. He was a pupil of Professor Goldwin Smith at Oxford, and whenever he visits Toronto he stays at the *Grange* with his former teacher, and recalls incidents of the Oxford of about a half-century ago. To observe fast

friendship between persons of their calibre is a pleasing sight, and it is a safe conjecture that they have many common sympathies apart from the trivialities that afflict most men. It is perhaps impertinent, but nevertheless interesting, to speculate on how many persons their combined culture and learning would supply with the average acquirement of these two supremely desirable possessions.



THE LATE SPEAKER, ST. JOHN

DURING the first week of April, Joseph Wesley St. John, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario for nearly three sessions, passed away, after a two weeks' struggle against dire disease. Mr. St. John was born in Ontario County in 1854, and was educated at Uxbridge schools, Cobourg Collegiate Institute and Victoria College, graduating from the last in 1881. He was fervently loyal to his Alma Mater, for it was not in his nature to do anything by halves, and he was associated for years with the University Senate, as well as with the educational system of the City of Toronto.

Mr. St. John devoted himself to the study of law and early in his career showed a keen interest in political affairs. He had



THE LATE SPEAKER, ST. JOHN

settled in the city of Toronto and the riding of West York claimed his political attention. In 1888 he spoke frequently in the campaign of the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, and became a familiar figure on Conservative platforms in the country, where his commanding figure and effective fighting qualities soon attracted attention. In 1892 he was defeated in the Legislative bye-elections in West York, but was successful in 1894. Again in 1898 he was defeated, but in 1902 he carried West York by a large majority, which was increased in the general election of 1905. On the accession of the Conservatives to power, he was chosen Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and his dignified, impartial demeanour throughout its sessions amply justified Premier Whitney's choice. Mr. St. John had a genius for friendship, a jovial laugh and a warm handclasp, which always brought cheer and goodfellowship. His unswerving integrity in both public and private relations should remain as an example to the younger generation.



WITS VERSUS JUSTICE

THE Thaw case in New York, offensive as it must be to all persons of acute appreciation, affords one more opportunity for observation of the great influence that money can have on legal processes. Had Thaw been a poor man, with nothing to depend on but his poverty, he would have been disposed of one way or another long ago. But he was able to employ the most astute counsellors in the Republic and through them to almost exhaust the great legal resources of the whole people. Instead of being a trial of justice, it became, like many other instances, a trial of wits. The possibility of that and its frequent realisation is the great weakness in the jury system almost invariably. The prosecutors, without respect to the merits of the case, press for conviction; the defenders, without respect to guilt or innocence, strive for acquittal. As a result, we see in all cases backed by money, not a wholesome endeavour to right a wrong, but a degrading battle over technicalities, formalities or anything else that will serve to confound the law and its

interpreters. Appeals are made for public sympathy, a thing that is usually generously bestowed, and the human weaknesses of the jurymen are played upon whenever an opportunity is presented. In the use of the expression *Dementia Americana* we have a striking instance of this practice. Mr. Delmas well knew how it would flatter the people of the United States to let them know in this way that they were unique in being demented, some of them, in a way unknown in other countries.

CHANGE IN POSTAGE RATES

IF Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux keeps on in the good work he has done so far as Postmaster-General, he gives promise of outshining some of the most brilliant ministerial records at Ottawa. He came, as some said, "green" to the work, but his natural executive ability which had already stood well for him enabled him to cope successfully with problems that predecessors had failed to solve. His last and most telling stroke was the change of the postage rates on magazines and periodicals mailed to Canada from England and the United States. The old rate from England was eight cents a

pound, and from the United States one cent a pound. That was an unreasonable difference. The new rate is four from the United States and two cents from Great Britain, the English rate being reduced by six cents, and the United States rate increased by three cents.



A CANADIAN EXHIBIT

CANADA is well represented at the Jamestown exposition, which is now in full swing at Norfolk, Va., by a handsome cottage erected by the Grand Trunk Railway System. The photograph reproduced herewith gives an idea of its uniqueness and attractive features. As it is furnished and decorated in the good taste that is a feature of the Grand Trunk exhibits, it is sure to do much good as an advertisement for the whole Dominion. The resources and attractiveness of Canada are shown, and there is a decorative frieze in oil colours, consisting of subjects symbolical of Canadian manufactures, industries, summer vacation haunts, transportation and hunting. There is also an excellent collection of mounted animals, fish, game birds, besides other attractive features.



EXHIBIT OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION



MORE SONGS FROM THE WEST

NOT long ago mention was made of the place the West is taking in Canadian poetry, and it is of interest therefore to record the publication of "Songs of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service (Toronto: William Briggs). The author, although not a native-born Canadian, has lived in the West long enough to acquire the western spirit, as is shown by a number of the poems he has selected for publication. Mr. Service is connected with the Bank of Commerce, and has been posted at Kamloops, Vancouver, Skagway, and Whitehorse. He was born in Lancashire, England, in 1874, and received some training in the Commercial Bank of Scotland. He came to Canada twelve years ago. In his verse he displays much force and keenness of observation, and in some instances there is genuine originality. The poems most worthy of note are "The Law of the Yukon," "The Cremation of Sam McGee," and "The Low-down White." We quote from the first, which has a Kipling ring:

THE LAW OF THE YUKON

This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
 Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane.
 Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them sore;
 Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core;
 Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
 Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.
 Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;
 Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;
 Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat;
 But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.

Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
 Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—
 Go! take back your spawn again.

Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway;
 From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone for a million years and a day;
 Hugging my mighty treasure, waiting for man to come:
 Till he swept like a turbid torrent, and after him swept—the scum.
 The pallid pimp of the dead line, the enervate of the pen;
 One by one I weeded them out, for all that I sought was—Men.
 One by one I dismayed them, frightening them sore with my glooms;
 One by one I betrayed them unto my manifold dooms.
 Drowned them like rats in my rivers, starved them like curs on my plains,
 Rotted the flesh that was left them, poisoned the blood in their veins;
 Burst with my winter upon them, searing forever their sight;
 Lashed them with fungus-white faces, whimpering wild in the night;
 Staggering blind through the storm-whirl, stumbling mad through the snow,
 Frozen stiff in the ice-pack, brittle and bent like a bow;
 Featureless, formless, forsaken, scented by wolves in their flight,
 Left for the wind to make music through ribs that are glittering white.



A CRITICISM OF SOCIALISM

JAMES E. LE ROSSIGNOL, Professor of Economics in the University of Denver, and, by the way, a Canadian, has recently had published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York, a noteworthy volume entitled "Orthodox Socialism." This is by no means Mr. Le Rossignol's first attempt in a somewhat hazardous field of literature. He is already the author of several other volumes of commanding merit, particularly "Monopolies Past and Present,"

"Taxation in Colorado," besides several articles on philosophical and economic subjects. Lately he spent some months in New Zealand investigating economic conditions there, and he expects to publish a book on the subject next year. The publishers also promise soon a collection of short stories of French-Canadian life by the same author.

The first chapter of "Orthodox Socialism" defines the creed of Socialism and traces its historic rise. Then come discussions of the labour-cost; theory of value; the iron law of wages; surplus value; the use of machinery and its effect upon skilled labour; panics, strikes, and industrial crises; the struggle of mass with class; and the social revolution which has been threatened. The book should prove of intense interest to all who wish to intelligently observe the evolution of social conditions. The author was born in Quebec, and was graduated B.A. from McGill University. His post-graduate studies were extensive, including the taking of the Ph.D. degree at Leipzig.



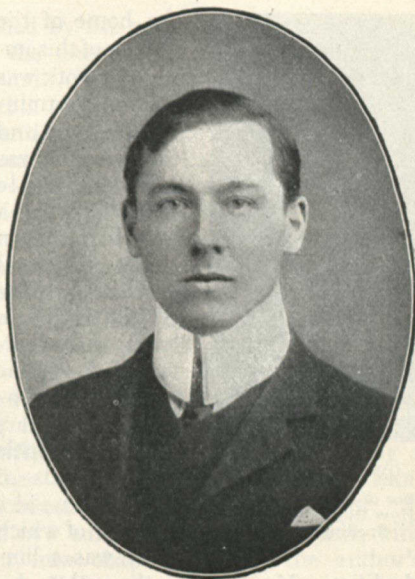
A BOOK FOR THE FAMILY

"**FAMILY SECRETS**" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Marion Foster Washburnett (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada). The book is valuable to all members of a family, because it deals in an entertaining way with the problems that are confronted in almost every case, telling how they were solved even in the face of financial reverses. The author handles the subject in a wholesome, good-natured way, and her observations on many things that affect the average family are amusing and yet to the point.



MRS. SIDGWICK'S NEW NOVEL

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, an English lady whose work became known here through an amusing story entitled "The Thousand Eugénias," which was published several years ago, has written a new story of the title "The Kinsman" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), which might be described as a comic version of "The



ROBERT W. SERVICE

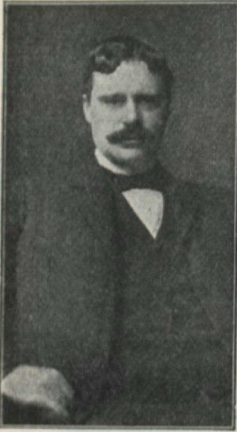
Author of "Songs of a Sourdough."

Masquerader." The story is interestingly and amusingly told. It deals with the experiences of a young cockney, a rather forward person, who for a time succeeds in passing himself off as one of his cousins, a rich and distinguished Australian. The possibilities of the plot may be imagined.



HISTORY OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

IT is seldom indeed that the associations of one single place comprise, as it were, an epitome of a nation's history, and yet so much can almost be said of Westminster Abbey. This imposing pile is one of the oldest institutions of Great Britain, and as it stands to-day it is a marvellously interesting place. To write a history of Westminster Abbey would seem, therefore, almost an overwhelming undertaking, and few but those who had peculiar opportunities would care to undertake the task. The work, however, has been done, and well done, by Mrs. A. Murray Smith (E. T. Bradley) in a volume entitled "Westminster Abbey: Its Story and Associations" (London: Cassells & Co., Limited). For years



OWEN WISTER

Author of the clever satire
"How Doth the Busy
Spelling Bee."

the home of the author of this important work was at the Westminster Deanery, and the material was collected while the writer was a dweller within those historical precincts. The publication is in reality a new edition of a volume that was published some years ago under the title "The Annals of Westminster Abbey," of which there was a limited edition. Mrs. Smith is the author also of a volume entitled "The Roll-Call of Westminster Abbey," which is a shorter and more concise work than the "Annals." The latest work, "Westminster Abbey: Its Story and Associations," brings the history of this famous edifice down to practically the present time, and is, therefore, of increased value in that respect. The work begins with the early traditions and matter relating to the Saxon abbots, and traces the religious history of England on down to the time of the Conqueror and the Saxon church, taking in the Norman kings and Norman abbots, together with the last years of the Norman church and the first English king. Perhaps the most interesting part of all deals with the Abbey before the Reformation. The volume is profusely illustrated by excellent photogravures of historical paintings, taking in the coronation of King Edward, which is the last illustration in the book.



A LACK OF APPRECIATION

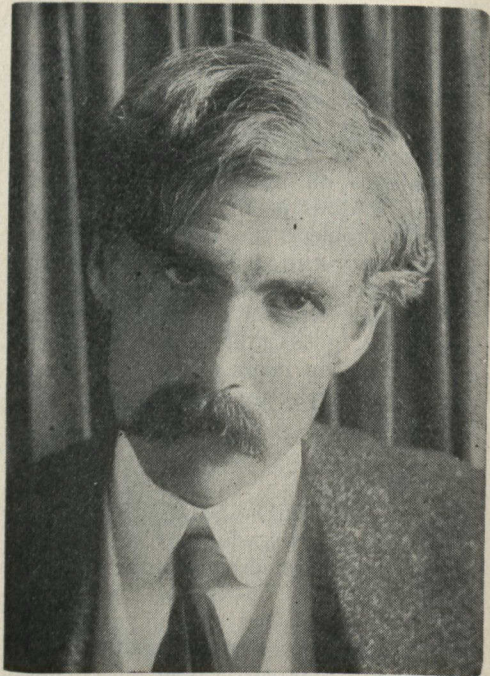
TO one who feels any interest in Canadian literature there must come a sense of mingled surprise and disappointment with the statement from the publisher that, although Isabella Valancy Crawford's complete volume of poems has been published nearly a year and a half, less

than five hundred copies have been sold. One would suppose that the city of Toronto alone would have taken that number. It is really inconceivable that a volume of poetry of such qualities, which has won lengthy eulogiums from the critics, should find so inconsiderable a sale. Evidently what is needed is more attention to be given to our Canadian writers in the schools and colleges. Why should the work of the classes in literature be confined to the English and American poets, and our own be neglected? It is time our educationists woke up to the fact that we have a literature well worthy of study. Perhaps that will come when more of the native-born begin to fill our professorial chairs.



NOTES

—Students of the Bible will be interested in knowing that a volume entitled "The Servant of Jehovah," on which Prof. G. C. Workman, of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, worked for many years,



NORMAN DUNCAN

Whose latest novel entitled "The Cruise of the Shining Light" has just been published,

is to be issued shortly by Longmans, Green & Company, London (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has just published in his Colonial Library series "The Baxter Family," by Alice and Claude Askew, and "The Soul Stealer," by C. Ranger-Gull.

—Among the forthcoming books of this spring announced by William Briggs is a story entitled "Gaff Linkum," from the pen of Mr. A. P. McKishnie, of Chatham, the scene of which is laid in a village on the shores of Lake Erie. Mr. McKishnie (who, by the way, is a brother of Mrs. Jean Blewett), is winning a reputation as a writer of short stories, his name being familiar to the readers of certain of the popular magazines of the day. This is his first essay in the book arena, and his story is said to be a most attractive one, in some respects quite distinctive.

—An edition of "Wacousta," in paper covers for the summer season, has been

issued by the publishers. It contains all of the illustrations, and is very prettily bound. It is gratifying to learn that within a year of publication more than five thousand copies of this interesting Canadian romance have been issued.

—A volume of poems by Rev. Thos. W. Fyles, D.D., of Point Levis, is in course of publication by William Briggs. They are said to possess a fine literary flavour. Dr. Fyles is something of an artist as well as a poet, and the volume will contain several of his own illustrations.

—The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, recently published an interesting book by Charles Brodie Patterson, entitled "The Will to be Well," being a rather unique doctrine, with a clean, wholesome life as the object in view. It is a new edition of a former volume, with four new chapters, giving the author's latest discoveries regarding mental and physical health, a study that is attracting universal attention.



RALPH CONNOR AT CAMP WHERE MOST OF "THE DOCTOR," HIS LATEST NOVEL, WAS WRITTEN

What Others are Laughing at

GIRLS I HAVE KNOWN

THE liveliest girl I ever met
Was charming Annie Mation;
Exceeding sweet was Carry Mel;
Helpful, Amelia Ration.

Nicer than Jenny Rosity
It would be hard to find;
Lovely was Rhoda Dendron, too,
One of the flower kind.

I did not fancy Polly Gon,
Too angular was she;
And I could never take at all
To Annie Mosity.

I rather liked Miss Sarah Nade,
Her voice was full of charm;
Hester Ical too nervous was,
She filled me with alarm.

E. Lucy Date was clear of face,
Her skin was like a shell;
Miss Ella Gant was rather nice,
Though she was awful swell.

A clinging girl was Jessie Mine,
I asked her me to marry
In vain—now life is full of fights,
For I'm joined to Millie Tary.

G.H.W., in *Boston Transcript*.

DOG FASHIONS



FOR THE COUNTRY FOR THE CITY FOR THE SPORT

—*Le Rive* (Paris).

SETTING HER RIGHT

SHOPPER: "Where is the corset department?"

FLOORWALKER: "Straight back?"
"No, straight front."

—*Life*.

WE'RE PROGRESSING

WE'VE shortened up our words a few.
The scheme is far from twaddle;
Progressive young folks say "skiddoo,"
Our grandsires said "skedaddle."

—*Detroit News*.

FORGIVEN

WHEN Charles P. Norcross, now a well-known Washington correspondent was a reporter on the *New York Tribune*, he was sent one Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous in New York both for his wit and his good deeds.

Father Ducey was in the confessional. Norcross said he would wait, but was told that nobody was in the church, and that he could go in and see Father Ducey and come out before anybody went in, without any doubt. He found the reverend father waiting and began a timorous conversation with him, being somewhat awed by his unaccustomed surroundings.

"Good-evening, Father."

"Good-evening, my son."

"Father, I am a reporter from the *New York Tribune*."

"Very well; I absolve you from that."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

SURE SIGNS

HOTEL PROPRIETOR. "I see you have given our finest suite of rooms to a man called Bilkins. Are you sure he can pay the price?"

MANAGER: "Yes; he's immensely rich."

HOTEL PROPRIETOR: "How do you know?"

MANAGER: "He is old and ugly, and his wife is young and pretty."



CRUEL, BUT JUST

THE NEW AUNT: "So you are eight years old? Now, how old do you think I am?"

ETHEL: "You're not very young, are you?"

THE NEW AUNT: "Well, I'm not quite so old as Grandmamma."

ETHEL: "Oh, Grandmamma never tries to look young!"



EVIDENCE

THE evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcohey, that you threw a stone at Policeman Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer Honer. It shows that Oi hit him."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*



THE LIMIT

FOREIGNER: "Scientists agree that climates are changing all over the globe. Is there not fear that the American climate may change for the worse?"

AMERICAN (confidently): "Oh, no, it couldn't."—*New York Weekly.*



"Good-morning, Mr. Giraffe; whatever have you got your neck tied in a knot for?"

"Oh, that's to remind me to buy some new collars."

"And what have you got a knot in your tail for?"

"Why, that's to remind me that I've tied my neck in a knot, of course!"

—*The Royal.*



"There's no 'olding 'im, now, Sir, since 'e's gone into knickers—'e's that *pomptious!*"

—*Punch.*

A GOOD MODERATOR

WHEN Archbishop French was Dean of Westminster he delegated Canon Cureton to preach on certain saints' days to boys of the Westminster School. The boys attended the service and then had the rest of the day as a holiday. While Mr. Cureton, on the morning of the day he was to officiate, was looking over his sermon at the breakfast table, his son asked in a tone vibrating with anxiety: "Father, is yours a long sermon to-day?"

"No, Jimmy, not very."

"But how long? Please tell me."

"Well, about twenty minutes, I should say. But why are you so anxious to know?"

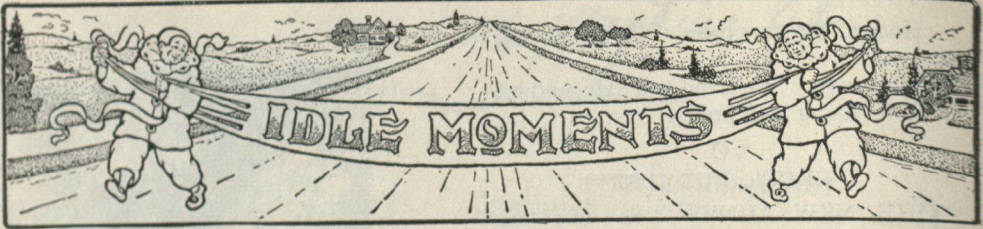
"Because, father, the boys say they will thrash me awfully if you are more than half an hour."—*New York Tribune.*



THE CURSE OF RICHES

PHYSICIAN'S WIFE: "I need a new evening dress."

PHYSICIAN: "All right, my dear; I'll look over my list and find some fellow who can afford an operation for appendicitis."—*New York Press.*



GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS

PASTORAL visiting in the rural districts of Ontario, in pioneer days, was not what it is to-day. One could not then, as now, calculate just the hour that the minister might be expected to arrive. So when the Reverend Dugald MacFadyen announced to the Old Kirk Presbyterians on a certain Sabbath that "he would visit the families of the congregation in Elder Thomson's district during the coming week," the Macraes thought he might reach their settlement about Thursday or Friday. It was scarcely possible that he could be there by Wednesday, and they felt quite safe in going to the logging bee over in Cappadocia on Tuesday.

Somehow there was a deviation from the regular route of visiting and Tuesday noon found the minister and his elder at the Macrae settlement. In vain they tramped from farm to farm. Every door was barred. Every Macrae, big and little, was away from home; the women to the quilting which accompanied the logging bee, and the children with them to enjoy one of the happiest frolics of the year.

The next place to be visited lay several miles farther on, over the corduroy road running through the unbroken swamp. There was nothing for it but to urge on "Shank's Mare"—the visiting was always done afoot—and make Macgregor's before night fell.

About the middle of the afternoon they halted at a point where the blazed trail crossing the corduroy marked out the third concession line. A few minutes' walk along this trail would bring one to the Widow Johnston's little clearing. The widow was a strong Free Kirk supporter, but Elder Thomson suggested that a couple of hungry Scots would surely be

entitled to Scottish hospitality, and the minister took the hint by leading the way along the trail to the widow's.

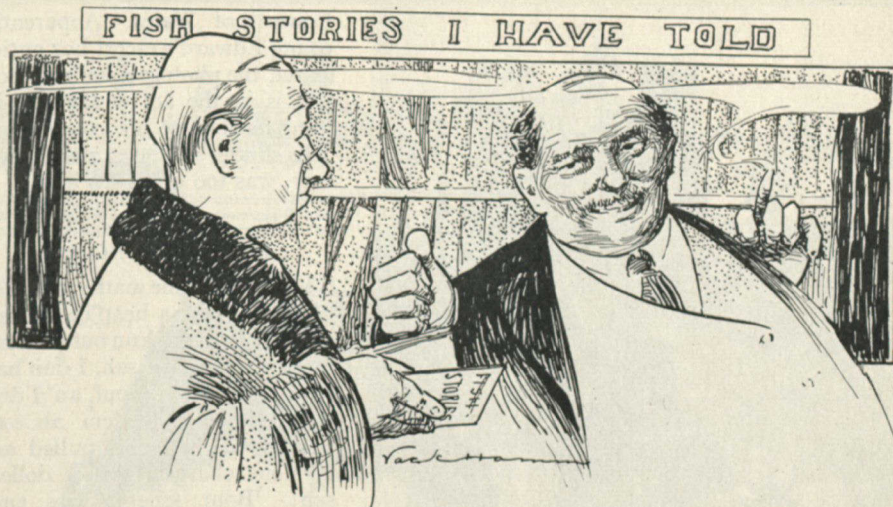
The widow had been early astir that morning, and was already resting with the contentment that follows the doing of a good day's work. She had just finished her weekly churning and baking, and the fruits of her labour—a platter of firm, yellow butter, and a pile of light, tempting buttermilk scones—lay on the small, clean, wooden table.

She had divined the reason of the unexpected visit before the words of greeting were over, and she lost no time in setting a plate and knife for each, and bidding the hungry pair reach to and help themselves.

If we dared ask the Reverend Dugald MacFadyen the recipe for scone sandwich this is what he might say: "Take a fresh warm buttermilk scone; split it in two. From a large, round roll of sweet, yellow butter, cut a slice, not too thin. Between the pieces of scone lay this slice of butter; season with an appetite gained from a walk of several miles along a rough corduroy road. Press together and eat—a sandwich fit for a king."

By the time the pile of scones had dwindled to a paltry half-dozen, and the long, fat roll of butter, attacked from both ends, remained as a thin wedge standing upright in the middle of the platter, the spirit of Scottish hospitality had departed from a certain Scottish widow's heart.

But reverently, as if to her own minister, she handed the book for the customary reading. Whether it was by accident or design that the Scripture lesson chosen was "The Feeding of the Five Thousand," no one will ever know, for no one ever summoned the courage to ask the Reverend Dugald, although the question was debated many a time in the kirkyard as the



THIN MAN: "I'd like to go away to some quiet river and just lie about—fishing."

FAT MAN: "No need to go away at all. You can stay at home and lie about fishing as well as anybody I know of."

early comers strolled about waiting for service to begin.

According to the goodly custom brought from the Old Country, the minister followed the reading by testing the widow as to her knowledge of the lesson.

"How many persons were fed?" He began encouragingly.

"I dinna ken," untruthfully responded the widow, resenting his treatment of her as if she were a regular Old Kirk member.

"How many loaves and fishes were there?" came the next question, in a surprised tone.

"I dinna ken," grumbled Mrs. Johnston, her temper rising as her glance again fell on the despoiled table.

"Surely ye can tell me how many baskets of fragments were left?" insisted the puzzled man, quite unconscious of the cause of this strange ignorance.

"I dinna ken," snapped the widow, her temper at last getting command of her good manners, "but I ken this, if ye and yer elder had been there, there'd ha' been mighty little left"

The prayer that followed was short and strangely incoherent, and the hurried leave-taking was the congealed essence of politeness.

—Don Graeme.

A PLAIN STATEMENT

THE following letter, accompanying a short story, was received recently by the Editor:

GENTLEMEN.—This little Easter story is not true, it is fiction. As I have no contract to use the rake, I have lifted the skirts of the heroine over the dung hill, so they never touched it, worked in the fickle damsel, and the true, self-sacrificing lover, whose youthful air castles were ruined, and who was driven from home and to drink by the fickleness of his lady love; likewise to find a dozen gold mines in his wanderings, and I have given the villain a chance to kill himself, which he accepted, and rung down the curtains on the bloody domestic tragedy that dyed the pure white Easter lilies crimson in the blood of repentance, and finally married the old true and tried sweethearts.

You needn't waste your valuable time perusing these (25) twenty-five pages of MESS., if you don't think this synopsis of it is available for your present needs?

Should it by any possibility of a chance prove available, believe me, I will be real pleased to receive a U.S. P.O. Money Order for the same. Not your check, as I would be in a quandary as to how to cash it, for this *nom de plume* is not mine. That is, I only wear it on these occasions. I live in a little backwood hole of this wonderful city of New York, where you can't even change a five dollar bill, and I do not care to advertise to its inhabitants the fact that I am trying to



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

make money by lying, it might ruin my reputation for veracity.

Trusting this may prove available,
I am very truly, etc.

P.S.—When I have grown rich writing stories and *poems*, I will employ a typewriter, and have them correctly done; until then I hope you'll excuse my little errors, as I am not a college professor, or even a graduate.

To satisfy natural curiosity it is only fair to say that unfortunately the story had to be returned to the author.



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

SOME persons think that young Princes of royal blood never get abroad like ordinary youngsters. That is a fallacy, as may be seen by the accompanying photograph, which shows Prince

Edward of Wales. Apparently young Edward's escort has anticipated the photographer's object, and is in the act of stepping in front to obscure his companion. The shutter of the camera, however, was too quick for him.



HE WAS BUNCOED

"WHAT'S the matter, uncle?"
"Dar's a heap de matter, sah. I's jest bin skun out ob some money. You see, sah, I dun had a big pain in ma mouf, an' I dun went to one ob dem ah toof jerkers an' had one pulled an' he done charged me a dollar, sah! 'Bout seberal yars ago, down Souf, I went to a dentis, an' he pulled two toofs an' broke ma jawbone an' hit only cost me fifty cents! I's bin skun, sah."
—T. P. in *The Kazooster*.



FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL INTELLIGENCE!

MR. DYKER HEIGHTS:
"Is that dog of yours smart?"

MR. BAY RIDGE (proudly):
"Smart? Well, I should say so! I was going out with him yesterday, and I stopped and said: 'Towser, we have forgotten something!' And bothered if he didn't sit down and scratch his head to see if he could think what it was."



LIFE'S LITTLE COURTESIES

"HANG it all!" exclaimed Mr. Subbubs, arriving home from the office. "We'll have to call on the Dubleys to-night."

"Why, George, you said you wanted to stay home with me in comfort to-night," exclaimed his wife.

"Yes, but Dubley told Balklotz he and his wife meant to call on us to-night. We can leave their house earlier than we could make them leave ours."—*Philadelphia Press*.



The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

"A man is known by the candy he sends."

Stuyler's

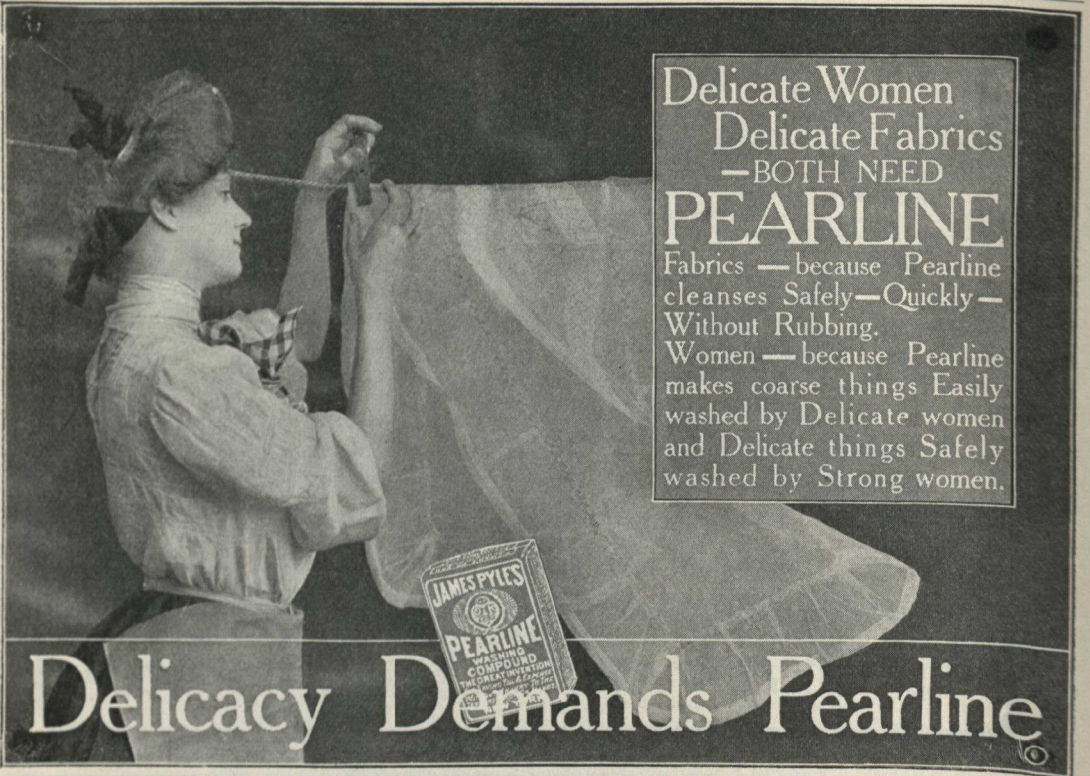
Toronto Chocolate
Creams

The most delicious confection
made in Canada

60c. Per Pound

Mail orders promptly and carefully filled.

130-132 Yonge Street, Toronto



Delicate Women
Delicate Fabrics
— BOTH NEED
PEARLINE
Fabrics — because Pearline
cleanses Safely—Quickly—
Without Rubbing.
Women — because Pearline
makes coarse things Easily
washed by Delicate women
and Delicate things Safely
washed by Strong women.

JAMES PYLES
PEARLINE
WASHING
COMPOUND
THE ONLY ONE THAT
CLEANS WITHOUT
RUBBING

Delicacy Demands Pearline

Ready for Housecleaning



The services of these works are always largely on call at the housecleaning season, and we clean curtains and furniture coverings in a way that gives very complete satisfaction. You can always feel safe in sending us the finest articles in the home.

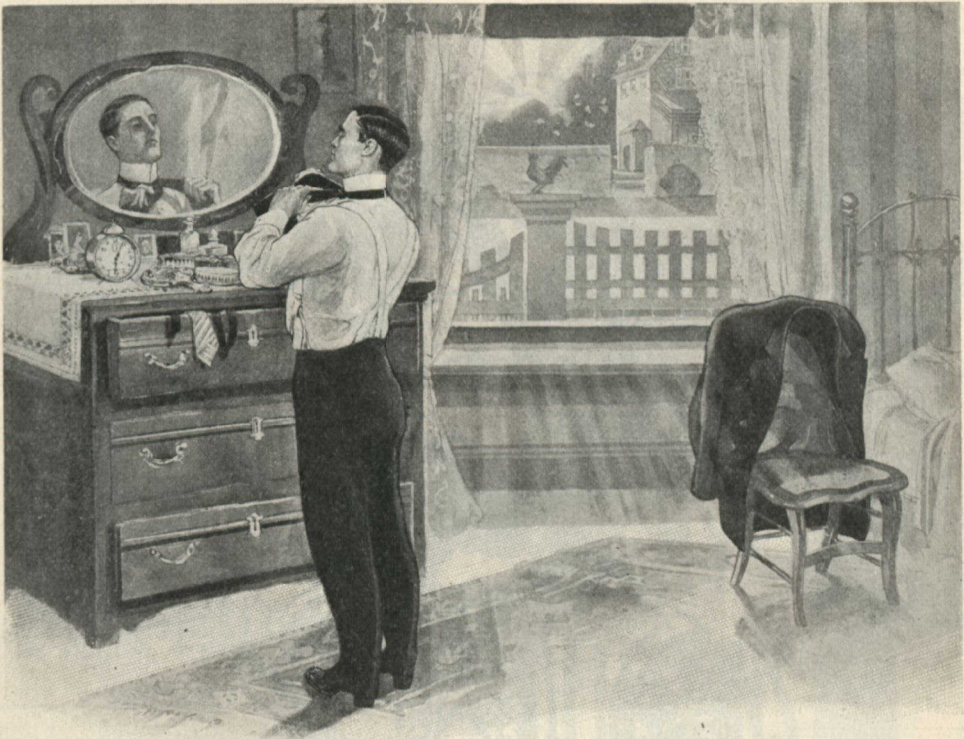
R. PARKER & CO.

Canada's Greatest Dyers and Cleaners

TORONTO

CANADA

Branches and
Agencies
in all parts
of Canada



Every New Day

Should bring to you the simple joy of living—the opportunity to do—to achieve.

The birthright of every man, woman and child is success—the power to think—to act; the capacity for continued, concentrated, successful work.

It is a well-established fact that the quality of brain and muscle depends upon the food you eat.

Don't keep a rickety, unproductive thinker.

Change food!

Grape-Nuts

is scientifically prepared—contains the certain necessary elements that will build back mental and physical health, and the new feeling from a 10 days' trial will prove the fact to you.

“There's a Reason”

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.



MOGUL

Egyptian Cigarettes

(Cork Tips)

15c. per box



LUXURIOUS

rooms may be decorated in absolute good taste with **Alabastine** — a range of tints to select from that will let your walls harmonize with any furnishings.

Send 10c for a copy of "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," with many dainty, new ideas for the decoration of your home.

Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5 pound package for 50 cents.

Ask your dealer for tint card.
NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

THE **Alabastine Co.** LTD
145 WILLOW STREET, PARIS, ONT.

ALL BY DAYLIGHT



There's everything for
Picture Making in the

Kodak Box

THE BOX CONTAINS: No. 2 Brownie Camera, Brownie Developing Box, Film, Paper, Trays, Chemicals, Mounts. **No Dark Room** for any part of the work, and so simple that the beginner can get good pictures from the start.

Price Complete, \$4.00

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada



**VICHY
CÉLESTINS**

The Best
Mineral Water

—and the only Vichy bottled under official supervision at the Springs and sealed with a special label of the French Government.

Vichy Célestins is a specific for Kidney and Bladder Troubles, a natural solvent of Uric Acid.

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS FOR
STOMACH AND LIVER DISORDERS

EVERY BOTTLE OF REAL
Vichy Water
IS CALLED
CÉLESTINS

CROWN BRAND

BRAND



CORN

SYRUP

Man in the Making

Build your child's body and brain well—if you want the future man to be well.

"CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP" is a food that makes sturdy bones, healthy tissues, good nerves. It is the best thing to give children with their porridge, cereal or bread.

"CROWN BRAND" is an absolutely pure syrup—made as good as syrup can be made—with a rich flavour that makes the youngsters and grown-up's ask for more.

Your dealer has it in air-tight tins, 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb. and 20-lb.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL and TORONTO



PRIESTLEY'S

"HUGUENOT" CLOTH

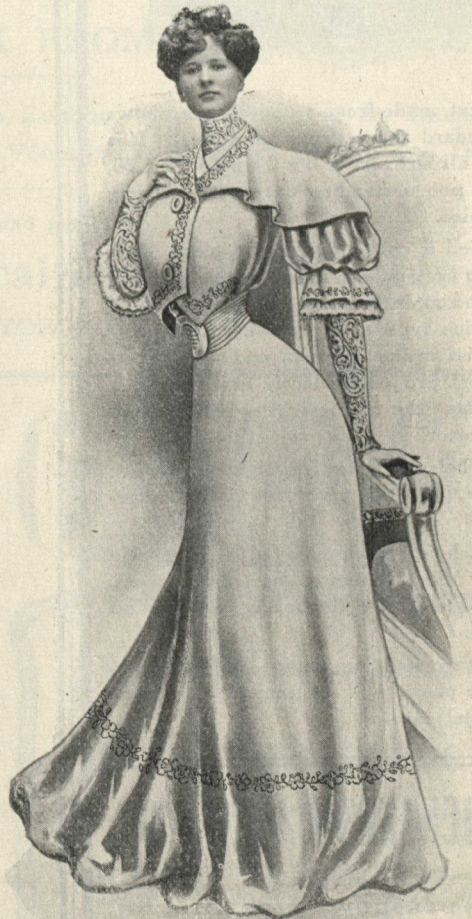
PRIESTLEY'S unrivalled dyeing and finishing have produced a cloth sure of immediate appeal to the present day's demand.

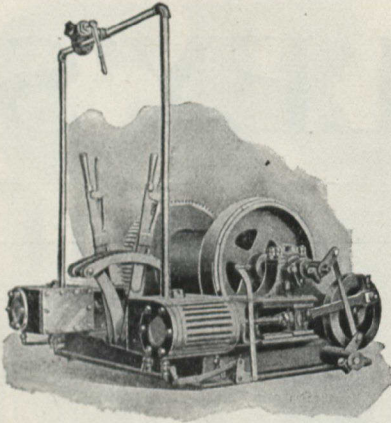
"HUGUENOT" Cloth contains all the durability and close texture of the old-time serge, with the soft, rich, draping qualities of a French cashmere.

**FASHION'S
FAVORITE**

Colors include the latest shades, rich tints of red, green, blue, brown, and new evening shades.

FOR SALE AT ALL THE BEST DRY GOODS STORES





¶ This cut, made from a photograph, shows our standard single drum mine hoist. It is built in all sizes from 6 x 8 up to 14 x 20, the fine points standing out equally strong in any size.

¶ The bed is cast in one solid piece, each frame is cast in one piece with cylinder, slides and main bearing. The drum is of the friction type and provided with powerful band brake as well, and all operating levers are conveniently arranged in a quadrant at the front, right at the hand of the operator.

¶ Every hoist is tested under steam before shipment, and all parts are interchangeable.

¶ These hoists have enjoyed a large sale all over the Dominion for many years, and the sales are increasing steadily all the time.

¶ Our new hoisting engine bulletin, just from the press, will be mailed on receipt of a postal card.

THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.

Limited

Executive Office:

50 LANSDOWNE STREET
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Plants:

SHERBROOKE, - QUE.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Sales Offices:

ST. CATHARINES HALIFAX ROSSLAND
VANCOUVER COBALT

AT THE BEST SHOPS



EARL

ONE HEIGHT ONLY

BACK 2 IN X 2½ IN FRONT

QUARTER, HALF AND THREE-

QUARTER SIZES

13½ TO 17



The *William A. Greene Coy.* LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

For lighting your range or for a light SUMMER FIRE
there is nothing equal to

BEAVER BRAND CHARCOAL

TRY A SAMPLE SACK FROM YOUR GROCER

Departments in { Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Montreal, St. Thomas
Brantford, Berlin, Woodstock, Stratford, Guelph and Galt

Manufactured and put up only by

The Standard Chemical Company of Toronto

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, CANADA

LIMITED



GANONG'S

G.B.

The latest and daintiest arrangement for
Chocolates

The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams,
Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and
Nuts. ½, 1, 2, 3, and 5 pounds.
Full weight in every box.

35 Years' Experience

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

FIRST IN MERIT, AND FIRST
IN THE HEARTS OF THE
PEOPLE, IS THE

Heintzman & Co. Piano

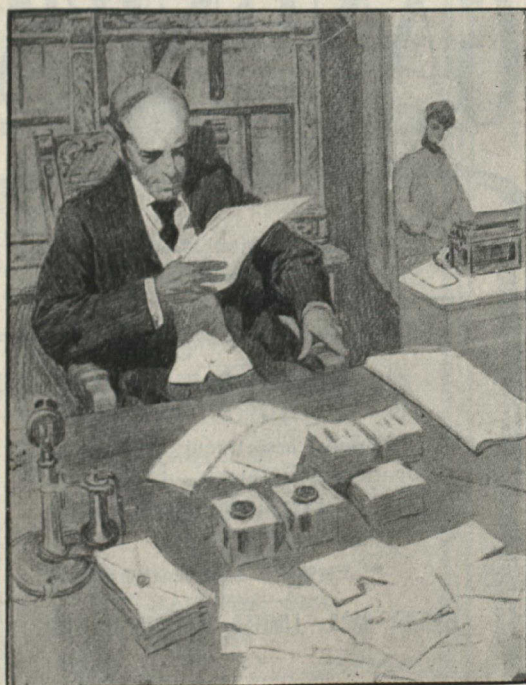
Canada's Greatest Piano

commanding the admiration, for 50 years,
of the world's famous artists and citizens of culture the Dominion throughout.

*"I shall insist on having a Heintzman & Co. Piano
whenever I visit Canada."*—Burmeister.



PIANO SALON OF THE OLDE FIRM OF HEINTZMAN & CO., LIMITED
115-117 King Street West, Toronto, Canada



YOUR Business Stationery

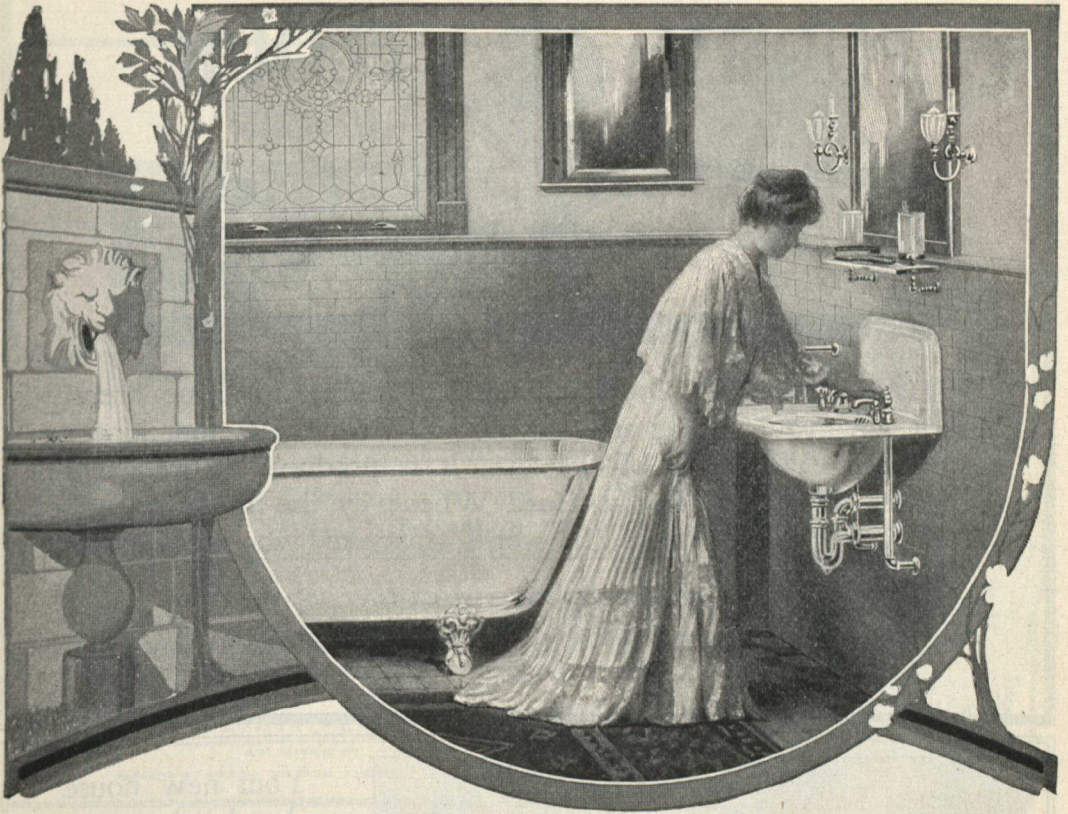
Will your letter catch your correspondent's eye the moment he receives the envelope? Will it leave a favorable impression? If it will not do this, there is something wrong. It may be the quality of paper that you used. It will pay you to use a good paper. Our

20th Century Bond

is a high-grade business paper and would add greatly to the force of your letter. Look for the Watermark. White and Blue with Envelopes to match. Your printer can supply it.

The Barber & Ellis Co.
Limited

72 York Street, Toronto



A Pure White "Standard" Bathroom is the pride of the house-owner and the safeguard of domestic health. Its moderate cost and life-long durability make "Standard" Ware the most economical fixtures to instal, whether in a modest or a luxurious home.

Our book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "GREEN and GOLD" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nickled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.



Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co** Dept. 41, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Pittsburgh Showroom, 949 Penn Avenue
 Offices and Showrooms in New York: **Standard** Building, 35-37 West 31st Street
 London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
 Louisville, 325-329 West Main Street
 New Orleans, Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
 Cleveland, 208-210 Huron Street

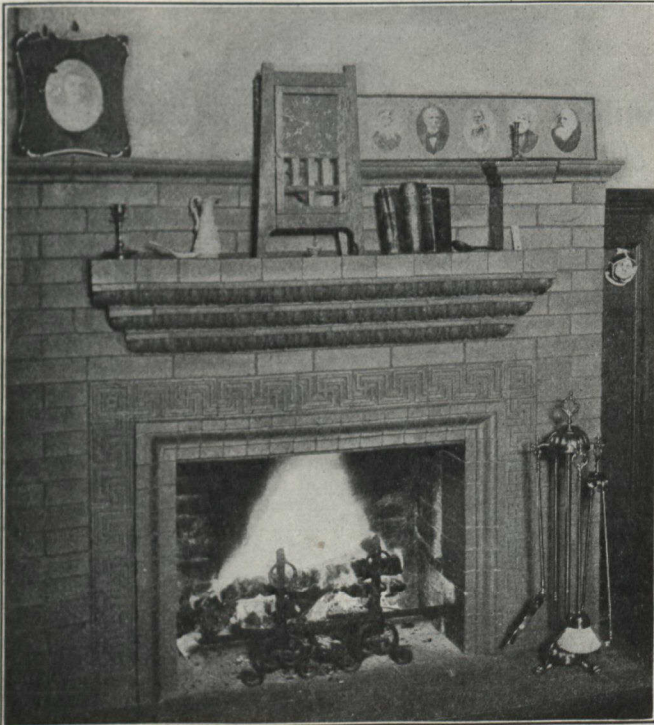
PURITY FLOUR



WHAT'S SO GOOD for children as pure, nutritious bread? Makes 'em grow strong and sturdy. You can bake that kind of bread from **PURITY FLOUR** because it is produced entirely from the finest Western Canada Hard Wheat by the most scientific milling. Best bread flour in the world—tasty and wholesome.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN THE GREAT DOMINION

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON



Your new house
should have a
Brick Mantel
made from
**MILTON
BRICK**

in red or buff colors.

Prices from \$15.00 up

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

**Milton Pressed Brick
Company, Limited**

Works and Head Office: Milton, Ont.

IN THE SUMMER SEASON
THE SHIRT BECOMES
THE MOST CONSPICUOUS
PART OF MAN'S ATTIRE.

Monarch Shirts

COMBINE THE HIGHEST EXPRESSION
OF STYLE WITH THE QUALITY OF
MATERIALS, ACCURACY OF FIT, AND
EXCLUSIVENESS OF PATTERNS THAT
MAKE THEM THE INVARIABLE CHOICE
OF THE WELL-DRESSED.

The Monarch Shirt is the shirt of comfort and convenience.
Ask the dealer for Monarch Shirts and look for the Monarch label.
Write for "THE MONARCH SHIRT BOOK;" it will interest you.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,

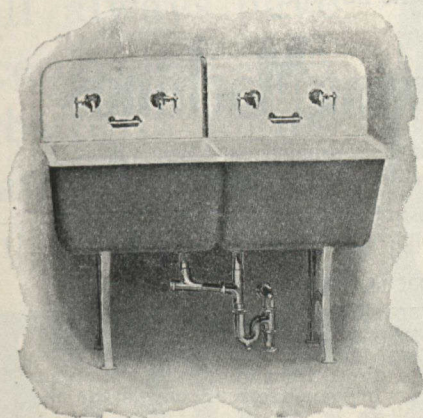
471 RIVER ST., TROY, N. Y.

MAKERS OF ARROW COLLARS, FAMOUS FOR FIT, STYLE AND WEAR.



STANDARD IDEAL FIXTURES

ENSURE PERFECT SANITATION



In the Bathroom, the Kitchen and Laundry, this ware is a guarantee against Doctors' bills. It is made after a process which makes the Porcelain enameling practically a part of the iron. It is always snowy white in appearance. Durability, purity and beauty of design are the combinations which have placed STANDARD IDEAL in the front rank.

STANDARD IDEAL Laundry Tubs are great labor-savers. They are on legs, two-part design and cast in one piece. They are nicely enameled with porcelain and have 12 inch porcelain enameled backs.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

The STANDARD IDEAL CO., Limited, PORT HOPE, ONT.

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms:

50 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

128 CRAIG STREET WEST, MONTREAL, QUEBEC

By This
Sign You
May Know
And



Will Find
Singer
Stores
Everywhere



The Hand that Guides the Singer, Clothes the World

Wherever homes and family life have been established—there you will find the one first sign of civilization, the Singer Sewing Machine.

During forty years the Singer's supremacy has held and increased until now there are more Singer and Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines sold each year than all other makes of sewing machines combined—those named and those unnamed, department-store job-lot machines and all. The people who buy the

Singer and Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines

are the people who realize that a sewing machine is something more than a piece of ornamental furniture for the living-room, and that upon its faultless and quiet operation depends a large share of the daily comfort of the women of the family.

6,000 Singer stores—located in every large town in the United States and in every country all over the world. You can go to the Singer store or have the Singer salesman come to you. They are

ALWAYS SOLD DIRECT FROM MAKER TO YOU

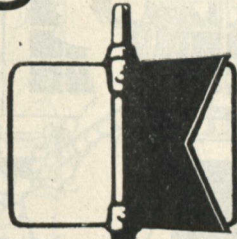
And after your machine has been received you are still in touch with the Singer Company—and instruction, new parts, repairs are always in ready reach.

The Singer and the Wheeler & Wilson are never sold under any other name, never through department stores, never by peddlers—only direct from us to you—and always with the responsibility of the great Singer Company to guarantee your convenience and satisfaction. Easy terms easily arranged, if you like.

Liberal allowances for old machines of every make taken in exchange

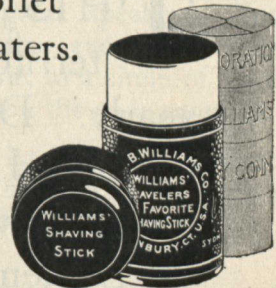
Running Past Signals

In railroading, navigation or shaving, the worst may happen any moment after the first danger signal is passed. If your face itches and burns after you shave, the signal's set—Down brakes! Safety is found in Williams' Shaving Soap with its rich, creamy, soothing lather; use it and you will always have face comfort. A substitute engine draws a long train of evil consequences.



Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap (trial size), enough for 50 shaves.

Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Talcum Powder and Toilet Waters.



Williams' Shaving Stick

Address The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



THE OLD RELIABLE "DOMINION" PIANO

No extravagant claims to mislead intending purchasers. No extravagant testimonials from artists who are bribed for their opinions. No extravagant prices to inflate values. "Dominion" pianos are made to make music, by artists who understand what makes music, and sold by reliable agents throughout the country. For catalogues etc., write the

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO., Limited
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

Laurentides National Park

THIS renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1906, in the great Caribou Barrens. For information of any kind re sport

ADDRESS

The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries
QUEBEC, P.Q., CANADA



What Kind of Music Do You Like Best?

DO YOU know that the Edison Phonograph will produce perfectly any music; that you can have just the music that you like best just when you want it? If you should spend all of your money in going to

concerts and theatres and vaudeville shows, you could not buy as much music as you can buy with a small part of the same money invested in the

EDISON PHONOGRAPH and Edison Gold-Moulded Records

THIS Phonograph is the work of Thomas Alva Edison, the great inventor. It reproduces music and other sounds more clearly and more perfectly than any mechanical device ever made. You may hear the songs of great singers, the music of great orchestras, the speeches of great speakers. You can reproduce the latest vaudeville hit, the popular songs that everyone is whistling, or the star part of a star opera singer, in your own home, to a circle of your own friends, at the small initial expense required in buying on the easy payment plan.

Go to the nearest music dealer and ask him to let you hear this month's records. We will be glad to mail interesting literature to any one who wishes to know more about this wonderful machine and what it does.

National Phonograph Company

6 Lakeside Avenue, ORANGE, N. J., U. S. A.

Live dealers in any line who have a store and established trade on other goods, are wanted to take up the agency for the Edison Phonograph in towns where we have no dealers now. Write for full information as to terms, discounts, etc.

An Introduction!

We hereby beg to introduce
a new Simpson debutante—



The Countess Shoe

We have been preparing for this announcement for some months. The Countess Shoe is the result of our determination to rival the best American shoes for women and save our customers the duty. We ask you to examine our production and tell us your candid opinion.

The Countess is to sell at

\$4.00 for Boots and \$3.50 for Oxfords

It embodies the best ideas in shoemaking current at the present time.

Goodyear Welt, Picked Leathers, Patent Colt, Patent Kid, Vici Kid

A score of styles picked from over 100 different successful models from the United States, Canada and elsewhere. Made in the popular sizes and widths. Our own shoe and we think it will do us credit—**THE COUNTESS.**

ADDRESS:

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY
LIMITED

DEPARTMENT
C.M.

TORONTO, CANADA



COWAN'S

**COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA**

Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

BY DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03



**This,
Madam,
Is The Very Best**

It is the tenderest and most appetizing lunch tongue you can possibly have.

We always recommend and sell Clark's Meats. The name is a guarantee of purity and quality.

**Clark's
Lunch Tongue**

is just the thing for breakfast, a light lunch or some dainty appetizing sandwiches.

Insist on being supplied with Clark's — because it is the best of its kind.

WM. CLARK, MFR., - MONTREAL

SUNSHINE FURNACE

UNBREAKABLE FIRE-POT

THE lower portion of a fire-pot is usually nearly or partly filled with dead ashes, leaving the live, red-hot coals in the upper part. The result is that the upper portion expands much more than the lower.

This uneven expansion causes a strain too great for a one-piece fire-pot to stand. Sooner or later it will split, allowing precious heat and sickening gases to escape.

But the fire-pot of the Sunshine is constructed to meet this condition. It is in two sections. The upper half expands as much as necessary, independently of the lower. When cool, it contracts back to its original size, fitting to the lower half perfectly.

And this strong, unbreakable, gas and heat-tight, two-piece fire-pot is just one of the many superior features of the Sunshine..

If your local dealer does not handle the "Sunshine," write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET

McClary's

LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER ST. JOHN HAMILTON

ALL STYLES
OF THE CELEBRATED
Gerhard Heintzman
Pianos

are manufactured, but only one quality, the very highest; they are without question the most perfect instruments made, and are endorsed by thousands of musicians throughout the Dominion.

Gerhard Heintzman

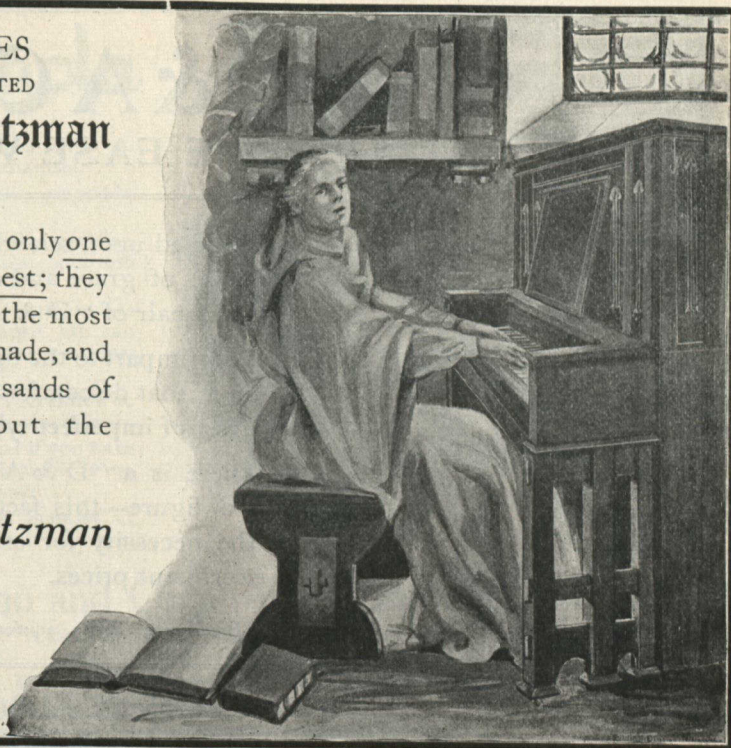
Limited

Toronto Warerooms:

97 Yonge Street

Hamilton Salesrooms:

127 King St. E.



TRADE

MARK

MOTHERS

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU

☐ You know the trouble you have with the old style of Infants' Bands. Look at our *Infants' M Bands* illustrated and you will be convinced that these are the only satisfactory bands on the market. These bands are knitted. The narrow tapes running over the shoulder are sewed on, the wide woven tab to which the diaper is pinned is attached to these tapes front and back. *Knitted tabs stretch and tear*, these tapes and tabs will not, they hold the diaper in place and carry the weight to where it belongs, to the shoulder. These bands are made in fine cotton, fine wool and silk and wool. Price 25c. and 50c. at all first-class drygood stores.



HE HAS IT



HE NEEDS IT

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The C. TURNBULL CO., Limited
GALT, CANADA



D & A Corsets

GIVE EASE WITH STYLE

Modeled upon scientific principles, a series of curves of grace and elegance is comprised in every pair of "D & A" Corsets.

They impart to the figure an erect carriage, without that discomfort inseparable from the wearing of imperfect types of Corsets.

There is a "D & A" Model to suit every type of figure—this fact practically disposing of the necessity for especially made Corsets at exorbitant prices.

1907 Brochure of Styles, artistically illustrated, free on request.

Prices \$1.00 to \$6.00



ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

is undoubtedly the most reliable preparation to use for Infants and Invalids. No other barley is like it and the danger of accepting a substitute or so-called "just as good," cannot be too strongly emphasized.

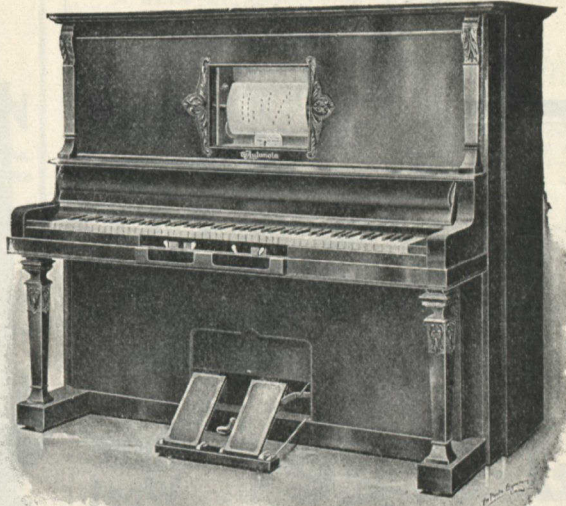
FRANK MAGOR
& CO.

Canadian Agents

MONTREAL

The Autonola

- IS A Bell Art Piano fitted with an interior Player Mechanism.
- IS A Piano capable of being played in two ways.
- IS A source of delight to the musician because of its exquisite touch and tone.
- IS A source of pleasure to everyone in the home because all can play readily and without musical knowledge.
- IS A source of pleasant recreation to the professional or business man.
- IS A good investment, and if you have an old piano we take it in exchange as part payment.
- IS fully described in our Booklet C, which we would like to mail you.



The Bell Piano and Organ Co., Limited, Guelph, Ont.

Largest Makers in Canada of Pianos and Organs

EUROPEAN BRANCH:
49 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

TORONTO BRANCH:
Warerooms, 146 Yonge Street

OTTAWA BRANCH:
Warerooms, 276 Bank Street



The Crowning of the King

Long before King
Edward was crowned
the

KARN PIANO

was King of all Canadian Pianos. It occupies this proud position from the artistic standpoint and is the recognized representative of the highest development in Piano making. No other Piano embraces so many points of exclusive merit.

Karn Piano & Organ Co., Woodstock, Can.



All Guaranty of
Better Health

"Jaeger" Pure Wool Underwear

does more than clothe the body—it *protects* the system against the colds and other ailments incident to the change of season.

"Jaeger" Underwear is made in the *best way from the best* and finest kind of wool.

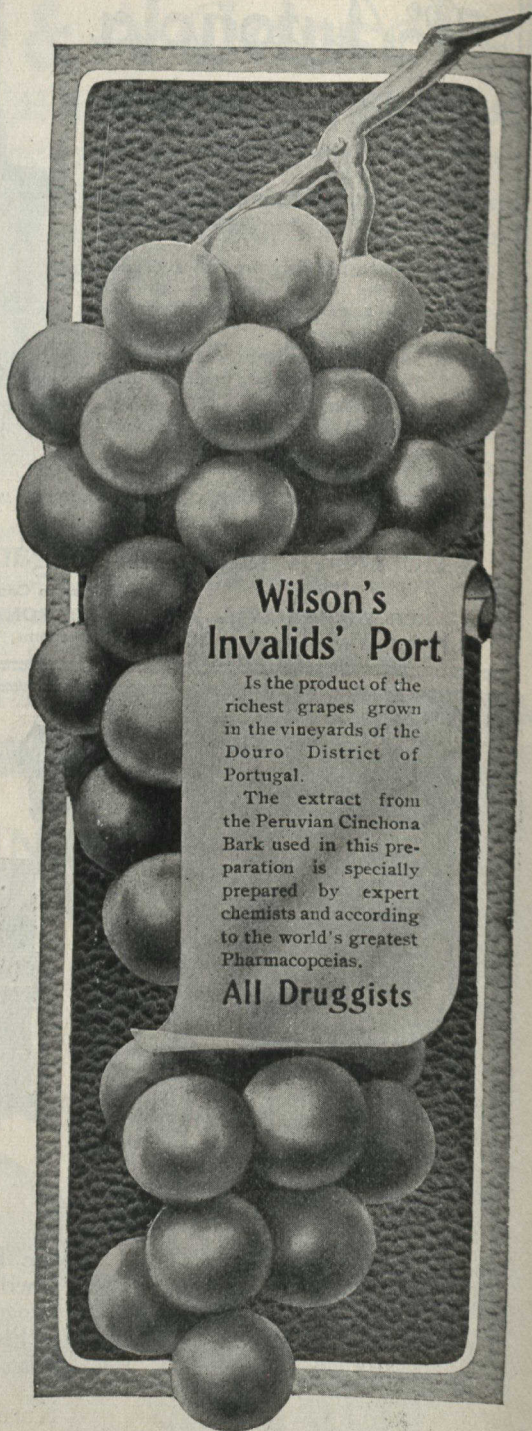
Light, soft and elastic, it fits perfectly throughout its life (four or five seasons at least).

Made in all sizes and special spring and summer weights for men, women and children.

See that the above trademark is on every garment.

Dr. Jaeger Co., Ltd.

316 ST. CATHERINE ST. W., MONTREAL
286 PORTAGE AVE., - WINNIPEG



Wilson's Invalids' Port

Is the product of the richest grapes grown in the vineyards of the Douro District of Portugal.

The extract from the Peruvian Cinchona Bark used in this preparation is specially prepared by expert chemists and according to the world's greatest Pharmacopoeias.

All Druggists



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call
"LADY CHARLOTTE"

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work absolutely sure, write at once **IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 910, WINDSOR, ONT.**

INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.



Many years of careful study among birds produced patent

Bird Bread
That is why it can be relied upon and why there is such an enormous demand for it. **10c. the pkge., 2 large cakes.**

Send name of dealer not selling **BIRD BREAD** apart from **COTTAM SEED**, with 6c. in stamps and get free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (a)

Cottam Bird Seed
Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All groceries. Advice **FREE** about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.
Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 58 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed.
Price, 25c. per Box, by Mail.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.



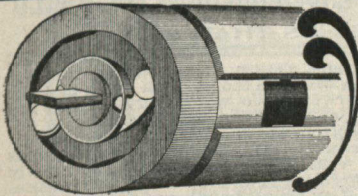
Beautiful Pictures
are produced only by pure rich colors.

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.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS



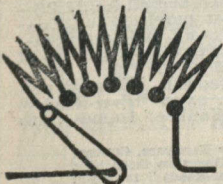
Wood Rollers

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Tin Rollers

Stewart Hartshorn

ELECTRICITY



THE BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL is the oldest and best school in the world teaching **ELECTRICITY** exclusively. Theoretical and practical course complete. Students actually construct **Dynamos, Motors and electrical instruments.** Graduates hold good positions throughout the world. **Fifteenth year opens September 25.**

IN ONE YEAR

Apply for Catalog to **L. Denton Bliss, Pres't, Station G, Washington, D. C.**

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



UPTON'S
Jams, Jellies and
Orange Marmalade
please
the most
particular
people.

YOUR GROCER
WILL SUPPLY
THEM

**UPTON'S
PURE
ORANGE MARMALADE**

'EVER-READY' SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades \$1.25

THE ONLY 12-BLADED RAZOR IN THE WORLD
FOR LESS THAN \$5.00

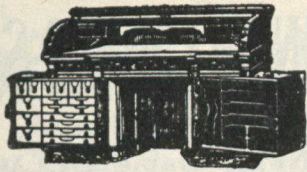
Guaranteed as good a shaver as any \$5.00 razor ever made. By guarantee we mean money back if you find the "Ever-Ready" otherwise. We want every man to buy and try. We claim emphatically that the razor is not made that shaves better—easier—smoother—safer—cleaner—quicker, or is more lasting or as economical in use as an "Ever-Ready." With 12 blades—each blade critically perfect—true and keen-edged and capable of many shaves—with handsome safety frame, handle and blade-stroppler all compactly and attractively cased and all for \$1.25—you make a mistake if you do not purchase an "Ever-Ready" Safety Razor. No knack—no skill required—simply impossible to cut the face. Shaves any growth of beard—thick—thin, stiff or soft.

"Ever-Ready" blades can be stropped. We send prepaid, or your dealer will sell you, extra "Ever-Ready" blades to fit "Gem," "Star," and "Yankee" frames, or to add to your "Ever-Ready" set.

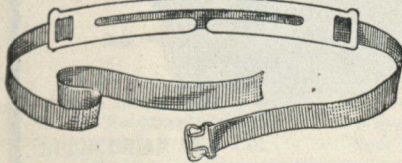
"Ever-Ready" Razor sets are sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout the World. Remember it's the "Ever-Ready" razor you want. Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of Canadian Price, \$1.25.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.
301 BROADWAY, NEW YORK





THE DESK OF THE AGE.
Every Device
 necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.
 Our Catalogue goes in detail **Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.**
 PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
 Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.



Beware of inferior articles imitating this Supporter; do not purchase unless our name and patent dates are stamped in the metal. One Edwards Skirt Supporter fastens every shirt-waist to skirt seven inches across the back without pins, points, or teeth to tear garments; is non-rustable; sent postpaid for 25 cent postal note; money refunded if unsatisfactory.

AGENTS WANTED

Edwards Skirt Supporter Co., Dept. B., Bridgeburg, Ont.

Teaberry

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years standing—if you once try it you will use no other.
 At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

FOR THE TEETH.

Mexican Palm Leaf Hat 50c

Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico from palm fiber. Double weave, durable and light weight, with col-red design in brim. Retail at \$1. Postpaid for 50c. 2 for 90c., to introduce our Mexican hats and drawn-work. Same hat, plain, 40c; both for 75c. Large, medium and small sizes. Fine for fishing, outings and gardening. Art Catalog of Mexican Sombreros free.



THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., DEPT. CL. 5, MESILLA PARK, N. M.
 Largest Retailers Indian-Mexican Handicraft in World.



Hall's Hair Renewer has been sold for over sixty years, yet we have just changed the formula, the style of bottle, and the manner of packing. As now made, it represents the very latest researches, both at home and abroad. A high-class and thoroughly scientific preparation.
Falling Hair—As perfect a specific as can possibly be made.
Dandruff—Removes dandruff; prevents further formation.
Ask for "the new kind"
 The kind that does not change the color of the hair.
 Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume.
 R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.



The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

of **MINARD'S LINIMENT**



Silverware

SUITABLE FOR ALL SEASONS

You ought to ask for and insist on silverware bearing this



which insures not only the quality but the most artistic design. Remember that the selection of the best silverware will be the most economical in the end aside from its artistic beauty. The Standard Silver Co.'s goods can be had at all first-class jewellery stores in Canada.

The Standard Silver Co.
LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

JOHN PALMER & SON

Limited

105 Notre Dame St. West
MONTREAL



Our latest Parisian designs
in Natural Wave Pompadours

| | | |
|-----------------------------|---|--------|
| Patent Pompadour | - | \$3.00 |
| Our Leader Pompadour | - | 4.00 |
| Our Ideal Pompadour | - | 5.50 |
| Our Geisha Pompadour | - | 7.50 |
| Our Antoinette Pompadour | - | 9.50 |
| Our Patent Spring Pompadour | | 12.50 |

These are unequalled for their
natural appearance

SWITCHES FROM \$1.25 UP.

*Write for our new illustrated
catalogue*

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years,
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent
postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING

Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.
For Samples apply to the Proprietors.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City



It costs no more to get a type-
writer that will do all your
work than one that is a mere letter
writer.

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

offers purple copying ink for letters,
non-fading black ink for documents
and red ink for billing and for
emphasis.

The price is the same as that of all Smith
Premier Models.
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N.Y.



UNDERWOOD

In eight successive contests the Underwood has won the championship of the World.

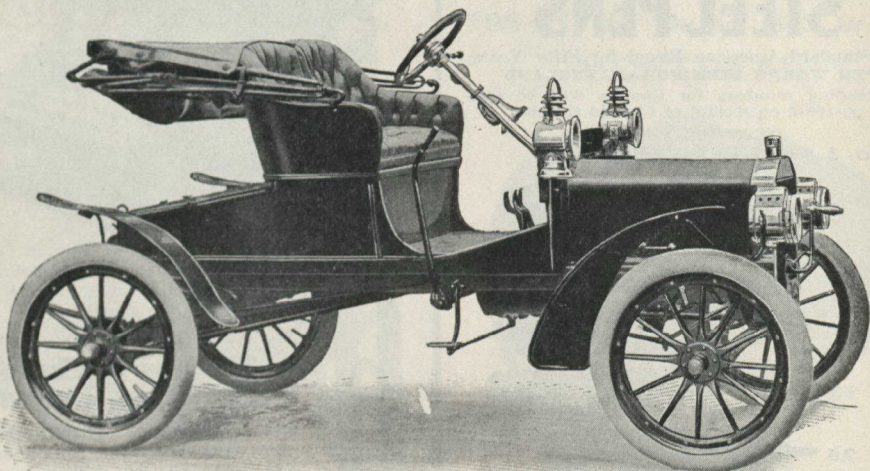
Here is the list:

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Chicago, March, 1906 - 3 events | Chicago, March, 1907 - 2 events |
| New York, Nov., 1906 - 2 events | Boston, March, 1907 - 1 event |

If you use a typewriter, use the best—it is economy

United Typewriter Company, Limited
7 ADELAIDE STREET EAST
TORONTO

FORD CARS



Model N—4 Cylinder Runabout—\$750.00

Vertical motor, water cooled, developing full 15 H.P. Planetary transmission with direct drive. Weight 1,000 lbs. Equipment includes 3 inch double tube tires, oil lamps, horn and tools

The Ford Model N will climb a hill on the high gear as easily as most high-powered 4 cylinder touring cars will on the low. This means *power* and power is what is needed. When the emergency comes (as it does to all motorists), Model N will always show excess power. A season's use has *proved* its reliability.

The Ford 6 Cylinder Car—\$3,500.00

is at the head of the touring car class just as the 4 cylinder Ford leads all the runabouts. 40 H.P. 6 cylinder motor—the most flexible power and the most perfectly balanced engine possible to make.

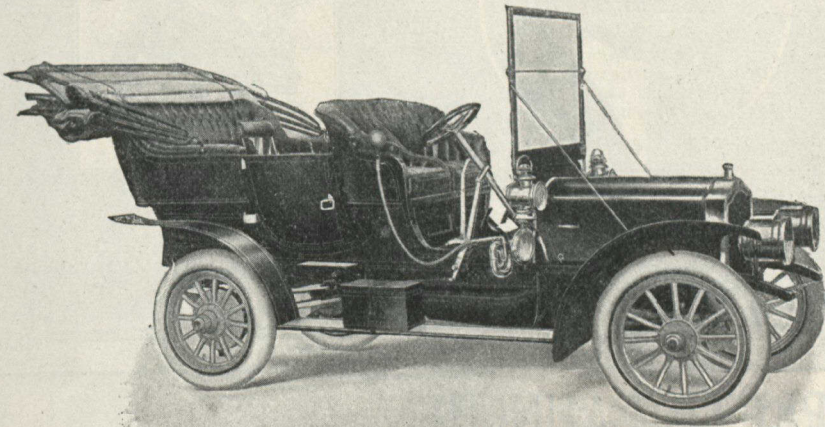
Write Us for Full Information About These Cars

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

WHY IT PAYS TO
Drive a Russell

THE RUSSELL HAS A GOOD RECORD

Owners of these cars in the past are still driving Russells. **THEY ARE SATISFIED:** The car has done its work well; the makers have used their customers well. The strongest argument: **SATISFIED OWNERS.** This is your assurance when you purchase a Russell.



THE 1907 RUSSELL is stronger, simpler and more refined than its predecessors. There is no car with more handsome lines or more luxurious appointments. All models have engine in front under the bonnet, shaft drive, metal-to-metal disc clutch, selective sliding gear transmission, two powerful sets of brakes on each rear wheel. Nickel steel used in all gears and shafts.

MODEL D—18 H.P. Light Touring Car, 90 in. wheel base, 30 x 3½ in. tires....**\$1,600**

MODEL E—25 H.P. 4 Cyl. Touring Car, 104 in. wheel base, 32 x 4 in. tires....**\$2,500**

MODEL F—40 H.P. 4 Cyl. Touring Car, 113 in. wheel base, 34 x 4 in. tires in front and 34 x 4½ in. in rear.....**\$3,750**

Write for catalogue and book of letters from satisfied owners

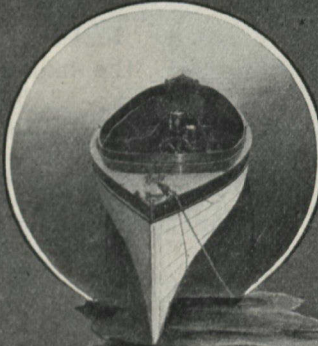
CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR COMPANY

LIMITED

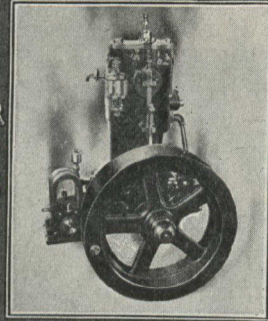
TORONTO JUNCTION, CANADA

BRANCHES: OTTAWA—WINNIPEG—VANCOUVER—MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

WE MANUFACTURE
GOOD GASOLINE ENGINES
 AND **LAUNCAES**



SEND FOR
 OUR
 CATALOG

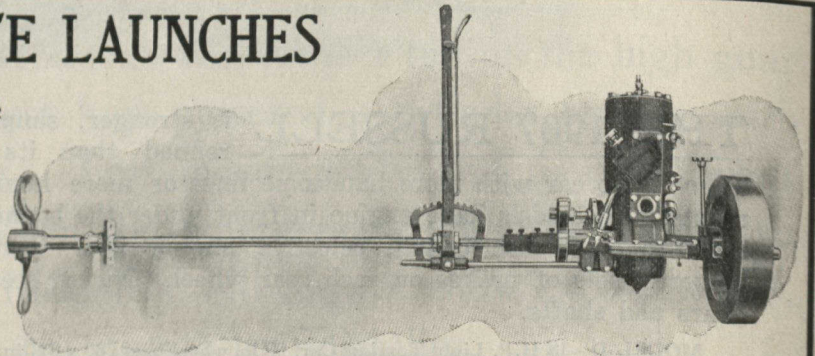


THE **ADAMS LAUNCH AND ENGINE M'FG CO.**
 PENETANG, ONT.

COMPLETE LAUNCHES

2 and 4 Cycle
ENGINES

Hamilton Motor
 Works, Limited
 HAMILTON, ONT.

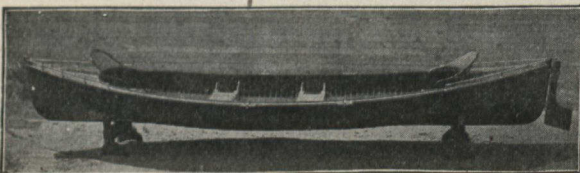


PETERBOROUGH CANOE COMPANY

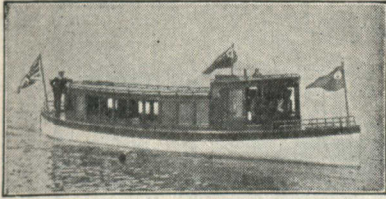
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PETERBOROUGH, CANADA

LIMITED



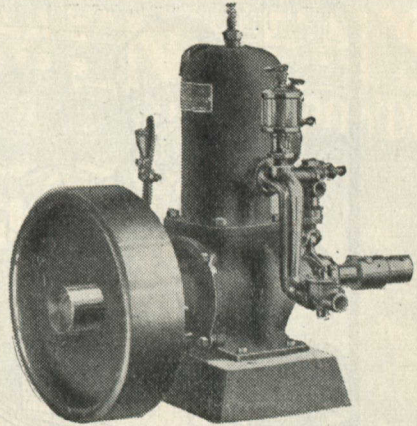
Leading manufacturers of Bass-
 wood, Cedar and Canvas
 Canoes; Paddling and Sailing
 Skiffs and Rowboats. Tents
 and Camp Furniture. ❁ ❁ ❁



HIGH-GRADE
**GASOLINE
LAUNCHES**

With or Without Engines
Rowboats and Canoes

H. E. GIDLEY & CO.
PENETANGUISHENE, ONT., CANADA



WE make a specialty of small marine motors and launches, and as we turn them out in large quantities, we can place them on the market at prices that are attractive.

Our construction is absolutely first-class in every particular. We employ experienced workmen and use the best of material.

We make motors from 1½ H.P. up, and launches from 15 ft. to 30 ft.

Send for Catalogue

McKEOUGH & TROTTER, Limited
CHATHAM, ONTARIO



Spring Purity

To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute necessity.

The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing.

Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposed that the water never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure



"They all want St. George's Baking Powder."
 "I never in my life saw an article make friends like St. George's."
 "It seems as if every order I get calls for this Baking-Powder."
 "And no wonder!

St. George's Baking Powder

is made of Cream of Tartar that is 99.90% pure—it keeps its full strength till the can is empty. It never disappoints—but always makes the baking light and white."
 "Look at the result—everyone delighted, and ordering this genuine Cream of Tartar Baking-Powder again and again."

May we mail you a copy of our new Cook Book? All the newest recipes of famous chefs—with practical suggestions, weights, measures, etc. Sent FREE, if you write to THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, Limited, Montreal. 9



FEARMAN'S FAMOUS



**STAR
BRAND
HAM**

**THE STANDARD OF
EPIUREAN TASTE**

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

For Sale by all Leading Grocers

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO

**We Manufacture and
Keep in Stock Full Lines**

ACCOUNT BOOKS

of Every Description Suitable for

**BANKS, MERCHANTS
LOAN AND INSURANCE CO'S
FACTORIES—HOME—PRIVATE, &c.**

LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS

LOOSE LEAF PRICE BOOKS

BOOKBINDING

For Quality, Style, Finish and
True Value, Unsurpassed

OFFICE SUPPLIES

Full Stock. Every Requirement.

Established Over Half a Century.

BROWN BROS.

LIMITED

51-53 Wellington St. W., Toronto

INCREASE YOUR DESK SPACE

by fastening one of our Swinging Office Stands to the end of your Desk. This stand is very strongly made of Quarter-cut Oak or Mahogany (to permit a preference) and strong Steel Rods. Stand is adjustable in height. Swings round to end of desk when not in use. Short Rod, which drops into top drawer, holds stand firmly in position when being used. Very handy for holding Card Index Drawer, Rating Book, Typewriter, Letter File, or any other article which you must have close at hand and have not room for on your desk.



Price Complete, Only \$4.00

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED.

MAKERS OF **AND** FILING SYSTEMS

97 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

BRANCHES

Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa,
Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Maytime Flowers

are not more welcome, after Winter's cold and snows, than is Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder to the tender raw skin, roughened by the wind of early Spring, of the woman who values a good complexion, and to the man who shaves. In the nursery Mennen's comes first—the purest and safest of healing and soothing toilet powders.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Sample Free

Gerhard Mennen Co.

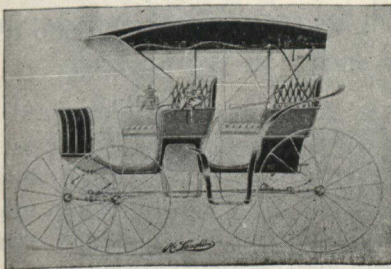
Newark, N. J.



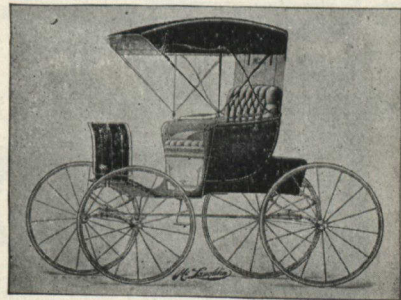
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.



ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST

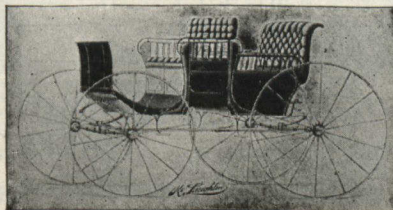


No. 163. Surrey



No. 141. Stanhope

The high standard of excellence established over forty years ago is still maintained in all our vehicles. See our agents before purchasing and have them explain the merits of "the line that leads."



No. 422. Trap

BRANCHES:
WINNIPEG, MAN.
MONTREAL, QUE.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO. LIMITED

Head Office and Factory:
OSHAWA, ONT.

NO MORE BURNT FINGERS

from reaching into
the hot oven—no more stooping.

THE ELECTRIC
SLIDING OVEN TRAY
which is one of the features of the

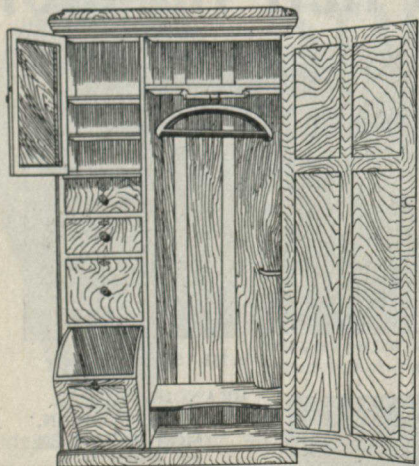
PERFECT IDEA RANGE

will save you from these annoyances.
Write us for particulars of this and
other features.

GUELPH STOVE CO.
GUELPH, ONTARIO Limited



WEIR PATENT HOUSE WARDROBE COMBINATION



Showing interior of Wardrobe Combination
No. 2.

The above is one of 20 different designs
made by us and sold direct from factory to
user. Write for Catalogue. (Illustrated.)

Fitted with Extension Slide and Hangers
FOR MEN'S OR WOMEN'S USE

This style, made in Birch Mahogany or
Kepple Oak. Each wardrobe has capacity
for 10 complete suits or costumes and is
also fitted with Bevel Plate Mirror in upper
door of chiffonier with extension dressing
slide, 3 large drawers and a soiled
clothes bin. Price complete . . . **\$35.00**

F.O.B. MOUNT FOREST

WEIR WARDROBE CO. OF
CANADA, Limited

MOUNT FOREST - ONTARIO

CHILDREN TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP"

THE SECRET
OF THE
ENDURING SUCCESS OF

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

IS EXPLAINED IN THIS SCRAP
FROM THE LETTER
OF A LADY.

*---it has a quality all its
own, readily recognized,
but which baffles descrip-
tion as it appears to baffle
your countless imitators.
I find it in no other
perfume.---*

THE SWEETEST AND MOST
REFRESHING PERFUME FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

- LADIES' Stanhopes and Phaetons.
- GENTLEMEN'S Bike Wagons and Road Wagons, Pneumatic, Solid or Cushion Tired.
- FAMILY Surreys, canopy top, extension top or open.
- FARMERS' Buggies, Democrats or Carriages.
- RANCHERS' Ranch Wagons.
- MOUNTAIN Buggies and Wagons (specially built for Western Trade.)



ESTABLISHED
1834

THE ARMSTRONG MFG. CO. LIMITED



INCORPORATED
1876

MAKERS OF
HIGH CLASS
CARRIAGES.

GUELPH, CANADA

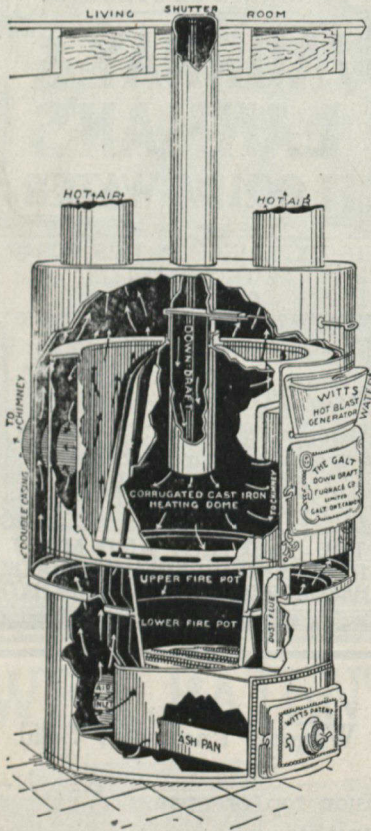
CATALOGUE DESCRIBING MAILED FREE ON REQUEST

MONTREAL BRANCH
120 Craig St. West.

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVES
Cockshutt Plow Co., Limited, Winnipeg

MARITIME BRANCH
Oxford, N.S.

Down Draft Furnaces



Use the Improved System for Heating your Residence

We have the only furnace with the **DOWN DRAFT PRINCIPLE**.

Its superior qualities are such that you should become acquainted with them before purchasing any other.

Let us extend to you some information in reference to installing your heating system.

It will burn equally satisfactory, either Hard Coal, Soft Coal, Wood, Peat or Coke.

It is fully illustrated in our Catalogue which will be mailed upon application.

The Down Draft Furnace Co.

Limited

GALT, ONTARIO, CANADA



The regular use of Baby's Own Soap will make any woman fair and good to look upon.

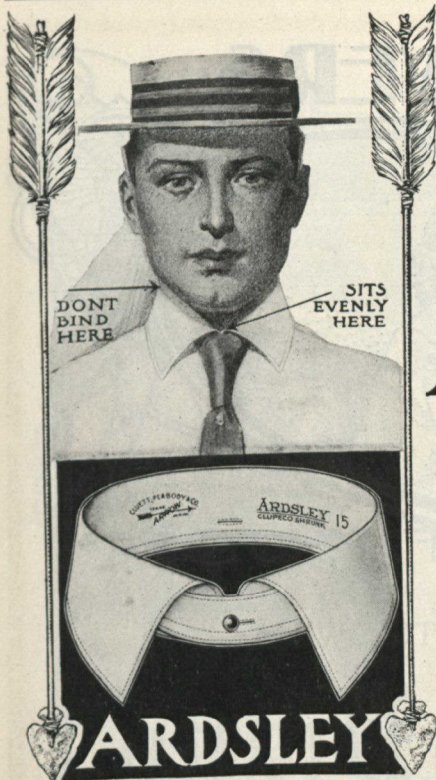
The reason why is in its high quality and purity.

"Baby's Own"

Soap

Beware of imitations and substitutes

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., MFRS.
MONTREAL



ARDSLEY

A new neglige roll collar of smart appearance. It has an

UNDERLAPPING BAND

An entirely new feature as applied to roll collars. It is an ideal style for wear with neglige shirts.

ARROW COLLARS

display superior workmanship in every detail of pattern and make—Being made of fabrics shrunk by the Clupeco process they retain both size and shape and give longest service—

200 styles in true Quarter Sizes.

20 cents each; 3 for 50 cents.

Send for "Wash and Wear" a Style Booklet. Tells you What To Wear, How to Tie Cravats, and gives some valuable points on Collars.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 471 RIVER ST., TROY, N. Y.
MAKERS OF MONARCH SHIRTS.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE!

SPRING HATS AND HAIR

should be in harmony. A becoming style of *Coiffure*, an artistic addition of the dainty *Empire Curls*, a *Wavy Switch*, a *Parisian Transformation*, a *Pompadour*, *Bang*, or *Fashionable Comb* will greatly add to women's charms. Professors Jules and Charles, the eminent artists en cheveux, should be consulted.



SWITCHES BY MAIL

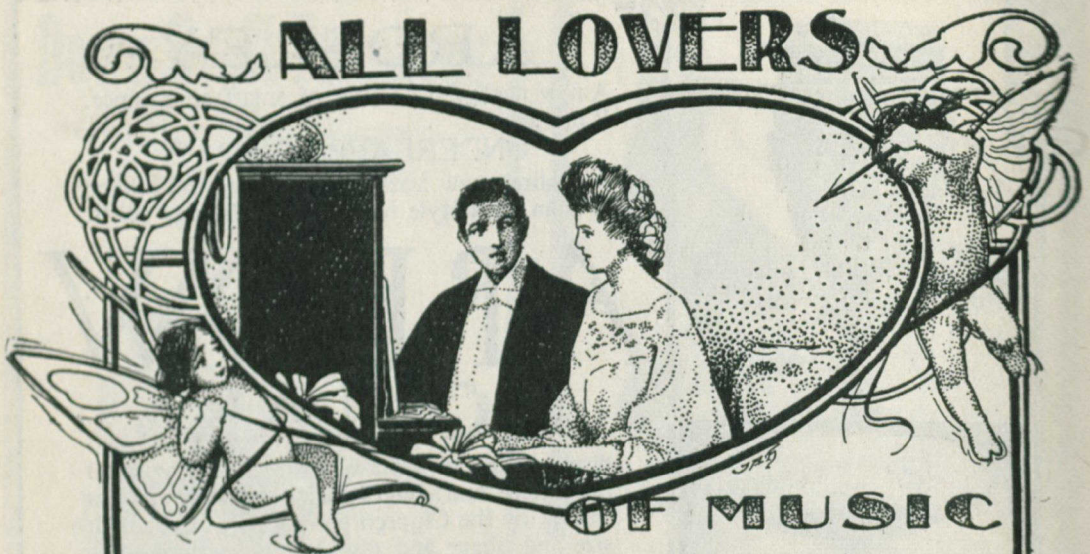
Quality is our success. The choicest hair of France and Germany are bought by our agents for our famous *Wavy and Straight Switches*. In our stock will be found the silkiest textures and rarest shades at most moderate prices.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE—WRITE

THE "MAISON" JULES & CHARLES, 431 YONGE ST., TORONTO

HAIRLENE

Gives New Life to the HAIR



WOULD BE PROUD TO OWN A

Gourlay Piano

If you are a musician, the sympathetic bond between you will be strong indeed, for a Gourlay piano responds to every mood of the player. There is a crispness and delicacy of tone for the daintiest improvisation and a richness and volume for the most exacting bravura passages.


If you are not a player, but a lover of music, the pleasure in your friends' enthusiasm will more than repay you for the amount of your investment, to say nothing of the extra years of service over an ordinary piano.

GOURLAY WINTER & LEEING

66 KING STREET W
HAMILTON

188 YONCE STREET
TORONTO

279 DONALD ST.
WINNIPEG



ELLIS
 SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED
 UNDERWEAR

The ELLIS
 Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

is knit on SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED MACHINES, of which we are SOLE USERS in CANADA. These machines will knit ONLY THE FINEST YARN and produce a finished fabric of the most REMARKABLE ELASTICITY. Garments of this fabric fit EASILY and NATURALLY. They yield readily with every movement of the body, yet ALWAYS retain their original ELASTICITY. Write for Free Booklet.

Sole Makers in Canada:
 The ELLIS Manufacturing Co., Limited
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO

People Used To Think

that when Spring came they had to take medicine, "to purify the blood." But the days of sulphur and molasses and the "spring tonic" are past.

What we need in the Spring is just what we need in all seasons. And it is not medicine. It is simply good food to nourish the body and brain, and make our blood rich and red and full of life.

No other food provides so much nourishment as does

Malta-Vita

the perfect whole-wheat food. Malta-Vita contains every food element the body needs, and it is easily digested. It makes strong, active muscles, restores wasted tissues, refreshes the tired brain and forms rich red blood in abundance. In the changing of the seasons, Malta-Vita is insurance of perfect health.

Malta-Vita is appetizing in the morning, at noon and at night. Baked crisp and brown, every grain of wheat a wafer flake, it is the most delicious of all foods. It's good whenever you are hungry. And now, in the Spring when you feel "just tired out," Malta-Vita puts the tingle of new life into sluggish blood and new vitality into every nerve and muscle.

All Grocers.



5 Cups of Tea 1¢.

Do you know that five cups of Red Rose Tea (40c. grade) only cost one cent?

You can actually make 200 cups from one pound.

It is easy to prove this. Buy a package and try it. *At your grocer's.*

RED ROSE TEA

THE GODERICH SUMMER HOTEL

OPENS JUNE 1st, CLOSES OCTOBER 1st, 1907



HOTEL GODERICH

THE "QUEEN OF THE LAKES SUMMER HOME" IN GODERICH, ONTARIO
the Coolest, Cleanest, Healthiest, and Prettiest Town in Canada.

\$2.00 to \$3.00 per Day. \$10 to \$15 per Week. Special Rates to Families and for the Season.
Hotel Day Board for "cottagers" and "roomers" in nearby Private Houses, \$7 per Week.

Address all communications to GODERICH HOTEL COMPANY, Goderich, Ontario.

New Elegant Summer Hotel on the "bluffs," 125 feet above bathing beach. Every room light and airy. Electric lights, free baths, and all modern conveniences. Wide and covered veranda, 234 feet long, with outlook over Lake Huron's beautiful expanse. Loveliest sunsets in America. Unexcelled marine view. Hay fever, malaria and insomnia unknown. Menesetung Mineral Spring Water, free, cool, clear as crystal, and almost tasteless, yet wonderfully beneficial in digestive troubles. Positively no mosquitoes or black flies. Electric lighted town and stores. Choice rooms, hardwood floors throughout, neatly furnished and carefully attended. Superior board, finest hard-fleshed whitefish and trout every meal. Prime meats, unsurpassed dairy products, fruits, vegetables, etc. Good bathing, sailing, rowing, canoeing, bowling on the green, tennis courts, etc. Finest roads, charming lake, river, and rural scenery, and cheapest first-class livery service in Canada. Interesting illustrated folder, including Railroad and Steamboat maps, our system of "graded rates" with room plan on request. **DO IT TO-DAY.**

Twenty Years of Floor Laying

have qualified us to advise as experts in this branch of house furnishing. Write for our catalogue of floor designs

ELLIOTT & SON
Manufacturers LIMITED
79 King St. W., Toronto

Windsor Salt

is pure—and doesn't lump. It's savour—delightfully piquant.

Should be used whenever Salt is used—and Salt should be used enough to make up for the 70% of the natural salts which cooking takes out of the food.

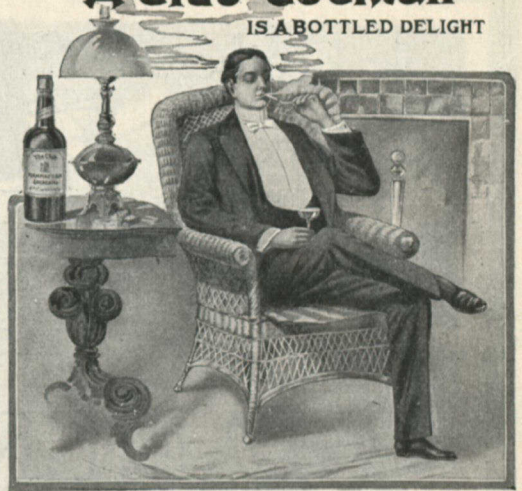
AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

169

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE **K.D.C.**
FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.
K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
SOLE PROPRIETORS

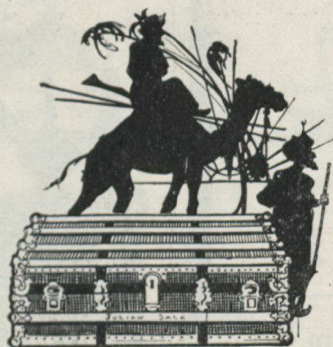
Hartford

New York

London

Sole Leather
Steamer
Trunks

\$25.00 to \$30.00



We handle the famous
German

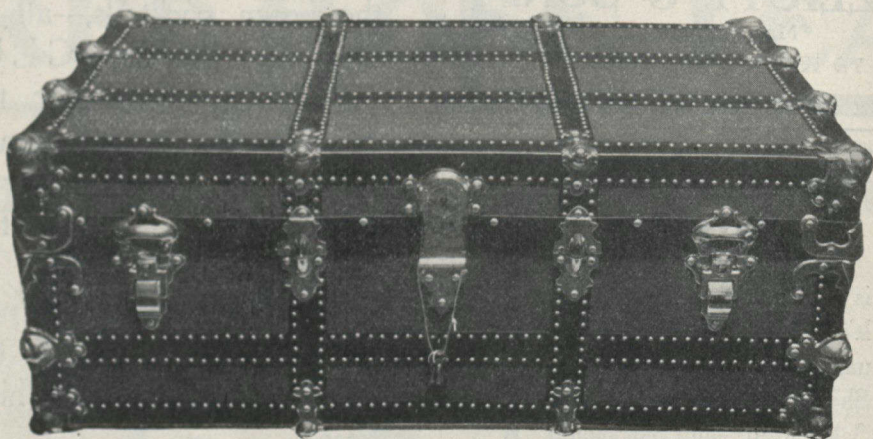
“Rohr Platten” or
Compressed Cane

Steamer Trunks

\$30.00 to \$40.00

STEAMER TRUNKS

FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL



No. 844—The lightest and strongest canvas-covered trunk we make.

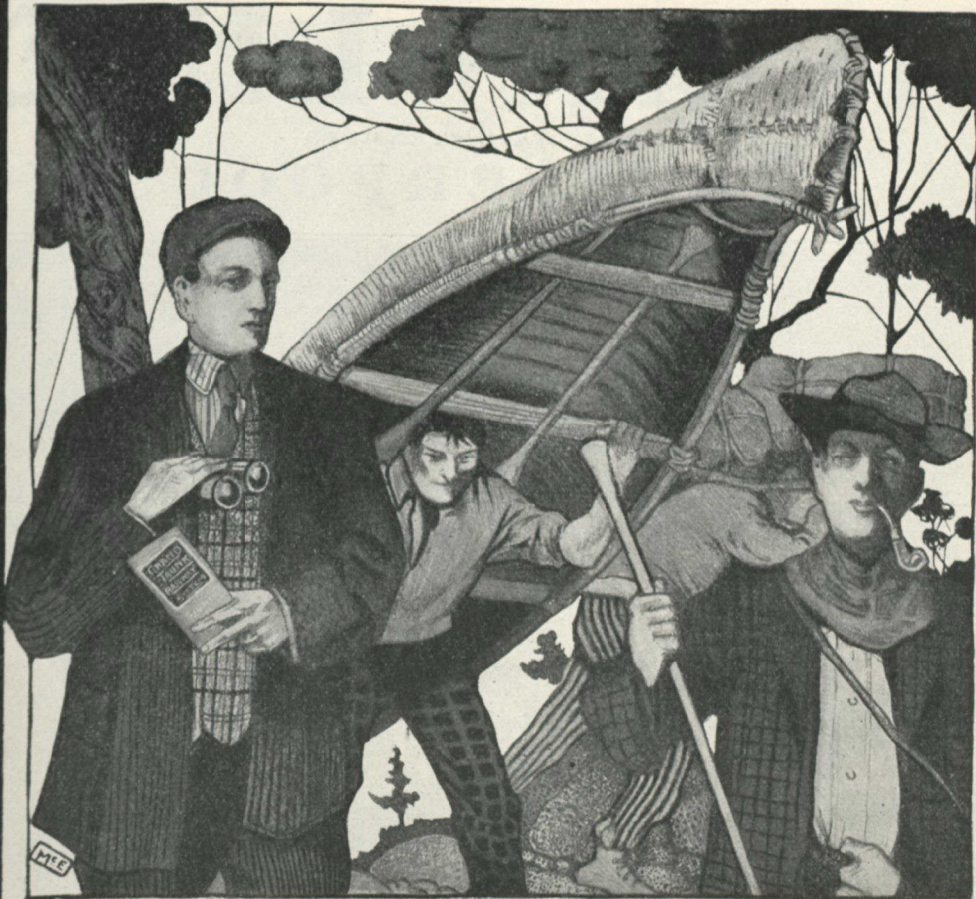
32 in., \$13.00; 34 in., \$14.00; 36 in., \$15.00; 40 in., \$17.00

CATALOGUE FREE. EXPRESS PAID IN ONTARIO

THE JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Company, Limited

105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada



TEMAGAMI

A LAND OF LAKES AND RIVERS

A peerless Region for the Tourist, Camper, Canoeist, Angler and Sportsman, reached by the

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

A new territory now accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unexcelled, hay fever unknown, magnificent canoe trips. Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall-eyed pike in abundance. Moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during hunting season.

Handsomely illustrated book, telling you all about it, sent free on application to
J. D. McDONALD, Union Station, TORONTO, CAN.

W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL, CAN.

G. T. BELL, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent
MONTREAL, CAN.

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
TO LIVERPOOL



DRAWING ROOM—ROYAL MAIL STEAMER VIRGINIAN

FAST ELEGANT SAFE STEADY

THE above picture may convey an impression of the beauty of the decorations of the new Allan Line Steamers; it does not, and can not portray adequately this apartment when its dimensions are illuminated by the clusters of artistically arranged electric lights. The smoking room, library, children's play room and the grand Saloon are all of the same order, differing only in the purpose for which each is planned. The promenade decks—there are three—are each 260 feet long and 60 feet wide at the widest part. The steamers are floating hotels of the highest class, combined with speedy and practically unsinkable ships. They are built of steel and in 22 separate water-tight compartments. The Turbine Engines give them steadiness of motion with entire freedom from vibration. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught and suite crossed on the "Virginian," and expressed themselves as delighted with the steamer and her accommodation. Two new steamers now building, "Corsican" and "GRAMPIAN," will be added to the fleet for the summer of 1907. "Virginian's" record passage is 5 days, 14 hours.

For sailings, rates, etc., apply to any agent or

H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal



G.R.P.



SHORT LINE

TO

THE MUSKOKAS—PARRY SOUND

FAST SERVICE TO CENTRE OF LAKE DISTRICT

The Most Convenient Way

ALL INFORMATION, TICKETS, ETC., APPLY TO AGENTS

TORONTO OFFICES: CORNER KING and TORONTO STREETS, and UNION STATION

Telephone Main 5179

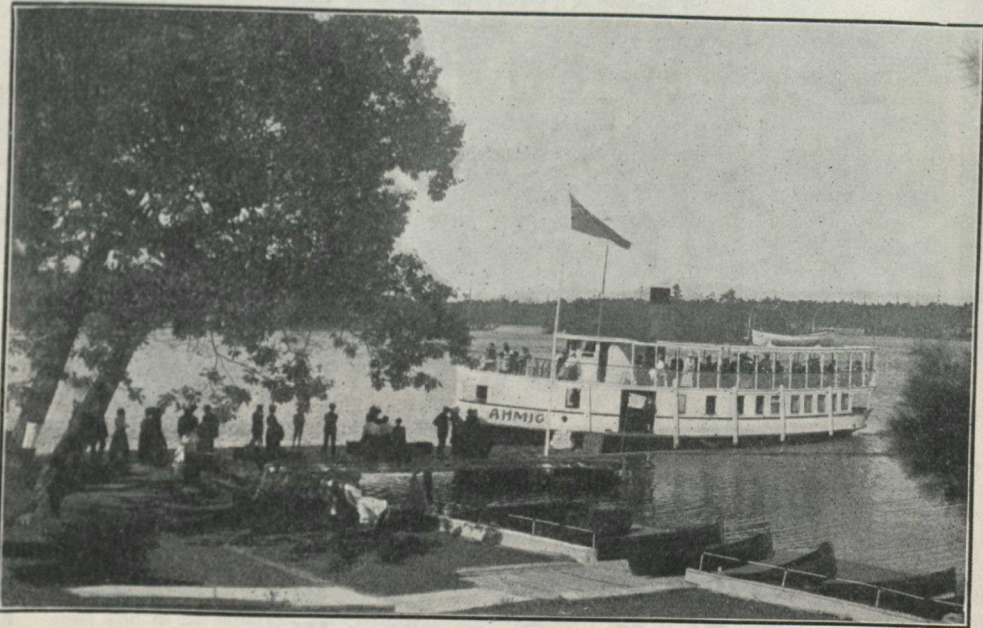


CANADIAN PACIFIC

— TO —

MUSKOKA

THIS SUMMER



MUSKOKA LAKE AT BALA

Fast passenger service. Direct line to Bala. Splendid connections for all
Muskoka Resorts. Magnificent new train equipment.

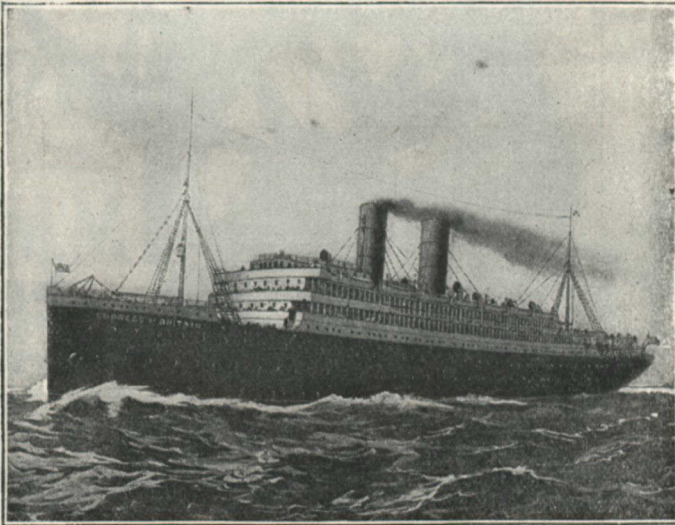
C. B. FOSTER District Passenger Agent TORONTO

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s
ROYAL MAIL Steamship
Lines

THE "EMPRESSES"

— ATLANTIC SERVICE —

F
I
N
E
S
T



F
A
S
T
E
S
T

"EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" AND "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"

AND 14 OTHER MODERN ATLANTIC LINERS

For rates, sailings and other information apply to any Steamship and Railway Agent, or to G. McL. Brown, C. P. R., Rooms 3, 4 and 5 Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

WEEKLY SAILINGS

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL
IN SUMMER

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL
(Via Halifax in Winter)

S. S. "CANADA"

S. S. "KENSINGTON"

S. S. "DOMINION"

S. S. "SOUTHWARK"

S. S. "VANCOUVER"

S. S. "OTTAWA"

The S.S. "CANADA" holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. "CANADA" and S.S. "DOMINION" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

To Europe in Comfort At Moderate Rates

Per S. S. "KENSINGTON"

S. S. "SOUTHWARK"

S. S. "VANCOUVER"

S. S. "OTTAWA" (formerly the White Star Line S. S. "GERMANIC")

To Liverpool, - \$42.50

To London, - \$45.00

AND UPWARDS, ACCORDING TO STEAMER AND BERTH

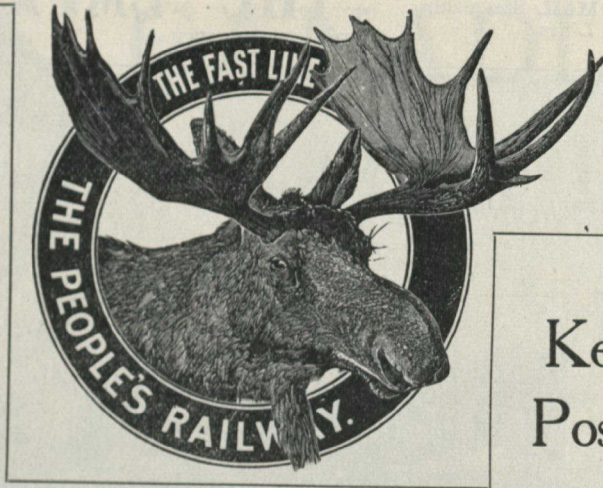
These Steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public who, while wanting the best the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to local agents or to

H. G. THORLEY,
41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,
17 St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL, QUE.

Keep
Posted



Keep
Posted

YOU CAN HAVE

Intercolonial Railway

PUBLICATIONS

DESCRIBING THE

FISHING, BOATING
BATHING, HUNTING

OF

Quebec and the Maritime Provinces

BY WRITING TO

Toronto Ticket Office - 51 King Street East, or
General Passenger Department - Moncton, N.B.

TROPICAL TRIPS

ON SUMMER SEAS

BY THE BEE LINE

\$60 for 12 day round trip includes all Expenses on Steamer and allows 2 days' stop in Havana, or

Good 6 Months if Desired

Optional Trip en Route to Jacksonville, Florida
\$7.00

Every Ocean Comfort, Luxurious Staterooms, Promenade Decks, Superb Cuisine, Rooms en suite with Bath.

Electric Lighted Throughout.

Semi-Monthly Sailings

Tickets, reservations and full information on request

ADDRESS

GEO. F. TILTON

General Passenger Agent

DEPARTMENT D

BRUNSWICK STEAMSHIP CO.

32 BROADWAY

NEW YORK CITY

Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Whooping Cough,
Croup,
Bronchitis,
Coughs,
Grip,
Hay Fever,
Diphtheria,
Scarlet Fever.

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS

VAPD-CRESOLENE CO., 1651 Notre Dame St., Montreal

SPECIAL STUDY OF SPECIAL QUESTIONS

Let us know what subject you are particularly interested in and we shall be glad to send you sample clippings from Canadian newspapers.

CANADA PRESS BUREAU
LONDON ———— ONTARIO

HALF-A-TICK

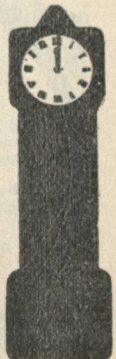
is about enough time in which to make a cup of "CAMP" Coffee, the best of all Coffees. There is no waste with

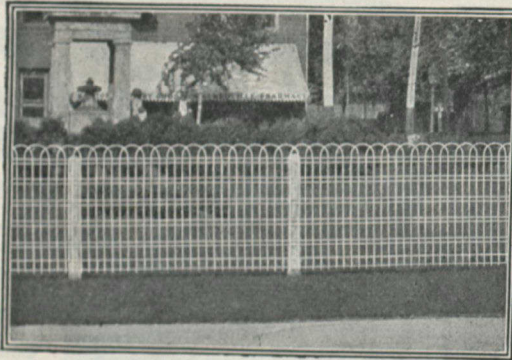
'CAMP' COFFEE

that's why it is so economical. There is no disappointment with "CAMP" Coffee. It pleases everybody.

Order "CAMP" when buying Coffee, and insist upon having it.

R. PATERSON & SONS, COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW.





PAGE ACME White Fences

Any height to 8 ft. Any length you say. From 16 cents a foot. Gates to match, from \$2.25. Last longer. Easy to put up. Get booklet.

PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., Limited
Walkerville - Toronto - Montreal
St. John - Winnipeg 217

MOUNT BIRDS AND ANIMALS

Sportsmen! Fishermen! Hunters! Lovers of Nature!



LEARN

this art at home by mail during your leisure hours.

The wonderful art of Taxidermy, so long kept secret, can now be easily learned right in your own home.

WE TEACH BY MAIL how to properly mount Birds, Animals, Game Heads, tan skins, make rugs, etc. A delightful and fascinating art for men and women. Easily, quickly learned during spare time. Enjoy your leisure hours. Decorate home and den with your fine trophies. Or increase your income selling mounted specimens and mounting for others. Latest methods, reasonable rate. *Success Guaranteed or no tuition fee.* Endorsed by thousands of satisfied students. Write to-day for full particulars.

The Canadian School of Taxidermy, - Nanaimo, B. C.

"SO-KUTE" PHOTOS: very elegant; 2x3 ins.; copied from any photo for 28c. a dozen. Original returned. Sample 2c. E. A. HOUSE, Box 6, Gadsden, Ala.

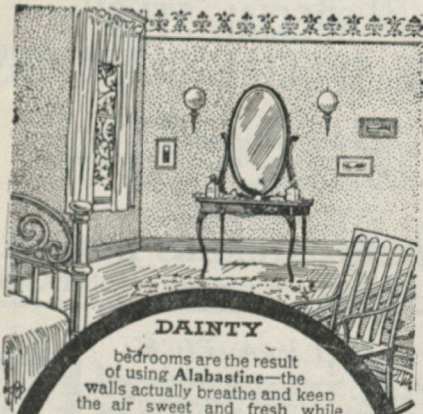
WE WANT

A limited number of copies of the following issues of The Canadian Magazine :

- January - - 1898
- February - - 1898
- August - - 1900
- September - - 1897
- October - - 1901

For which we will pay 50 cents per copy. Parties having any of these numbers to dispose of please write us.

THE
Ontario Publishing Company
LIMITED
TORONTO



DAINTY

bedrooms are the result of using Alabastine—the walls actually breathe and keep the air sweet and fresh while you sleep.

Send 10c for a copy of "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," with many dainty, new ideas for the decoration of your home.

Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5 pound package for 50 cents.

Ask your dealer for tint card.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

THE **Alabastine Co.** LTD
145 WILLOW STREET, PARIS, ONT.

ARTISTIC HOMES

throughout Canada speak volumes for the merits of

"Menzie Line" Wall Papers

For tasty decorative effects and reliability of color, they are unequalled.

Ask for "**Menzie Line**" Wall Papers.

THE NAME IS ON EVERY ROLL

WE SELL THE "**MENZIE LINE**" WALL PAPERS. ASK TO SEE THEM



Tooke SPORTING SHIRTS

Are designed to give the greatest freedom of action and general comfort.

They are well and strongly made, look natty, and come in hundreds of printed fancy weaves.

In summer weather they are very comfortable and quite the correct thing for business and general wear.

Careful dressers for more than a quarter century have always demanded Tooke Shirts.

TOOKE BROTHERS, Limited,
MONTREAL.

904

Lea Perrins' Sauce

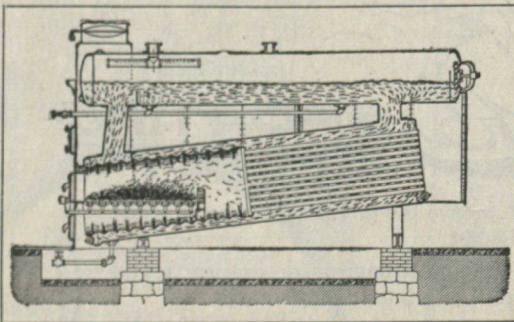


Look for the Signature—White on label—
Black on wrapper.

126

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., (Est'd. 1857)
Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Burns Less Coal



A CUSTOMER WRITES:

"My new Robb-Mumford boiler burns 28 wheelbarrows of coal per night in comparison with 45 with my other boiler, everything else being equal."

Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

District Offices { 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, William McKay, Manager
 Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager
 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg, J. F. Porter, Manager

The Year 1847

was a memorable one, inasmuch as at that time Rogers Bros. first introduced and sold their electro-silver plated spoons, and to-day *that year* is a part of the trademark appearing on the original and genuine

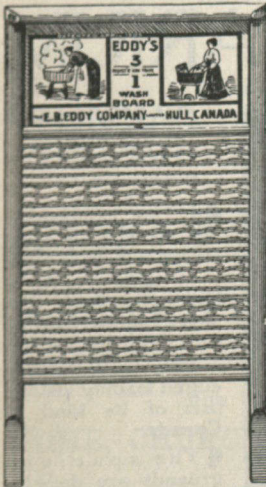
"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Spoons, Forks, etc.

With their great success has come a host of cheap imitations, so that unless you observe the trademark closely, you are likely to receive a cheap and unsatisfactory substitute in place of "Silver Plate that Wears." Send for illustrated catalogue No. 61.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
(International Silver Co.,
Successor),
MERIDEN, CONN.

Our "1847 Rogers Bros." goods are sold by leading dealers everywhere.



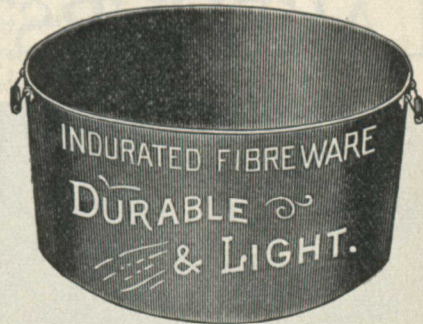
Supply your help with

EDDY'S WARES

and make life worth living.

With a

3 IN 1 WASHBOARD and an EDDY FIBRE TUB



washday labor is reduced to a minimum and comfort to the worker is correspondingly enhanced.

See that you are well supplied with

Eddy's Washboards, Tubs, Pails, etc.

TABLE CUTLERY

CARVERS IN CASES, DESSERT SETS
FISH SLICERS AND EATERS
BERRY SPOONS, MEAT FORKS, Etc.

POCKET KNIVES AND RAZORS

We carry all kinds of shaving requisites,
including Brushes, Soap, Stropps, Etc.

RICE LEWIS & SON, LIMITED, TORONTO

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM



IN LAKEHURST GROUNDS

OAKVILLE
ONTARIO

¶ This Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

¶ The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Bathing.

For terms, etc., Address the Manager, LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

THREE OF A MIND

Valley City Flour Mills.

The Kerr Milling Co.,

Merchant Millers.

Dundas, Ont., Jan'y 9th, 07. 190

Messrs. James Smart Mfg Co.,
Brockville.

Gentlemen,-

Re the Kelsey Heater, each of the undersigned has one in his home and experiences the very best of satisfaction with it.

A few years ago the writer was on a committee to buy a furnace for a Parsonage, and your "Kelsey" was decided on. It gave such good results that we soon had one in the church as well, and when it came to heating our homes of course, we could not close our eyes to the good points of the "Kelsey" as an economical and scientific heating device.

A bare recital of above facts is about the strongest thing we can say about our opinion of the heater.

Yours truly,

KELSEY WARM
AIR
Generators

HEAT MAKERS FUEL SAVERS

FOR

HOME, CHURCH, SCHOOL

Robert Kerr Son

W J Kerr

Robt Kerr

IF INTERESTED WRITE FOR A "KELSEY BOOKLET"

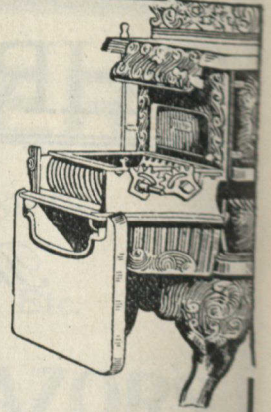
SOLE MAKERS FOR CANADA

THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO, Limited
BROCKVILLE - - ONTARIO

WESTERN BRANCH, WINNIPEG, MAN.

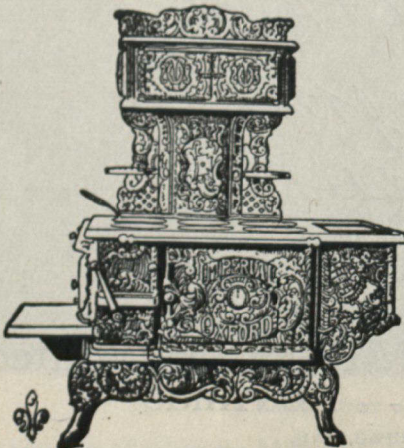
THE grate of a range will get out of repair. If you let ashes accumulate in the pan until they come near the grate you are sure to burn it out or warp it. On account of the construction of ordinary ranges, repairing a grate means taking out the fire bricks and practically taking the fire-box to pieces. It is the work of a stove expert.

The Imperial Oxford Range has a patented draw-out duplex grate. By this construction the grate and frame is readily drawn out over the ash-pan without even disturbing the linings. Repairs are thus easily effected even by one without experience. The life of the fire-box linings is thus prolonged as they do not require to be moved to repair the grate.



Imperial Oxford Range

This is only one of the exclusive points of the Imperial Oxford Range which make it last long and reduce the necessity and expense of repairs. Though the baking and roasting qualities of the oven are the most vitally important features of the Imperial Oxford Range, we have forgotten nothing that will make it last long and add to the ease of its operation.



Write for some of our booklets and the name of the nearest dealer who can show you an Imperial Oxford Range.

THE
GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.

Limited

Toronto Hamilton Montreal

Winnipeg Calgary

Vancouver

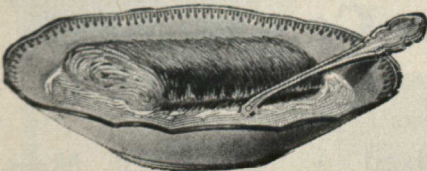


Food Products Building at
Jamestown Exposition

“Come and See”

us make **Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit** at Niagara Falls in the cleanest, most hygienic food factory on the continent; or at the Jamestown Exposition, where we will have in full operation the most complete miniature food factory in the largest and finest Food Products Building ever erected at any Exposition.

If you like **SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT** you will like it better after seeing how it is made; if you never tasted Shredded Wheat you will eat no other cereal food after seeing us make the cleanest, purest and most nutritious cereal in the world. Contains all the brain-building, muscle-making material in the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. **Contains more nutriment than corn or oats and is more easily digested.**



“IT’S ALL IN THE SHREDS”

Triscuit is used by Huyler, the world famous chocolate manufacturer, for making delicious Chocolate Dipped Triscuit, the most perfect luncheon wafer ever produced.

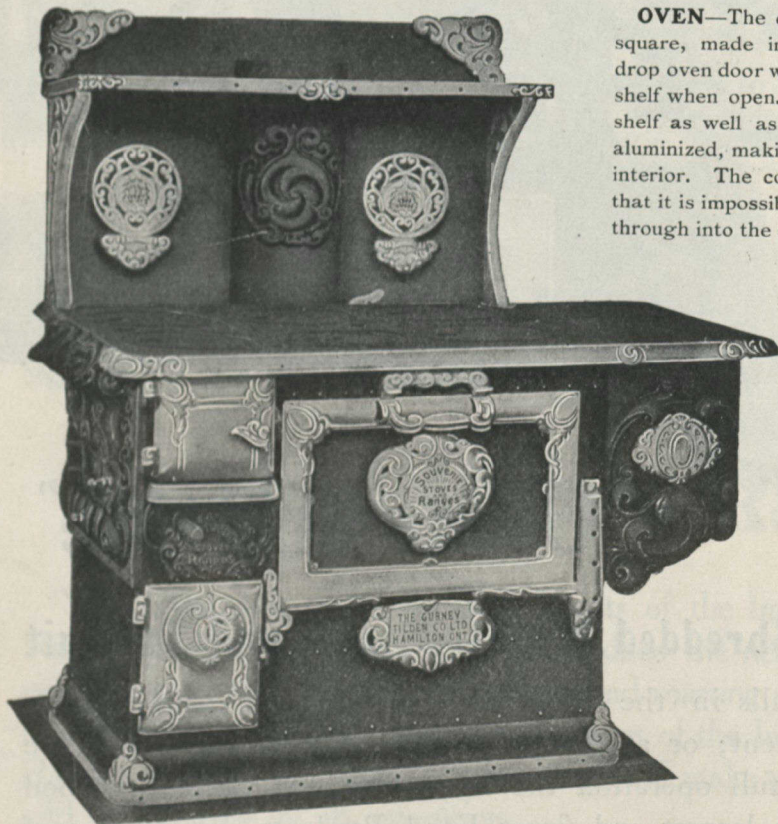
MADE IN CANADA

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO.
LIMITED

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Souvenir Steel Plate Range

Here Are Some Points of Interest in Our Newest Steel Range



SUPREME SOUVENIR

"AERATED OVEN" by which fresh air is constantly being heated and admitted into the oven, carrying all impurities up the chimney. This particular "AERATED" feature always keeps the interior of the oven sweet and wholesome.

OVEN—The oven is large and square, made in three sizes with drop oven door which forms an oven shelf when open. The inside oven shelf as well as the oven door is aluminized, making a bright, clean interior. The construction is such that it is impossible for ashes to leak through into the oven.

FIRE BOX—The construction of the fire box is such that the parts which are exposed to the fire are made exceptionally strong and simple, and the duplex grates can be taken out and replaced through the side door without disturbing the rest of the fire box.

"AERATED"—This Range, as is the case with all Souvenirs, is fitted with the celebrated

ALL BEST STOVE MEN SELL THIS RANGE

MANUFACTURED BY

The Gurney, Tilden Co., Limited

HAMILTON

MONTREAL

VANCOUVER

WESTERN AGENTS

TILDEN, GURNEY & CO., Limited - Winnipeg, Man.

Libby's

Good Things To Eat



Dried Beef



Lunch Tongues



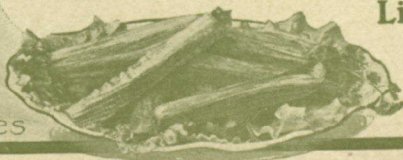
Corned Beef



Brisket Beef



Roast Beef



Mexican Tamales

Send for the Book
"How to Make Good Things to Eat"

This interesting and instructive 84-page book gives nearly two hundred recipes for breakfast, luncheon and dinner dishes—all preparable on a minute's notice from

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

the most delicious, appetizing and wholesome table delicacies you have ever eaten—purity guaranteed by U. S. Pure Food Law.

**Always ask your grocer for Libby's
and insist upon him giving you Libby's**

Write today for the book "How to Make Good Things to Eat." It will be sent you free on request.

**Libby, McNeill &
Libby**

Chicago, U. S. A.

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

IS THE PIANO OF THE PERIOD

that is in me, by the attraction of the w
that is in my soul."

For particulars and literature explaining, apply to
THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Ltd.
OSHAWA, ONT.

Out of the Depths

Any one hurt by
COFFEE

can be lifted out of the depths
by leaving it off entirely and
taking on well-made

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

1780 The Leader 1905
for 125 Years

Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate & Cocoa



Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

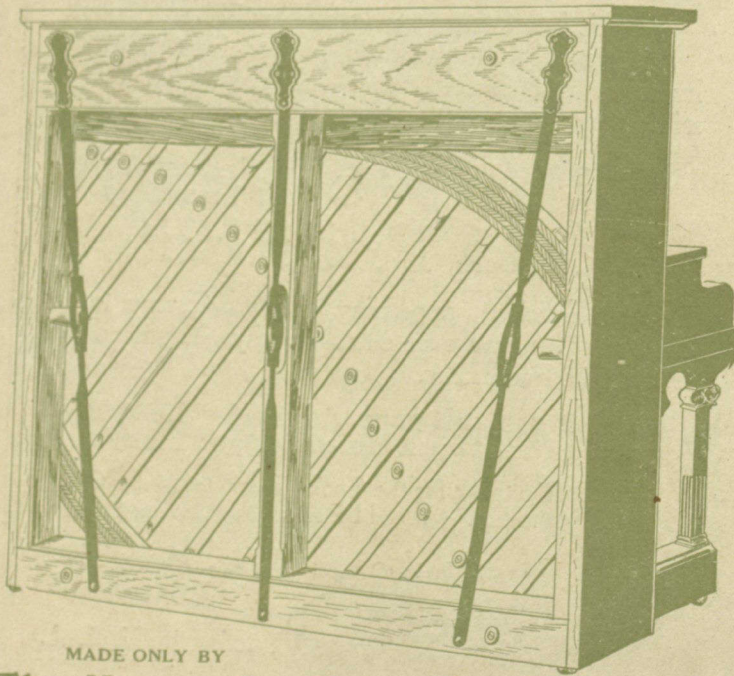
It is a perfect food, highly
nourishing, easily digest-
ed, fitted to repair wasted
strength, preserve health
and prolong life.

A new and handsomely
illustrated Recipe Book
sent free.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 Highest Awards
in Europe and America

Branch House, 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.



Back view of new
Patent Piano with
the Howard Patent
Adjustable Straining
or Tension Rods
which counteract the
stress or strain of the
wires on the front of
the piano.

The Bureau of In-
ventions of the
Jamestown Exhi-
bition have asked the
Newcombe Piano
Co. to exhibit this
new invention at
their fair.

Write for full particu-
lars, cuts, prices, etc.

MADE ONLY BY
The Newcombe Piano Co., Limited

BELLWOODS AVENUE
TORONTO

IN ONE BOTTLE.
REQUIRES
NO HEATING OR
MIXING

Melanyl

Indelible and Harmless
On any Fabric.
Try it once and you will

IS A QUALITY—ASK YOUR DEALER
WILLIAMS, GREENE & ROME COMPANY, Limited
MANUFACTURERS, BERLIN, CANADA

ON SHIRTS AND COLLARS

W.G.A. Mark

rade ark

PATENTED

is now manufactured in Canada and sold th
by druggists at the same price as in the Uni
States, viz 50 CENTS PER QUART.