

THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**

Vol. XXIV. No. 5

MARCH

1905

Cornwall Canal
Illustrated

Agriculture in
Quebec
Illustrated

War Pictures

Five Stories

—
25 Cents

ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO x x x CANADA

No Breakfast Table
complete without

Epps's Cocoa

An admirable Food of the
Finest quality and flavour.

Epps's Cocoa

The most Nutritious
and Economical.



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 Characteristic of this Hotel, and have secured and Retained for it a patronage of the Highest Order.

TIME IS THE TEST
OF ALL THINGS

AND THE EVER-INCREASING
POPULARITY OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

WHICH HOLDS ITS OWN AGAINST
ALL RIVALS, IS THE MOST
GENUINE PROOF OF ITS WORTH.

It must needs be a good thing that can withstand the immense pressure of uprising competition, and yet defy comparison; small marvel, therefore, that with the flight of years ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has become known far and wide for what it is worth, one of the most Potent, Simple, and Agreeable factors in maintaining Health. It assists the functions of the Liver, Bowels, Skin, and Kidneys by Natural Means, and thus RECTIFIES THE STOMACH AND MAKES THE LIVER LAUGH WITH JOY!

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked 'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have been imposed upon by a Worthless imitation.

Wholesale of Messrs. EVANS & SONS, Ltd.,
Montreal and Toronto, Canada.



GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED LYE

Ready for Use in Any Quantity.

For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY
LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.



THE JOY OF CHILDHOOD

Any Child—even the Baby—knows when PEARS' is used in the bath; that's why "he won't be happy 'till he gets it."

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH

PEARS' SOAP is the pride of youth because it gives that incomparably thorough cleansing and purifying of the skin which has made the PEARS' COMPLEXION so famous.

THE COMFORT OF OLD AGE

A PEARS' SOAP COMPLEXION is a defence against the ravages of time. Many a grandmother who has used PEARS' since childhood, is carrying her velvety skin and girlhood complexion into old age.

A LIFE TIME OF HAPPINESS
FOLLOWS THE CONSTANT USE OF

PEARS

Of All Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

All rights secured.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV.

CONTENTS, MARCH, 1905.

No. 5

The Shangani Patrol.....	FRONTISPIECE
The Cornwall Canal Contract..... NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS	NORMAN PATTERSON.....395
The Junior Partner, Story..... ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD PYKE	HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON.....404
Lines Written by a Certain King in Exile, Poem...M. B. DAVIDSON	410
Passage Paid, Story.....	W. VICTOR COOK.....411
Tipping—a Defence.....	ALBERT R. CARMAN.....416
Roberts and the Influences of His Time..... THIRD PAPER	JAMES CAPPON.....419
A Reckoning, Poem.....	THEODORE ROBERTS.....424
Russo-Japanese War Pictures.....	425
Agricultural Progress in Quebec..... UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS	G. BORON.....429
Canadian Celebrities..... NO. 60—PROF. JAMES W. ROBERTSON	FREDERICK HAMILTON.....436
The Builders, Story..... FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATION BY F. H. BRIGDEN	ERIC BOHN.....441
Trailing Clouds of Glory, Story.....	MARY STEWART DURIE.....453
The Prisoner of Baalbek, Story.....	JAMES W. FALCONER.....457
Future Calls Upon the Empire.....	DOUGLAS KERR.....460
The Taxation of Franchises.....	ALAN C. THOMPSON.....463
Current Events Abroad..... WITH CURRENT CARTOONS	JOHN A. EWAN.....466
Love's Roundelay, Poem.....	INGLIS MORSE.....469
Woman's Sphere..... TAWDRY APPAREL, BY ANNIE MERRILL CANADA'S GLORY, BY ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL	470
People and Affairs..... PORTRAITS OF WHITELAW REID AND HON. R. F. SUTHERLAND	JOHN A. COOPER.....474
About New Books.....	478
Idle Moments.....	483
Oddities and Curiosities.....	485
Canada for the Canadians..... FOR BUSINESS MEN	487

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

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to
THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, TRADERS BANK BUILDING, 63 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five, by the
Ontario Publishing Co. (Limited), at the Department of Agriculture. All rights reserved.

S. & H. HARRIS'

STABLE REQUISITES

SOLD BY ALL SADDLERS
AND
GENERAL MERCHANTS



- HARNESS COMPOSITION—(Waterproof).**
- JET BLACK OIL—Renews and Preserves.**
- SADDLE SOAP—Cleans and Renovates.**
- HARNESS LIQUID—Self-shining.**
- SADDLE PASTE—Gives a Waterproof Polish.**
- EBONITE WATERPROOF BLACKING**
- For Boots and Shoes—Requires no Brushing.**

AGENTS FOR CANADA—B. & S. H. THOMPSON & CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

AGENTS FOR
LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

LIMITED



BY SPECIAL WARRANT PURVEYORS TO THE KING AND
EMPEROR OF INDIA

CELEBRATED OILMAN'S STORES

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.

Sole Makers: **M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.**

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

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

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR IT, AND ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

EASTER NUMBER

THE April issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be an Easter Number with some special contributions and some new effects in the line of illustrations.

The **Cover**, designed for this occasion by Mr. Willson, is striking and appropriate.

The Sistine Chapel at Rome—by Amelia B. Warnock, will be profusely illustrated in colour. The decorations by Michelangelo in that edifice have an interest and an art value second to none in the world. Miss Warnock is a Canadian journalist.

The Petit Trianon—by Albert R. Carman, will be illustrated from special photographs also. This will recall the glory of Versailles and the French court prior to the Revolution. The Petit Trianon was the last refuge of Marie Antoinette.

Automobiles will be the subject of an illustrated article. A thousand of these machines will be in operation in Canada this year, and the new principles will be explained both for those who use them and those who avoid them.

The Messiah—an Easter Poem, by Dr. A. Thompson, of St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, N.S.

Taunla, The Dacoit—a short story by W. A. Fraser, the King of Canadian short story writers. It is a Calcutta tale, weird, thrilling, but satisfactory.

The Pride of the Race—a short story by Theodore Roberts, one of the most promising of Canada's younger writers. The scenes are laid in New York and Labrador, and the central figure is "a younger son."

Britain's El Dorado—a long poem describing the Canadian West. The author is Russell Elliot Macnaghten.

Other Features in keeping with the general character of this publication.

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

Write for Samples and Price List (sent Post Free) and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

LIMITED

BELFAST, IRELAND

Regent Street and Cheapside, London and Liverpool

Telegraphic Address: ("LINEN, BELFAST.")

IRISH LINEN AND DAMASK MANUFACTURERS

AND FURNISHERS TO

His Gracious Majesty THE KING,
H. R. H. The Princess of Wales,

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE
COURTS OF EUROPE.



Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels,
Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments, and
the General Public, direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World,

Which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer, and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last.

By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

IRISH LINENS: Real Irish Linen Sheetings, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard; Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 6c. per yard; Surplice Linen, 14c. per yard. Dusters from 78c.; Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 17c. per yard. Beautiful Dress Linens, all new shades, from 24c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN: Fish Napkins, 70c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.32 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, \$1.32 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.06 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (*Special attention to Club, Hotel, or Mess Orders.*)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS: Best quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold fine linen fronts and cuffs, \$8.52 the half doz. (to measure, 48c. extra). New Designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS: "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen*. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Home Journal*. Children's, 30c. per doz.; Ladies', 54c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 78c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', 66c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 94c. per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS: COLLARS—Gentlemen's 4-fold, all newest shapes, from \$1.18 per doz. CUFFS—For Ladies and Gentlemen, from \$1.42 per doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey," and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING: A luxury now within the reach of all Ladies. Chemises, trimmed embroidery, 54c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, \$1.08. India or Colonial Outfits from \$50.00; Bridal Trousseau from \$32.00; Infants' Layettes from \$15.00. (See list).

N.B.—To prevent delay all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples of these goods should be Addressed:

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland

NOTE.—Beware of parties using our name. We employ neither Agents nor Travellers.

John J. M. Bult

(Dress and Frock Coat Specialist)

140 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.
ENGLAND

CASH TAILOR

Patterns of cloth and self-measurement forms sent on application.

SOME SPECIALTIES:

Dress Suit (silk lined),	from	\$20.50
Lounge Suit,	"	\$12.00
Norfolk and Breeches,	"	\$16.00
Overcoat,	"	\$15.50

The largest assortment in London of Tweeds, Cheviots, Flannels, Serges, Trouserings, Vestings, and Light-weight Water-proof Overcoatings.

Also Underclothing for Colonial wear made to measure.

For Illustrated Booklet apply to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto.

CARRERAS' CELEBRATED

SMOKING



MIXTURES.

D^r. J. M. BARRIE says:—"WHAT I CALL THE ARCADIA IN 'MY LADY NICOTINE' IS THE **CRAVEN** MIXTURE AND NO OTHER."

THE CRAVEN (Mild), Invented by the 3rd Earl of Craven
HANKEY'S (Medium), " " Major-General Hankey
GUARDS' (Full), " " J. J. Carreras
MUGGES' (Special), " " G. Mugge, Esq.
SIL PHILIPS' (Extra special), Invented by Col. Sil Philips
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

CARRERAS, Ltd., 7 Wardour St.,
LONDON, W., ENGLAND.

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

EE

In Use
over Fifty
Years.

EE

Steedman's SOOTHING Powders

For Children Cutting Teeth

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,
and the address:

EE

Walworth
SURREY.

EE

FOR
ASTHMA, COUGHS
BRONCHITIS, AND COLDS
USE

Congreve's Balsamic ELIXIR

FOR 78 YEARS THE MOST
SUCCESSFUL REMEDY IN

Pulmonary Consumption

*Of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, or a supply for
one month, and a book sent by parcel post to Canada
on receipt of 3 dollars, by G. T. Congreve,
Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, Eng.*

New Book on

CONSUMPTION

or PULMONARY TUBERCULOSIS and
its SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT

With Short Chapters on other Diseases of the Lungs
by Geo. Thos. Congreve. An entirely new edition.
Sixpence, Post Free.

NEW SPRING PATTERNS



Egerton Burnett's
Royal EJB Serges
REGISTERED TRADE MARK



look well, and are for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, in Navy Blue, Black, Crimson, Grey, Green, Brown, Cream, Etc.

Prices From 28c. to \$3.04 Per Yard

TWEEDS, COATINGS,
DRESS FABRICS, COTTONS,
LINENS, WINCEYS, ETC.



No. 202—From \$8.65, to measure



No. 29—Reefer Coat from \$2.70
Trousers from \$1.35, to measure



No. 15A—From \$9.75, to measure

Ladies' Costumes from \$6.40; Skirts from \$2.50;
Girls' Dresses from \$2.20; Gymnasium Costumes from
\$3.05; Gentlemen's Suits from \$8.90; Overcoats from
\$6.70; Boys' Suits from \$2.60, Etc., to measure.

ANY LENGTH SOLD. SPECIAL RATES FOR CANADA, ETC.

PATTERNS, SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS AND
PRICE LISTS, POST FREE, FROM

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.

R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND

THE FREDERICK HOTELS, LIMITED

**HOTEL
GREAT CENTRAL**

**LONDON
Eng.**



"A Temple of Luxury."

Adjoining the Terminus of the Great Central Railway. On direct route by Express Corridor Trains with the Midlands, Dukeries and the North.

Magnificent Modern Public Rooms. Orchestras. Renowned Cuisine. Winter Garden. Terrace Promenades. Covered Courtyard. Elegant Private Suites at Moderate Rates

Cables: Centellare, London.

For Tariffs and Brochures of these beautiful modern Hotels apply to the Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto.

Luxury · Comfort · Economy

These Hotels decorated and furnished by MAPLE, London, the largest and most eminent furnishing house in the World. Part Contractors to King Edward VII. Hotel, Toronto.

**THE FAVORITE
CANADIAN
RENDEZVOUS**

Within touch of the great Financial, Commercial, Legal, Judicial, Medical, Dramatic, Literary, Art, Social, and Parliamentary centres, all the great London termini, and Shopping thoroughfares, yet quiet and restful amidst its well-ordered surroundings, the green parterres, and grand old trees of Russell Square.

Cables: Hotel Russell, London.



The Latest of the Sumptuous Hotel Palaces of Modern London.

**HOTEL
RUSSELL LONDON**

ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

1904

BESSON & CO., Limited
LONDON, ENG.

were awarded the highest possible distinction

THE GRAND PRIZE

for the musical and technical excellence of their

"PROTOTYPE" BAND INSTRUMENTS

as used by the LEADING BANDS OF THE WORLD.

Agents:

MESSRS. J. L. ORME & SON, Sparks Street, Ottawa
MR. CHAS. LAVALLEE, 35 St. Lambert Hill, Montreal
MR. W. H. BURTON, 305-7 Spadina Ave., Toronto

BRAND'S ESSENCE OF BEEF FOR INVALIDS

INVALUABLE IN ALL CASES OF
EXHAUSTION AND ENFEEBLED DIGESTION

Recommended by the Medical Profession
Throughout the World.

BRAND & CO., Limited
MAYFAIR, LONDON, ENG.

AGENT FOR CANADA:

J. M. SCHEAK, 206 Carlaw Bldgs.
Wellington St. West, TORONTO

IS BABY TEETHING?

All the troubles of teething are
effectually allayed by

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
TEETHING
POWDERS**



OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia, hence safest and best. Distinguished by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

125 New North Road
Hoxton, London, England

HIGHEST AWARD AND PRIZE MEDAL,
Philadelphia Exhibition, 1876.

Oakey's Silversmiths' Soap
For Cleaning Plate.

Oakey's Emery Cloth
Glass Paper, Black Lead.

Oakey's "Wellington" Knife Polish.
Best for cleaning and polishing cutlery; 3d., 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s.

Oakey's Knife Boards
Prevent friction in cleaning and injury to knives.

Oakey's "Wellington" Black Lead.

Oakey's "Polybrilliant" Metal Pomade.
Never becomes dry and hard like other metal pastes.

Oakey's Goods Sold Everywhere.
By Ironmongers, Grocers, Oilmen, Brushmakers, Druggists, etc.

JOHN OAKEY & SONS, Limited,
WELLINGTON MILLS, LONDON.

Representative in Canada:

JOHN FORMAN,
560 Craig Street, - Montreal.

A GIFT FROM ENGLAND.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

Lace Cover given free with Illustrated Catalogue
The largest and most complete list of Lace Goods issued.

Direct from the Looms

LACE CURTAINS
SWISS CURTAINS
MADRAS MUSLINS
LACES, all makes
BLOUSES

COLLARETTES
LADIES' and GENTS'
HOSIERY
ROLLER BLINDS
HOUSEHOLD LINENS

Popular Parcel, \$6.30, Carriage Free.

Contains 1 pair Drawing-room Curtains, rich design, adapted from the Real, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 2 pairs alike Dining-room Curtains, artistic design from Point Lace, 60 ins. wide, 3½ yds. long; 1 pair New Art Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. 50 ins.; 1 pair New Brise Bise Curtains; 1 Table Centre, Guipure make; 1 set of Duchesse Toilet Covers, one 45 ins. long, five smaller. Ecu if desired. Customers throughout the Empire testify to the marvellous value and durability. First Prize Medals, Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893. On receipt of Post Office Order for \$6.30 the above lot sent per return mail direct to your address in Canada by Parcel Post well packed in oilcloth.

COLONIALS should send for our Buyer's Guide and General Shipping List. Import your own goods direct and save 50 per cent. Gentlemen's and Youths' Tailoring, Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, etc. Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes, Corsets, etc. Furnishing Draperies, Furniture of all descriptions, Bedsteads, etc. Enquiries of all kinds carefully dealt with and estimates given. Price Lists only can be obtained from the Office of this Magazine, but if you wish to have the free gift included send direct to

SAMUEL PEACH & SONS

CURTAIN MANUFACTURERS

Box 664 - Nottingham, England
Established 1857

THE

London Directory

CONTAINING over 2,000 pages of condensed commercial matter, enables enterprising traders throughout the Empire to keep in close touch with the trade of the Motherland. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its Suburbs, the London Directory contains lists of:—

EXPORT MERCHANTS

with the Goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign markets they supply;

STEAMSHIP LINES

arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings;

PROVINCIAL APPENDIX

of Trade Notices of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the 1905 edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Post Office Order for £1.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY CO., Ltd.

25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C., England

WHY NOT IN CANADA?

STEVENS' OINTMENT has had over half a century's success with horses in England and other parts of the world.

As used in the
Royal Stables.



No
Blemish.

Directions
with
every Box.

AUSTRALIA alone uses over 6,000 boxes a year. CURES Splint, Spavin, Curb and all enlargements. Retailed by chemists at a low price, 75c. small, \$1.50 large box. A little goes a long way. Get a box now. If your local chemist cannot supply you, write direct to

EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal
AGENTS FOR CANADA

THE

CANADIAN GAZETTE

A Weekly Journal of Information and Comment upon Matters of Use and Interest to those concerned in Canada, Canadian Emigration and Canadian Investments.

Edited by THOMAS SKINNER

Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange Year-Book," "The Directory of Directors," &c.

EVERY THURSDAY. PRICE THREEPENCE

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISEMENT OFFICES:

1 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, LONDON

SUBSCRIPTIONS—For Canada and the Continent, the charge, including postage, is 4d. per Copy, 4s. 6d. for Three Months, 9s. for Six Months, and 18s. for Twelve Months.

NEW SPRING PUBLICATIONS

THE ST. LAWRENCE BASIN and Its Border-lands

Their discovery, exploration, and occupation. By S. E. DAWSON, LITT.D.

Cloth, \$1.35 Net

THE CLANSMAN

By THOS. DIXON, JR., author of "The Leopard's Spots."

Illustrated, Cloth only, \$1.50

A Tale of the Ku-Klux Clan.

THE WINGED HELMET

By HAROLD STEELE MACKAYE

*Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.50
Paper, 75c.*

An historical romance of marked originality of plot of the early 16th century.

AMONG ENGLISH INNS

The story of a Pilgrimage to characteristic spots of rural England. By JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.60 Net

THE BLACK BARQUE

A Tale of the Pirate Slave-ship, "GENTLE HAND," on her last African cruise, by T. JENKINS HAINS.

*Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.50
Paper, 75c.*

HEMMING THE ADVENTURER

By THEODORE ROBERTS.

*Illustrated, Cloth, \$1.50
Paper, 75c.*

A Romance of the career of a War Correspondent.

FOUR PAPER-COVER NOVELS, EACH 75c.

THE LOVES OF MISS ANNE. By S. R. CROCKETT

WHOSOEVER SHALL OFFEND. By F. MARION CRAWFORD

HEARTS IN EXILE. By JOHN OXENHAM

BEATRICE OF VENICE. By MAX PEMBERTON

The COPP, CLARK CO., Limited
PUBLISHERS, TORONTO

A Splendid Boys' Magazine



Price—\$1.20 by the Year
10 Cents for Each Number

“The Boy's Own Paper”

This splendid magazine should be in the hands of every boy of school or college age. It is the best boys' magazine ever published. It appeals to every manly boy who loves fiction, adventure, travel or sports. It is of the best literary quality, and the leading writers of boys' stories contribute to its pages.

Copiously Illustrated.

Colored Plate in Each Part.

Sample copies sent on receipt of price.

New volume begins with November number.

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

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES FOR

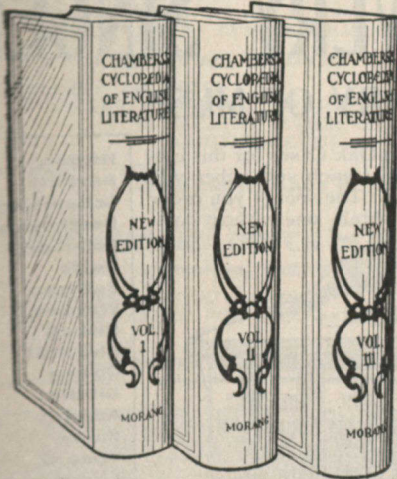
FARMING - LUMBERING - MINING

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION CONCERNING OPPORTUNITIES
FOR INVESTMENT IN NEW ONTARIO IN

FOREST, FIELD AND MINE

WRITE TO

HON. J. J. FOY, Commissioner of Crown Lands - - TORONTO, ONTARIO



**NO AGENT'S PROFIT
THE BUYER GETS IT**

Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature is conceded by every competent English-speaking critic in the world to be the most authoritative, comprehensive, accurate and convenient general work of reference upon English literature in existence.

DR. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL,

Writing in the "British Weekly," says:

Dr. Patrick has achieved a magnificent triumph. The book is simply astounding. It is as well done as it could be done, and it is a miracle of cheapness. . . . The book, as a whole, will delight all students of English literature, from the least to the greatest.

What It Includes

A complete history of English literature, with critical essays on the different periods by authors of acknowledged ability.

A biographical and critical sketch of authors in the English language from the earliest times to the present day.

A collection of selected readings illustrating the literary achievement of the various writers.

Over 800 authentic portraits reproduced by the latest processes.

The literature of the United States and British Colonies is included as part of the literature of Greater Britain.

It contains over 2,500 pages, illustrated with approved portraits and facsimiles.

Each volume contains a complete Table of Contents and the third volume has an elaborate detailed Index to the complete work.

It is bound in three Imperial Octavo volumes and the text is printed from new type on a fine quality of paper.

CHAMBERS'S

**Cyclopædia of
English
Literature**

Edited by

David Patrick, LL.D.

C.M. Mar.-05.

**Messrs. Morang
& Co., Limited.
Toronto.**

Our regular price of the set in handsome and substantial cloth binding, gold lettering and gilt tops, is \$18.00.

Reduced Price—We have 450 sets only of this magnificent work to distribute at a very special price. As long as they last we will send a set, express charges prepaid, to anyone who will agree to pay \$1.00 a month for ten months. Fill in the attached coupon, enclose \$1.00, and mail to us. We strongly advise anyone who wishes to secure a set to order quickly.

We have a few sets bound in half morocco extra, which we will send, while they last, for \$1.00 a month for thirteen months.

Address—

MORANG & CO., Limited

90 Wellington St. West
TORONTO

CUT HERE. DO IT NOW.

Name

Street

Town Prov.

Express Office

Please send by express, charges prepaid, to the address given below, one set of **Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature**, for which I enclose \$1.00, and agree to send you \$1.00 each month for the next nine months.

EVERY PIANIST, EVERY SINGER

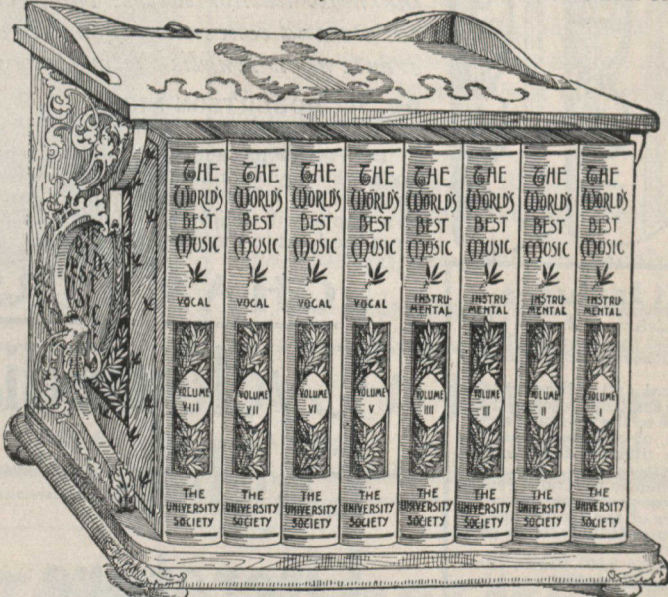
SHOULD OWN THIS LIBRARY OF MUSIC

These and 400 other Composers represented in this matchless collection.

- Kelle
- Arditi
- Emmett
- Strauss
- Buck
- Damrosch
- Mozart
- De Koven
- Gilbert
- Tosti
- Brahms
- Gleason
- Foster
- Gounod
- Chopin
- Handel
- Benedict
- Haydn
- Kreutzer
- Mattei
- Czibulka
- Molloy
- Pinsuti
- Robyn

FREE

We have imported 250 plain Oak Cases for this collection. As long as they last each subscriber will receive one free of charge. The sooner you order the more likely you are to obtain one without cost.



- Hatton
- Bartlett
- Schumann
- Beethoven
- Schubert
- Balfe
- Sullivan
- Wagner
- Bishop
- Chwatal
- Cowen
- Dibdin
- Adam
- Faure
- Godard
- Lange
- Lover
- Moore
- Wilson
- Payne
- Russel
- Smith
- Verdi
- Bendel
- Abt
- Bach
- Weber
- Schytte
- Leybach
- Thalberg
- Paganini
- Grieg

Each Vol. 9 x 12 Inches—1 Inch Thick

THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

300 Instrumental Selections for the Piano. 1,100 Pages | Over 2,200 Pages | 350 songs for all voices, with 1,100 piano accompaniment. Pages

TWENTY EDITORS AND SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

A COMPLETE MUSICAL LIBRARY FOR THE HOME IN 8 VOLUMES, 4 VOCAL, 4 INSTRUMENTAL,

CONTAINING instrumental selections by the great composers; melodious, not too difficult, and including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, nocturnes, adagios, military pieces and classic and romantic piano music. The best old and new songs, duets, trios, quartets and choruses upon every subject: Upon friendship, admiration, love and home; upon absence, sorrow, reminiscence, and rever; upon humor, patriotism, nature and morality; no hymns, however, 400 portraits and illustrations, over 500 biographies of musicians, and more than 100 new and copyrighted selections by eminent musicians. The work is planned for cultured homes and sympathetic performers.

Every Home in which there is a Piano

Should possess this Musical Library. The music that pleases mother, father, young and old is here. The collection is crowded with the best selections for every occasion. When friends are invited or drop in unexpectedly, how often does it happen that there can be little or no music because the favorite pieces of the players are not at hand? With this collection of music in the house, no one will be excused from playing or singing because "I have no music with me." And thus such an evening passes delightfully which, without such a collection, might have been a musical, if not a social failure.

Out This Out and Send in To-day

To "THE GLOBE" LIBRARY CLUB
Traders Bank Building, TORONTO, CANADA

Please send me on approval a set of THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC in half leather binding. If satisfactory I agree to send you \$2.00 within 5 days and \$2.00 per month thereafter for 13 months. If not satisfactory, I agree to return them at your expense within 5 days.

SIGNED

OCCUPATION.....

ENTIRE SETS SENT ON APPROVAL

It Will Cost to get this Treasury of Music, You Nothing Art and Biography into your home. Use the volumes for 5 days. If they are not satisfactory, return them at our expense. If you are fully satisfied, make payments as stipulated below.

\$300.00 worth of Sheet Music at less than one-tenth value.

Illustrated Specimen Pages sent on receipt of Postal.

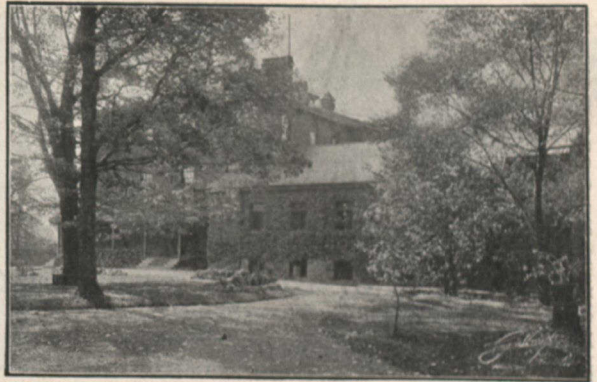
THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

(WYKEHAM HALL)

College Street, TORONTO

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR
A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
FULL MATRICULATION COURSE
KINDERGARTEN

For Calendar apply to
MISS ACRES, Lady Principal



BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL

The Parkdale Church School

151 Dunn Avenue, TORONTO

FULL MATRICULATION COURSE
KINDERGARTEN FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

For Calendar apply to
MISS MIDDLETON, Lady Principal



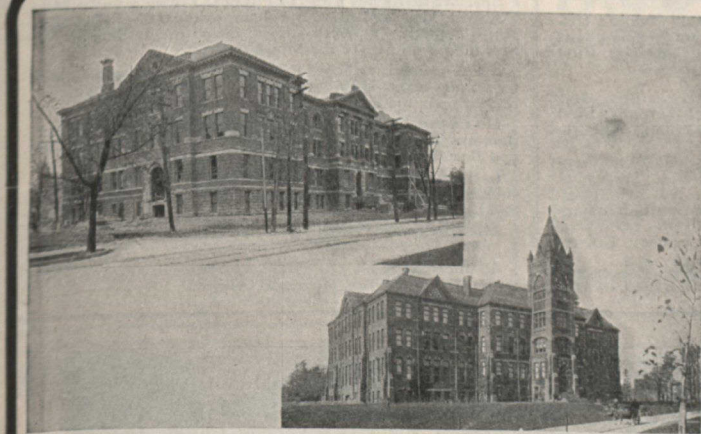
St. Margaret's College, TORONTO

A Boarding and Day School for Girls

- Full Academic Department
- “ Musical ”
 - “ Art ”
 - “ Domestic Science ”
 - “ Elocution ”
 - “ Physical Culture ”

Only teachers of the highest academic and professional standing employed.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,
Lady Principal.
GEORGE DICKSON, M.A.,
Director.



Ontario School of Practical Science

of

Toronto

Established 1878

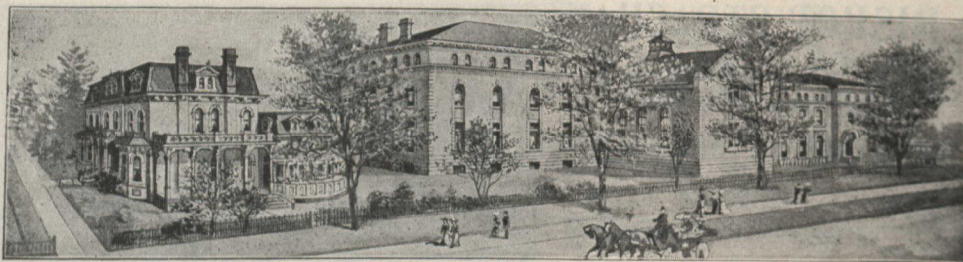
The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION—

- 1.—CIVIL ENGINEERING
- 2.—MINING ENGINEERING
- 3.—MECHANICAL and ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
- 4.—ARCHITECTURE
- 5.—ANALYTICAL and APPLIED CHEMISTRY
- 6.—CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

The Laboratories in all Departments are fully equipped with the most modern apparatus.
The Calendar, which contains a list showing the positions held by graduates, will be mailed on application.

A. T. LAING, Registrar

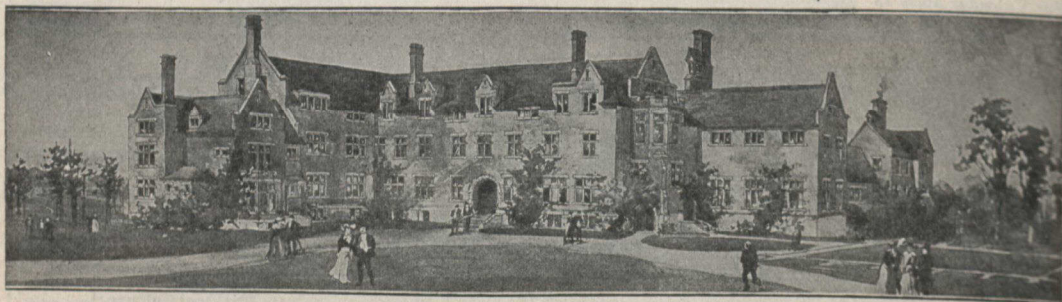


Toronto Conservatory of Music

Students may enter at any time
 SCHOOL OF LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION.
 MRS. NICHOLSON-CUTLER, Principal.

Send for CALENDAR

SIR JOHN A. BOYD, K.C.M.G., President
 DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director



UPPER SCHOOL BUILDING

RIDLEY COLLEGE, ST. CATHARINES, ONT. 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.
 For Calendar, etc., apply to **REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., Principal.**

Havergal College

TORONTO

PRINCIPAL: Miss Knox—St. Hugh's Hall, Oxford; University of Oxford, First-Class Final Honor Examination; Cambridge University, Diploma in Teaching; First Division Government-Certificate.

Heads of Departments:

HOUSE—Miss Edgar, B.A., University of Toronto; First Class Honors in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian; Governor-General's Medal.

DAY SCHOOL—Miss Chambers, Girton College, Cambridge; Honors in Mathematical Tripos, Theory of Teaching, University of Cambridge.

HEALTH—Miss Nainby, Cambridge and South Kensington Certificates.

JUNIOR SCHOOL—Miss Wood, B.A., London University, Westfield College.

Assisted by 20 resident mistresses who are graduates of various English and Canadian Universities, and by 31 visiting masters and teachers.

Pupils are prepared for Matriculation at the University of Toronto, for the Havergal Diploma, and for Examinations in Music and Art.

Special attention is given to Physical Training under Miss Fotheringham and Miss Burnaby, graduates of Dr. Sargent's Academy at Boston, who reside in the School and give individual care to the pupils.

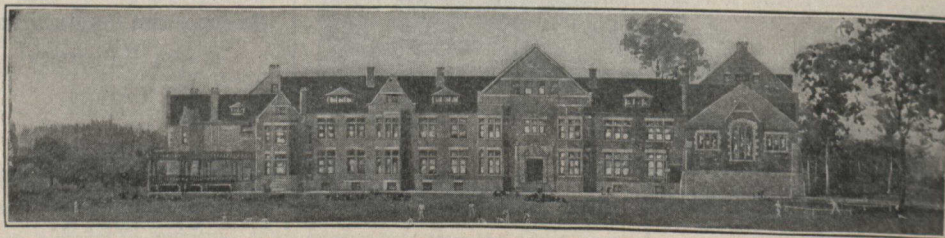
Large grounds attached to the College afford ample space for tennis, basket ball, cricket, etc., in the summer, and for hockey upon the full-sized rink in winter.

Miss Burnaby, graduate of the Behnke Method of Elocution, has joined the College, and takes charge of the reading and elocution classes throughout the College.

In the Junior School the Curriculum includes, among other subjects, Elementary Courses in Cooking, Wood Carving and Domestic Science.

A Kindergarten is attached to the School.

All information may be obtained by letter or by application to the Bursar's Office, Havergal College.



NEW BUILDINGS NOW BEING ERECTED

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Residential and Day School for Boys.

TORONTO

◆ Upper and Lower School. Separate Junior Residence. Boys prepared for Universities and Business. 250 pupils in attendance.
 ◆ **Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., Principal**



"Glen Mawr"

RESIDENTIAL AND
DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

651 SPADINA AVENUE TORONTO

Thorough English Course.
Individual Attention. Pupils Prepared for the
Universities and for Examinations in Music
and Art. Large staff of Resident and
Visiting Teachers.

MISS VEALS, PRINCIPAL.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

PORT HOPE

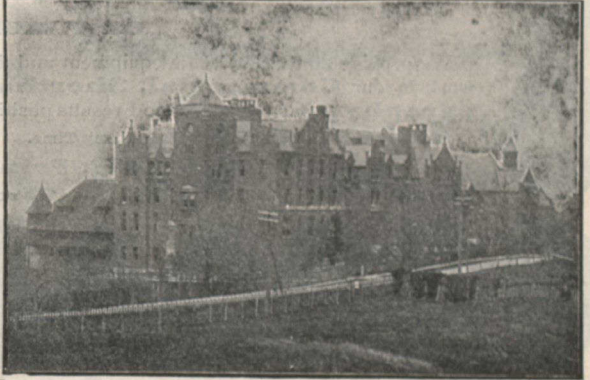
Residential School for Boys

Founded 1865

For Calendar and all particulars, apply to
the Head Master,

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A. (Cambridge), LL.D.,

For twelve years Professor of History and Dean
of Residence, Trinity University, Toronto.



A GOOD INVESTMENT

That pays dividends all through life is a course of
training in any of the Departments of the

*NORTHERN
Business College*

OWEN SOUND, ONT.

Four complete courses of study. Best equipped
Business College premises in Canada. The only
Business College owning its own College building.
A large staff of competent and painstaking teachers.
Our graduates are most successful. Just ask them.
Full particulars sent to any address free.

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

The December 1904 Readers' Guide

indexes over 1000 separate and distinct
magazines, containing over 15,000 im-
portant articles on every conceivable
subject, in one alphabet. Ask to be
allowed to use this number.

The H. W. WILSON COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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. Special-
ists in each department. Affiliated with the
Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward
Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles,
R. C. A., Art Director; Miss M. Parsons, in charge
of Domestic Science Department. For announce-
ment and information, address the Principals,

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

MISS S. E. DALLAS, Mus. Bac.





COLLEGE BUILDING

To successfully train over 1,200 students each year for business pursuits, and to see the great majority of them located in suitable positions, is the great work of our school—the well-known

Central Business College OF TORONTO



W. H. SHAW

We provide 20 teachers, fine equipment and do most thorough work in our **Commercial, Shorthand and Telegraphy** departments. Good results positively guaranteed.

Correspondence Solicited. Enter Any Time. No Vacations.

Address **W. H. SHAW, Principal**
Yonge & Gerrard Streets, - Toronto, Canada



The ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH,

Through the MACDONALD INSTITUTE

Provides thorough courses in

Nature Study, Domestic Science and Manual Training

In September of each year commence the Normal Courses for teachers in all departments and the Two-year course in theory and practice of Housekeeping.

Short courses in Nature Study and Domestic Science and Art open in September, January, April and July.

The Macdonald Hall for the accommodation of young women attending the Institute will be ready for use at the beginning of the College year in September, 1904.

For further information address

G. C. CREELMAN, B.S.A.,

President of the College, Guelph, Ont.



St. Monica's

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

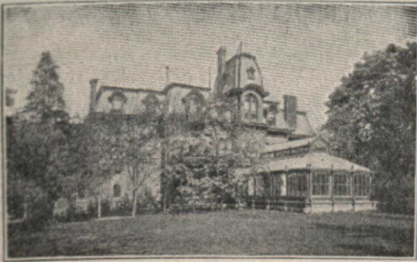
170 Bloor Street West, Toronto

Thorough course in English Languages, Music, Art, Elocution, Physical Culture and Domestic Science.

Prepares for University and Departmental Examinations. Kindergarten and Primary Departments. Teachers thoroughly qualified and of highest standing. Specialists in the various Departments. Extensive and beautiful grounds.

For Prospectus apply to

MISS PHILLPOTTS
Lady Principal



BRANKSOME HALL

A High-class Residential and Day School for Girls

102 BLOOR ST. EAST, - TORONTO

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.

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 1333 SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Mechan. Draughtsman
Ornamental Designer
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
French } with Edison
Spanish } Phonograph

Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architec'l Draughtsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Foreman Plumber
Mining Engineer

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

How a Mark in this Coupon Brought Success

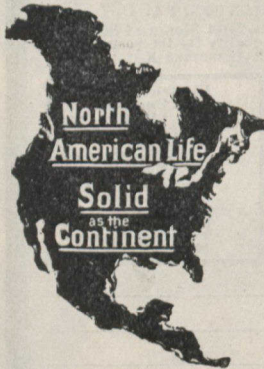
R. L. Tappenden was a forge shop apprentice at \$12 a week when he marked this coupon. As a result of marking the coupon he became Superintendent of the forge department of the Fore River Ship and Engine Co., of Quincy, Mass., earning over \$5000 a year. Mr. Tappenden's case is but one of thousands of similar experiences of those who have realized in **this coupon** their opportunity. To fill in and mail to us the coupon above is a simple and an easy thing to do. Yet it may be the starting point to great success for you. The **I. C. S.** has made it easy for every ambitious person to reach a better position and a higher salary. You can qualify yourself in your spare time and at low cost. Cut out, fill in and mail your coupon to-day and we will send you full details and our booklet "1001 Stories of Success."

Now is the time.



TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE:

112-118 King Street West, Toronto

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1904.

Dec. 30, 1903. To Net Ledger Assets..... \$5,376,210 75

RECEIPTS

Dec. 31, 1904. To Cash for Premiums \$1,237,250 16
 " " To Cash Income on Investments, etc. 269,779 64
 1,507,029 80

DISBURSEMENTS

Dec. 31, 1904. By Payment for Death Claims, Profits, etc..... \$561,136 57
 " " By all other Payments..... 376,741 36
 937,877 93

Balance, Net Ledger Assets..... \$5,945,362 62

ASSETS

Dec. 31, 1904. By Mortgages, etc. \$ 989,847 47
 " Stocks, Bonds and Debentures (market value \$3,539,104.30) 3,460,096 75
 " Real Estate, including Company's buildings (appraised value \$255,850.00) 186,603 95
 " Loans on Policies, etc. 432,420 93
 " Loans on Bonds and Stocks (nearly all on call) 771,604 71
 " Cash in Banks and on hand 104,788 81
 Net Ledger Assets..... \$5,945,362 62
 " Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection)..... 244,075 91
 " Interest and Rents due and accrued..... 41,561 53

LIABILITIES

Dec. 31, 1904. To Guarantee Fund \$ 60,000 00
 " Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund 5,587,346 59
 " Death Losses awaiting proofs, Contingent Expenses, etc..... 82,390 00
 \$5,729,736 59

Net Surplus..... **\$501,263 47**

Audited and Found Correct—J. N. LAKE, Auditor.

WM. T. STANDEN, Consulting Actuary.

*New insurance issued during 1904. \$6,530,825 00
 Being the best year in General Branch in the Company's history.

*Insurance in force at end of 1904 (net)..... \$35,416,380 00
 *No Monthly or Provident Policies included, this branch having been discontinued.

PRESIDENT

JOHN L. BLAIKIE

VICE-PRESIDENTS

JAS. THORBURN, M.D., Medical Director.

HON. SIR WILLIAM R. MEREDITH, LL.D.

DIRECTORS

HON. SENATOR GOWAN, K.C., LL.D., C.M.G.
J. K. OSBORNE, Esq.E. GURNEY, Esq. L. W. SMITH, Esq., K.C., D.C.L.
LT.-COL. D. MCCREA, Guelph.

MANAGING DIRECTOR

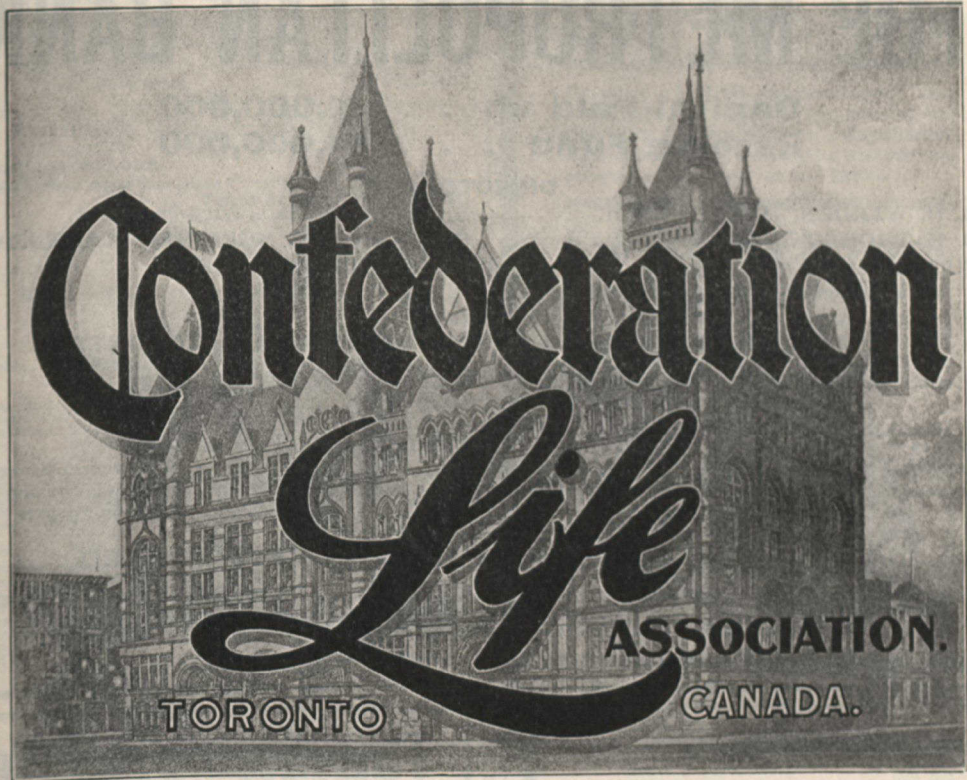
L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A.

SECRETARY

W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B.

SUPERINTENDENT OF AGENCIES
T. G. MCCONKEY.

The Report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 26th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, will be sent to policyholders. Pamphlets explanatory of the attractive investment plans of the Company, and a copy of the Annual Report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Home Office or any of the Company's agencies.



MANY THOUSANDS

of families have been saved from poverty and distress by a policy of Life Insurance. Many thousands of men have saved money which has been a source of comfort to them in their declining years by a Policy of Life Insurance.

THE ACCUMULATION POLICY

COMBINES ALL THE

BEST FEATURES OF LIFE INSURANCE

On account of the clearness and precision of its terms and the extremely liberal and definite guarantees it offers this form of policy is deservedly popular.

FULL INFORMATION SENT ON APPLICATION TO THE HEAD OFFICE.

W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary

W. H. BEATTY, ESQ., President

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, CANADA

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid up . . . \$1,000,000

Reserve Fund . . . \$1,000,000

DIRECTORS

R. H. WARDEN, D.D., PRESIDENT.

D. E. THOMSON, K.C.

THOS. BRADSHAW, Esq.

S. J. MOORE, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT.

HIS HONOR W. MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.

JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE:

Canada Life Building, 40-46 King Street West - TORONTO

W. D. ROSS, GENERAL MANAGER.

BRANCHES

BRIGDEN
BROCKVILLE
BRUSSELS

EAST TORONTO
MILTON
PETROLIA

PICTON
STREETSVILLE
SUTTON WEST
WELLINGTON

IN TORONTO—CANADA LIFE BUILDING
CORNER COLLEGE AND BATHURST STREETS
CORNER DUNDAS AND ARTHUR STREETS
CORNER QUEEN AND McCAUL STREETS

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

INTEREST AT HIGHEST RATES ALLOWED—ADDED TWICE A YEAR

Trusts

This Company executes trusts of every description, its duties being performed under the supervision of a Board of Directors of representative men of the highest business standing and experience.

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED

22 King Street East, Toronto

The London Life Insurance Company

HEAD OFFICE: - LONDON, CANADA

Since incorporation, the Company has paid to Policyholders or Heirs, over..... \$1,000,000

AND has at credit of Policyholders to meet future Death Claims, Maturing Endowments, etc., over..... \$1,500,000

AND has a Surplus in excess of all liabilities to the public, of over \$100,000

The Company issues all the Standard policies on as favorable terms as other first-class companies, besides SPECIAL Policies which afford exceptional advantages in certain respects.

Any agent of the Company will give full particulars as to rates, etc.

JOHN McCLARY, Esq., President
A. O. JEFFERY, K.C., LL.D., D.C.L.,
Vice-President

JOHN G. RICHTER, Esq., General Manager
EDWARD E. REID, B.A., A.I.A.,
Asst. Manager and Actuary

Bank of Hamilton

Board of Directors

HON. WM. GIBSON J. TURNBULL
 President Vice-President
 John Proctor Geo. Roach A. B. Lee (Toronto)
 J. S. Hendrie, M.L.A. Geo. Rutherford

Capital, \$2,200,000
 Reserve and Surplus Profits, \$2,000,000
 Total Assets, \$23,500,000

J. TURNBULL, General Manager
 H. M. WATSON, Inspector

HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON, ONT.

Branches

Airwood	Hagersville	Mitchell	Saskatoon, N.W.T.
Beamsville	Hamilton	Minnedosa, Man.	Simcoe
Berlin	" Barton St.	Miami, Man.	Southampton
Blyth	" East End	Moose Jaw, N.W.T.	Stonewall, Man.
Brandon, Man.	" West End	Morden, Man.	Teeswater
Brantford	" Deering Br.	Niagara Falls	Toronto—
Carmar, Man.	Hamlota, Man.	Niag. Falls South	Yonge Street
Chesley	Indian Head, N.W.T.	Orangeville	Queen & Spadina
Delhi	Jarvis, Ont.	Palmerston	Vancouver, B.C.
Dundas	Kanloope, B.C.	Pilot Mound, Man.	Wingham
Dundas	Listowel	Plum Coulee "	Winkler, Man.
Dunnville	Lucknow	Port Elgin	Winnipeg, Man.—
Georgetown	Manitou, Man.	Port Rowan	Grain Exchange
Gladstone, Man.	Melfort, Sask.	Ripley	Main St. Branch
Gorrie	Midland	Roland, Man.	Wroxeter
Grimsby	Milton		

Correspondents in United States: New York—Fourth National Bank and Hanover National Bank. Boston—International Trust Co. Buffalo—Marine National Bank. Detroit—Detroit National Bank. Chicago—Continental National Bank and First National Bank. Kansas City—National Bank of Commerce. Philadelphia—Merchants National Bank. San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank. St. Louis—National Bank of Commerce. Correspondents in Great Britain—National Provincial Bank of England Limited

Correspondence Solicited

DEPOSITS

Received of \$1.00 and upwards. Interest allowed at 3½% per annum on the daily balance paid or compounded half-yearly. Accounts subject to cheque withdrawal at all times.

DEBENTURES

Issued in sums of \$100 and upwards, bearing interest at the rate of 4% per annum, payable half-yearly. 1st January and July principal of bonds repayable on 60 days' notice.

**CENTRAL
 CANADA
 LOAN & SAVINGS COY.,
 26 KING ST. E. TORONTO**

Head Office—Winnipeg, Manitoba

RECORD FOR 1904

Policies issued and taken '04, \$5,103,413

" " " '03, 4,278,850

INCREASE 19% \$824,563

Business in force Dec. 31, '04, \$20,611,399

" " " '03, 18,023,639

INCREASE 14% \$2,587,760

Interest received '04, - - - - \$133,262

" " " '03, - - - - 93,035

INCREASE OVER 40% \$40,227

(Interest earned averaged seven per cent.)

Total assets Dec. 31, '04, - - - \$2,557,983

Liabilities " " " " - - - 2,017,291

SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS, - \$540,692

Surplus shows a margin of 27 per cent. over liabilities, excelling all other companies in this vital matter of SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS.

1904

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR FOR

The Northern Life Assurance Company

Insurance Written	\$1,231,580.00	15%	Gain over last year.
Insurance in Force	4,144,881.00	15½%	
Premium Income	130,468.85	10½%	
Interest Income	21,460.69	60%	
Total Assets	486,949.15	19½%	
Government Reserves	311,326.00	29%	
Management Expenses	49,245.43 only	1½%	

The Policies issued by the Northern Life are so liberal that agents find no difficulty in writing up applicants.

Liberal contracts to good agents.

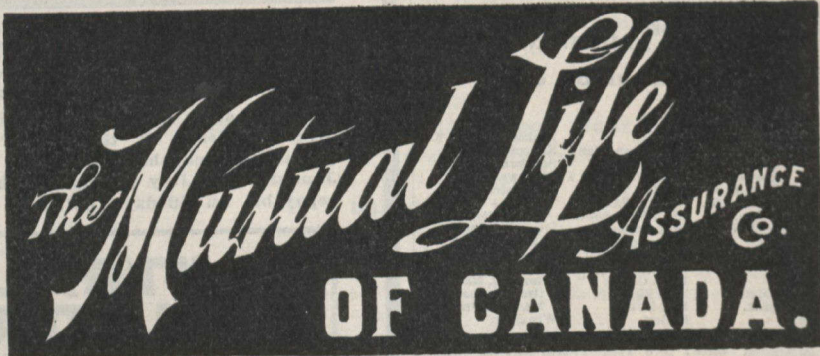
Write for booklet describing different kinds of Policies.

HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, ONT.

JOHN MILNE, Managing Director

THE SAME OLD STORY

Of **Substantial Gains** made in every department of its business during 1904 by



TO WIT:

Business in force Dec. 31, 1904.....	\$40,476,971
Gain over 1903	2,889,419
Cash Income for 1904	\$ 1,725,309
Gain over 1903	164,239
Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1904	\$ 8,220,530
Gain over 1903	937,372
Surplus, Dec. 31, 1904 (Company's Standard)	\$ 772,073
Gain over 1903	170,920
Surplus, Dec. 31, 1904 (Government Standard)	\$ 1,049,400

This Company has the **LOWEST EXPENSE RATE** of any Canadian Life Company. In many other important respects it has few if any equals.

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

ROBERT MELVIN,
PRESIDENT

A. HOSKIN, K.C.,
HON. JUSTICE BRITTON, } VICE-PRESIDENTS

GEO. WEGENAST, MANAGER

W. H. RIDDELL, SECRETARY

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

Savings Department

\$1 and upwards received on deposit. Interest paid or compounded half-yearly at... .. **3½%** **\$100** and upwards received for which debentures are issued with coupons attached for half-yearly interest at..... **4%**

Paid-up Capital.....	\$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	2,000,000.00
Invested Funds.....	24,000,000.00

THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE
HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets - - - -	\$2,763,960 70
Surplus to Policyholders - - -	1,052,760 70
Paid to Policyholders in 1903 - -	204,018 48

Most Desirable Policy Contracts

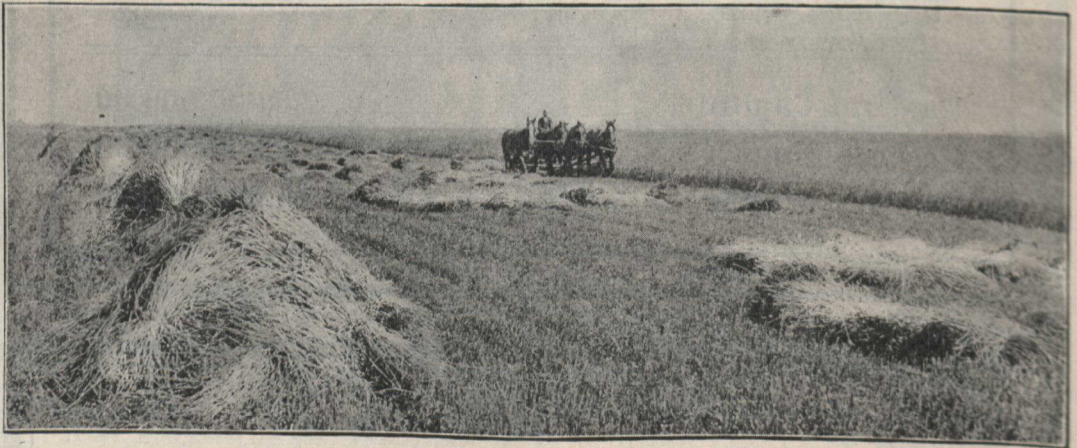
DAVID DEXTER
President and Managing Director

J. K. McCUTCHEON
Superintendent of Agencies

WESTERN CANADA

Produces the Most Remarkable Yields of GRAIN, ROOTS and VEGETABLES

The productiveness of the rich loams and soils that are to be found almost everywhere throughout the Province of Manitoba and the territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are now so well known that it is a subject of great interest throughout all the Western States, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent.



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

During the past seven years the immigration has been most phenomenal, and the prospects are that during the next few years this immigration will continue in largely increasing numbers. It is confidently assumed that the same degree of success that attended the work of the farmer during the past few years will be repeated in the future.

FREE HOMESTEADS may be had in almost all the land districts. Adjoining land may be purchased from the railway and land companies. Many cases have been recorded where the farmer has paid the entire purchase price of his land out of the first crop.

The matter of climate is one that demands the attention of those seeking a home. The climate of Western Canada is one that is highly spoken of by all who have made it their home, and requires no further comment. Hundreds of letters in the possession of the Department of the Interior give evidence of its healthfulness and its desirability when compared with that of other countries.

Socially, there is everything that is desired. There are to be found there the several fraternal societies, schools, churches and other organizations calculated to be to the upbuilding of a community, and are in evidence wherever there is a settlement.

Markets for the sale of grain and other produce of the farm are at every railway station, while elevators and mills make competition keen. The prices are always high and the railway rates are reasonable.

Nearly fifty thousand Americans took up land either in Manitoba or the Territories during the past year, and as fully as great a number is expected during the season of 1904. It is only a matter of computation how much the area which will be placed under cultivation will exceed the 4,687,583 acres of 1903. Besides the Americans spoken of, fully as large a number of British people became settlers. In addition to these the continentals added largely to the population.

Ranching is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

Wheat Districts. The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

Mixed Farming. To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

Large Tracts Open for Settlement. New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

A letter addressed to the undersigned will secure a copy of the new Canadian Geography and all other information necessary.

W. T. R. PRESTON,
Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,
11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON W.C., ENGLAND.

W. D. SCOTT,
Superintendent of Immigration,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

AN APPETIZER

A savory soup at the beginning of a dinner is a valuable appetizer and stimulant that prepares the way for the dishes which are to follow. Soup is intended to gratify—not satisfy—hunger; to do this it must have an agreeable appearance and an appetizing flavor; this may be secured by the use of

Armour's Extract of Beef,

the essence that pervades the body of the dish, giving it character and flavor. It starts the gastric juices, which are Nature's ever-ready digestive that helps digest the food, insuring its full nutrition for conversion into brown, bone and brain.

Another reason for the use of Armour's Extract of Beef in preparing soup is, that it is economical; a quarter-teaspoonful is sufficient to make a cup of beef broth. (It requires a teaspoonful of some brands to do this.)

Here are the essential reasons why Armour's Extract of Beef should be used in some form every day. It is an appetizer and a digestive—because it gives a rich beefy flavor to the dishes in which it is used and insures a tempting color and appearance at a small cost.

There are directions around every jar for using Armour's Extract of Beef, or our Cook Book, "Culinary Wrinkles," which tells how to make soups, gravies, sauces, etc., in 43 different ways, will be sent post-paid on receipt of name and address and a 2-cent stamp for postage; ask for one now while we have some left.

Armour's Extract of Beef is sold only under the Armour label; do not accept another brand; insist on getting Armour's, as our name and reputation is your guarantee of its quality.

ARMOUR LIMITED

Toronto



ARMOUR'S TOMATO BOUILLON

Rich, Tempting and Toothsome

(It's not a Tomato Catsup)

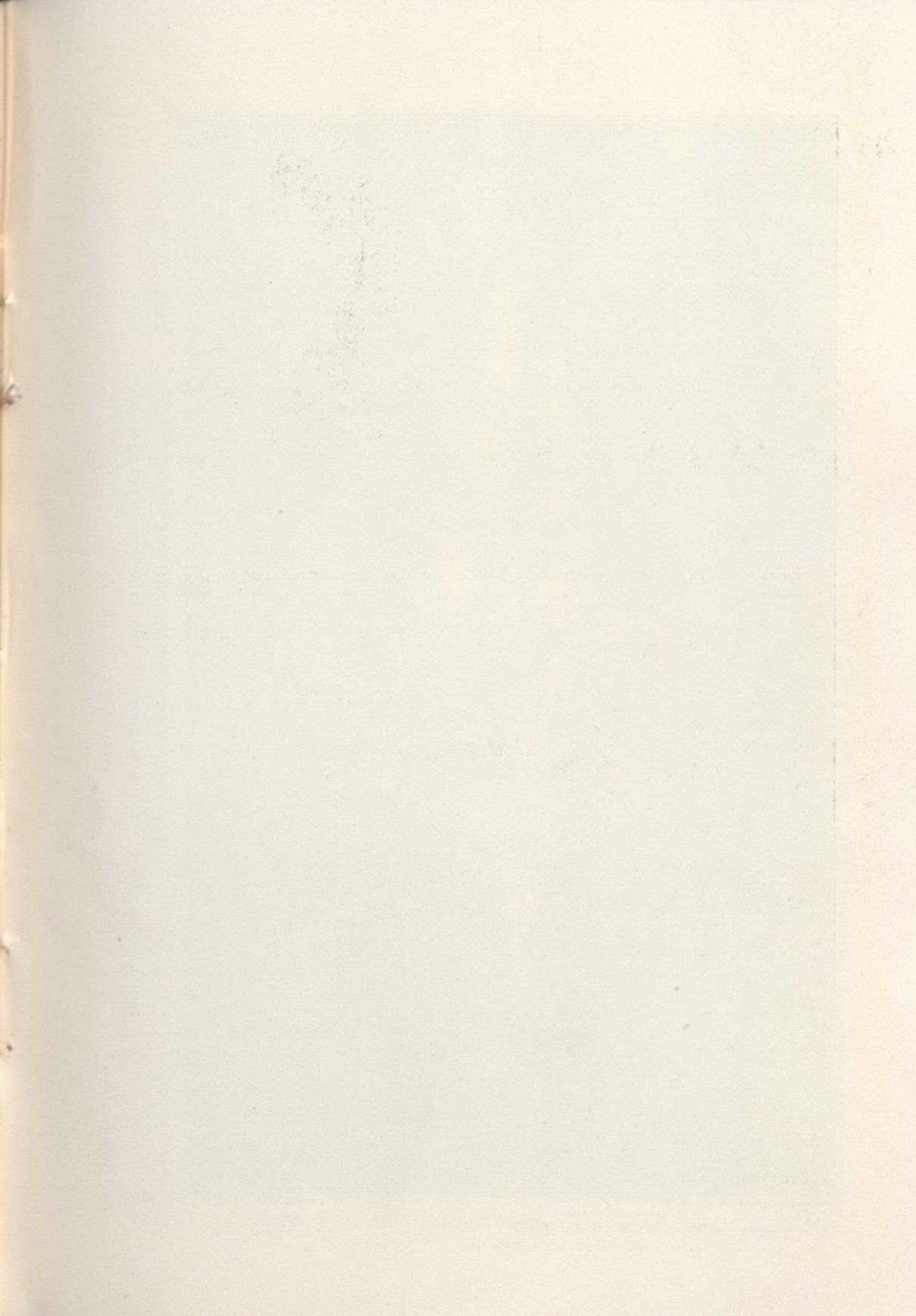
A concentrated preparation of all that is best in fresh ripe tomatoes, choice herbs and spices, with Armour's Extract of Beef.

Armour's Tomato Bouillon is just the thing for children's luncheons; it strengthens, nourishes and is relished by the daintiest. It's just as good for the grown-up. Try a cup between meals, or at bed-time for restlessness.

It is sold by grocers. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 35 cents and we will send you a 4-ounce bottle carriage paid.

ARMOUR LIMITED

Toronto





TO THE MEMORY OF BRAVE MEN

THE LAST STAND OF MAJOR WILSON ON THE SHANGANI RIVER, RHODESIA, 1893

From the Painting by Allan Stewart

See "People and Affairs"

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

TORONTO, MARCH, 1905

No. 5

THE CORNWALL CANAL CONTRACT

By *NORMAN PATTERSON*

HERE are few people who have ever considered the responsibility of the Dominion Cabinet as a spender of money. There are fourteen ministers with portfolios in that body, and each spends on an average more than four million dollars a year. In the year ending June 30th, 1903, the Dominion Government spent in the ordinary way \$51,691,000, and contracted debts for several million dollars' worth of expenditures which are said to be "on capital account." In addition there were some "Special" items, which brought the total expenditure for the year to \$61,746,000.

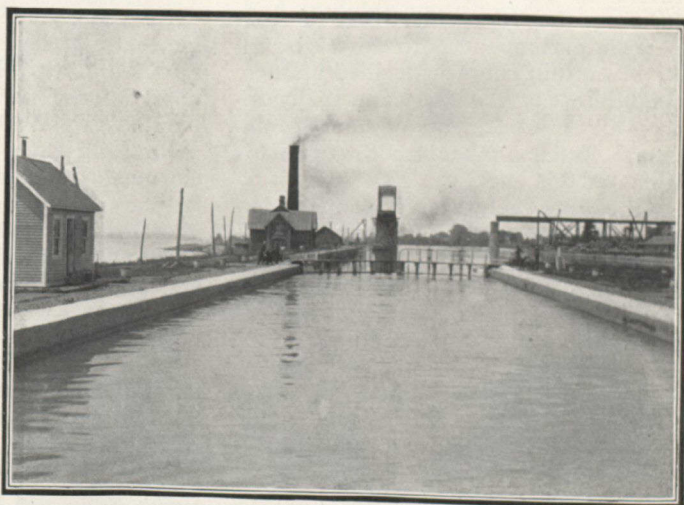
To spend four and a half million dollars a year, and get good value for it, is what is demanded of the average cabinet minister at Ottawa. Some have more to spend than others, but as the responsibility for the whole expenditure rests on the cabinet as a whole, the responsibility may be divided evenly for the sake of argument.

To successfully spend this amount of money each year requires a considerable business knowledge, a keen intellect and much sturdy common-sense. The speculative question might be framed,

"If there were fourteen companies at Ottawa, each having four and a half million dollars to spend each year, would they select the present fourteen cabinet ministers as the best men for the fourteen positions?" This question is not framed to throw any discredit upon those fourteen gentlemen, but simply to show the grave business responsibility which each must annually undertake.

A MINISTER'S TROUBLES

Neither is it possible for any one of these ministers to devote his whole time to this work. The collecting of this amount of money, the consideration of a great deal of necessary legislation both public and private, the listening to interviewers of all sorts and conditions, the attention required of each as one of the leaders of a great



CORNWALL CANAL—A LOCK FULL OF WATER
In the distance, an open draw-bridge



HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND

Acting Minister of Railways and Canals in 1900, now Minister of Public Works

political party which must consider its future in the constituencies, the informing the representatives of that party in parliament as to the advisability of certain courses decided upon in the interest of the party and the country—all these elements of cabinet ministers' duties make inroads upon his time and his energy.

Of course each receives some assistance from the permanent officers in his department, and from his colleagues and fellow-members. He gets advice from the Opposition and from the people interested in the spending of the money in the constituencies. Nevertheless, it would be wonderful if there were no mistakes. These men would be more than human if they did not occasionally go wrong, if they did not now and again spend a few hundred thousand dollars unwisely, if they did

not once in a while make an improvident bargain.

Perhaps the most improvident bargains made by the Cabinet are those in connection with the Public Works and Railways and Canals departments. In these two are the annual expenditures greatest. Last year the Public Works spent about seven millions of dollars, and the Department of Railways and Canals about five millions. Two ministers are primarily responsible for twelve millions of expenditure, which is distributed throughout the whole of Canada. The difficulties are enormous.

AN IMPROVIDENT BARGAIN

One of the most notable examples of an improvident contract made by a department is that known as the Cornwall Canal Lighting and Power Contract, whereby nearly a million of dollars would have been uselessly paid by the Dominion Government had there been

no Auditor-General. The main facts are simple.

In 1896, some time previous to a general election, the Hon. John Haggart, Minister of Railways and Canals, made a lease with a contractor by the name of M. P. Davis, giving him the right to use the water-power of the Cornwall Canal at a certain point for \$1,000 a year for eighty-four years. The Government had already built a dam there in order to increase the water in this portion of the river and the canal, so that there was good reason why a fair rental should be paid. At the same time it was agreed that Mr. Davis should supply power at the rate of \$63 per horse-power per year for such quantity as the Government might require, and electric lights at the rate of \$109.50 per arc light of 2,000 candle power to the number required by the



CORNWALL—SHOWING THE MACHINERY OPERATED BY ELECTRICITY, USED TO OPEN AND SHUT THE GATES AND THE SLUICES

Photograph by F. Bisset

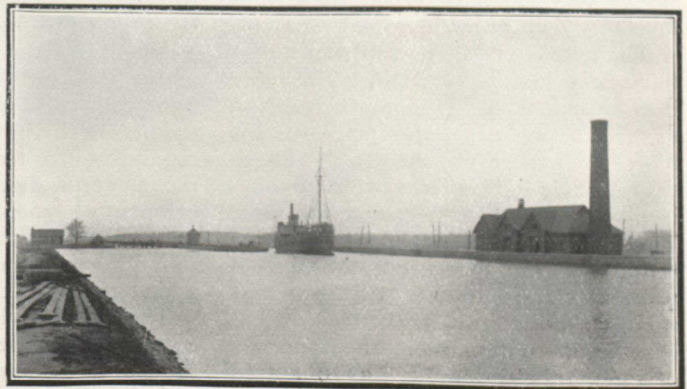
Government to light the canal. No particular amount of power or light was specified. The contract was for twenty-one years, and the Government could expropriate on a year's notice.

Just after this contract was confirmed by Order-in-Council, a general election occurred. It is just possible that Mr. Davis contributed to the campaign fund of Mr. Haggart's (Conservative) party on that occasion. It is likely that he did. It is probable that this was not his first campaign contribution. He had built the Cornwall canal, and was said to have lost money. To recoup him, the Government gave him the contract for Sheik's Dam at a high price, without calling for tenders. He had made money on his contracts with the Government, and naturally he dropped something in the hat. It is a contractor's habit. That the Hon. John Haggart signed that contract to get campaign funds is unlikely. The water-power was there; electric light and electric power to move the gates were required; somebody had to supply them, and Mr. Davis was given the contract.

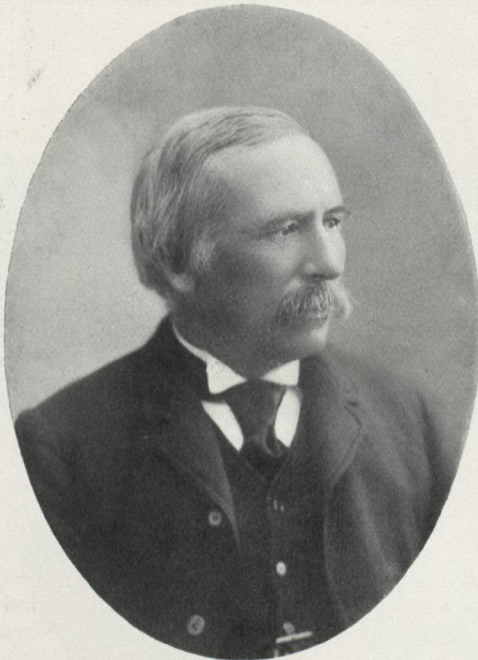
Mr. Davis was no doubt a favourite with the Conservative party because he understood that elections were not won with prayers, and this may have influenced Mr. Haggart's choice. Nevertheless the contract was a necessary one, was not unduly extravagant, and was reasonably guarded.

A SECOND CONTRACT

The general election of 1896 went against the Conservatives, and a Liberal Cabinet became the administrators. One would expect them to mete out cold justice to Mr. Davis, who was a favourite with the Conservatives and had probably contributed to Conservative campaign funds, and who was reputed to be the financial and political backer of at least one Conservative member. Yet just before the general



A LAKE CARRIER EMERGING FROM A LOCK



J. L. MCDUGALL
Auditor-General

election of 1900, the unexpected happened—a new contract was entered into between the Hon. James Sutherland, Acting Minister of Railways and Canals, and Mr. Davis. This new contract left the lease untouched, left unchanged the price to be paid for arc lights (\$109.50), and electric power (\$63). It defined, however, the number of arc lights and horse-power to be supplied by Mr. Davis, and it did this to his splendid advantage. *Furthermore, the contract for the lighting and power supply was extended from twenty-one to eighty-four years.*

The extension of the contract might have been justifiable if the prices had been modified, or if the contractor had agreed to pay a greater price for his lease, or if there was reason to believe that electric light prices were advancing. Not one of these excuses obtains. The prices were not modified; the rental was not increased; the market price of electric power and light was rapidly decreasing. There was no excuse for it—unless it was the approach of a general election. It was rumoured

that Mr. Davis was a generous man who did not desert a friend in need, and the Liberal Party face to face with a general election might be made a "friend in need." In plain terms, either the Liberal party was in need of campaign funds, or the Minister of Railways and Canals was badly advised.

WAS THE DEPUTY TO BLAME?

Why a deputy should allow his minister to enter into a contract, unnecessarily extended from 21 to 84 years, to purchase electric power at \$63 per horse-power whether used or not, and to buy electric lighting at \$109.50 a year whether used or not, can hardly be explained. Electric power was being sold elsewhere as low as \$15 per horse-power and electric lighting at \$75 per year. One would expect the Deputy to prevent his superior falling into such an error as the renewal of such a contract—to

say nothing of the error of extending it from 21 to 84 years. He must have known that the plant would cost about \$250,000, and about \$10,000 a year to operate. A contractor getting \$30,000 a year would be making a good profit. Yet under this contract he was to get \$51,575 for eighty-four years. He must have known also that the similar services for the Soulanges Canal was likely to cost the Government less than \$20,000 a year.

It remained for the Auditor-General to step in and force a third contract. By this third agreement, the annual payment by the Government to Mr. Davis was reduced from \$52,575 to \$39,500, or thereabouts. This is creditable to the Auditor-General and creditable to the Government which reconsidered the position. The Government's reconsideration, however, was so tardy and so hardly obtained, that its credit is not at all equal to that which comes to the Auditor-General.

The subject has been much discussed in the newspapers and in the House of Commons. There is no



CORNWALL—LOCK 18 AT NIGHT

The Canal with its two hundred and fifty electric lights makes a pretty spectacle, although much too long to be seen at one time by one spectator

Photograph by F. Bisset

need to digest the debates and the correspondence. The only question that remains to be considered is the degree of blame to be attached to the minister and the deputy.

The whole discussion goes to show that there are different views as to the duties of those in high places in the Civil Service. The Deputy-Minister says in his letters of 1902 to the Auditor-General, that he does not concern himself as to whether a service is necessary or whether a charge is just; he merely does as he is told, and it is not his place to consider whether there is extravagance or waste. Furthermore, he says, a certain interpretation has been placed on a contract by his superior (or perhaps by the contractor who benefits), and because one of these superior persons has spoken, who is he, this mere dep-

uty-minister, that he should think for himself?

In his letter of May 7th, 1902, to Mr. McDougall, Mr. Schreiber says: "Under the terms of the lease of June 25, 1896, and of the subsequent contract of October 19, 1900, the question of payment does not depend on the number of lights actually in use." Here are several pieces of impudence.



CORNWALL—LOCK 15, UNWATERED FOR REPAIRING BOTTOM

The water is shut out by a temporary dam, as seen in the distance



CORNWALL CANAL—POWER HOUSE, SHEIK'S ISLAND, LOWER DAM
Here is generated all the electricity used to operate and light the canal

In the first place, he undertakes to tell the Auditor-General what the contract means, as if there were not room for two opinions. In the second place, he states that once a contract is made by his department the service is paid for whether it has been performed or not.* In the third place, he brings in the lease of 1896, which has no application to the point, and which must have been mentioned for political effect.

He rises to a great height of humility in his letter of May 31st, when he says:

"These documents are placed in my hands to see that their provisions are carried out. I satisfy myself that they have been, and certify accordingly. Here my responsibility ends. It is not, I consider, my place to decide or even to discuss whether the price is fair or unfair."

In this delicate way, he insinuates that a mere deputy-minister, a mere C. M. G., should not dare to question a written contract and the contractor's interpretation thereof; and, *quod erat demonstrandum*, neither does any right lay with the Auditor-General, even though \$4,000,000 is involved.

THE AUDITOR-GENERAL FIGHTS

And yet the Auditor-General did question, did get the contract inter-

*See Letter of April 26th, 1902, from Collingwood Schreiber to the Auditor-General. Auditor-General's Report, 1902-3, p. 14.

preted, did find that Mr. Schreiber was wrong and was not working in the public interest, and did successfully resist paying for services that had not been rendered.

He coaxed the deputy to reconsider his decision that 250 lights per night must be paid for whether used or not. He begged of him to do so. It was useless. On June 24th Mr. Schreiber wrote finally as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,
OTTAWA, June 24, 1902.

SIR—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 21st instant, in further reference to the application of the department for a payment to Mr. M. P. Davis, for lighting the Cornwall canal.

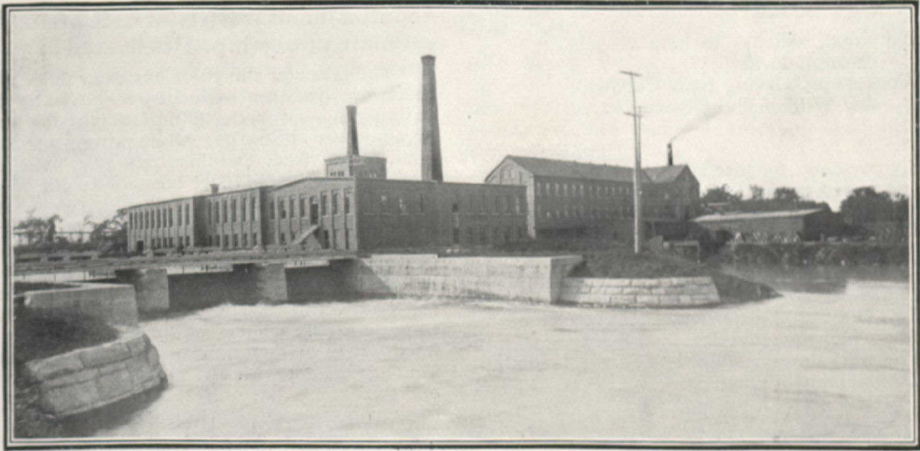
In reply, I have to say that I cannot treat this matter other than under the contract, which calls for payment for a minimum number of 250 lights per night at 30 cents per light, or, as I understand it, such number under that minimum as have been actually installed.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,
COLLINGWOOD SCHREIBER, D.M.

The Auditor-General.

Convinced at last that Mr. Schreiber was set in his ways, that Mr. Schreiber was determined that the country should be robbed rather than that a dictum of the Department of Railways and Canals should be changed, Mr. McDougall sought legal advice from Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., more re-



CORNWALL—BY-WASH, LOCK 18, AND TAIL-RACE FROM TORONTO PAPER CO. MILLS
 Photograph by F. Bisset

cently made a Minister of the Crown and designated "Honourable." Mr. Aylesworth at first told Mr. McDougall that Mr. Schreiber was right, and that, so far as he could see, the money must be paid. Given more data to work on, Mr. Aylesworth got new light, and thought "it would seem reasonably clear that payment was to be made only in respect of each night during which light was required and supplied."

This was defeat number one for the deputy and victory for Mr. McDougall.

It only remains to be said that later on Mr. Aylesworth rescinded his opinion and decided that the contractor could collect for 250 lights whether he supplied them or not. The Government, however, took the matter up and arranged a compromise with the contractor, and paid him *only for the lights actually supplied* between Oct. 24th, 1901, and Nov. 30th, 1902; for 100 lights between Nov. 30th, 1902, and March 31st, 1903, and for the actual lights supplied between March 13th, 1903, and June 30th, 1903. After that date Mr. Davis was to be paid for 100 lights for four months and 250 lights for eight months, in each year.

Let us examine another of Mr. Schreiber's remarkable contentions, so

that the public may have still further proof of this gentleman's competence, efficiency and public spirit. This time it is a question between him and the secretary of his department, to whom he addresses a report on Aug. 25th, 1902, and which is signed "Colingwood Schreiber, C.E.)*" The question was whether the provision that the contractor should supply 400 horse-power of electrical energy at \$63 per horse-power was just and necessary. There were two doubts in the mind of the Auditor-General: 1. That 400 h.p. were required; 2. That the price was reasonable. These two doubts have since been confirmed. Yet the deputy sought to justify what has been proven to be an extravagant contract. His letter gives the following statement:

On the above basis the following would be the apportionment of power:—

	No. H.P.	Total H.P.
New canal, lock and guard gates ..	26x4	104
Old canal, lock gates.....	20x4	80
New canal, sluice gates or valves..	26x1	26
Old canal, sluice gates or valves...	20x1	20
6 weirs (66 openings).....	66x½	33
Bridges	1x3	5
	1x2	
New canal, winches to help vessels through locks.	6x6	36

*This report will be found in the Auditor-General's Report, 1902-1903, pp. 32 and 33.

	No. H.P.	Total H.P.
Old canal, winches to help vessels through lock.....	5x6	30
Workshops, serving both Cornwall and Williamsburg canals.....		60
		394
Six per cent. for loss of power between generator and motors ..		23
Total horse-powers <i>delivered</i>		417
To state it in another way:		
The New Canal required	168 h.p.	
The Old Canal required.....	100 h.p.	
The winches required.....	66 h.p.	
The workshops required.....	60 h.p.	
Loss in transmission.....	23 h.p.	
		417

Now, Mr. Schreiber must have known that the Old Canal was not used at all, that it was likely to be used only in case of a break in the new canal, and that the 100 horse-power at \$63 per year to operate a canal not in use would be robbery pure and simple. It would be \$63.00 a year, or \$529,000 in eighty-four years, almost thrown away.

Further, when Mr. Schreiber made that estimate, he knew that the winches were not installed, and were not likely to be for some time, if at all; that no power was required for them. Yet he puts in 66 h.p. more. He is willing that the country should pay for 166 h.p. at \$63 per h.p., which was not required. These two items would amount to \$878,472. If all public servants are like Mr. Schreiber, the public service must be in a bad way.

THE LAST STRAW

The deputy also went further. He allowed an account to be sent to the Auditor-General, asking him to pay for 400 h.p. for eleven months, *before energy had ever been applied*, and while the canal was still being operated by hand. In other words, he desired the Auditor-General to make the contractor a present of some \$25,000. Mr. Schreiber's generosity is wonderful.

On the other hand, the reasonable view of the Auditor-General is expressed in his letter of September 29th,

about a month after Mr. Schreiber's estimate of 417 h.p. "delivered":

"The letter of the chief engineer does not touch the question raised by me. An application has been made to me to pay for 400 horse-power at \$63 per horse-power per annum, to run from October 24th last, over 11 months now, while there has not as yet been the application of any electrical energy whatever for any Government purposes anywhere on the Cornwall canal. I raise no objection to the payment for the electrical energy when we get the use of it. It was provided under the contract of 1896 that the Government was to pay for only what it got, and there was no necessity to make a new and highly unfavourable agreement with Mr. Davis for electrical energy."

And how was this point settled? The answer is in the compromise agreement made between the contractor and the Government nearly a year later, when the account was reduced to 125 h.p. from installation in October, 1901, to July, 1903. That is, instead of paying the contractor \$42,000, the Government settled for \$13,125 (approximately).

THE THIRD CONTRACT

As a consequence of the protests of the Auditor-General, and the recommendation of three experts who investigated the subject, the Government did make a new electric contract for the supply of both electric power and light. Instead of agreeing to pay for 400 horse-power per annum, they are to pay for about 125 h.p., "until the present installation is added to or increased upon the written requisition of the Chief Engineer." Instead of agreeing to pay for 250 lights per night whether used or not, it is agreed to pay for 100 lights for four months and 250 lights for eight months. Under this contract, though still liberal to Mr. Davis, the country saves about half a million of dollars.

Had Mr. Schreiber been as earnest and as competent — one is almost tempted to add as honest — as Mr. McDougall, he might have prevented this extravagant contract ever being made. He was deputy-minister when the first contract was made by the Hon. Mr. Haggart; he was still in that important position when the new con-

tract was made by the Hon. Mr. Sutherland. He must have known that the contract was extravagant and that the country would lose a million dollars in this way. We have no evidence that he raised a finger to prevent it. In fact, there is no evidence to show that it was done on other than his advice. Neither Mr. Haggart nor Mr. Sutherland were engineers or electrical experts, and they must have been relying on some person's advice. If it was on the advice of Mr. Schreiber, then it is time that the country demanded a settlement with that gentleman. If it was done against his advice, then the circumstances should be made known in order that the current suspicions shall be allayed.

SOME OTHER OBSERVATIONS

A most peculiar incident in connection with this canal question occurred in the House of Commons on July 13th, during the debate on this subject. Mr. Reid, of Addington, got up to make a speech. He apparently did not know much about his subject, and it is doubtful if he or any other member of the Opposition even took the trouble to go over the canal and try to see things for themselves, as the Auditor-General did. Well, Mr. Reid had hardly got started when he made the statement that the Soulanges canal is about the same length and has the same number of locks as the Cornwall Canal. The following is the ensuing dialogue, as given in *Hansard*:

MR. J. D. REID. The Auditor-General states that the Cornwall canal has seven locks and two bridges and the Soulanges canal six locks and seven bridges.

MR. FITZPATRICK. My hon. friend would be amazed to hear that on the Cornwall canal there are eleven locks and on the Soulanges canal there are four locks, according to the

certificate of the chief engineer of government railways, dated on the 2nd July, 1904.

MR. J. D. REID. Perhaps that may be right, but I quoted from the official record.

MR. FITZPATRICK. Not from the official record; you are taking it from the Auditor-General's Report.

MR. J. D. REID. I do not know that the Auditor-General is trying to mislead us.

MR. FITZPATRICK. Oh, I do not think so.

Mr. Reid left this point and tried another line, but Mr. Fitzpatrick continued his tactics, with the result that Mr. Reid sat down disgusted. It was good punishment for him, because there is too much talking in the House by members who are either indolent or incompetent, or both.

The explanation is this. There are eleven locks on the Cornwall Canal, but six are on the new canal and five are on the old canal, the latter, of course, not being used. If Mr. Reid had known the details of the subject on which he essayed to speak, he could easily have countered on that clever gentleman who is supposed to administer justice to Canadians. The explanation as to the number of locks on the Soulanges Canal is equally simple. Mr. Fitzpatrick succeeded in making Mr. Reid look foolish, and the member for a St. Lawrence constituency sat down in a decided mental mess.

The failure of both parties to thoroughly sift this matter to the bottom is a grave reflection on the honesty and integrity of the House of Commons. It was especially the duty of the Conservative leader, Mr. R. L. Borden, to insist on an investigation. That he did not do so may account in some measure for the recent lack of confidence in him shown by the electors at large.



THE JUNIOR PARTNER

HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON



HE MAKES AN ESTIMATE ON MATERIALS AND MEN



ONGER slashed viciously at the stick he was whittling:

"I don't see why the old man should feel like that," said he.

"Well, he does, an' that's all there is about it," replied Haliburton shortly. "Murphy's got no use for any one that's sharp enough to beat him. Seein' I fixed things so as I could dictate terms and make him hand me over a partnership maybe gives him a sort o' respect for me; but it doesn't make him like me any better. The only difference is, he realises now that the dog is liable to bite and watches me a little closer."

"Watches you? How do you mean?"

"Watches me almost as if I was tryin' to carry off stuff from the job. He's always slinkin' 'round when I'm buyin' anythin'. Probably makin' certain that I don't try any little deals on the side, and go graffin' for commissions. He doesn't say anythin', but I know darn well what he means."

"He used to be all right with you?" questioned Fonger.

"Sure," assented the superintendent; "until he commenced to think that I was runnin' the whole thing, an' then he got jealous. He's mighty careful now who he introduces me to. If he finds me talkin' to any friends o' his he slides into the conversation pretty quick an' walks the feller off with him."

Though of a sanguine disposition and not easily cast down, Haliburton was having his troubles. Deeply jealous of the use the superintendent had made of the opportunities that he him-

self had cast in his way, Murphy would like to have undone his recent actions. A partner, he felt, was by no means a necessity to him; and had it not been that Haliburton had held the whip-hand in the purchase of supplies, he would never have had anything to do with him. Now that that difficulty was safely over, he would gladly have dispensed with the superintendent's services had a reasonable opportunity presented itself. Profits made a larger pile all in one man's pocket than if divided between two.

So matters ran along until early in March. Then they showed signs of culmination in the letting of the pier foundations for the Ridout Bridge. Murphy felt confident of securing the contract. Not only did he have a stand-in with the powers, but, as well, he was in a position to put in a low bid. The bridge being located on the Aux Sable River, a mere twenty-five miles below where the Gore Valley Viaduct crossed it, it would not cost him much to transport his plant there. As soon as the Viaduct was finished he could float the equipment down stream, and almost the very next day be in perfect shape to begin work on the other job.

Then he received an unexpected check.

Hearing of the contractor's plans, Haliburton brought up the subject.

"They tell me you're calculatin' to build the Ridout Bridge," said he nonchalantly.

"I was thinking perhaps I might bid on it," replied Murphy, not committing himself.

"That's the same as sayin' we'll take it," commented Haliburton. "Ours is the only equipment in this section o' the country that's suited to that kind o' work; an' even if there was another, it couldn't be got there as cheap as this one."

Murphy noticed the "we" and "ours."

"I hadn't figgered on Murphy & Haliburton doing the work," said he dryly. "My idea was that John C. Murphy would be able to handle this job by himself."

Haliburton crossed his legs and settled himself deeper into his chair. "I guess not," he replied. "As a member of the firm that's buildin' the Gore Valley Viaduct, I've got an interest in this here plant. If any bid-din's to be done, we'll both have a finger in the pie."

"What'll you take for your interest?" questioned Murphy hotly, very red in the face. "Considering that I gave it to you for nothing, it's a pretty high-handed proceeding asking me to buy it back; but rather than have any feelings about it, I'll give you something if you will make it reasonable."

Haliburton laughed at him.

"Gave it to me!" he snickered between bursts of mirth. "Yes you did—not! It's a lot you'd ever give any one. You gave it to me because you couldn't have made a red cent on it unless you took me in. But my share ain't for sale. I'm not thinkin' o' retirin' just yet."

"You'll have to sell," cried Murphy,

losing his temper; "I'm not going to bid with you. Anyway, the big end of the thing is mine."

"That may be; but even if I only owned a dollar's worth I'd want my percentage on it," retorted the other. "However, if you don't bid with me you'll have to bid against me. I've



"I guess he's got me skinned this time all right"

DRAWN BY HAROLD PYKE

got a footing in the contracting business now an' it'll not be hard for me to get backing."

Murphy knew that Haliburton was talking facts and this was presenting a new phase of the matter. It would never do to bid against each other. If it came to that, each would act on the assumption that it would be possible

to buy out the other's interest in the plant once the contract was secured. The probabilities would be that prices might be cut so low as to spoil a good thing completely.

Murphy knew a better way. After some fifteen minutes spent in wrangling over the thing he gave in.

"All right, then," he assented. "Whatever we do, we can't afford to cut the prices. The best thing we can do will be to tackle it together."

Something in the contractor's manner made Haliburton suspicious; but this was not a time for hesitation and he offered no remark.

The bids were to be opened on the first Monday in April at ten o'clock in the morning. Late the preceding Saturday afternoon Murphy and Haliburton met to arrange their estimate.

"We can do the job and make a big profit at about what it 'ud cost any one else," observed Haliburton after he had glanced through the specifications. "This havin' your plant right on the ground counts, I tell you."

Murphy grunted. Unobserved by Haliburton he was making a copy of the figures upon which they had agreed.

"I'll get down early and arrange about the security bonds," Haliburton remarked as he locked the office door.

"Sure!" Murphy thrust his tongue into his cheek.

The following Sunday, Haliburton spent the afternoon out on the work nosing around among the boiler-houses and lumber piles. When he went back to his boarding-house at six o'clock he found a note awaiting him, the address in Murphy's handwriting. With a premonition of coming evil he ripped the end off the envelope. It was short to the verge of curtness.

I have decided that it will be best for me to bid alone to-morrow.

MURPHY.

That was all.

Mechanically, Haliburton put up his hand and shoved his hair back off his forehead. It was a body blow. He felt as if he were standing on the edge

of the world looking over into an abyss.

"The old rogue!" he muttered, recovering his breath and his vocabulary at the same time. "Waited till the last minute, so I'd have no time to arrange for backing to bid again' him. Knows my estimated costs, too, an' just about what my figger 'ud be in case I did manage to get in. He's a shrewd fox! I guess he's got me skinned this time all right."

The following morning the superintendent went into the city to see the bids opened. As he had anticipated, the contract was awarded to Murphy. He made no protest: he felt there was little use in crying over spilled milk.

"Swamped me pretty bad, didn't you," said he to Murphy, meeting him in the elevator. "Still, it might have been worse. I suppose that you want to buy my share o' the plant now."

A deal was effected at the original cost, less ten per cent. for wear and tear.

Haliburton said little about the unfair advantage the contractor had taken of him. The stock-clerk was the only person to whom he mentioned it.

"By Jove, Fonger," said he one morning in an outburst of anger as he thought of the trick that had been played him, "I ain't much on beefing if a man hits me in the wind when I'm not lookin'; I'm supposed to be able to look out for that. But I usually give two back. I'll make Murphy sweat for this yet; you just watch my smoke."

Murphy was having a tremendous run of luck. Within a fortnight after he landed the Ridout Bridge he caught two other large jobs and one smaller one. That put four jobs on his hands all at once. He regretted then that he had broken with Haliburton—that his steady hand was not to guide the work on the Bridge. Unfortunately, the time-limits on the contracts made it imperative that they all be pushed at once. Nor was it only a question of securing capable men to look after the work. To keep three large contracts

going from one month's end to another until the regular estimates came in required no inconsiderable amount of capital.

Thinking the matter over, he resolved to send for Haliburton.

When the superintendent arrived, Murphy was the soul of hospitality. He shoved the door shut and drew up his chair so that they could talk without being overheard.

"Haliburton," said he, "I'm afraid that I haven't treated you just the way I should."

"You've guessed right," assented the superintendent candidly; "you haven't!"

Murphy was considerably taken aback. He had not looked for such matter-of-fact speaking.

"Well," he pursued, hedging, "perhaps I shouldn't have bid alone the way I did; but there were complications which you don't know anything about that drove me to do it."

The superintendent sniffed audibly.

"You didn't bring me here just to tell me all this. What's your proposition?"

"My proposition is this," said Murphy; "I want to square myself with you if I can. How would you like a piece of the Ridout Bridge to do?"

"How much and on what terms?" questioned Haliburton briefly.

"The abutments, excavations and approaches. You can put me in a bid on it—a private bid, you know; I'm not asking any one else—and if the price is right, I'll hand it over to you."

Murphy was doing no slight favour—to himself! The Ridout Bridge consisted of but the two abutments and the centre pier. The middle one, being in the water, would have to be built by means of caisson work and compressed air. Murphy kept this for himself. It alone was about half the work. The abutments, however, were merely earth and rock excavation, and the approaches simply a case of filling. It meant a lot of work but no unusual difficulties.

Haliburton considered the scheme for a moment. Murphy had cheated

him out of this very work in the first place; and yet, after all, even if it were only a sub-contract, it would be his first job entirely in his own name.

"I'll take you," he said at length, the sentimental reasons weighing against the practical; "send me your specifications and I'll make a bid."

"They'll be ready next week."

Looking over the specifications the following week, Haliburton observed two striking points about them—first, that a lump-sum bid was called for; and, second, that no quantities were mentioned.

"I suppose," thought he, "that the old man doesn't think I need any quantities, seein' I saw them in the original specifications. I'll have to send out and take some for myself."

Then he set about making out his estimate.

"Murphy wants to give me this job," he told Fonger. "There's no reason why I shouldn't charge good prices on it. Considerin' I've got the inside track to the extent of knowin' what the old chap figgered it could be done for, I guess it's up to me to make something here."

Murphy's contract price for the whole Bridge was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Haliburton's estimate for his "sub," which was just about half of the whole job, was one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

"It's pretty high for a 'sub,'" he explained to the stock-clerk; "but I guess, under the circumstances, it'll go. He wants to get it off his hands and would like me to have it to sort o' appease my mighty wrath, so I guess it'll do."

Murphy accepted the bid.

Then after he had accepted it he wrote Haliburton, furnishing him estimated quantities and asking for a price in detail. The superintendent read the latter.

"Great Scott!" he cried; "would you just look at here, Fonger."

The stock-clerk glanced over it.

"What about it?" he questioned; "I don't see anything."

Then Haliburton changed his mind and resolved to say nothing.

"No," replied he quietly, after a moment's thought; "I don't know as there *is* anything to see, either."

That night he made out his itemised bid. With infinite care he figured a price per yard for earth and rock excavation, for filling and grading, and for masonry and concreting. He worked

which he found he had to deal. His work became practically a case of excavating in one spot, throwing the earth into buckets, and then, by means of a chain of derricks, passing it a few hundred yards back and using it for fill. He found that for the one handling of material he was receiving payment twice over. He had estimated on having to load the dirt into cars, run them five miles up the line, and then have them bring back a new load for fill and ballast. At the end of each month he put in estimates for the work accomplished during the preceding thirty days. They were promptly paid.

Busy with his other work, Murphy himself paid little attention to these payments, and beyond the mere signing of the checks left the matter entirely in the hands of his bookkeeper, Macpherson, a shrewd old Scotchman. The eleventh estimate, however, happened to catch the contractor's eye. "What's the total we've paid this fellow?" he asked.

The clerk hastily checked his figures.

"A hundred and

thirty-five thousand," said he.

"What!" Murphy had laid his pipe on the table and was looking over the figures. "Must be something wrong with your addition, my man!"

The bookkeeper said nothing. Standing respectfully aside, he allowed the contractor to examine the book. Murphy hastily ran his pencil down the column. Then a panic ensued.



'I'd sooner have you here than on the other side of the fence'

DRAWN BY HAROLD PYKE

it out and made certain that the totals of his lump-sum and detail bids agreed. Then he sent it to Murphy.

It was accepted almost off-hand. A month later Haliburton began work.

Then he discovered that he had even a better thing than he knew at the time he had bid on it. The test borings, by some freak, had shown quite a different quality of soil from that with

The previous estimates were spread out and the figures carefully compared; even the different items of the estimates themselves were carefully gone into. Three times was the column totalled. Yet the result remained the same.

The day was cool enough, but the contractor was mopping his face. His silk handkerchief was already damp.

"Macpherson," said he to the bookkeeper, "you'd better send young Jenkins over and have Haliburton come down here for half an hour. Tell him I want to see him."

"Haliburton," Murphy questioned when that individual arrived, "what on earth's the matter with these estimates? We've all been figuring for an hour and none of us can make head or tail of them. I wish you'd explain them to me."

A faint smile was playing around the corners of Haliburton's mouth. He glanced through the mass of papers which the contractor had shoved across to him.

"I can't see anything wrong," he replied.

Murphy was beginning to be convinced that everything was not precisely as it ought to be.

"Macpherson," he called, "hand me Mr. Haliburton's lump-sum bid and that bid in detail with our estimated quantities. Bring them into my office when you've got them; we'll get at the bottom of this thing. Come inside, Haliburton."

Murphy closed the door behind the bookkeeper as the latter went out. The superintendent lighted a cigar. He saw that the climax was due and settled himself for the storm.

The contractor paid no attention to the pile of papers which Macpherson had laid on the table.

"Now, then," said he shortly, "I'd like to know what this means. Your bid for that job was a hundred and twenty-five thousand. That was pretty near twenty per cent. higher than I could have got it done for. To-day I find that we've already paid you that, plus an even ten thousand more—and

still you've got a full three months' work ahead of you."

Haliburton grinned. By courtesy, it might have been called a smile of triumph; as a matter of fact, it was just a grin, pure and simple.

"I reckon, Murphy, that maybe the principal trouble is your fault and not any of my making: I've only been sharp enough to take advantage of it. You see, you made a little mistake there a while back and overreached yourself."

"I don't see it." Murphy was beside himself with suppressed rage. Never had anyone dared to speak so plainly to him.

"No, I don't reckon you do. Suppose I put you next and show you what a regular mark you are. Do you remember that lump-sum bid of mine for a hundred and twenty-five thousand? Well, you'd have been all right if you'd had sense enough to stop when you got it. But you didn't; you wanted a detail bid and—well—I gave you one. The only mistake you made was that when you asked for the change and sent me over the quantities so as I could itemise the amount, *you underestimated the amount of work!*"

The contractor was gasping.

"Yes," pursued Haliburton, enjoying his discomfiture, "the whole difficulty that you're up against now lay in those quantities. You see, I made an estimate of my own when I made my first bid. Then the ones you sent over were 'way small—only about two-thirds mine—and to make the amount of my detail bid agree with the total of the lump-sum bid I had already sent you, it was necessary to make my prices per yard just about half as much again as I had originally intended. That's one place I came out ahead."

"And?"

That was all Murphy said. The shrewdness of the superintendent fascinated him. He hungered for more details.

"Then, you know, seein' your quantities came out less than what actually had to be done, there was a

pile o' extra work—an' that, too, at mighty good prices. That's what's keepin' me busy now. I reckon we'll be through in two or three months more."

"The deuce you will!"

Murphy was completely outdone—and, worst of all, entirely by himself. He had raised the prices on himself just fifty per cent. more than he need have paid and had made fully one-third of the job rank under the head of "extras," all of which he had to pay for at the same exorbitant terms.

His grasp of the situation was clear and intelligent; and yet it did not increase his wrath against the superintendent. In fact, the effect was quite the opposite. For every dollar out of which the superintendent had beaten him, his respect for the other's business ability jumped a foot.

"Haliburton," said he after a pause, "I guess that when I told you a while back I hadn't treated you right I was talking more horse-sense than I knew. I made a mistake ever to try to shake you; maybe I made another when I offered you a chance at the thing at all afterward—but that's no matter. Now, I've got another proposition to make you. You go right ahead and finish up this bit of work; put me in a bill for every item you can rake up; I deserve to pay it all for being such an ass. When you're through come right over to my office, and we'll hang out that old sign of ours again. I guess it ain't worn out. I'm not as young as I used to be, and I need you in my business. Besides, I'd sooner have you here than on the other side of the fence."



LINES WRITTEN BY A CERTAIN KING WHILE IN EXILE

BY M. B. DAVIDSON

A King was I;
My realm a woman's life,
My throne a woman's heart,
My courtiers her wishes and desires:
My palace was her presence, and her trusting hand
The royalist sceptre ever grasped by King:
My robe a woman's faith,
My crown a woman's love,
A King was I.

But now beyond the seas I dwell, an unthroned Prince:
For, madly blundering with the power I held,
My palace, sceptre, crown,
And state were snatched away—
An exile I.
And yet I wait in hope
To hear across the waves
That some of my old courtiers, faithful still,
Are crying through my long-lost realm: "Bring back our King."

PASSAGE PAID

A STORY OF THE EMPIRE

By W. VICTOR COOK



HE cholera was terrible that year in Aden. Whence it came, no one could tell, whether from the pilgrims and others from the arid Arabian desert inland, or whether from the dhows and sambuks, with their crews of half-caste Arabs and Somalis, that ply hither and thither in the blazing Red Sea. One thing was certain, that it did not come from the great galleries of rock cisterns, whence, from before the dawn of history, Aden, or Eden as the Arabs say, has drawn her supply of water from the hills.

Wherever it came from, the pestilence was there, and men with white faces and men with brown were dying daily and hourly. Aden is the sanatorium of the nearer East, and it is bad when the hospital is smitten.

From the camp, and the barracks, and the great fort that looks out over twenty leagues of sea under the shadow of the circular black rock from whose summit the Empire-flag flies over this lonely outpost, came every day little processions to the throb of a muffled drum; and in the native quarters the death-wail rose dismally, and thin, dark faces, blank with terror, and stolid in their eastern fatalism, stared on the dead as they were carried out from their midst, down the hot, narrow streets of dirty-white houses to the burial ground. The garrison was reduced, and those who remained were marched and countermarched over the barren peninsula to keep up their hearts. And still men died, and the hot, bright sunshine glared down daily on the bare, unshaded black rocks, which stand so lonely, rigid and stern to guard our highway to the East.

Among the rest, the hard-worked "P.M.O." (principal medical officer) died, and his assistant, too, and in

their turn were borne out feet foremost, covered by the flag which they had served so well, behind the muffled drums. In all the rocky peninsula there was no qualified medical man left to minister to thirty-five thousand souls that were rapidly developing "cholera funk" in its worst form.

On the day of the surgeon's death a big dhow, with the wind at her heels, and tossing clouds of spray about her bows, sailed into the little quiet bay under Steamer Point, and dropped her anchor. Into one of the boats of swarthy, sketchily-dressed natives which put out to her, there descended a man in European dress, yet so browned by the sun, and so lank and grave of face that he might have passed for an Arab.

As he walked up towards the Residency this man met the surgeon's funeral, and raising a wide, rough hat of sun-baked straw, stood aside under the shelter of a narrow colonnade to watch it pass. Close beside him a couple of Somali camelmen had halted also with their animals. One of them said something to the other as the drums thrummed sadly by.

The man in the shadow started.

"What's that you say?" he asked with some eagerness.

The Somali who had spoken stared in amazement at being addressed in his own tongue by a European.

"*Akal* (master), I said it was the soldier's doctor," he answered, when his surprise allowed him to speak. "Allah is great."

The man from the dhow said no more, but walked on faster when the procession had passed. By-and-bye he accosted an English private:

"Is it true that the doctor is dead?"

"He was took early this morning in 'orspital. It doubled him up all in a minute, and 'e was dead in five hours."

"Is it bad in the town?"

"Bad! Heavens!" The soldier stared at him fiercely. "Where might you have come from?"

"Obbia."

"You'd best have stopped there," said the private. "You won't live long here, guvnor. It's killing of us at the double, and we've no doctor now, God help us! But it's served, and we've got to eat it."

The brown-tanned man went on his way to the Residency, and encountered the Resident himself at the doors. He saluted.

"I met the doctor's funeral just now, sir. I have passed the medical examinations. I should like to offer you my services."

"Come inside," said the Resident. They went in, and the Resident, whose face was worn and anxious, looked curiously and a little suspiciously at the darkened skin, the curly hair, already grey, and the careless dress of the other.

"I have not seen you before," he said.

"I arrived from Obbia to-day."

"What is your name?"

"Jack Thornton. Once it was Surgeon-Major Thornton. That was ten years ago."

"Do I understand—?"

"I was dismissed the Service."

"Why?"

"For good reasons, sir. But I was counted a good doctor."

"And since then?"

"I have been in Somaliland for most of the time as an interpreter for Benadir Trading Company. I happened to be born with a head for languages."

"Why have you come to me?"

The ex-Surgeon-Major hesitated curiously and awkwardly; then looked the Resident in the face with tired grey eyes.

"You will, I daresay, put me down for a fool. I was dismissed, as I have told you. When I came to my senses, I wished to go home—home to England. You understand; I had been already ten years in India. But it

came to me that I could not go home—you follow me—till I had retrieved my character; till there should be something I had done to serve the country I had disgraced. I waited, and waited, and there was nothing I could do. Then they said the cholera was raging here worse than for forty years. It came to me that this was my opportunity; for I am not young, and I wish to rest in an English churchyard. So I came to see if I could pay my passage. I have had a lot to do with cholera, and have lived through it twice myself. Will you take me?"

"Have you your papers, Mr. Thornton?"

The applicant produced several folded papers from a worn pocket-book, and handed them to the Resident.

"An M.D. of London!" said the Resident, after examining them. He did not suppress a note of surprise.

Thornton nodded.

"I have cabled to Bombay and Cairo," said the Resident. "The authorities will be sending a man as soon as possible, but there may be difficulties. Then there is Sir James Mackinnon, on his way out from London to study the disease on the spot. A brave man, Dr. Thornton."

"And the finest bacteriologist in England."

"You have kept yourself *au courant* with the doings of your profession?"

"I walked the hospitals with Mackinnon, and I have had the journal sent out to me."

"Well, if you are prepared to undertake the duties I shall be glad of your services till the authorities send, Thornton. We none of us know whose turn it will be to-morrow. With regard to pay—"

"I fear you have misunderstood me, sir. I can take no pay. I have made money. It is not much, but it will last the time that is left for me."

"As you please," said the Resident a little wearily. "But you will need some sort of outfit."

"I have loft a small chest on the dhow that brought me from Obbia.

What else is needed doubtless I shall find in the surgeon's quarters."

Accordingly it came to pass that Dr. Thornton was installed in the place of the dead man he had met on his arrival, and set to work to fight the pestilence.

Day after day he fought it, striving hand to hand, as it were, with Death. It seemed as if nothing could out-weary the doctor. Early and late he laboured, going the rounds of the garrison, the telegraph quarters, and the town, till even the panic-stricken, nerved or shamed by his example, took heart of grace again. Yet still the little daily procession wound into the burial ground, and still the wild lament went up from the native hovels in the town. Everywhere he went the grave-faced doctor left a joke and a brave word for the faint-hearted, and where he got the jokes from was a problem defying solution.

The Colonel commanding the garrison remonstrated with him for overworking himself, and, failing to convince him, confided to the Resident his fears that Thornton would kill himself off before the new man could arrive.

The Resident meeting him one day galloping in the heat of noon to treat a fresh victim, pulled him up.

"Doctor, we shall be burying you before long," he said. "Where will the garrison be then? They tell me you hardly eat or sleep. Man, it can't be done!"

"It's got to be done, sir," said the doctor, reining in his lathered horse. The grey-haired man's eyes flashed; he had the enthusiasm of youth once more. "You don't understand. I'm all right. You are looking worried and worn-out, sir. I'll send you something to tone you up to-night. We must keep the outworks in good trim, or the enemy may jump on us un-awares."

He was gone at a hand-gallop ere the pale and weary Resident could reply.

Day followed day. The doctor hardly knew one from another as he went about his tireless work. Gradually, very gradually, the pestilence gave

way, or declined in rigour. No one had come yet from Bombay, but there had been no deaths of white residents for three days when, after three weeks, the boat that went out to receive the mails from the passing liners brought back Sir James Mackinnon.

The famous London physician landed in the morning. In the afternoon he visited the European isolation hospital, where half-a-dozen patients, motionless and apathetic, or tormented by horrible cramps, lay slowly recovering from the dreadful stage of collapse. Before sunset Thornton took him at his request to see some stricken natives; and at midnight a hurried messenger brought Thornton from his quarters, to find the plucky physician in the throes of the awful disease in the same building he had inspected a few short hours before.

All the rest of that night Thornton spent at his side. It was well on in the following morning when he left him at last to make his round of inspection and snatch a hasty meal. "Send for me directly if he seems to grow worse," he told the army nurse in charge of the ward. "Don't hesitate. Dr. Mackinnon is one of the most valuable men we have in England, and you and I must see to it that we pull him through."

In the afternoon he was back again. Dr. Mackinnon's was a rapid case, and already the critical stage was on him. He lay bloodless and livid, his skin cold and clammy to the touch, his eyes bloodshot and deep sunk in the sockets, his breathing well-nigh imperceptible. Thornton listened anxiously through his stethoscope. The heart of the man who a day gone was in the prime of his strength beat now so faintly that even with the aid of the instrument he could scarcely detect its pulsations. The brave physician lay far in the shadow of death. The very juices of life were dried at their source.

In such cases the minutes are big with fateful possibility. Thornton sat by the bedside, watching with tense and almost painful eagerness his unconscious patient, and from time to

time glancing at his watch. Would the longed-for reaction set in, and this life, so precious to his country, be saved to continue its career of usefulness? Or would the lingering spark die out altogether, and one of the greatest benefactors of his race die here, where he had come to help, a useless sacrifice on the altar of humanity?

An hour passed and there was no change; two hours, and still the coma lasted, and still Thornton kept desperate vigil, while the nurse glanced at him from time to time, with a quiet curiosity.

But the long tension was relieved at last. Faintly, very faintly, the signs of life returned into the corpse-like face; the livid hues faded, and the death-like set of the features relaxed. Thornton wiped the sweat from his own face, and rose, giving the nurse directions as he passed out. The crisis was over, and care and the physician's constitution would do the rest.

Crossing the parade ground he met the Colonel.

"Hullo, Thornton—seen your new colleague yet?"

"What colleague, Colonel?"

"Finlayson—Surgeon-Major. Just landed from the *Indus*. I say—how's Sir James Mackinnon?"

"He has pulled through the worst. I think he will live."

"Good! By Jove, it would never do to let a man like that lose his life chasing germs in this God-forsaken hole. The country owes you something, Doctor. I suppose we shall be losing you, now Finlayson has come?"

"Yes—I've paid my passage, Colonel."

"We shall be sorry to lose you, Dr. Thornton. Upon my word, I never felt so grateful as when you took us in hand. The men were getting into a thorough blue funk."

Thornton thanked the Colonel, and walked on till he found himself on the barren, sun-baked hills. From an eminence he looked over the town and the sea, at the small shipping in the Back-bay, and at the diminishing bulk

of a big steamer, which he judged to be the *Indus*. His eyes, as he gazed after her longingly, had a far-away look. She was homeward bound from India. It was nearly twenty years now since he had seen the white cliffs of Dover loom up from the grey-green Channel.

Returning from his walk, he found everything going well in the ward, where he introduced himself to his successor. Three hours had made all the difference to Sir James Mackinnon, and though he was still at death's door from utter prostration, his face was now turned away from it. Thornton went to his quarters and flung himself down to sleep.

There would be no homeward-bound vessel calling for a fortnight. The European quarter was practically free now, but there were still frequent deaths from cholera among the composite native population. Thornton took leave of the Resident and the officers of the garrison, and established himself among the frightened Arabs and Somalis, so as not to carry the peril back to his fellows.

Day by day he continued to fight the pestilence that devoured the unclean, ignorant natives. Their sullen suspicions quickly succumbed before the ministrations of one who could abuse them roundly in their own tongue, while risking his life to cure them. Scowling, dark faces relaxed as he passed; his ears were saluted with "*Mort, mort*" (welcome) as he paced the narrow alleys on his saving mission, and now and again he would be blessed with a grateful "*Kul liban, aban,*" by victims whom he had dragged from the clutch of the pestilence.

On the day before the steamer was due, Thornton passed through the European quarter to make some purchases. He stood bargaining in a store, and while he spoke a horrid spasm seized him. Gasping with the pain, he snatched for support at the door, and turned to leave the place. Even as he did so a second spasm took him.

In half an hour he was in the cholera ward. Finlayson, the new garrison doctor, shook his head when he saw him.

"Poor fellow, I don't think he has the stamina to pull through. He looks worn out."

The nurse, who had conceived an admiration for the quiet, grey-haired man to whom the garrison owed so much, tended him like a sister to the end. His agony was short and sharp. "Is the ship come?" he groaned once in delirium. "I've paid my passage."

The nurse repeated the phrase to the Colonel when he came to ask after the patient, and she, with red eyes, had to say that he was gone. The Colonel repeated it again to the Resident.

"It's a queer example of the cussedness of things, sir, that the poor fellow should go and die just as the ship dropped her anchor. We owe him something for pulling us through a tight pinch."

"It was a man's work," said the Resident, "and manfully done. He told me he was a soldier in his time, but they kicked him out of the army. He didn't tell me why. God knows. He wanted to lie in an English churchyard."

"Poor beggar!" said the Colonel.

"Cover him with the flag," said the Resident, "and lay him with the regiment. It's the nearest we can do."

So it came to pass that Dr. Thornton, too, was borne out on a gun-

carriage when the time came for his last journey.

"God rest his soul!" said the Colonel. "By Jove, look at the niggers! They're coming to the funeral."

"Well they may! He gave them his life," said the Resident.

"Pity to waste it so."

"I don't know," said the Resident slowly. "We've sown a few lives like his, up and down the Empire. They bring us a better harvest than Maxim bullets, in the long run."

Timidly, and at a respectful distance, a motley crowd of skinny, half-caste Arabs, and wild, high-cheeked Somalis, hung on the flanks of the procession.

"Wa, wa! brother," said a ragged camel-driver to his mate. "The cursed drum shakes my heart! Why do the unbelievers beat the war-drums over their dead?"

"Inshallah! To drive away the spirits, fool, of those the dead warrior has slain."

"But this was no warrior."

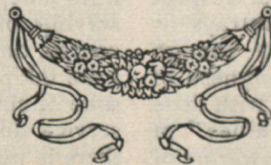
"I know not. But he was a true man, and laughed in the eyes of death. He saved my son, brother."

"See—they are at the burying-place. Allah give him paradise!"

A volley rang out over the grave.

"Ek! That is for the evil spirits. Wa, wa! brothers, he is gone. *Allah akbar!*"

And from the huddled crowd of natives there went up a long-drawn, doleful cry.



TIPPING—A DEFENCE

By ALBERT R. CARMAN, Author of "The Pensionnaires," etc.



HAT travellers dislike and waiters appear to like the "tipping system" may be taken as a proof of our superficiality as a race.

After much listening to the grumbling of travellers on the subject, I have gathered that they object to it chiefly because it is expensive and annoying—that it means a giving of something for nothing, and a possible exposure to a more or less mild rudeness if by chance they fall below the tip expected. That anyone should imagine that in paying so universal a tribute as the tip he is giving "something for nothing," must surely be construed as "lèse majesté" with respect to the great competitive system which keeps the world's business going. From the same travellers who growl at tipping, I hear pathetic stories of waiters who work long and toilsome hours for nothing but the chance to pick up tips; and of others, more hardly used still, who actually pay for the privilege of putting napkins over their arms and presenting themselves at your left hand. This, it seems to me, should suggest to the traveller the obvious thought that he is paying with his tip his share of the waiter's wages. To be sure, it does suggest it to many travellers; but that only serves to increase their sense of outrage, for they contend that they pay it over again in the landlord's bill.

Here is where their want of respect for the competitive system betrays itself. They would be ready enough probably to explain the willingness of the waiters to take positions with little or no pay beyond the "gratuities" of travellers by pointing to the swarms of even less well paid men behind them eager to take their places. That is all clear enough. Competition drives the waiter to his lowest price in spite of his wearing the uniform of gentility; but

does it retreat before the august front of the landlord? Is he able to defy it, and pocket pay for the services of his waiters twice over—once from the customer and once from the poor waiter himself who works for the landlord for nothing? Most assuredly not. There is no fiercer competition as a rule than the rivalry of hotels; and at no point do they compete more keenly than in the cutting of rates. On the continent of Europe, for example, where tipping has its widest sway, population presses very hard upon the means of subsistence, and competition has crowded eager humanity into every crevice of opportunity. It may be taken for granted that when the traveller gives competition a chance to operate—that is, enquires prices of different establishments—he is not usually paying more for a thing or a service than it is worth at that time and place. If a landlord does not pay his waiters—or underpays them—he is able to sell you a set meal at a lower price than he otherwise could; and if he does not do it, some one else will do so, and in time will get his trade away from him. Economic law is, of course, something like a thick liquid and finds its level somewhat slowly, but it finds it.

So the traveller is really in the position of dealing at first hand with the waiter. He buys from the landlord so much cooked food, the use of table furniture and a place in which to dine, and he buys independently from the waiter the serving of his dinner. He may, of course, only partly pay the waiter, but I am taking the extreme case for the sake of clearness. Now he buys this service directly from the waiter; but there is no previous agreement as to the price to be paid. That is absolutely optional with the traveller, and he may, if he wishes, pay nothing. Yet it is the traveller who objects to the system, and the waiter who is sus-

pected of fostering it! As to the genuineness of the average traveller's objection, there can be no doubt; but I wonder what would happen if the waiter were offered a weekly payment, representing a fair average of his tips, in lieu of them. Of course, if he does not get the substitute, he wants the tips; but his eagerness for them may not mean that he likes that way of collecting his wages. In fact, the recent protest against "tipping" by the waiters of Paris, shows that they, at all events, do not like this method.

For the "tipper," however, the system would seem to be full of advantages. He is, to begin with, a joint employer, with the landlord, of the waiter. The waiter must please him on pain of losing part of his salary. A clerk in a store is in no such position, though his success depends upon pleasing customers and selling goods; and a customer can hardly fail to notice the difference in the attitude toward himself of a tipless clerk and a tip-earning waiter. Yet in everything but the tip they stand on similar ground. Thus, by reason of the tip system, the traveller is able to command a much more attentive and courteous service than he would otherwise get. It puts the waiter, indeed, into an entirely different attitude from that which he would occupy if tipping had never been heard of. He knows now that the size of his tip—*i.e.*, his wage—depends largely upon the amount of pleasing service he can seem to render to the traveller, and the result is that he is always seeking opportunities to be of use. Let him be paid a fixed salary and never get a tip and, if he is human like the rest of us, he will do his work well, but will let the opportunities for extra services seek him, not always to find him. In the course of a number of wheeling tours in out-of-the-way places as well as on beaten tracks, I have had to do with both kinds of hotel servants, and it makes all the difference in the world which sort you find when you ride up to a hotel in a rain storm. The man who sees a special tip in your soaked con-

dition, offers to clean your bicycle, and does it thoroughly, so that he can call your attention to the fact, while another servant is delighted to take your clothes away and dry them with care and celerity. But at a hotel where tips have been too rare to be expected, you are apt to find the servants very busy on such an occasion, and unless you are dealing with the landlord himself, your dripping clothes may even be begrudged a place near the solitary fire. Usually, if you care anything for your bicycle you will clean it yourself, letting your clothes dry on you as you work. There are things to be said in favour of this system, but it is the system of doing without services, not of getting them. When you really want something done for you, it is emphatically not the best way.

"But it degrades the waiter!"

This is the most plausible objection one hears. Being of the "my brother's keeper" brand of argument, it deprecates a too critical examination, and it jumps so well with the feeling, instinctive with us of the English stock, that attentiveness is a kind of servility that it seldom fails to carry conviction. Then is not the notion as broad as civilisation that service is servile—and especially personal service? Therefore whatever makes the servant more a servant must degrade him. The logical outcome of this line of reasoning is that the churlish servant is the best servant, and that a proper social order would abolish all service. In the millennium, then, we shall all cook our own dinners and take turns in waiting on each other, with the result that many of us will eat some very bad dinners and the waiting will not all be done by the waiters. In fact, any seeking that kind of a millennium should look backward rather than forward, for the barbarian was a self-sufficient being, and the chief business of advancing civilisation has been the multi-division of labour.

But whence the stupid notion that personal service is servile? It springs partly from the fact that for a long time it was the task of slaves, but

probably more from the circumstance that it is not now very well paid. And neither reason is worth the ink it takes to write it. The man who serves your dinner well is performing as worthy an act as the man who cooks it well, or the man who grows good beef to be cooked—or the man who lightens your proper punishment with his medical skill if you are tempted to eat too much of it. That being granted, anything that encourages the waiter to do his work with tact and something akin to enthusiasm, is not necessarily a bad influence. If waiting is not degrading *per se*, neither is zeal in waiting. As I have said before, the traveller is simply in the position of doing business directly with the waiter, and an effect is produced precisely like that which every lady shopper notices when she deals with the proprietor of a small store instead of with a salaried clerk in a large establishment. That is, the proprietor—and the waiter—take more pains to sell their goods, and this is no more degrading to the one than it is to the other.

Two elements, however, enter into the transaction with the waiter which are absent in the other case. One is the common impression, possibly often shared by the waiter, that the tip is a gratuity and not a payment for services rendered, and the second is the natural corollary of this, viz., the power of the traveller to let other things than the value of the service determine the size of his tip. He may arbitrarily cut his tip in half, or he may not know the sum usually calculated upon, and the waiter has no recourse but to look glum. But these need not be fatal objections to a system which otherwise works so well. A little thinking should reveal to both waiter and waited upon that the tip is not a gift, but the payment of a debt; while the cut in the waiter's wages because of the tips he is likely to get has, no doubt, been fixed by a study of long averages which takes account of the

small tipper as well as his more lavish fellow-traveller. The improvement that the tipping system is most in need of is, undoubtedly, more conscientiousness on the part of the tippers. The tip should be gauged by the value of the services and not by the momentary comfort of the traveller as he passes through the household parade on his way to his carriage. He is not distributing largess, but paying debts of honour, and he should do it with as scrupulous a care, at least, as the gambler shows in meeting his obligations of the same character. In a few places—among the porters at certain railway stations, for example—a tip tariff has already been introduced, but this, if it became general, would kill a vital part of the system. Under an iron tariff, a bad waiter would get as much as a good, and extraordinary services would not be provided for. Still, if travellers abuse the tipping system, presuming upon its voluntary character to pay little or nothing, and making it a point of grievance against the tip-earning callings, they will be met some day with a tariff, when they will pay as much as they do now and get less. For a tip fixed by tariff would be practically an addition to the hotel bill, and the waiter would become a salaried servant instead of an independent proprietor selling his labour to you on the common ground of another man's hotel.

Possibly the waiter would like this better. Many men prefer a salary to the chances of business. But that it would increase his real independence and self-respect is, I think, open to doubt; for indifference is not independence, and a man's self-respect does not suffer when he wins the wages of success in his chosen calling. As for the traveller, the day he succeeds in killing the tipping system, he punctures the softest air cushion that now eases for him the jolts of his journeyings over the highways of the world.

ROBERTS AND THE INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME

By JAMES CAPPON, Professor of English, Queen's University

V—THE AVE. REFLECTIVE POETRY, THE BOOK OF THE NATIVE



IN 1892 Mr. Roberts published the *Ave*, a poem for the centenary of Shelley. In this poem he once more makes use of a grand traditional form of poetry, for the *Ave* belongs both by its elevation of style and its manner of treating the subject to that high imaginative form of elegy which Shelley's *Adonais*, Arnold's *Thyrsis* and Swinburne's *Ave atque Vale* have made familiar to English readers.

A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

These lines, which Mr. R. W. Gilder wrote of the sonnet, might be applied with even more truth to this high form of elegy. There is no poetry which needs a more mystic, intimate and profoundly essential contact with its subject than this elegiac chant of the poet over his dead brother. It must be, in order to hold its place in that great line of tradition which reaches from the first idyll of Theocritus to the *Ave atque Vale*, a subtle and strangely perfect expression of the spirit and genius of the departed one. It is the modern poet's visit to the nether world of shades, in which

Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,
he seeks the soul of his lost brother in the immortal gloom, and gives the world something like a farewell vision of him. And the worth of the vision lies not merely in the high, impassioned music of the song, but in the way in which the lost Bion's figure assumes the transcendent and almost impersonal outlines of an elemental spiritual force that has been withdrawn from the sum of life. In such work there is no room for the commoner style of characterisation and estimate

which may fitly find a place in ordinary eulogistic and memorial verse. The strain is altogether of a higher mood, and the logic scorns the ordinary limits of thought, to use a mystic symbolism of its own. You may, if you like, use all the remote and unreal conventions which have distinguished pastoral elegy since its birth, but you must give them an atmosphere, a far depth of outlook over human fate and history, in which they become again, for once, all true. You may call upon Pan and the Nymphs with Theocritus, or upon the "mighty mother" with Shelley, or like Swinburne have visions of the "gods of gloom" and

That thing transformed which was the Cytorean.

But all these things must be felt as a sincere symbolism of a mystery in which the fate of the poet living and that of his dead brother are alike bound or even blended. There is immense license for the imagination, yet nowhere is the call for sincerity in the deepest sense of the word more imperative.

In the *Adonais*, for example, the thought sweeps wildly through that vast, vague, pantheistic and Platonic universe in which Shelley's soul dwelt, but there is a transcendental harmony and unity in the assemblage of elements there, contradictory and incongruous as they might seem in the work of another. That is Shelley's world, from which his cry comes to us with a passionate sincerity:

Dust to the dust, but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,

A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change unquenchably the same,

Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid
hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!

He hath awakened from the dream of life;
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

So in the *Ave atque Vale*, Swinburne's impassioned elegy for Baudelaire, all the strange forms of imaginative appeal from the "god of suns and songs" to the "god bitter and luxurious," are true formulas for the psychic life alike of the singer and of him who is the subject of the song. And the lyrical cry is in full accord with the feeling of the whole:

Not thee, O never thee, in all time's changes,
Not thee, but this the sound of thy sad soul.

This form of elegy, indeed, may be said to require for its happiest accomplishment a strong moral and even mental affinity to exist between the singer and his lost brother, otherwise the song lacking confidence and intimacy would fail somewhere of its effect.

Mr. Roberts calls his poem an ode, but, on the whole, he makes it conform to the requirements of the pastoral elegy. He begins by some stanzas which describe the scenery of his own Tantramar and the high intimations and visitations which came to him there. In this way, rather than by any more intimate and psychological method, he modestly ventures to associate his own psychic and poetic world with that of the poet of the *Prometheus*. The manner, however, in which he makes the transition from the one theme to the other is forced and unnatural. After describing the ebb and flow of the tides in the marshes of Tantramar, he continues thus:

Strangely akin you seem to him whose birth
One hundred years ago,

With fiery succour to the ranks of song
Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong.

That is a disenchanting glimpse of the artist's hand in a moment of embarrassment and difficulty, and quite destroys the impression of inevitableness which poetry should give.

After eleven stanzas devoted to Tantramar the poet begins a series of

lofty characterisations of the genius of Shelley as exhibited in his principal poems. There is an imaginative brilliancy about these characterisations. They are large, loose and sweeping, but for that very reason they are particularly suited to the nature of the subject. Indeed, the large rhetorical fluency of the style has something which in its way resembles the wide sweep and movement of Shelley's own glance. The following stanzas are a fair example of the very mingled yarn of fine and commonplace in the *Ave*:

The star that burns on revolution smote
Wild heats and change on thine ascendant
sphere,

Whose influence thereafter seemed to float
Through many a strange eclipse of wrath
and fear,

Dimming awhile the radiance of thy love.

But still supreme in thy nativity,
All dark, invidious aspects far above,

Beamed one clear orb for thee—
The star whose ministrations just and strong
Controlled the tireless flight of Dante's song.

With how august contrition, and what tears
Of penitential, unavailing shame,
Thy venerable foster-mother hears

The sons of song impeach her ancient name,
Because in one rash hour of anger blind

She thrust thee forth in exile, and thy feet
Too soon to earth's wild outer ways
consigned—

Far from her well-loved seat,
Far from her studious halls and storied
towers

And weedy Isis winding through his flowers.

And thou, thenceforth the breathless child of
change,

Thine own Alastor, on an endless quest
Of unimagined loveliness didst range,

Urged ever by the soul's divine unrest.
Of that high quest and that unrest divine

Thy first immortal music thou didst make,
Inwrought with fairy Alp, and Reuss, and
Rhine,

And phantom seas that break
In soundless foam along the shores of Time,
Prisoned in thine imperishable rhyme.

I would not like to have to mark all the common and coarsely hazarded phrases in the *Ave*, but still there is a fervour and intensity of utterance in it which redeems its faults in this way and gives it as a whole the excellence of spontaneity and vigour. At times, too, particularly where the poet has the direct support of imaginative asso-

ciations from Shelley's own writings, the *Ave* has a fine and rare quality of imaginative characterisation, as in the apostrophe to the Baths of Caracalla and that sky of Rome from which Shelley, as he tells us himself, drew a subtle strength and inspiration while writing his *Prometheus Unbound*:

O Baths of Caracalla, arches clad
 In such transcendent rhapsodies of green,
 That one might guess the sprites of spring
 were glad
 For your majestic ruin, yours the scene,
 The illuminating air of sense and thought;
 And yours the enchanted light, O skies of
 Rome,
 Where the great vision into form was
 wrought;
 Beneath your blazing dome
 The intenses song our language ever knew
 Beat up exhaustless to the blinding blue!

In the last part of the poem, from the twenty-first stanza onwards, the *Ave* begins to assume the character of grand elegiac vision and lament; the poet ventures on freer wing into the high, ethereal region into which the *Lycidas* and the *Adonais* followed their Greek models, and we hear again all the well-known elegiac cries:

Mourn, Mediterranean waters, mourn
 In affluent purple down your golden shores!

or,

Not thou, not thou—for thou wert in the light
 Of the Unspeakable, where time is not.

The general treatment in this part resembles most that of the *Adonais*. There is a free mingling of tones and fancies from every region of thought, the orthodox Christian hope, the conception of an "eventual element of calm," as Browning's *Cleon* describes it, and the classical Elysian vision, Homer, Plato, Job, Omar, Shakespeare and the rest of the immortals greeting the latest comer:

There face to face thou sawest the living God
 And worshippedst, beholding Him the same
 Adored on earth as Love

In that unroutable profound of peace,
 Beyond experience of pulse and breath,
 Beyond the last release
 Of longing, rose to greet thee all the lords
 Of Thought, with consummation in their
 words:

He of the seven cities claimed, whose eyes
 Though blind, saw gods and heroes, and
 the fall
 Of Ilium, and many alien skies
 And Circe's isle; and he etc., etc.

The poet even uses the great freedom of vision allowed in this species of poem to describe Shelley's disembodied spirit looking on at his own obsequies:

And thou didst contemplate with wonder
 strange
 And curious regard thy kindred flame
 Fed sweet with frankincense and wine and
 salt,
 With fierce purgation search thee. . . .

In the ecstatic flow of images and utterance which characterises this last part of the poem there is a wonderful mixture of the true and the false, the beautiful and the commonplace, the grand and the grandiose. The *Ave* is a splendid rhetorical effort, a bold but somewhat unregulated flight of fancy through the empyrean, marked by many irrelevancies, of course, and mistaken toyings with every breeze that blows. It gives us some very fine characterisations of Shelley's genius, but it can hardly be said to create a new elegiac world for us or add a new and pure mould to the great elegies of the past. It owes something to the vigorous flow of its verse. The great 10-line stanza with the strong cadence of its closing couplet, made stronger by the shortening of the preceding line, is urged, through modulations and harmonies not always of the finest or smoothest kind, into great vigour of movement; and sometimes, as in the 18th, 23rd and 24th stanzas, reaches high melodic effects. In the *Ave*, as elsewhere, the work of Roberts has nothing either of the weakness or fineness of inlay work; its qualities are rather those of the improvisatore.

All the poems of Roberts which we have passed in review so far, belong more or less to the poetry of nature description, unless the *Ave* be a partial exception. But during the last decade of the nineteenth century the poet had evidently begun to feel that he had done his best in that region and might

now try something a little different. At any rate in his next volume, *The Book of the Native*, published in 1897, most of the poems have a new critical and reflective vein in them. It is a very mixed vein, as the character of Roberts' thought in poetry always is, drawing from different and heterogeneous sources with a kind of inconscient recklessness. The *Heal-All*, for example, is a pure Wordsworthian product in phrase, ethical feeling and reflection:

Thy unobtrusive purple face
Amid the meagre grass
Greets me with long remembered grace,
And cheers me as I pass.

Thy simple wisdom I would gain,—
To heal the hurt Life brings,
With kindly cheer, and faith in pain,
And joy of common things.

The *Quest of the Arbutus*, on the other hand, is pure Emersonian optimism with touches of Emersonian phrase:

Because the tardy gods grew kind,
Unrest and care were cast behind;
I took a day and found the world
Was fashioned to my mind.

But it ends suddenly on the chord of the sentimental:

And then the world's expectancy
Grew clear: I knew its need to be
Not this dear flower, but one dear hand
To pluck the flower with me.

That last is a note which has not been much heard in Roberts' poetry as yet, but is soon to rise much higher and almost silence all the others. But not yet. At this time the most striking feature of his poetry is a kind of philosophic mysticism, which might be considered as one way of escaping from the traditional point of view which had grown banal for poetry by much repetition. For the poetry of Roberts at this period, like Canadian poetry in general, still held by the old ethical traditions of the great English and American schools of the previous generation. It was virtually unstirred by the subtle reactions of thought, the love of ethical paradox and the neurotic delicacy of sensibility which char-

acterise the French Verlaines and Mallarmés of the time. Not a ripple from the *Chat Noir* and the cafés by the Seine had touched it, as the verse of Bliss Carman, for example, had already been touched by the manner and sentiment of the *Romances Sans Paroles*. It was in the direction of a philosophic mysticism, then, for which Emerson had already in a measure prepared the American public, that Roberts now sought an escape from the ordinary, from the traditional, from the grand ethical highway of the poets now become too much of a common thoroughfare. The form which this philosophic mysticism takes in such poems as *Autochthon* and *The Unsleeping* may be described as a poetic treatment of the cosmic process, and owes a good deal to Emerson, whose curt and keen-edged phrase set the style for this oracular verse. Here are some lines from *Autochthon*:

I am the spirit astrid
To swell the grain
When fruitful suns confer
With labouring rain;
I am the life that thrills
In branch and bloom;
I am the patience of abiding hills,
The promise masked in doom.

I am the hush of calm,
I am the speed,
The flood-tide's triumphant psalm,
The marsh pool's heed;
I work in rocking roar
Where cataracts fall;
I flash in the prismatic fire that dances o'er
The dew's ephemeral ball.

The Unsleeping is in the same style of thought, only in a different metre:

I[heave aloft the smoking hill:
To silent peace its throes I still,
But ever at its heart of fire.
I lurk, an unassuaged desire.
I wrap me in the sightless germ
An instant or an endless term;
And still its atoms are my care,
Dispersed in ashes or in air.

Modern science has taken much of the mysticism out of this old Emersonian vein. The idea of one power which works through all things has been made so definite by the far-reaching monistic conceptions of modern science

that it is a very easy task for any poet to personify it and illustrate it throughout the whole length and breadth of natural phenomena in the universe. It is a cosmic process which explains all and engulfs all in a principle of absolute identity. It includes everything without adding a definite idea to anything. Professor Rand, I notice, is quite as nimble in making use of it as Mr. Roberts is. His poem "I Am" has just as good a right to the title of "Autochthon" or "The Unsleeping" as these have to the title of "I Am."

I am in blush of the rose,
The shimmer of dawn;
Am girdle Orion knows,
The fount undrawn.

I am earth's potency,
The chemic ray, the rain's,
The reciprocity
That loads the wains.

In *Origins* the treatment is different. The cosmic process now appears as scientifically impersonal and involving the human race in the material chain of phenomena:

Inexorably decreed
By the ancestral deed,
The puppets of our sires,
We work out blind desires,
And for our sons ordain
The blessing or the bane.
In ignorance we stand
With fate in either hand,
And question stars and earth

Of life, and death, and birth,
With wonder in our eyes
We scan the kindred skies,
While through the common grass
Our atoms mix and pass.

At the end of the poem, however, Mr. Roberts rescues himself from the grasp of this sombre scientific necessitarianism in a manner which the professors of metaphysics will regard, I fear, as another instance of poetic levity:

But in the urge intense
And fellowship of sense,
Suddenly comes a word
In other ages heard.
On a great wind our souls
Are borne to unknown goals,
And past the bourmes of space
To the unaverted Face.

This sudden leap of faith as an immediate antithesis to admitted scien-

tific fact is hardly as happy as Browning's famous use of it against philosophic doubt:

Just when we are safest, there is a sunset
touch, etc.

Faith does not make a good antithesis to scientific fact; but yet, taking it in a large view, it is true that the word "in other ages heard" is the centre of that impulse which will not wholly yield the ground to science.

But, as a matter of fact, this logical opposition of diverging lines of thought gives the poet no trouble. In *Ascription, Immanence, Earth's Complines* and other poems of this collection, it disappears completely, and the cosmic process presents itself with equal facility as under the direct control of the Creator:

O Thou who hast beneath Thy hand
The dark foundations of the land,
The motion of whose ordered thought
An instant universe hath wrought.

Who hast within thy equal heed
The rolling sun, the ripening seed,
The azure of the speedwell's eye
The vast solemnities of sky.

Who hear'st no less the feeble note
Of one small bird's awakening throat,
Than that unnamed, tremendous chord
Arcturus sounds before his Lord.

Every age has its own language. *Ascription* is a fine new 19th century dress for Addison's Ode. Instead of "the spacious firmament on high" read "the vast sublimities of sky," and for the "spangled heavens proclaim," etc., read "that unnamed tremendous chord" which Arcturus sounds.

These philosophical poems are an interesting reflection of the general attitude of our age in matters of faith and knowledge. The easy way in which it holds in its mind diverging theories and lines of thought without caring to pursue them to the point at which contradictions make themselves harshly felt, accepting each to some extent as having its truth, bridging over difficulties with a hazy logic, and waiting without much anxiety for a solution which will preserve all it wants to preserve, this attitude, very characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind in particular,

has much practical wisdom in it. But one would not consider the poetry which reflects this attitude so naively to be much of a contribution to the interpretation of life. There are some sweet, natural notes, however, in *The Book of the Native* when the poet lays aside philosophic theory, which is generally a poor support for poetic fancy, and gives a free expression to what he feels, to what he hopes or fears, as in this, from *Kinship*:

Back to wisdom take me, mother,
Comfort me with kindred hands;
Teach me tales the world's forgetting
Till my spirit understands.

Tell me how some sightless impulse,
Working out a hidden plan,
God for kin and clay for fellow,
Wakes to find itself a man.

Or this from *Recessional*:

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
In the long procession joining
Mount and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime;
Rolls, and drops, and falls forever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

That is the old lyrical note of Longfellow, a little amplified by modern phrase, but still simple and tender, and it seems to be the note most natural to Roberts in those reflective poems.

TO BE CONCLUDED

A RECKONING

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

"There will come a reckoning with England.
* * * We recognise her as our old enemy,
who has stood in the path of Russian develop-
ment."—Prince Hespere Oukhtomsky.

YE who would reckon with England—
Ye who would sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
And Nelson flung to the breeze—
Count well your ships and your men,
Count well your horse, and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—
Ye who would break the might
Of the little isle in the foggy sea
And the lion-heart in the fight—
Count well your horse, and your swords,
Weigh well your valour and guns,
For they who ride against England
Must sabre her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare
Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
And sink her fame in the waves—
Test well your blood and your mettle,
Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
Must war with a Mother's sons.

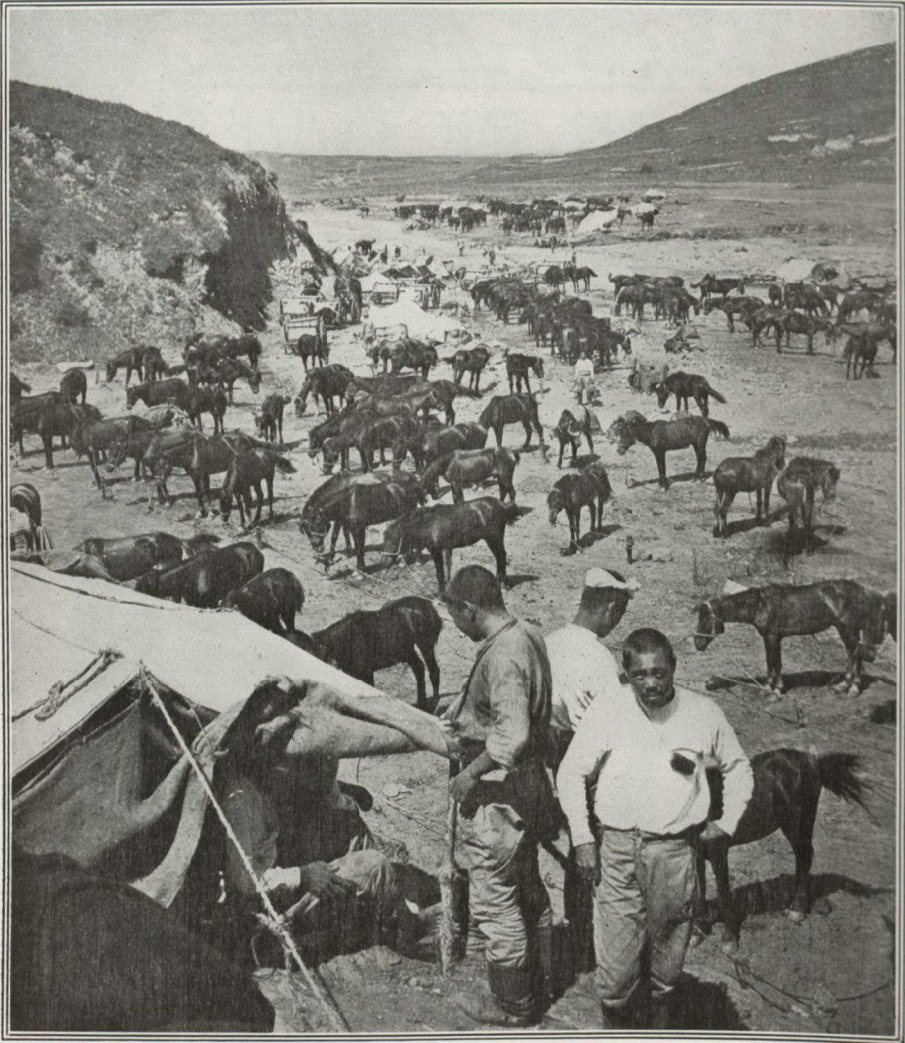
RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR PICTURES.



GENERAL NOGI AND STAFF AT PORT ARTHUR

The great siege of Port Arthur, which closed on January 1st, will always be memorable in military annals. The greatest reputation in connection with it is that which comes to General Nogi, who is the central figure in this group of officers. He is conspicuous because of his beard. At his right hand is Major-General Ijichi, who was the officer empowered by the Emperor to sign the capitulation papers on behalf of Japan. The centrepiece on the table is a six-inch Russian shell which adds a touch of grim reality to this memorable picture of a memorable historic event.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A JAPANESE CAMP BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

Here are pictured the shelter tents and picketed horses of a part of the Third Army Division of the Japanese besieging force, in a valley about four miles north of Port Arthur. The barren, rocky nature of the mountainous country gives a desolate air to the landscape. Even at this distance, shells from the big siege guns at the Russian batteries occasionally came flying over the mountains and ploughed up the ground in the camp where they burst. This picture was taken about October 1st, when the weather was still warm and the sun still powerful.

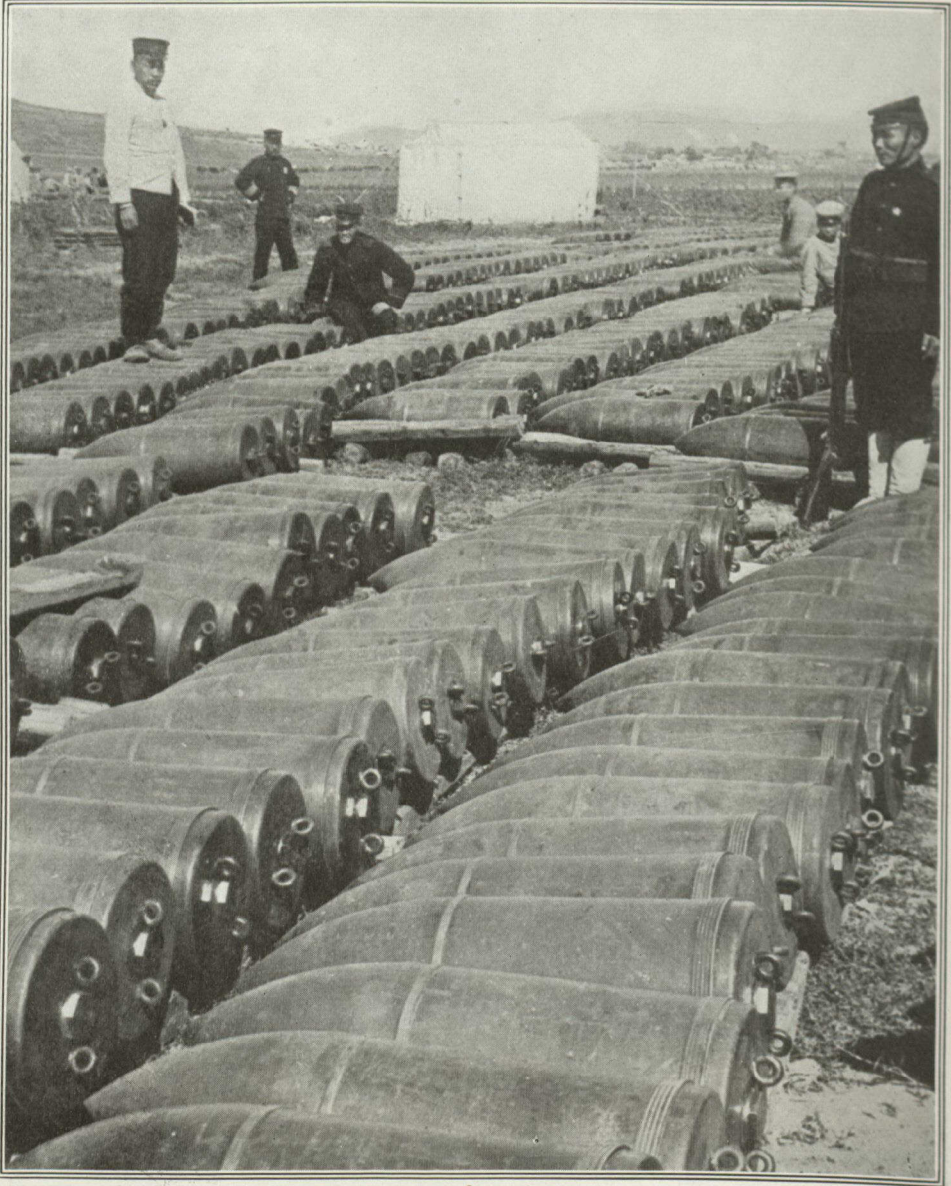
Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A GROUP OF WOUNDED JAPANESE

☞ This picture taken about October 1st also shows how strong was the sunlight at that time. The enormous number of wounded Japanese was the natural result of the absolutely fearless charges made by the brave soldiers of General Nogi's army. The grim horror of it all may be gathered from such a photograph as this. The price paid for Port Arthur was great, but such things are likely to occur again and again, until that distant time

“When the war drum beats no longer and the battle-flag is furled.”



JAPANESE SHELLS NEAR PORT ARTHUR

Some idea of the vast quantities of large shells required in a modern siege may be gathered from this unique photograph. Millions of dollars' worth of ammunition were expended in the great struggle for the possession of Port Arthur. These shells were loaded on small trucks, running over temporary tracks, and thus carried to feed the huge and hungry siege guns.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



QUEBEC—PLOUGHING NEAR ST. PRIME

AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS IN QUEBEC

By G. BORON



WHILE the eyes of many people in this country and elsewhere have been turned towards the Northwest as a place where development was proceeding at race-horse speed, the Province of Quebec has been developing agriculturally at a rate almost unparalleled. For example, between 1891 and 1901, the value of the dairy products produced in the factories of that province increased 341 per cent.

The following comparison will show how, agriculturally, Quebec compares with the other provinces:

ANNUAL VALUE OF FIELD AND LIVE STOCK PRODUCTS

	1901
Ontario	\$197,000,000
Quebec	85,000,000
Manitoba	24,000,000
Nova Scotia	16,000,000
Territories	13,000,000
New Brunswick ..	13,000,000
Prince Edward Island	7,000,000
British Columbia ..	7,000,000

It will thus be seen that the farms of Quebec produce more annually than is produced in all the other provinces and territories put together, excluding the Province of Ontario.

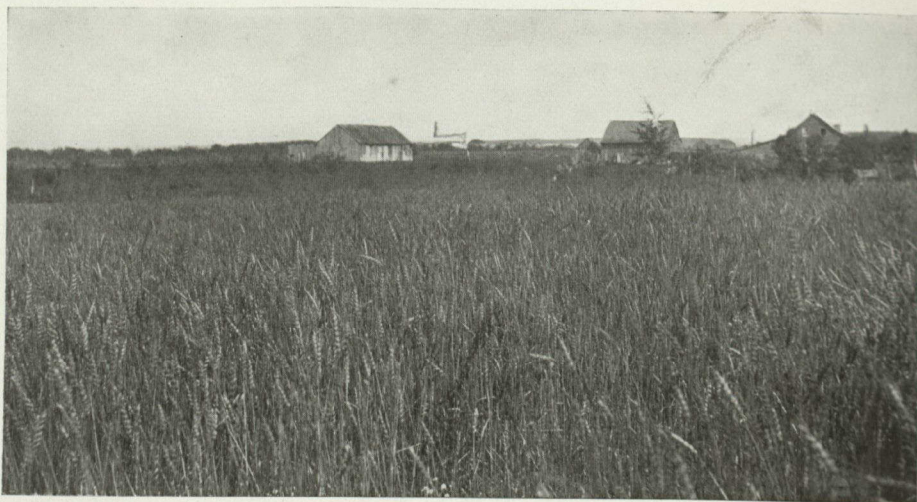
ITS RESOURCES

This province has a population of 1,700,000 people and an area of 347,000 square miles or as much territory as there is in France and Prussia combined. This vast district, through which runs that magnificent waterway and commercial highway, the St. Lawrence, is only barely touched by settlement and is destined to become the home of many millions.

Every one knows the almost inexhaustible resources of her forest domain from which the largest modern industries seek the raw material which they require. Her mineral wealth is



NEW QUEBEC—THE HOUSE OF GEORGE AUDET, A NEW SETTLER AT PETITE PERIBONKA. IN THE FOREGROUND HIS 15-YEAR-OLD WIFE



QUEBEC—A FIELD OF WHEAT NEAR HERBERTVILLE

becoming known and companies and associations in increasing numbers are being formed every day to excavate the bowels of the earth. Nor is any one ignorant of the almost unlimited capacity of her water-powers or of the boundless forces which they represent, and capitalists are flocking in from all quarters and starting new works and factories in order to utilise these natural powers which are capable of operating every human industry.

The fish of its magnificent rivers and its countless lakes, some of which are veritable inland seas, are, every year, acquiring greater value through the

more perfect and rapid means of communication and transport. Lastly, the ever increasing visits of foreign tourists and the patriotic work of colonisation have revealed to the entire world the almost unlimited extent of land suitable for cultivation which the Province of Quebec is ready to give to those who are willing to accept it and to take advantage of its wealth of fertility.

RETROSPECT

For many years the population of the Province of Quebec was composed almost exclusively of farmers who devoted themselves principally to the raising of crops of wheat and other cereals, the magnificent valley of the St. Lawrence with its immense plains furnishing them with facility for the pursuit of that industry. The population, which was small in numbers and which increased so slowly during the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, was confined chiefly to the parishes bordering the St. Lawrence, and business communications were limited to exchanges between the neighbouring parishes. But



NEW QUEBEC—DWELLING OF MR. VILLENEUVE, ROBERVAL, COMPETITOR FOR AGRICULTURAL MERIT



QUEBEC—BARN, HORSES AND CATTLE OF MR. ELIE LAPOINTE, COMPETITOR FOR AGRICULTURAL MERIT

economic conditions having become entirely different throughout the world, a prodigious change having taken place in all branches of human endeavour, the Province of Quebec, irresistibly drawn into the movement, speedily effected such changes in its then existing conditions, as to have apparently become a new country.

In agriculture the change was so great that at this very time, the Canadian Northwest having become an immense producer of wheat, the province has had to a great extent to give up that crop, which formerly gave every satisfaction and has been compelled to turn its attention in another direction. It was then that it directed its efforts to the dairy industry.

In this it entered a field entirely its own and of which it may continue to be the unchallenged mistress, as all the conditions of climate and cultivation which it is possible to desire for the assurance of its success are found within her borders.

SOME STATISTICS

The farmers of Quebec are cultivating five million acres of land and some idea of the capital involved

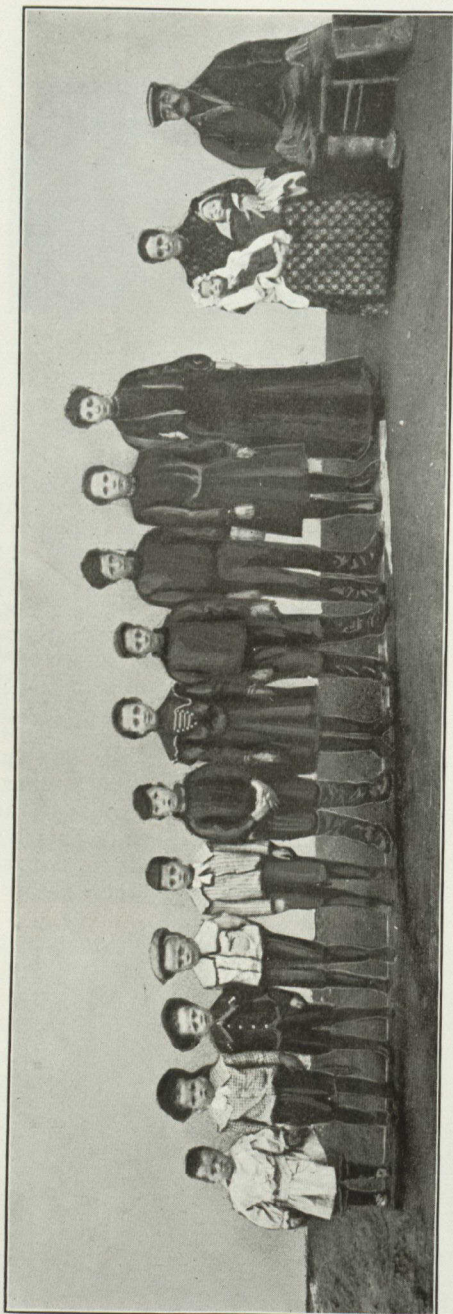
may be gained from the following figures:

Land	\$248,236,261
Buildings	102,313,893
Rent of land and buildings leased	1,039,212
Farm implements and machinery	27,038,205
Horses	24,164,149
Milch cows	20,757,611
Other horned cattle	6,629,784
Sheep	2,376,471
Swine	3,142,925
Poultry	1,166,314
Bees	251,203
Thoroughbred stock	1,133,611

The progress made in the last ten years has, as intimated, been enormous, but is most remarkable in the value of the dairy products. This has now reached twenty million dollars annually. Of this, the factories pro-



QUEBEC—DWELLING OF MR. ELIE LAPOINTE, LA MALBAIE, COMPETITOR FOR AGRICULTURAL MERIT



FRENCH-CANADIAN FAMILIES—MR. OLIVIER
 CLOUTIER, HIS WIFE AND THIRTEEN OF
 THEIR EIGHTEEN CHILDREN (FIVE
 ARE ABSENT), NORMANDIN

duce about thirteen million dollars' worth, and the rest is marketed direct from the farm. Of this thirteen million dollars received by the cheese and butter factories, over eleven million dollars is paid over to the farmer. The number of factories increased from 728 in 1891 to 1,992 in 1901, producing eight million dollars' worth of cheese and five million dollars' worth of butter. The progress during the last three years has been just as satisfactory as during the previous ten.

The dairying progress may also be indicated in another way. The number of milch cows in the province increased by over two hundred thousand during the census period. In 1891 the figures were 549,544 and in 1901 they were 767,825. During the same period, the number of horses and sheep declined, but horned cattle other than milch cows increased from 419,768 to 598,044.

ORGANIZATION

This progress has been accomplished in a considerable measure by generous assistance from the Government of the province, although the general agricultural progress of the Dominion has been a factor in the situation. There is a Department of Agriculture at Quebec with a responsible minister, who is also a member of the Executive Council of the province. There is also a Council of Agriculture composed of twenty-three members.

Then there are seventy-five Agricultural Societies with a membership of 18,295. These are county associations working in harmony with the Department. They hold meetings, discuss, hear lectures, promote the distribution of agricultural literature, make plans for improving the breed of animals and the quality of plants and seed, hold exhibitions and do other work of a similar nature. Each society receives an annual grant in proportion to the number of members.

There are Farmers' Clubs, the operations of which are limited to the parishes in which they are organised.

These are 698 in number, with a total membership of 52,700. Each receives an annual grant. They have abandoned having exhibitions, but organise instead many competitions in crops, principally with the object of increasing the production of fodder and roots, and the employment of fertilisers.

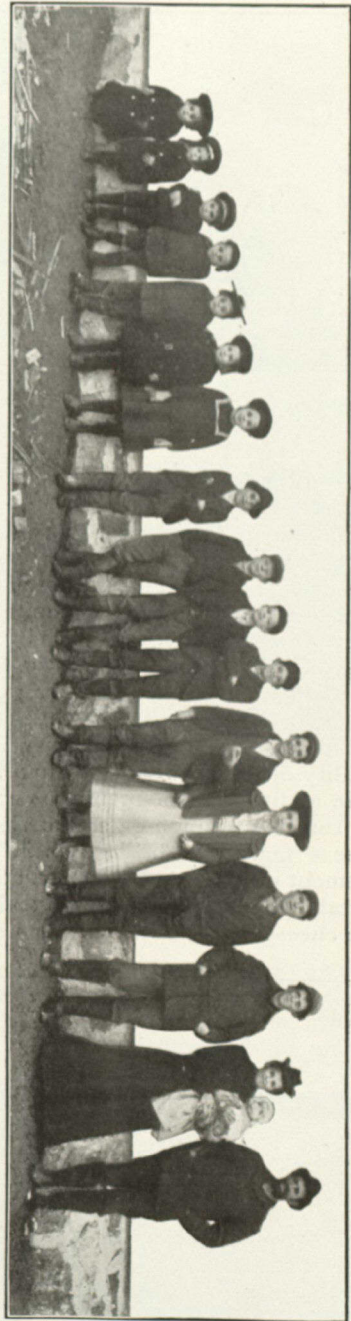
The educational institutions specially devoted to the education are numerous. There are three Schools of Agriculture, at Oka, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière and Compton. The pupils receive a free education here. There is a Dairy School at St. Hyacinthe receiving Government assistance and another will be opened shortly. There is also a Girls' Training School at Roberval with a model farm attached. A School of Veterinary Art and nine Schools of Arts and Manufactures are also controlled by the Department of Agriculture.

There are other agencies used by the Government, the chief of which is the series of Competitions. The Competition of Agricultural Merit was established in 1890. Eighty-five per cent. gives "distinguished merit," seventy-five per cent. "great merit" and sixty-five per cent. "merit." The Competitions of Milch Cows are similar, but are conducted under local auspices. There are also Competitions in Products of the Dairy. The reports published on these Competitions are valuable and instructive.

THE DAIRY INDUSTRY

As stated above, the dairy industry is to-day the leading branch of agriculture in the Province of Quebec, and the better to assure the diffusion of the knowledge of the best methods of conducting it and the general advancement of this industry, the province has been divided into regional districts in which syndicates of proprietors of creameries and cheese factories may be formed. There are now fifty-two syndicates for the manufacture of cheese, and each of the establishments belonging to or forming part of them is visited several times during the summer by inspectors, experts in the man-

FRENCH-CANADIAN FAMILIES—JOS. BEAUDET, HIS WIFE AND THEIR SIXTEEN CHILDREN, NORMANDIN (LAKE ST. JOHN)



ufacture of the products. These organisations are doing most valuable work.

The Government also employs seven general inspectors to visit the cheese



FRENCH-CANADIAN FAMILIES—MR. DESROSIERS, HIS WIFE AND THEIR THIRTEEN CHILDREN, ST. DAMASE, COUNTY L'ISLET

and butter factories which are not connected with the syndicates. Their visits have already produced most excellent results. The local inspector has charge of a group of factories situated in a comparatively limited district which he can easily visit in a month. The result is that the factories in this district are visited regularly, the instruction afforded is the same to all, and a greater uniformity in the quality of the product is assured.

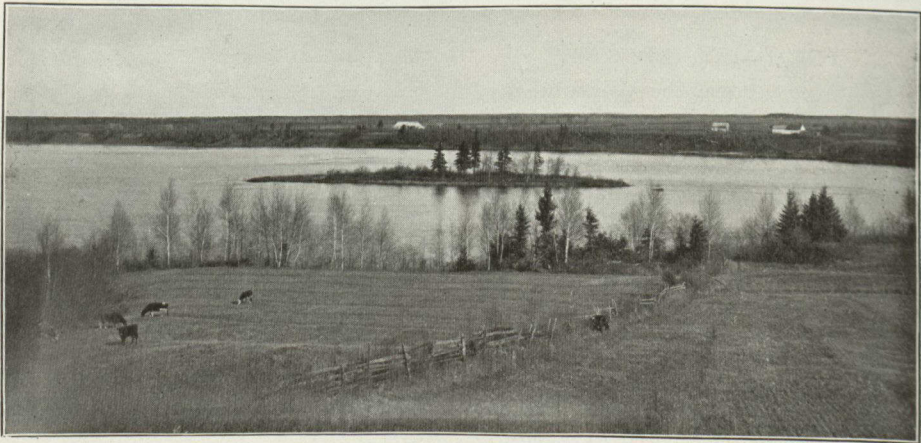
In addition to the premiums granted for the construction of creameries and cheese factories, the Provincial Government assists in the construction of suitable buildings for the ripening of the cheese to the extent of from one to

two hundred dollars, according to the dimensions of the building.

MEANS OF COMMUNICATION

The roads, formerly left entirely under the care of the municipalities, had fallen into such a lamentable condition that every person complained that the wretched highways in most parts of the country not only injured agricultural industries, but in many cases actually paralysed them.

Realising the importance of putting an end to this disastrous state of affairs, the Minister of Agriculture offered to pay to each municipality the sum of seventy-five dollars towards the purchase of a machine for repairing the roads.



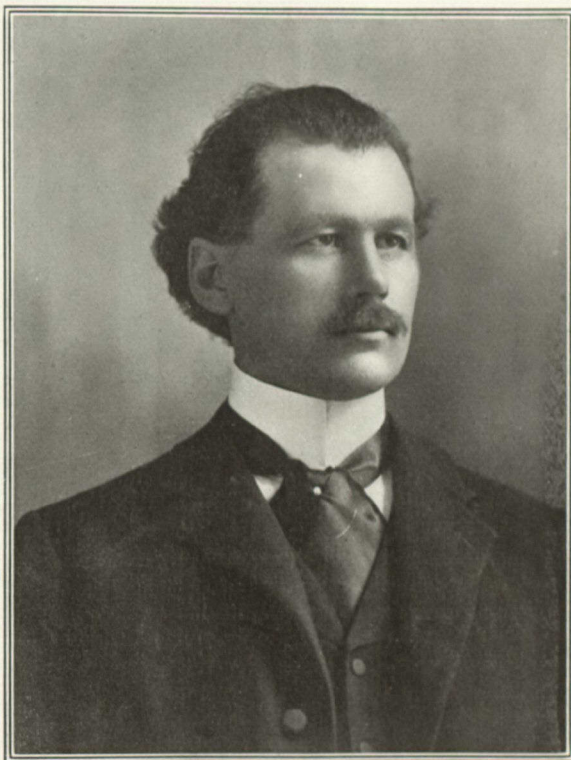
QUEBEC—A LANDSCAPE ON THE SHORES OF THE CHAMOUCOUAN RIVER, ST. FELICIEN, LAKE ST. JOHN

This far-sighted proposal bore immediate fruit, and a fair number of municipalities took advantage of the offer of the Minister.

Further, the County Councils have been asked to purchase stone-breaking machines for metalling the roads, and the Government comes to their assistance by paying half the price up to a sum of \$1,200.00. In numbers of localities there is noticed the desire to put an end to that spirit of inertness which has always prevailed, and at the same time the determination to adopt all modern improvements both in methods and in implements which lead so surely and rapidly to the results desired to be attained.

CONCLUSION

Enough evidence has been given to show the magnificent development which agriculture is attaining in the Province of Quebec. It is a transformation so thorough, so vast, and so rapidly



HON. ADELARD TURGEON

Up to a recent date Minister of Agriculture in the Province of Quebec. He has been in the legislature since 1890, and a minister since 1897. He is a lawyer, but has conducted his department with considerable skill.



HON. S. N. PARENT

Premier of the Province of Quebec, Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries; also Mayor of the City of Quebec

brought about, that it almost confounds the intellect.

A small people, almost unknown to the rest of the world, who had up to that time led a patriarchal life, attending solely to the cultivation of wheat, and passing a happy existence in their isolation, are suddenly, through an upheaval in general economic conditions, compelled to turn all their attention and efforts to agriculture in a direction absolutely new to them, the creation and carrying on of the dairy industry. Silently, without noise or bustle, and with a quiet courage and reliance upon their own powers and resources, they undertook the task, and after a relatively very short period of time they have become one of the most expert in the new industry and one of the most important purveyors of dairy products for the other continent. And when we consider the immense resources of this



THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC

small people by reason of the expansion they are capable of giving to the manufacture of butter and cheese, may we not reasonably ask whether a time shall not come when they will monopolise this industry and reap the advantages it affords?

Finally, looking at things from all points, if we consider that the population of the Province of Quebec exercises the same spirit of industry, the same bold spirit of energy, the same working and business intelligence in

all their undertakings and in all the various sources of activity existing in the favoured land which they occupy, and if we further take into consideration the moral qualities for which they are distinguished, their powers of expansion, their deep-seated attachment to their native land, and the abiding conviction that they have a providential mission to carry out on the soil of America, we are justified in coming to the conclusion that a brilliant future is in store for this favoured people.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

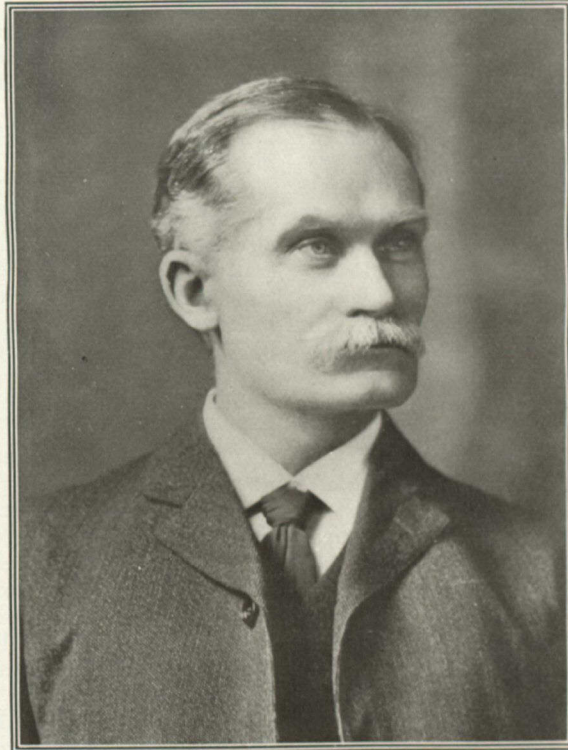
NO. 60—PROF. JAMES W. ROBERTSON



WHEN James Wilson Robertson came, a lad of eighteen, to this country in 1875, he had one or two considerable advantages. One was that he had been born a Scotchman. Another was the sound secondary education which Scotland had given him. A third was a habit of accepting responsibility, and a turn for thinking out the problems of daily life. And another was the driving force which lay within him. By race he is an en-

grafting of the Highlander upon a Lowland land-holding stock of great tenacity. The restless energy of the Celt was based upon the Lowlander's cool power of organisation.

The Robertsons engaged in business—prospered—lost their money. Young Robertson wished to become a physician—that bent of mind has never left him, and early hopes and studies influenced him when he threw himself into advocacy of the Victorian Order of Nurses, and into support of the cam-



PROF. JAMES W. ROBERTSON

paign against tuberculosis. But education meant money. That money must come from the family business. The family business was, in part, the buying of dairy products for export to Britain; a knowledge of the dairy business would help to put it on its feet. Moreover, he would have the winters in which to study. So reasoning, the lad set himself to learn the cheese-maker's trade. It was not highly regarded; there were no dairy schools; he must learn to do by doing; and so he went to work at \$13 a month in a factory. Conditions were disagreeable; the work included floor-scrubbing; the occupation was far from that which a youth of Robertson's station would ordinarily choose. But it was the work which suited the situation. For one winter he attended Woodstock College, and it was Professor S. J. McKee, instructor in English, who had the most vital influence over him.

Meanwhile he learned cheese-making, and as a member of the family business he found himself manager of a cheese factory. It became one of the best in the country. Then he managed several factories—his brand was famous. The winter months he gave to reading and the study of literary and scientific subjects. The young man, now 28, still hoped to go to the university. It is one of his innumerable theories that a man should not go to the university until he is in the thirties. But the Ontario Government intervened. It made the successful manager Professor of Dairying in the Ontario Agricultural College.

Here we have the man on the threshold of his public career, about to plunge into a whirl of activities. Inside of three months he would be in London, pulling the Ontario dairies exhibit at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition out of threatened disaster, and exercising

his invincible knack of catching the public eye. Soon he would be scouring the country, restlessly preaching co-operation and organisation in the dairy business. He himself reads formative influences in every event of his past. In childhood responsibility had been laid upon him, and the habit of thoroughness. Both had become passions. In youth he had borne a part in a temperance lodge. From that experience he had carried away a training in getting into touch with other minds, of appreciating an audience, of getting into sympathy with it, of trying to change the opinions of the men who composed it. He had not been arguing abstract propositions; he had not been pleading to a brief; he had been feeling for the minds of his hearers and seeking to turn them into channels through which his own passionate intellect raced. Again, for years he had taught a country Bible-class. He had exerted himself to grasp his pupils' difficulties; he had cast about for means to get their interest. That was his pedagogical training. He had the habit of estimating situations, and of disregarding the customary to take the course which his thinking indicated. Also, he had formed his method of organisation. Get a piece of work well done—then use it as a text to induce others to do the same thing on a larger scale. Do something in a small sphere first—then organise for its wider application. That is the method of a man who is uncommonly good at organisation and singularly successful in getting things done.

Of course there was class-room work at Guelph. It was done in such a way that from 1888 to 1890 he was, in addition, non-resident lecturer in Dairy Husbandry at Cornell University. But the class-room could not confine his energies. A speaker of infectious enthusiasm, a deviser of innumerable plans, he ranged the province as a lecturer to farmers and dairymen. For a time he would brood over and experiment with new schemes at Guelph, then he would rush forth and

preach them. It was a big work to try to move hard-headed farmers, industrial conservatives for the most part, slow to take fire over new ideas, distrustful of the theorist, but endowed with an intelligence which is strong if obstinate. When the college professor faced an audience he had made sure of his acquaintance with the characters, the circumstances, and some of the difficulties and desires of his hearers. He had made very sure of the facts which he meant to offer them. He watched his audience; he sought for their sympathy; he studied clearness of exposition. Two facts may be noted. He made copious use of parables. He travelled with a pocket Shakespeare, and prepared himself for a meeting, not by looking over notes and authorities, but by an hour or two of reading, sometimes of Shakespeare, sometimes of Tennyson, sometimes of Isaiah, three very great masters of phrase.

Robertson's work falls into periods. By 1890 the organisation work which he had commenced in 1886 was fairly on its way. It is his outstanding peculiarity that he initiates movements and when they are launched searches for something new. He was looking forward to his hoped-for period of professional study, when the Dominion Government appropriated his energies. It made him Dairy Commissioner. Agricultural Agitator would have been an apter title. He flew about the Dominion, everywhere planning and organising, everywhere an originating mind and a driving force, everywhere adapting himself to local conditions. Force and ingenuity were equally marked in his methods. For example, he has uncanny expertness as a press-agent. Here is one crafty scheme which he steadily works upon Canadian journals. He is on excellent terms with British newspapers. He gets copious interviews, letters, statements, into them. Then the Canadian press copies what it might have hesitated to take direct. In 1886, when he was in London, he plunged into the Home Rule controversy, then the absorbing topic, writing letters urg-

ing that the salvation of Ireland lay, not in Home Rule, but in cheese and butter—as instanced by Canada. Naturally there followed a few details of Canadian progress in the making of cheese and butter!

Who can tell the tale of the Professor's activities since 1890? It is one of his practices to take up at least one new movement every year. Dairy organisation, live stock improvement, seed selection, chicken farming, fruit inspection, cold storage, market finding—the list is long. By 1899 he was beginning to think that this period of his life was closing. His agricultural work was so well established that there were many to continue it. Perhaps that season of study was ahead. Of course it was not. The Macdonald manual training fund was awaiting him. The idea behind manual training appealed to his own development through the uses of necessity. He flung himself into the scheme. Sir William C. Macdonald gave the money, Professor Robertson gave the familiar energy and the well-tried organising skill. Like all his plans, he stood by this till it had taken root, and then left it to be carried on by local authorities. Of what use is an institution which requires its founder's incessant supervision? If it is to be useful, it must so appeal to the people that they themselves will keep it running. Such is the Robertson point of view. But from manual training and experimental seed selection grew the movement to reorganise rural schools. And from the consolidated rural schools grew the plans for the great Macdonald institution at Ste. Anne de Bellevue. He is on the threshold of another division of his life. Since Egerton Ryerson no man has done anything vital for primary and secondary education in Canada. Will Robertson?

The man is forty-seven now, and looks forward to twenty years more of activity such as he has known since

1886. Tall and lean—face lean too, cheeks and jaw falling abruptly from an overhanging brow—grizzled moustache, thick and clipped—bright blue eye—on the whole face a somewhat overcast expression of grim, serious earnest—the Scottish burr still thick on the tongue—there you have his outward seeming. Inwardly, there is the strange mixture of burning enthusiasm, rapid, perhaps hasty, thinking, and cool sagacity in practical things. The man is eager, impatient, changeable even, interested in his projects in their earlier stages mainly, ready to catch at new plans, chock full of ideas and schemes. Many see that side most clearly. It may be doubted whether all his theories are founded on certainty. But he does things. When he made cheeses they sold at record prices. The agricultural movement with which he was so prominently associated, has gone far and no longer needs his presence. For a man dealing so much in organisation, he is noticeably independent of machinery. In his dairy work he set a different type of organisation going in every province. Organisation for him has meant scope—the ability to undertake more; economy—the ability to do work at least cost of labour, material and time; and efficiency—the ability to do better work with better results. Until the time for these came he dispensed with machinery. The work always has counted, not the manner of doing it; one of his traits is his intense satisfaction in good work. And another thing must be noted. He is able to work with other men. The efficiency and enthusiasm of his staff is a significant fact.

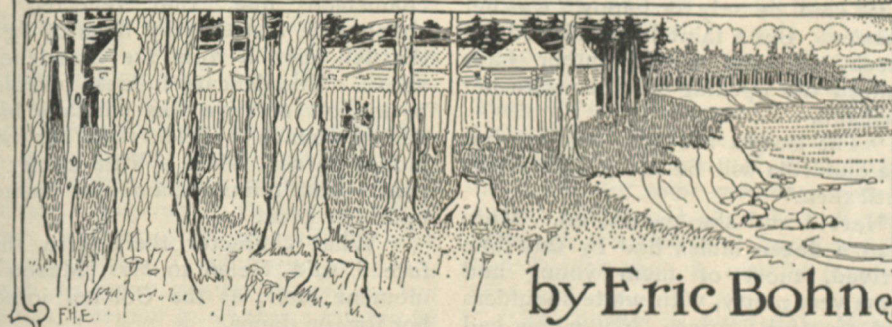
The tall, lean man with the intent look of serious interest on his face is a Force in Canada. He has done much for our greatest industry. He is about to try to render a similar service to our education. Good luck go with him!

Frederick Hamilton.



“Strangers, and yet not strangers”—p. 442
Drawn by F. H. Bridgen

THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohne

Author of "How Hartman Won"

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place.

CHAPTER X.

THE old Citadel was brilliantly illuminated. Lights gleamed in every window. The snow was shovelled clean from the footpaths and guardsmen had made smooth the drives for incoming sleighs. The full moon shone with softened lustre from a cloudless sky, filling the air with voiceless music, and enveloping with chastened beauty the wide stretches of ice and snow which mantled the earth.

Within the Citadel a bevy of pretty girls, aided by the junior officers, had decorated the doors and windows with elaborate care. Festoons of cedar, sprigs of holly and bunches of red berries, softened the light from the candelabra, while innumerable lamps of archaic design added variety and beauty to the scene.

The ballroom was decorated with bunting, and on the walls hung national and colonial flags—those of the 100th being added to do honour to the occasion; while the vice-regal chair was surrounded with rugs of rich and rare texture. In a tête-à-tête corner to the left of the main entrance, lux-

urious, long-haired, polar bear skins littered the floor, while, on the opposite side, the feet of the guests sank deep in rich furs from the West.

"What a characteristic room!" exclaimed Helen, as she stood for a moment at the wide entrance, leaning on the arm of her husband. "I never saw so many flags and beautiful skins in one room in my life."

"Nor I either. Still the setting is appropriate. The flags are a token of the present war, and the skins a trophy of the huntsman's prowess. Furs are one of the main products of the country, you know."

"I wonder if it can produce as many women," said Helen, glancing over the hall. "There are few but men here yet."

"All the more triumph for the women who are," was his answer.

The Governor and Lady Sherbrooke, together with Mrs. and Colonel Mason and Sir George Head, were receiving when they entered; and officers of the garrison and the *North King*, as well as civilians with their wives and daughters, were being presented.

"May I have the honour of the opening quadrille with you?" said Colonel Mason to Helen a few minutes later.

"I shall be only too happy," was her answer. But a faint flush suffused her cheek, for she would rather have danced the opening number with her husband.

"The guests are still coming, but the quadrille will be soon. *Au revoir* until then."

Harold and she passed on. More than a dozen ladies had by this time arrived, most of them young and some very pretty, with white shoulders and graceful figures. Not a few had flashing diamonds, brought by their mothers from the Old Land over the sea, and they sparkled like the eyes of their winsome wearers as they mingled with the men.

"How pretty they are!" said Harold *sotto voce*; "as fresh as if new from England."

"I don't see any of the blue-noses they talk about," Helen returned. "It must be a healthy climate, Harold, if it is cold."

At this moment Judge and the Misses Maxwell were announced. The Judge, a large and portly man, crowned with periwig, had a keen, intelligent face. He was accompanied by his two daughters. One was of the large blonde type, with blue eyes and flaxen hair always smiling in a decided way of her own. The other, Miss Maud, was cast in a different mould. No one would have taken them for sisters. Slight in build and quick in movement, there was a winsome charm about her, that was very engaging. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature in her manner was her strong, unconscious frankness. Her features were regular and her eyes almost black, while her wealth of dark hair and sweet countenance combined to make her irresistibly charming. One would think from the colour of her hair and eyes that she should have been a brunette; but her skin was exquisitely white, and the petal of a delicate rose seemed to have planted its hue upon her cheek.

In attire the two young ladies differed as much as in personal appearance. Miss Maxwell was dressed in white; but Maud had a robe of chameleon hue, that reflected in changeable lustre every flash of light that fell upon it from the chandeliers above. The delicate fullness revealed by the low corsage was partially hidden by a bunch of violets from her own indoor garden, while a little circlet of pearls and minute diamonds flashed upon her neck.

"What character there is in that face!" said Helen to Mrs. Mason a moment later, as the Colonel joined her for the dance.

"Yes, there is. Would you like to know her?"

"I would indeed!"

"I will introduce her after the quadrille is over."

"Thank you."

Sir John Sherbrooke escorted Mrs. Mason to the upper end of the room. Then came Sir George and Lady Sherbrooke, followed by Captain Osborne and one of the colonial dames, while Colonel Mason and Helen brought up the rear. Together they formed the set for the opening quadrille—and stately and beautiful it was as Helen remembered long afterwards.

All eyes were fixed upon the four couples. With elaborate bows and graceful formality they stepped through the figures of the dance. The measured music from the violins and harps beat a slower time in the days of our forefathers than now; and there was a dignity and solemnity in the first dance of the period—almost equivalent to the sacred decorum of a religious rite—that in this rushing age has been forgotten.

"Mrs. Manning—Miss Maud Maxwell," said Mrs. Mason after the dance was over. "You young ladies have each expressed a desire to know each other."

As they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes, several seconds passed away—thoughts seemed to be uttered without words.

"Strangers, and yet not strangers,"

said Helen, "I could almost fancy I had known you for years."

"It must be the same feeling," said Maud, still holding the extended hand, "a delicious joy in seeing you, although we never met before."

"It is all owing to the talk you have made among us," said Mrs. Mason, taking each young lady by the arm and leading the way to one of the tête-à-tête corners already referred to. "Maud was always ambitious, headstrong, wayward. Perhaps a little chat between you two will do each good. There, I will leave you, but, with so many gentlemen and so few ladies, I cannot guarantee a minute by yourselves."

"Would you care for a companion in your journey west, Mrs. Manning?" Maud asked in a swift, low voice, as Mrs. Mason, accepting the arm of an officer, left them. She must speak while the chance lasted.

"Perhaps I would," was Helen's startled answer, "but after all that is said against it, I fear that I could not conscientiously advise."

"It would be simply glorious to go," said Maud, enthusiastically. "Out in the starry night with the trees crackling and the wolves howling, while you are rolled up in your buffalo robes, snug and warm, and safe from all danger."

"You young enthusiast! What a splendid companion you would make!"

"Would I?" and the girl's eyes flashed fire. "Oh, if I only could!"

At this moment Mrs. Mason returned to introduce another gentleman.

"Mrs. Mason," said Helen, as they arose from their seat, "do you know that Miss Maud Maxwell would like to be one of our party?"

"That is not surprising," was the answer. "I've known Maud ever since she was a baby, and she was always a Tomboy."

"Why traduce my fair name?" said Maud with a laugh.

"My dear, is it not true?"

"Please don't be so pathetic. I'd like to go; that is all."

"And you really mean it," Helen

asked, looking gravely into the girl's face.

"Yes, I do. But, I suppose, there will be little chance. Father would oppose it, and, no doubt, Sir George would also. Still I would give anything to go with you. But I am engaged for this waltz—Mrs. Manning—Doctor Beaumont."

And she whirled away with him as Harold joined them. Helen followed the doctor for some moments with her eyes. His face had a French cast, although his skin was fairer and his hair lighter than is usually found in that race.

"The doctor is devoted to Maud," said Mrs. Mason, "although I do not think she cares for him."

"Is he the surgeon who is to go with the regiment?" Harold asked.

"I think not. Dr. Fairchild is the man spoken of. I suppose I should not mention it, but as you are one of the officers, it would do no harm to tell you. I believe that Dr. Beaumont would like to go. It will, however, be decided to-morrow."

"Thank you for telling us," said Helen. "I suppose it is out of the question about Miss Maud going."

"Entirely out of the question," returned the elder lady, emphatically. "If they should happen to appoint Dr. Beaumont she would not dream of going. H-m h-m," she continued, wisely shaking her little grey head, "that throws new light upon it—I do not believe she will really want to go!"

"My dear, if we do not commence we shall lose our waltz," exclaimed Harold, laughing. "It is half through already."

"A thousand pardons, dearie. It is our first since we were married. I wouldn't miss it for the world," and her winsome smile thrilling him again, as it had always done, they glided away over the smooth floor.

The next afternoon Maud visited Helen at the Citadel.

"Our little chat remained unfinished," were almost her first words. "I did not get a chance to speak to you again."

"You were sensibly occupied, and I forgive you," returned Helen. "I know I danced more than I have done for years, and yet only managed to have two waltzes with my husband."

"I like Lieutenant Manning," returned Maud. "I had a polka with him, and his chivalry took me, for he stopped before our dance was over to escort old Mrs. Tindall across the room. Most young men would have let the lady look after herself."

"I knew what I was doing when I married Harold," said Helen with glowing face. "You see, I think so much of my husband that I am willing to travel to the ends of the earth with him."

"I would have to love a man like that or I would never marry," said Maud.

"You'll find him some day, if you have not already. And what about Penetanguishene? Do you still desire to be one of our party?"

"Yes and no," was the girl's reply, her mouth assuming for a moment a set expression. "I'm afraid I said too much last night. Much as I would like to go I find it will be impossible, so there is no use even thinking about it."

"Perhaps later, when our fort is built and the war over, you will come."

"Possibly;" and her eyes melted into a dreamy expression. "Let me thank you for the suggestion. If I can I will."

"It is probably better so," said Helen, puzzled at such a speedy change of attitude.

At this moment Mrs. Mason entered the room.

"I have just received the latest news," she said. "It was announced at the officers' quarters this morning that Dr. Beaumont has received the appointment as surgeon to the rooth. Colonel Mason told me only a few minutes ago."

Helen involuntarily glanced at Maud, but at this moment the frank expression was absent. Did she know already?

"Is not this a surprise?" said Helen. "Of course I knew nothing

about the appointment only that rumour last evening gave the place to Dr. Fairchild."

"So it did," said Mrs. Mason, "but his father is not well, and can ill spare him. Perhaps that is the reason of the change."

"I have just been taking back some of my own foolish talk of last night," said Maud, looking directly at Mrs. Mason. "My sudden fancy of going west with the regiment was inspired by the fortitude of this brave lady—just an enthusiastic idea that cannot be realised."

"But she has promised to visit me at Lake Huron after the war is over," said Helen.

"The very time you ought to go yourself," was her hostess' comment.

Mrs. Mason was one of those kind-hearted ladies who, having no children of their own, consider it their duty to interest themselves in the children of others. She always had two or three of her young lady friends under her wing; and was never contented unless endeavouring to pilot them to their destined haven. She must not only guide them aright, but see also that they did not go wilfully wrong. That Maud Maxwell—in her estimation—the sweetest girl in all Halifax, should be allowed to go on that desperate western journey was not to be thought of for a moment. If she could not prevent the newly-arrived bride from sacrificing herself on the altar of a "crazy idea," she certainly could prevent Maud from following suit. At all events she had decided to try.

What passed in the way of curtain lectures between Colonel Mason and his spouse after the ball was over, there was no one to tell; but the celerity with which the medical appointment was discussed, decided upon and ratified when morning came, was somewhat remarkable. Sir George and Colonel Mason were closeted together for half an hour after breakfast; and then a couple of orderlies were summoned, and messages dispatched to both of the doctors, containing the results of the decision. As a conse-

quence, Dr. Beaumont's mind was filled with conflicting ideas when he received the message. The first impression was surprise, for he believed it had been otherwise arranged. Still, as the decision was final, he must obey. But the thought of Maud disturbed him. To leave her at once might render his unreturned love hopeless. If he could have remained, possibly he might win her yet; but to go away now and stay perhaps for years, with the attentions and hearts of other men continually at her feet, seemed more than he could bear.

Still there was the other side to view. The post of surgeon to the 100th was a distinct promotion; for he and Dr. Fairchild were both army officers; and it flattered the spirit of rivalry which existed between them to be selected over his fellow. The illness of Dr. Fairchild's father was quietly hinted to both gentlemen as the probable cause of the change; but the possibility that Mrs. Mason might have had something to do with the final appointment, was not thought of, much less mentioned.

The die was cast, however, whatever would come of it, and Dr. Beaumont realised that he must prepare at once for the journey. The mixed blood of his parentage had made a strong man of him; for he possessed the passion and vehemence of the Frenchman from his father, tempered by the stolidity and integrity of the Scotch race from his mother.

After reporting himself at headquarters, and rapidly making preparations for the prospective march, it was late in the evening before he could spare time to call at the Judge's. He had sent no message to Maud. Still he hoped and believed that she would be ready to receive him. She must have heard of his appointment. Would she be glad or sorry? How would she welcome him? Was it possible that she would rejoice at being relieved of the attentions of an unwelcome suitor? Or was it imaginable that she would be glad of his promotion, and reward his devotion by encouragement on the very eve of his departure?

At any rate he would see and know the truth; and after walking past the house several times to soothe his nerves and check the rapid beating of his heart, he finally knocked at the door for a final interview with Maud.

98

CHAPTER XI.

HENRI BEAUMONT, although a native of Quebec, was a graduate of an English University, and it was in London, after obtaining his degree, that he received his appointment on the medical staff of a British regiment under orders for Canada. For two years now he had been stationed at Halifax and, although during the war with the United States he had seen some active service, his duties had been chiefly confined to professional work among the troops stationed at the Citadel.

It was there that Maud met him. Perhaps if she had been less indifferent, the conquest would not have been so easily accomplished. But the impression was made at the beginning, and notwithstanding her apparent coolness, time only seemed to strengthen his desire to win her.

His heart was in a tumult as he entered the house that night—hope and expectation did not balance each other—and minutes elapsed after meeting Maud before the loud throbs beneath his jerkin ceased.

"I am sure you heard the news?" he said retaining the hand, which she attempted to withdraw. "I am ordered to be ready to march with Sir George's men in two days."

"Yes," she replied, finally, retracting her hand, "and I congratulate you. Your friends, while sorry to lose you, will be glad of your promotion."

"That is very kind; but I would give the world to know that some one really cared."

He was growing serious already. So she threw back her head and with a gentle laugh exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear Doctor, you don't know how much we shall miss you!"

"Mon Dieu, Miss Maud! That is

very well. But you know what I mean. When I go away I can't return for a year at least. It is the time, the absence that I think of. Won't you give me a chance at all? You know how I love you."

"You have your chance now, Doctor—founding a fort—establishing a settlement—perhaps building a city. That should be enough for any man to face."

"But it is not enough, *mon ami*." The Doctor's face flushed and his eyes glittered as he drew his chair nearer. "I want my love returned. I have kept myself straight and pure for love of you. *Mademoiselle!* Do you care for me at all? Will you not give me one promise before you go?"

He was pleading very earnestly, a gleam of intense love illuminating his face. Maud's manner softened a little, although she felt no responsive thrill. She was not sure of her own heart, and was too wise to bind herself when she experienced no warmer feeling than that of friendship.

"You ask me more than I can give," she said. "If I do not love you, how can I promise?"

"Have I a rival then?" he asked with passionate earnestness.

"How dare you ask such a question!" she answered with flushed face. "I am in love with no one."

"Then why not grant my desire? In my heart no one can take your place. For long months I shall see only one other lady, and she the wife of a brother officer. But I will found a settlement and build a city, too, if you will only promise to be my—my sweetheart—when I come back again."

"Oh! you silly man! I promise nothing. Why not simply wait and see? When away on your long march (she did not tell him how gladly she would have undertaken it herself if he had not been going) your mind and time will be occupied with other things. You will never think of me."

"Never think of you!" he exclaimed passionately. "Perhaps it would be better for me if I never did. But I shall think of you every day when on

the march and every night when in the woods we pitch our camp. When the smoke arises from the pipes of the men around our fires, my thoughts will be of you; and when rolled in blanket and buffalo robes, during the long winter night, I may see the stars through the tall trees, and hear the owls hooting in the forest; but beyond the stars I shall see your face, and in my dreams I shall hear your voice. No, Maud Manning, I may go away, but you cannot get away from me. You fill my soul, my heart, my whole being. You are my star, my light, my love,—and it will be the same in Penetang, no matter where you are."

Spite of herself his words thrilled her, and unconsciously she rose to her feet. She could not sit still any longer. What manner of man was this French-Scotchman? This passionate pleader, this determined lover? This soldierly fellow, who, while he worshipped her, accepted the order to march to the end of the earth, for time indefinite, without a single murmur of regret? She had never until now been seriously impressed with his personality. She had seen the impulsive, demonstrative side of his nature, but its integrity and strength, its staunch chivalry and unselfish devotion, were something quite new to her—and it was with a feeling not unlike reverence that she heard his last words. A species of humility almost akin to love was gradually stealing over her.

"I am sorry," she said at last, but her voice this time was low and sweet. "I should have told you sooner."

"Told me what?" he exclaimed eagerly. "That you never could love me?"

"No, not that." His intensity was so great, so real, that she dreaded the future that seemed imminent in his face. She must give him hope, however slight, until time could soothe the vivid chords of his being; and until she could read aright the inmost thoughts of her own heart.

"What then?" was his question.

"Can you not suggest something

else? We have always been friends," she said.

"Promise me to remain free for a year? I will do my best and come back then," he said.

"Yes, *Monsieur le Docteur*, for one more year I will not love anyone, for one more year I will be free." And the tone filled his soul with music. The cloud was raised—the veil was lifted.

"And I will write," he said. "Will you answer?"

"Yes," was her quiet response.

"Yet, oh, *Mon Dieu!* Think of the weary months of waiting," was his comment, but his face had lost its sadness.

They stood together under the chandelier. He, excited, determined, passionate, with love in every look and gesture; but controlling himself by a strong effort—She, introspective, observant, wary; and yet with a warmer kindness toward her companion than she had ever felt before.

"I must go," he said at last. "Just a kiss to seal our friendship." And he threw his arm out to clasp her to him. But with one step backward she raised the hand that was held in his, and the kiss fell upon it—instead.

"Good-bye and God be with you," she said.

"And may He keep you until I return," was his prayer, "but shall I not see you again? There may be time enough to-morrow?"

"It would be better not."

She stood at the door and watched him descend the steps. Then he turned, and with a last look and a sweep of his chapeau he disappeared into the darkness.



CHAPTER XII

ON the day of the march the temperature was almost down to zero, and the sky a clear, pale blue. The order had been issued for the little column to be ready at nine o'clock sharp; and, cold as it was, the whole town was astir. Union Jacks were flying in honour of the occasion; and many peo-

ple were out on the street to witness the departure. The few days that had elapsed since the arrival of the *North King* had not passed idly away. A score of teams had been purchased. Long sleighs, bob-sleighs, carryalls, had all been secured, and many of them loaded with goods that Captain Payne had brought over the sea for the building and provisioning of the prospective fort. Then there were fur robes and blankets; kettles, pots and tins for the journey; stoves of all sorts and provisions for the men; fodder and blankets for the horses; as well as the reserve supply of ammunition, all packed in capacious sleighs, with drivers ready and horses snorting impatiently for the order to start.

Punctual to the minute, the companies lined up in the square by the Citadel.

Sleighs for Sir George and the officers, one for Helen and Harold and another for the soldiers' wives, were there in regular order. Then came the heavy sledges of the commissary department, and last of all the "bobs," containing the building supplies and ordinance outfit for the new fort at Penetang.

As the bell of the little old church on the hill struck nine a salute of two guns from the Citadel was fired in honour of the event. Adieus had all been said; hand-shaking was over; and as the shrill tones of the bugles sounded the order to march was given. Then the crowd cheered and the sleighs started upon their long journey; while the soldiers in heavy overcoats, marching in file, and brought up the rear.

For the commencement of such a journey the day was excellent. The roads were good, the snow well packed; and soon the procession of ponies and sledges commenced to swing along at a rapid rate.

"Put my coat collar higher, please," said Helen to her husband as they neared the outskirts of the town. Quick driving had made her feel the cold air more keenly.

"Will that do?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "It keeps the wind out. These hot bricks for the

feet are delightful. What a glorious day for a ride! But look at that big snow bank right in front of us! Bateese! don't upset us, please!"

"Bateese navare upset. Et is only de dreef," returned the Frenchman, and with a crack of his whip he circled around the sloping end of the bank as the other drivers had done before him.

It was not so nearly an upset as Helen imagined; but she breathed more freely when the huge pile of snow was behind them.

"Do we meet many drifts like that?" she asked a little timidly, for it was her first experience.

"Oh! dat is noting," replied Bateese, tossing his head, "but dere is a great big wan, high as yer head, right on de slope by de beeg hill, jess befor' you cam' to de lumber camp—Gar—he be a fine wan."

And the Frenchman cackled and cracked his whip again.

"Still we can pass it all right?" said Harold.

"Nevare can tell," returned Bateese, shrugging his shoulders. "It ees on de end of a heel, where two winds meet—an 'eet may be flat as de diable in de mornin'—an' so big at night dat you couldn't see ovare de top if you was ten feet high."

"How then do you manage?" inquired Helen, who, seeing a twinkle in the eye of Bateese, was regaining courage.

"Oh some tam you go 'roun', some tam over top after deegin' de snow awa—and some tam," he continued very impressively, "you make a tunnel—camp all night in de meedle—and deeg out on t'oder side next day."

"And what do you do with your horses while camping?" Harold asked, in an amused tone.

"Oh! dat's easy," replied Bateese with perfect gravity. "We jess deeg places for dem beside de camp—don't have go out in de cole to feed em. Dey eat snow for vater, and de leetle fire keep us all warm."

"That's a pretty good one, Bateese."

"Oh no, jess a leetle wan; tell you some more bime-by."

And the Frenchman's infectious laughter was joined in by both Helen and Harold as they scudded to the jingle of the sleigh bells merrily along the road.

In a couple of hours, the riders had left the heavy sledges and the soldiers far behind. They had passed the principal clearings. Open fields became less frequent, and the stretches of forest more continuous. Sir George had inquired minutely into the nature and difficulties of the road; and although he believed that the march for days would be outside of the war arena, he had sent forward a strong scouting party to reconnoitre.

The direction they were taking for the first part of the journey was almost due north, following the sleigh track, which finally joined the Truro-road along the banks of the Shubenacadie.

The troops and heavy sledges would come up later, but the order was to make the first halt at a lumber camp on their line of march, at which arrangements were already being made by the scouting party for their reception. By noon the Colonel's sleigh headed the file at the top of a long hill. Dr. Beaumont was with him.

"There it is!" he cried. "Yonder are the scouts."

"You know the place then?" said Sir George.

"Yes, I've often been here. Mr. Mackenzie has one of the finest lumber camps in Nova Scotia. See, he is out now talking to Sergeant Banks."

"A thrifty Scotchman, eh? I hope Banks has managed it. I would like the whole troop to dine at the camp without touching our rations. You can settle with Mr. Mackenzie afterwards," he concluded, turning to Captain Payne.

"It will be a great relief," returned the latter, "and give us a longer march this afternoon. Nothing like making a good start on the first day."

The Sergeant saluted as they drove up.

"Mr. Mackenzie, this is our Colonel," he said, touching his cap.

And a tall, massively built Scotch-

man, with shaggy hair and rugged features, grasped Sir George's hand warmly.

"Your men have been telling me about you, sir," he exclaimed. "I am glad to see you. You must a' be hungry after your cold ride. The cook's doin' his best to gie ye all a bite. Come right in. Your men can feed their horses at the stable. Guid sakes, you've got a leddy with ye! and some women folk too!" and he finished by doffing his hat gallantly to Helen.

"Yes, we are hungry and glad to call a halt, Mr. Mackenzie, and I know Mrs. Manning will be tired enough to rest."

Here Harold introduced his wife and the group went inside. The huge shanty was built entirely of logs, the inside walls hewed flat, the chinks filled with wood and then covered level with plaster. One side of the long wall was not more than six feet in altitude, but the opposite one was twice as high to allow for the sloping slab roof. Scattered along the two sides were a series of little windows, while in the far end a pile of dry logs was burning brightly in a huge fireplace. Dining tables of pine boards, supported on crossed sticks, stretched the length of the room and were already laden with platters and cups in preparation for the meal. The cross-head table was built in a similar manner, but instead of benches on either side, there was an array of chairs; and perhaps in honour of the occasion, clean white sheets were spread upon it for the coming meal.

The rough, homely comfort about the place seemed attractive after the cold drive, and elicited warm compliments from the Colonel.

"Oh, it will do for the woods," returned Mackenzie, good-humouredly. "We keep our men warm and comfortable and feed 'em well. The consequence is that they like the job; and every man of 'em is glad to come back to the camp when the season opens again."

"But does not the war interfere

with your work and make your men enlist?" the Colonel asked.

"Yes, sometimes, but it is a good thing to have a reputation. If peace was declared to-morrow, I could get twice the men I need. As it is, half the young men in the colony have listed. And yet I have all I want. But dinner is almost ready, so, Sir George, you and your men might put your things in my office here—and Mrs. Manning," he exclaimed with another bow, "I haven't got a leddy's boudoir, but if you're not afraid of an old bachelor's quarters, you might fix and rest yourself in my own den."

"I shall be only too glad," returned Helen. "This big shanty is so comfortable I am sure I should be too warm if I kept my furs on."

"Well, just make yourself at home. You are welcome to any little thing I can do for ye. But, ma sakes, what became o' the other weemen?"

"Oh, they went off to the men's kitchen with their husbands," returned Sir George. "You know Corporal Bond and Private Hardman were of the reconnoitring party."

After closing the heavy doors of Mackenzie's den Helen laid her wraps upon his bed. Looking about her she soon discovered a mirror, and without delay arranged her hair. Then she washed in the pewter bowl and sat down in his arm-chair, the only seat in her room. Soliloquising, she began to realise what was before her. Through the little window she saw that the shanty was close to the woods, an impenetrable forest closing in on every side. Only half a day out from Halifax and, notwithstanding the presence of her husband, in a certain sense, alone. And if alone, when blessed with the rude comforts of the log camp and the generous cordiality of the owner, what must it be when out in the forest night after night through all the long months of the winter? There could be no shadow of turning now—no possibility of retreat. Still she did not lament. It was only that life seemed more tense—more binding—ininitely more positive and real!

A few minutes later Harold came for her, and they joined Mr. Mackenzie, Sir George and the officers at the head table in the big hall of the shanty. Their host placed Helen to his right hand and Sir George to his left; then the big gong sounded, and the shantymen in smock-frock and blue jean overalls filed in and took their places.

"That's a motley crowd, Sir George," said Mr. Mackenzie. They could easily be observed by the Colonel, for his seat commanded a view of the whole room.

"I see you have many nationalities here—German, English, Scotch, Irish, French," said Sir George.

"But Johnny Canucks are on top every time," was the answer. "They stand the work well and make fine lumbermen. They have their peculiarities though. See how they spread their molasses on their pork instead of their bread."

"Like the Dutchman sleeping on straw with his feather bed on top of him."

"Or the Irishman with his potatoes and point."

"Yes, but the French and the Dutch make the most of it, while Pat contents himself with a joke."

"And on it he fattens," returned Mackenzie with a laugh. "But I tell you my men are well fed; the grub's rough but wholesome and we often eat a calf or a deer at a meal besides a pile of other stuff. Our table doesn't differ much from theirs either," he continued, "but to-day in honour of our guests, particularly Mrs. Manning and yourself, Sir George, I told the cook to make it extra fine. By George, he's sending us griddled tenderloin, roast turkey and stuffed partridges as well."

Then they had baked potatoes, cranberry sauce, saluratus cakes and tea.

"We've only got brown sugar, Mrs. Manning, I'm sorry to say," he continued, turning to Helen, "and unfortunately our coos are all dry."

"It's a genuine feast," returned Helen, "and I'm thirsty enough to drink anything." With an effort she controlled

the muscles of her face as she drank the beverage. Lumber-camp tea in those days was a nauseous drink to any one but the woodsmen themselves.

By-and-bye the meal was over, and Helen made a hasty run to the kitchen department to see what the women were doing. The lumbermen too filed out of the room to make way for the soldiers who at that moment were marching down the hill. They were hungry after their long tramp and did not require a second bidding when word came that the tables were ready.

In offering to settle for the meal so freely granted, the response was a surprise to Sir George.

"Take pay for a feed?" cried the Scotchman with a laugh. "Not much; I reckon we can stand it without smashing the camp. Thank ye kindly though."

"This is too generous altogether," was the protest.

"Not at all," replied Mackenzie. "Scotch bodies are canny, but when they say a thing they mean it."

"Well! We'll not forget you," said Sir George, as he grasped the generous donor by the hand. "Perhaps some day our turn will come."

Soon the teams were ready again, and several of the marching officers took the places of those who had ridden. The result was that Chaplain Evans was assigned to a seat in Helen's sleigh while Harold walked with his men.

"It can't be helped," said the Lieutenant as he gave his wife a momentary caress. "I will have to ride and march turn about until Quebec is reached. But you are in good company and there is no danger."

"Well," replied Helen, forcing a laugh, "absence will make your presence all the dearer, so good-bye, sweetheart."

"Until to-night," was his answer; and, throwing her another kiss, he placed himself at the head of his men.

"How much farther do we go to-day?" Helen asked of Sir George who came to speak to her for a moment before getting into his sleigh.

"About fifteen miles I think? We want to camp at Shubenacadie to-night. There will be accommodation in a settler's house for you and the women, but for the rest of us, the men will have to put up shanties and the sooner we get away the better. The scouting party went ahead two hours ago on snowshoes, so they will have them started when we arrive."

"But what after to-night?" said Helen.

"I'm afraid we'll have to camp, women as well as men," said the Colonel with a shrug; and stepping into his sleigh, the cavalcade started.



CHAPTER XIII

FOR more than an hour that afternoon the drive was rapid, the country less undulating and the road smoother. Still the way was always through the woods. Tall pines everywhere stretched skyward, while on the lowlands, ashes and elms spread out their grey branches, in vivid contrast to the evergreen above. Scrub oaks on the hillocks still carried the dead red leaves of the past year; while here and there a beech or a maple added its varied beauty to the winter landscape.

Although the road lay for miles along the banks of the Shubenacadie its waters could only occasionally be seen. Now and then a wider vista opened, and a bit of the dashing river, rendered free here and there by a more rapid current, added picturesqueness to the view. At other places the bed of the stream was covered with ice, save for an occasional rollway, where the lumberer had piled his saw logs thickly upon its broken surface.

The drivers had covered more than half the distance to the proposed camp, when they reached the top of a long ridge stretching out on either side. At the foot of the incline, a stranger sight than they had yet seen attracted their attention. It was a circle of Indian wigwams, in the lowest part of the valley, no doubt placed there to protect them from the winds that prevailed in the uplands. One of the

lodges was taller and broader than the rest, but in other respects they were alike and of the usual cone form.

In the centre of the circle was a huge log fire, around which was gathered a promiscuous lot of Indians, squaws and papooses, watching the approaching sleighs.

"Are these Indians always friendly?" the Chaplain asked of Bateese, as they gradually neared the little Indian village.

"Oui, Monsieur, yeess," was the answer. "Dey be Micmacs, and Micmacs goot Indians. Not like de Hurons, who scalp all de tam. But let white men cheat a Micmac, or run away wid heem squaw, den, by Gar, he have revanche. He follow dat man till he kill him wid his hatchet, den put him in de ground; and no wan ever heard of him no more."

"Whew!" exclaimed Helen with a little shiver. "They must be very good Indians indeed if they kill a man for cheating."

"Ah, Madame! So dey be; just treat Micmacs square and dey treat you square, too!"

"How do they build their wigwams?" the Chaplain asked. "They are very substantial looking."

"Vell, I tell you. I been in dem many's de time. Dey juss as warm as Madame's boudoir wid leetle stove in it. Dey make 'em of cedar poles, tight in groun' and fastened together tight at top. Den dey bind dem roun' all ovare wid strong green bark put on like shingles, and so close dat water can't get in. Dey make 'em in summare so it dry by wintare. Nex' dey put in straight spruce branches all over de outside and spruce green branches all over de inside—till it is like deh man from de contree—green all de way tru."

"Bateese, I didn't know you were so witty," exclaimed the Chaplain.

"Vel, by Gar, ef a man drive all de tam day after day all wintare long, most tam wid no wan to spoke to; an' 'is femme or ees fille a tousand miles away, ef ees no jess t'ink of someting funny he die."

By this time the chief with a number of his tribe were out on the road, and on the approach of Sir George's sleigh he threw up his right arm and shouted: "Kwa."

"Yer honour, the spalpeen means how do yez do?" said Pat in a low voice. Sir George's driver was a Hibernian.

"I'm very well, thank you," replied the Colonel, extending his hand. But the Indian ignored the proffered cordiality.

"Be jabbers, he can talk English, too, for I've heerd him," muttered Pat in a still lower key.

"Kwa wenin," next said the Indian, looking straight into the eyes of Sir George.

Pat this time remembered more fully, so he turned and spoke aloud, "He means, who are you? Tell him your name, Sir George, and he'll answer yez in English."

"Sir George Head, Colonel of the soldiers of the Great Father."

"It is well. White Bear—Chief of Micmacum tribum. Always everything two ways me speakum," replied the Indian in a dignified manner; while this time he accepted the hand of the Colonel, retaining it firmly in his own for some moments. The Micmacs, in their association with the whites, had made a strange jumble of the language. Still, White Bear's English being intelligible, a few minutes' conversation followed.

The Chief told him that he had seen the scouts already—and after telling him that Sir George and his soldiers were coming, they had gone ahead to prepare for the night's camp.

Evidently from the way the Chief and his braves strutted around, they had put on their best costumes in order to meet the representative of the Great Father.

The Chief was armed with a tomahawk, and dressed in full Indian costume, with leggings, moccasins, hunting shirt and wampum belt; but his head-dress, though of mink, was made

in civilised style. The men, who stood a few feet in his rear, were dressed in more nondescript fashion. Two or three had muskets and more than one hatchet and long knife could be seen beneath the blankets they wore. Further back, but outside the wigwams, the squaws were huddled together, and beyond them the children.

"Great Father send braves, Yankees you fightum?" said the Indian, feeling quite proud of his English.

"Not this time," said Sir George. "The Great Father sends his men to trade with the Indians up the Ottawa and on the great lakes toward the setting sun."

"Takum squaws too?" was the next question, with a side glance at Helen and the women in the next sleigh.

"Not many squaws," replied Sir George gravely. "Just enough to make the men behave themselves. More will come by-and-bye."

"When White Bear make bargain squaw nevil speakum," said the Indian, sententiously.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Manning?" cried the Colonel to Helen, who was near enough to hear the words of the conversation. "But we must drive on. I am glad to have met you, Chief!"

Again they shook hands; White Bear once more raised his right hand above his head as before, and, simultaneously, the band of Indians joined in the parting salutation of "Kwa."

The tone was so fierce and loud that all the women started. It sounded more like a war-whoop than an expression of good-will; and they were glad indeed to commence their journey again. But the Indians remained where they were until the last of the sleighs had passed. Then Sir George raised his busby in salute and, in answer to his courtesy, White Bear pulled off his mink skin and once more yelled "Kwa." Whereupon the sleighs quickened their speed to make up for lost time, while the Indians returned to their lodges.

TO BE CONTINUED

"TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY"

BEING THE RECORD OF A CHILD'S AFTERNOON

By MARY STEWART DURIE

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

—Wordsworth.



NE angel who trailed them sat in the middle of the croquet lawn, which was starred with yellow dandelions and mottled with the leafy shadows cast by a wide-branched, old linden tree, which grew at the south end of the lawn.

When the Angel looked up at the sound of a squirrel's chattering overhead, she could see nothing but dark, gnarled branches, and broad, round linden leaves green against the sunny blue of the sky. It was a pretty, pretty world and made, she felt half-consciously, for her particular benefit. She was only six years of age, so it is not surprising that her wings still remained invisible. Indeed, there were times within the memory of man when her nurse, Miss Betsy McGrath, late of Ireland, would have considered horns and a tail more fitting adjuncts to her small person than the angelic feathers; but these occasions were rare and happily brief.

In fact, the Angel was almost as clever at the dual personality business as the famous Dr. Jekyll himself. Cleverer, perhaps, when one comes to think of it, for there were three of her, to wit—the Angel, Her Satanic Majesty, and Mrs. Jerusalem.

Mrs. Jerusalem was the mother of a large and healthy family of dolls, and it was *she* (begging the Angel's pardon) who sat under the linden tree that fair summer afternoon. Her family were seated at a small, red-painted kindergarten table close by her side. They appeared to be partaking of a slight *déjeuner* while their parent watched anxiously for lapses in table etiquette. At the farther end of the table sat the eldest son of the fam-

ily, Jack, a rakish-looking youth whose costume and general appearance led one to believe that he had followed the sea in his early days. Evidently a sad dog, he slouched forward carelessly at the table and gazed with an impudently, supercilious expression at his sister Rosaline, whose white woolly locks suggested an Albino ancestry. Suddenly a dizziness seemed to seize the reprobate. He leaned over unsteadily to one side, and toppled completely, his china nose crashing ignominiously into his plate of jam.

"Jacky Jerusalem!" exclaimed his parent in horror-stricken tones, "is that the way a gentleman behaves at luncheon? Not when *I* was a little girl! Your manners is *servantly!*"

Mrs. Jerusalem rose hastily, her short white frock sticking out stiff and crumpled above a pair of fat, bare legs. She picked up her son who lay stunned, his head in his plate, and proceeded to administer justice in summary fashion. Her exertions made her quite red in the face, for not only was it incumbent on her to chastise the son of her bosom, but also to produce the wails suitable to the occasion.

"Naughty—naughty—naughty boys what falls into the jam don't never go to heaven!" she interjected, punctuating her words with chastening hand. The sawdust poured from a gaping wound in Jacky's arm, but he appeared indifferent. It was a tame ending to the scene.

A butterfly, all gold and brown, floated airily past her head. In a moment the rôle of Mrs. Jerusalem was cast to the winds, Jacky was flung prone to the earth, and the Angel was flying in hot pursuit of the delicate, lazily-moving creature. Up a long, sunny gravel path she chased it, her golden hair making a halo for her bare head, her wide, shade hat hanging

at her back by its elastic: down the shady lane that ran close to the back garden fence, where the rhubarb grew rank, and where crabapple trees spread their low, knotty branches wide, and reached across the picket fence and into the enchanted country of "next door."

The butterfly lighted at last on a fragrant spray of wild currant low enough for the Angel to reach. She whipped off her hat and pounced upon the trapping instinct which still lingers unabated in the human breast, but the flying thing eluded her and sailed away light-winged, leaving an eager, little, white-clad figure standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly at that point in the fence over which her prey had disappeared.

Where had he gone? Where did he live? Did he like being a butterfly?

The Angel picked a rhubarb leaf and fanned her small, flushed face with it, while she considered these unanswerable questions. She sauntered back to the lawn swinging her hat by its elastic. On the way, she brushed against a clump of spearmint that grew at the angle of two paths, and its spicy fragrance made her remember something—she could not quite remember what—something about chasing butterflies there before when she was quite a *tiny* child, oh, years ago!

It was warm. She flung herself down on the smooth grass of the lawn at the edge of the linden-tree's shadow, and lay blinking up at the sky with heavenly eyes. A delicate little cloud or two drifted peacefully in the blueness. Where did the little clouds come from? she wondered. Were they baby angels flying about and playing up there? Perhaps some day she would be a dear little white cloud—a truly little angel—if she were good, oh, very, very good, like the little girl that—

"Gabrielle! Gay! Where are you?" Jimmy McShane, the gardener's son, dropped agilely over the fence which divided the vegetable field from the garden, and came running towards the Angel. He was eight years old, and

wore a blue-checked gingham shirt, a trifle patched, and blue dennim knickerbockers suspended by real braces. His hair was sandy, his nose of the *rétroussé* variety, an altogether charming combination, to Gabrielle's mind. She admired him fervently, and Jimmy adored her. Their reasons for this mutual admiration differed widely—naturally.

The Angel admired Jimmy because of his age, which exceeded her own by two years; because he could climb trees and turn somersaults, and because he had freckles, which she considered a desirable form of facial adornment; whereas Jimmy adored the Angel because he was rarely allowed to play with her, because she considered his tree-climbing and somersaults as feats, and because in his small, reverent, Irish heart there was an inborn admiration and respect for "the Quality," to which august body, he had been assured many times by his father, "Miss Gabrielle" belonged.

"Gay," he called; "Miss Gay, where are ye, sure?"

"Here, Jimmy, Here!"

An alert and inquiring Angel, ready for any contingency, ran to him swinging her long-suffering hat.

"Pa's ather tellin' 'bout the circus, Miss Gay, an' I'm goin' till it this mortal minute. Come an' wid me, if ye like!"

Gay regarded him doubtfully, not sure of her subject.

"Where there's p'cessions?"

"No, no, sure the percessions is all over, but it's the circus, wid the sarpints an'—"

"And girrafts and campbells, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sure, an' bears and lines an' ladies that ate snakes, and everythin' else. Come an, Miss Gay!"

"Little girls can't go by theirselves to circuses, an' Mummy's away, an' Betsey won't let's."

"Aw, Miss Gay, you ast Betsey nice, ast her rale swate like, an' she'll let ye."

"You ask Betsey, Jimmy!"

"No, you ast her yerself, Miss Gay. Quick, there's a good girl!"

"No, *you*. Aw, Jimmy!"

She looked at him with appealing eyes, and he relented.

"Well, well—we'll count, and whoever it comes to 's got to ast her."

The Angel awaited the decision of the oracle with solemnity:

"Inty, minty, fig o' tay,
Il dil dominay;
Orky porky stole a rock,
Inty, minty, dickety dock.
O-u-t spells out."

"There, Miss Gabrielle, it's you has to ask Betsey, darlint."

The Angel's lip quivered ominously. "Betsey won't let me go. She's cross."

"Aw, well, niver mind, sure. Lave her alone thin an' we'll go ourselves."

This was a new and delightful alternative. Gay looked bewitched with joy. She laughed breathlessly.

"Let's!" she exclaimed, with a smothered little shriek of delight; and, catching hands, the pair ran down the shady avenue, and out at the old white gate, to the hot, dusty road, while their two hearts beat high with expectation and the perils of the enterprise.

The road was very long, very dusty, very warm.

"Will we soon be there, Jimmy?" Gay had enquired several times, repressing a tired little shake in her voice, but at last the happy hunting grounds had been reached. Crowds of people were streaming across a large field, where the great white circus tents lay in the blazing sun. Gay grasped Jimmy's hand nervously as they walked in the midst of the throng. As they neared the entrance to the largest tent a man with greasy black hair and a rasping, twanging voice, was calling out blatantly:

"Come, ladies and gentlemen, here's where you secure your programmes for the greatest show on earth. Buy a programme, ladies, that you may know what is going on and what is taking place!"

Something about the sound of the man's voice frightened the Angel indescribably. It was all so strange, so

foreign to her, this crowd, the queer people, the nasty voices. She clung to her protector's hand, wordlessly.

"Tickets please!" another strident voice was calling, just at the door of the tent.

"Tickets! Have your tickets ready, ladies and gentlemen!"

Tickets! Jimmy gasped. He had forgotten that one had to PAY. He caught Gay's sleeve and pulled her forcibly out of the crowd into an open space. He explained the situation sorrowfully, feeling himself a miserable failure, almost forgetting his own keen disappointment in trying to soothe hers.

"O Jimmy," she cried in a disappointed, bitter little wail, "I am so tired an' I didn't know I was till you told me about the tickets. An' my slipper hurts, but it hurts worse about the girafts and bears."

Jimmy choked back an inconvenient lump in his throat.

"Sure if yer little slipper's hurtin' yez, we c'n take it aff of ye. There sit down on the grass, Miss Gabrielle darlint, an' I'll take it aff for ye! Bare foot's the best, anny way. There!"

He removed with painstaking care a little dusty slipper, and Gay limped along wearily, one white stocking in the dust.

He had found a sheltered spot near a spare, cone-shaped cedar tree that grew opposite the lemonade booth, and leading the limping little Angel to it, seated her on the grass there. She was tired and very thirsty, but would not descend to the babyishness of tears. She knew now how thirsty poor Elijah must have felt, that time in the desert. Betsey had told her about him. Poor Elijah!

She wondered if, by any chance, he had had to sit opposite a lemonade booth when he was so thirsty, watching people drinking beautiful pink lemonade—a much more delicious and more *recherché* variety than Betsey or even one's mother could make. The Angel's spirits flagged. She had expected fairyland. The glamour which had surrounded circuses had vanished

entirely. It had all been a bitter disappointment.

Jimmy knitted a freckled brow in thought, while he pensively nibbled a stalk of grass. What was to be done next! Gay regarded him in forlorn inquiry.

"Jove!" exclaimed a manly voice behind them. "By jove, if that isn't Margaret Driffield's small sister. What under the sun—!"

"Valancey!" cried a small voice, brimful of joyous welcome, as the Angel cast herself precipitately upon the youth.

Valancey Roswell picked up the small, forlorn person, who clasped his clean linen collar with joyful abandon. Then he looked sternly down, and asked for explanations from the freckle-faced escort.

These must have proved sufficiently satisfactory, for in an incredibly short time Jimmy McShane found himself safely ushered past the greasy gentleman at the entrance who insisted so cruelly upon people's producing tickets, and seated on a delightfully uncertain circus grand stand, by Valancey Roswell's side.

As for Her Satanic Majesty, she sat, wreathed in smiles, on the accommodating Roswell's knee, gazing about her with wicked enjoyment. Such a lark! What would Betsey say, if she could see her now!

The clowns were charming. She could not always quite catch what they said, but it made her laugh anyway. She was distracted to know which ring to watch, for there were three rings. Whether to watch the elephant who was having his tea and not behaving very well,—just like the young Jerusalems, or whether to watch the lady in green who was about to slide from the top of the tent by her teeth, or whether to watch the ponies. Ah yes! she loved the ponies, and the tight rope ladies, but best of all—(oh far best!) did she love the Queen of Sheba.

This lady came in towards the end of the performance. First, King Solomon and his retainers, and his dancing girls, then camels and riders, and

slaves waving feather fans, and *then* the Queen of Sheba, gorgeously apparelled in green and pink sateen, flashing with tinsel and tin sequins. Gay drew a long breath of supreme satisfaction. A real princess, like those in the fairy tales.

"Superfine lemonade
In the shade. Ten cents!"

The pink lemonade was coming around on a tray, the glasses clinking deliciously.

Jimmy looked appealingly at Gay. "Pink lemonade and popcorn!" he whispered, but Gay's thoughts refused to come to earth!

She turned with adoring eyes from her heroine to Roswell.

"Valancey, dear, isn't she *sweet*? Did you ever see such a pretty person before?"

Valancey bit his lip and looked in the distance for inspiration.

"Never!" he said fervently.

But the Angel hardly heard his reply. She was watching the pageant with rapt expression. One idea dominated her, the glory of being the Queen of Sheba in a circus. She had decided upon a career for herself.

Conversation flagged on the way home. Gay was pondering deeply as Roswell carried her in his strong arms. There was Betsey McGrath still to be appeased. As Roswell put the child down at the gate she tucked a warm little hand into his confidingly. She hoped for his protection against Betsey's onslaughts.

"Valancey, dear, you were sweet to take us. Come up and see Margaret," she said.

One strapped slipper was still missing and she was very tired, but—what did it matter? She had been to fairyland and her soul was satisfied.

The Jerusalem family were still seated under the linden tree when the wanderers returned. A wild-eyed Betsey met them half-way down the avenue, and caught the Angel to her ample and starchy bosom.

"Aroon!" she murmured, "is it back ye are to yer] owld Betsey, darlint.

Come wid Betsey an' have yer teas, my blessed lambs!"

"Betsey, dear, I love you very much!" whispered the Angel, her head pillowed against Betsey's apron-bib.

This was her outward speech. The true inwardness of her thoughts at that

moment was otherwise.

"Be good and you will be lonely," says Mark Twain.

"If you are only naughty *enough* your nurse (even if it's Betsey) will forget to be cross to you," thought the Angel.

THE PRISONER OF BAALBEK

By JAMES W. FALCONER



RANT had suddenly displayed an unexpected zest for bargaining. The cause of his former silence was the Syrian fever, induced partly by an intemperate use of Turkish Delight, his favourite sweetmeat; and until we crossed the Lebanon my companion had denied himself the Eastern relaxation of beating down the Turk. Perhaps the whiffs of winter had revived him, and the unwonted grandeur of the ascent past Brummana into the highlands, where the rivers of Syria had their snowy homes, and where cedars grew.

The railway journey from Beirut was the slowest on record, 16 miles in four hours; but no lover of the beautiful could complain that it was too slow. The mosques and the American college, the trees and white houses, the ill-fated quarantine ground, all stood out in the earlier ascent. On the more elevated hillside a mingling of greens added to the scenery. The darker hue of the flat-roofed mulberry, whose leaf, changed into silk, would ere long adorn some Parisian beauty, vied with the light green of the grapevine whose juices would fire the wit of that Parisian's courtier; and these greens with the red tiles of the houses gave colour to the landscape.

As we passed out of the realm of human labours into the abode of Nature's bolder work, a whirlpool of mountain-peaks seemed to be encircling us. Deep scars were visible on

the lofty rock walls. Sudden droppings of precipices, and the empty spaces of former hills, suggested the battle scenes that Milton dreamt of, when Satan waged his war on Heaven and

"Sidelong pushed a mountain from his seat."

Emerging upon the open side again, we beheld far below us the clearly traced shore line, and the blue of the Mediterranean, whose waters to the further west were lost in the haze of the sky, and joining the vault of heaven seemed to rise up to the atmosphere we breathed, which now was crisp and keen, cooled over these eternal snows.

All this revived Grant, so that when we arrived at El-Ma'allaka he was a new man. There was much noise and movement about the station, which was filled with passengers to and from Damascus, while a few, like ourselves, were waiting to go by carriage to the famous ruins of the temple of Baalbek. The table was a credit to the station-mistress. Among those who enjoyed the meal were several of the normal type of tourists, a captain of the Turkish infantry whose pock-marked face was marvellously illuminated when he mentioned the beauty of his native Damascus, and a youth from Jerusalem who had donned all of the costume of the West, some of its language and very little of its courtesy. His familiarity was preparing him for a fall. During the service of dried figs,

more like the "naughty figs" of Jeremiah than to our taste, Grant slipped out unnoticed to interview the livery-men in the yard; and such was his success that on my appearance the platform was the centre of what in our undemonstrative West would be called a riot. There was evidently an uprising of charioteers.

"Only ten francs to the Temple." This was the sentence which rose shrill and clear above the hubbub of sounds; and at its delivery a fresh outbreak of voices, cracking of whips, and wild gestures. The usual price, including the return journey, was twenty francs for each person; and the guild of unsuccessful applicants was indignant.

But Grant was calm: his triumph was kingly. The fever had departed. He was tasting a new kind of "Turkish Delight."

True, our carriage was not of the best, and jolted as if quite conscious of the bargain; the horses seemed to catch the spirit of the carriage, while the driver would stop every now and then to take in some straggler by the way, pleading as his excuse that each was his brother. However, we arrived in the early afternoon in time to visit the Temple, and with the pleasurable knowledge that it was the cheapest trip of the journey.

In a few hours we had finished our inspection and had turned to the hotel on the eastern slope, discussing as we went the labour involved in the quarrying and moving of the giant stones, and that labour now a waste, a haunt for the antiquary to sport in.

While we talked of the temple ruins a woman came towards us, tall and bold of form, with the customary looseness of attire and a shawl on her head. The sun shone dark on her burnished face, the same light which farther west was colouring the snows of the Lebanon with a rosy hue. The face was uncommon for the East; the hair and eyes were fair, and a flush passed up and down the cheek. As we waited for the inevitable "Backshish," a voice spoke in purest English: "You look at ruined temples, but there are more

ruins here than the temple of the Sun." The eye flashed, and the words were fierce, only as they died away the fierceness gave place to a deep sadness, as when the infant's petulant cry of anger tones off into the low wail of one broken-hearted.

"How do you speak English so well?"

"It had been well for me had I known no other tongue."

"You speak in mystery."

"It is no mystery to me, but only misery."

"What troubles you, good woman?"

She waited, scanned our faces and, as if satisfied, made answer:

"Will you listen if I tell my story? It can be of no avail—I must remain; but the telling of it will relieve me; and when you hear it you will know that there are other broken things in Baalbek besides the fallen pillars."

"We will gladly hear you, and help you also if we can." So Grant encouraged her; for he was kind and easily moved to pity. The following was her tale:

"I spent my childhood in the Province of Nova Scotia, on a farm remote from the sound of railroad, and far from any meeting-house or village. My parents had migrated from Scotland and, being too poor to buy a farm, had gone inland to cut out a home from the native wilderness. After devoting every moment to their toil they earned the reward which honest effort seldom fails to receive, so that in my time the landscape had been transformed. My father had made all the improvements himself, following the method of home production. The wooden cottage was built from our own trees and, though there were some faults in the sills, these were concealed in winter by the annual banking of the tan bark, while in summer my mother planted along the edge her flowers, of which she loved most of all the lupins and the bleeding-heart. I used to pick these to pieces and wonder if hearts could really bleed. The fields of grain and grass, alternating with crops of roots, were my father's

pride, and he would tell of the cart-loads of stones which had gone to make the farm the richer, and which were now used for the front wall along the roadside. He had cleared, burnt and stumped every acre of the fair hillside. And it was an object worthy of his joy, though the world has scant admiration for the heroes of the soil who recover the forests and drain the swamps.

"But success had claimed its wage, and, by degrees, work, like a slave-master, had bound him over by a fast contract. The struggle was impressed on him and my mother, even as on yonder stones of the temple you watched the chisel marks of the past. Sometimes they would rebel against their fate, but their protest was in vain, so that when years brought affluence and a prospect of lessening the tension, the time for such relief was ever postponed. My mother was not of the ordinary type, being the supplement rather than the complement of my father. She had not limited her efforts to the female duties of the farm, and the chores about the yard, but had loved to work in the woods and the fields. They were both chips of some harder block, and the stream of a common work had worn them into one shape.

"They treated me as a member of another state from theirs. My girlhood was passed in ease, free from that incessant toil which followed them. Every stone they lifted from my path; and, while in my heart I knew that their care of me was a labour of love, yet my rebellious nature would whisper that all was due to their love of labour. My parents had given me leisure, but had not furnished me with the social necessities of leisure, so that I was a creature living without an atmosphere. My world was uninhabited. I was a foreigner at home. They gave me all that care could give; they could not give companionship. They were prisoners of labour, and I was a flippant child of ease; and we passed our lives in closest separation. Most of all was it tedious in the long win-

ters, when the snow came in November and blocked the road, while it was well on in May ere the frost had heaved out of our slaty soil. Mails were irregular; visitors were very rare. I chafed against my lot. I only faintly perceived their love. I rebelled against their labour."

A pause came in the story, as she looked to the distant hilltop, and then continued:

"Into that silent anarchy of our home an agitator came. I can remember so well watching him as he climbed the road. His figure was unusual and could not be mistaken. The stalwart form only partially concealed the traits of his class, for the swing from side to side, and the stoop of the head revealed him to be one of those pedlars who crowd our Province in such numbers. His manner was as striking as his form. A soft accent and pleasant smile put him at once on good terms with his company.

"He came with our December storm, and that winter it was impossible to move for many days; and into our snowbound home he brought great pleasure. He told of the romances of the Middle Sea, of the thrilling tales of Druse and Meronite; of the beauty of Damascus, the river Barada and the slopes of the Lebanon. He stirred my mind with the Scripture prophecies of the time when the nations of the earth would return to the land of promise at the second advent of the Saviour to this world. He told of a large estate of his family near Baalbek, into which he would enter when his father, now aged, had passed away. He told of more than one "Temple of the Sun." Thus he gave me my atmosphere; peopled my silent world. He entered my realm and became my king. Enough to say that ere the last snows fell that winter we were married, and escaped together to our 'Promised Land.'"

Another furtive glance over her shoulder, and she read our thought, "What of your farm and heritage?"

"Yonder is my home;" and she pointed to a field of several acres on the distant hilltop, where slight

patches of green were visible. "That is our farm. I am its keeper. Within the room he dwells who brought me; and our heritage is all but gone. He is a lover of indolence, and I am the reluctant slave of labour. Often do I wonder at my parents, and at the irony of events that I should by force be driven to their calling. I have so often asked if there is not something in the blood that has transmitted it. Doth fate ever follow people thus? So still I rail at work; and when I think of the curse of the land I wonder what murder I am guilty of. Is it my parents' character that I have killed?"

When she stopped Grant questioned her as to her return home.

"Who can escape the passport system of this land of captivity? Besides, he watches and will soon call for me. I go back to my lot; and of late I have been regarding it a little more kindly. I recall the glow that would brighten my mother's brow when a day's work was accomplished, and my revolt passes into submission. I begin to feel that I am more their child than formerly. Their spirit, though late, is passing into me. And amid it all I remember the words of a perfect child

who was one with His Father, and who said, 'My Father worketh hitherto and I work.' I think, too, of the motto that hung over our mantel-piece at home: '*Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.*' Then I cease my flippant ways and check my complaint."

The shrill voice of a man cried out: "Marie," and with no farewell she had gone. The sun began to set; the Lebanons, that were so rough in daytime, passed through that wondrous range of colours that repeats itself each evening in the East, and the ruins of the temple seemed to hear the message of the old sun god, and the six pillars stood out as if no destruction had ever entered, while a ray of gold followed the woman as she hurried off.

In the morning early our coachman called and asked the prepayment of the fare, that he might settle with the inn-keeper. We gave him the stipulated ten franc piece. He took it and chuckled, and said he would not drive us back to the railway until we paid another.

"It only meant one way."

THE FUTURE CALLS UPON THE EMPIRE

By DOUGLAS KERR



AT the present time there are serious reasons why Canadians should consider well before accepting the words of Mr. John Morley in his recent visit to our country, when he warned us against paying any practical heed to European politics. If we, in Canada, are to make any account of our connection with the Empire, we must of necessity recognise the Empire's inevitable relation and ever-shifting responsibilities all over

the world. Great Britain has ever to face new situations as a world-wide power, and of late has had to adjust herself to changing conditions and redistribute her forces to meet these. In this latest redistribution of her military and naval armament Canada is involved; and the effect is ostensibly felt in the withdrawing of the garrisons from Halifax and Esquimalt, and the removal of her fleet from our Atlantic and Pacific waters.

In spite of Mr. Morley's warning we

may glance across the Atlantic and see the cause of these imperial decisions. Too heavy an expenditure on military upkeep is creating even in the Conservative Government of Great Britain a desire to curtail in some form the burden of taxation. And the menace of Germany's naval ambitions is awakening such concern in the Old Country that the concentration of Great Britain's only European arm of strength near home is made absolutely necessary.

If we further enquire into the causes of German naval growth we shall find a state of affairs which calls upon the people of Canada to take a livelier interest in the affairs of the European Continent. While these affairs necessarily lie beyond the range of the average reader's immediate interest, no observer of European politics can view with disregard the tendency on the part of Russia and Germany to walk hand in hand. In Russia there always has been a dearth of freedom of political thought and necessarily a dearth of freedom of thought in general. But till lately it was not recognised that also in Germany—once the home of original literature and research, there is setting in a reaction in favour of absolutism, which under the present régime bids fair in time to equal the present sterility of freedom of the neighbouring Empire. In Russia the artificial means of suppressing even thoughts of constitutional government have so long been in practice that their danger to civilisation passed unnoticed. But the tendency in Germany is recent. It is only lately that experienced observers and writers have noted the certain trend of the Emperor of Germany towards absolutism. The machine-like precision which has marked this retrograde evolution has helped considerably to keep the eyes of the world blinded, but recently most alarming lights have been thrown on the designs of the reigning houses of Russia and Germany and their adherents.

We can only instance in evidence a few of the significant episodes. It is well known that Germany, that is the

Kaiser, has guaranteed the peace on Russia's German frontier if the Czar finds it necessary to withdraw the garrison there for Far Eastern purposes. This does not only mean no invasion of Russian territory, it means the overawing of the Russian Poles. What may not be so well-known is that recently the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg asked for, and was granted, Russian decorations for German policemen, who had been instrumental in bringing to book certain enemies of the Czar in Germany. A little and a great incident which proved the hand-in-hand policy of these two Governments.

In the several self-governing nations within the reach of Russia's land arm, the minions of autocracy are making themselves felt. Pressure on the Government of Sweden was lately brought to bear on the editor of an anti-Russian journal. The police of Holland have been doing the bidding of the Chief of the Secret Service at St. Petersburg. The most recent information goes also to prove that the Danish Parliament realises the danger of the situation by its taking cognisance of the manufacture of munitions of war for Russia within the Danish Government factories.

Now let us look at a few of the indications of the trend of Emperor William's personal policy. What the police of Russia do this astute ruler does personally; he undermines, or tries to undermine, the constitution of every free State within his reach, never forgetting that first and foremost his own subjects must be deprived of their constitutional rights. Already he has a natural weapon to use. The methodical and systematic nature of the German people make it easy for him to unconsciously mould the public service, and semi-public service, into a great automatic machine, with which he hopes in time to crush the free-thinkers, writers and workers into a recognition of his own supreme authority. This heedlessness of the constitution has answered his purpose so well at home that he has tried, and in

some cases successfully, to use the same methods in his dealings with foreign States. His Bagdad Railway scheme, and his drawing Britain into co-operation against Venezuela, are instances of his desire and power to ignore and override constituted authority even in Britain, for the British nation on these two matters were not consulted. There is still darkness, and always will be, as to how these affairs actually came to a head without previous Parliamentary discussion. In the one case the people realised in time the deep-laid scheme, in the other only after they had made themselves the laughing-stock of the world.

But what does this artificial building up of power portend? Why are Russia and Germany walking together? Let us take the latter question first. The Czar and the Kaiser must, from geographical necessity, either be a danger to one another or become firm friends. Personally Emperor William has a vast influence over the weaker Nicholas, and one can almost see his impetuous diplomacy being carried out through his agent at the Czar's Court. That there is a very good understanding as to whose commerce may at the present juncture be harassed by Russia, nobody doubts. Certainly the schemes emanating from St. Petersburg for the annoyance of British and American shipping, savour much of German intelligence and method.

So these two monarchs are joining hands from reasons of policy and of mutual interest, and from a fear of the influence of the free-thinking countries of France and England. As Poland was swallowed, so do these two monarchs hope in time to swallow up more peoples. It is in the blood of the German and of the Muscovite this desire to Germanise and Russianise. To do that successfully there must be no voice of the people within the State. For either Russia or Germany to have an opposition, such as the British Government had during the Boer War, would mean an end to the ambitions of the Czar and Kaiser. There is no influence behind the German throne. Be-

hind that of Russia there is supposed to be the power of the Grand Dukes; but only time will show which is the real mover of the millions of the Czar, whether his cousins the Dukes or his friend the Emperor William.

Whether successful in the East or not Russia will press north and west, as Norway and Sweden with all too good reason fear. And a glance at the map of Europe will show that Germany can hardly content herself with her present northwestern boundary; for to the average German it seems anomalous that her chief commercial waterway, the Rhine, should find outlet to the sea through Dutch territory. The only two powers who will resist these movements, first politically, and then, if needs be, physically, are France and England. At present these are the bulwarks of European liberty, and if Europe is not to become the plaything of Russia and Germany, and all its races subjected to their influence, the Anglo-French *entente* must be recognised and strengthened by the moral support of the great North American people. Already we have seen an unconscious instinct of common danger drawing these two old enemies together. Frenchmen recognise very vividly the impending danger creeping out of the near East. There is a note of gladness, almost of relief, over the friendliness of the two peoples. The erasing of difficulties has nothing to do with this feeling of new strength. It is there; and, unconscious though it be, there must be something to cause jubilation. Peoples do not at once grasp the situations they are in. History shows that common interests and existences are unconsciously felt before being publicly recognised.

In the present light of European affairs can Canadians afford to think with Mr. John Morley? We say most emphatically, no. At this time, when England is preparing herself internally and abroad to meet a crisis in her existence, it behoves Canadians to morally and materially help the Empire, not alone for the sake of Empire, but for the preservation of what is best in

Europe and what must ultimately be best for our own Dominion.

In the eyes of the whole world Canada recognised and was forward to the rescue when Britain's cause and honour were at stake in South Africa; and a more recent expression of unity and sympathy in the response of our citizens to the appeal of one of our great newspapers in connection with

the cry of the poor in the Motherland shows how deep and strong is the present desire of Canada for the well-being of our common heritage. Why then should not intelligent Canadians look with interest and, if need be, with concern, on the future of Britain, and discern the signs on the European horizon and elsewhere, which must ere long chequer the path of Empire?

THE TAXATION OF FRANCHISES

By ALAN C. THOMPSON



THE application of steam and electricity to transportation has greatly increased and cheapened travelling facilities and the conveyance of merchandise. With every extension of our railway system demand has kept pace; settlements often precede their projection, and then clamour for their construction. Nothing perhaps has contributed more to the settlement of our waste places and the spread of modern civilisation than the ease and cheapness with which men and things can be carried from place to place. With the development of this and numerous other services, such as the distribution of gas, water and electricity for light, power and heat, has grown up a class of corporations whose business it is to carry on these public services for their own profit. Although many of these conveniences were all but unknown within the memory of persons still living, they have come to be regarded as absolutely essential to the comfort and well-being of the community.

It was natural that, when first projected, in a new and sparsely settled country like Canada, the enterprising citizens who promoted such undertakings should be liberally aided by the public, and certainly no corporation has any such cause of complaint for the lack of assistance or because of a

grudging or bargaining spirit manifested on such occasions. The aid took various forms; sometimes they were granted exemption from taxation, but more often they obtained money or lands, and not infrequently both. In the very rare cases where no bonus or exemption was accorded them they got the privilege or franchise for their business as a free gift.

In the early days of these enterprises it was usually considered that the franchise itself was of no value; and those who were public-spirited enough to risk their money and energies in developing the country in this way were conferring the favour. As, however, the country grew in population, and greater strides were made in opening up and developing our resources, it became apparent that the mere right to carry on these public services had a monetary value varying with the kind of service, the population, and the fertility of the area tributary to it. This value first became recognised in the case of privileges connected with our cities and towns, and the municipal authorities, always impecunious, viewed with a hungry eye the untaxed privileges of the corporations. In consequence of the development of these values being more recent than the various acts which determine the rights of taxation of our municipalities, the law was

vague and obscure. The courts were applied to and, with that liberality of construction with which the law appears always to be interpreted when the interests of private corporations are opposed to that of the public, it was held that the franchise was not a tangible property, but of the nature of good-will, and therefore exempt.

That this decision is not based upon facts is apparent when it is considered that while a good-will is extremely difficult to transfer effectively, there is no trouble about the transfer of a franchise, and its transfer absolutely secures to the holders all the profits of the privilege; while cases are on record of franchises being sold for large sums immediately upon their being granted, and before anything was done to develop them. So far there appears to have been no attempt to reopen the question, or even to get the opinion of the Privy Council on the matter, though for many reasons in addition to those given above it is probable that the decision is not good law, as it certainly is bad policy and contrary to common-sense.

A franchise may be defined as the right of using public property for private gain. This public property invariably involves the use of land in some form. A franchise then is not good-will, but the right of using land, and is virtually a leasehold, and to all intents and purposes is real estate. In England, for the purpose of taxation, it is so classed, and there is little doubt that were the courts again called on to consider the case they would find the existing assessment acts of the various provinces quite wide enough for their taxation. A conservative estimate of the value of the franchises of Canada which at present escape taxation is \$240,000,000. This, at the average rate of taxation, would yield a revenue to the municipalities served, or rather controlled by them, something like \$4,000,000 a year. It is little wonder then that the taxation of franchises is one of the live questions of municipal government, and already several of the states of the American Union have

adopted the principle, and the taxation of franchises form part of their recognised source of revenue. The State of New York passed an act for this purpose as early as 1900.

Those who advocate the taxing of wealth or value wherever found should require no convincing that this immense value should no longer escape. While those who contend that privilege alone should be taxed see in franchises a great source of public revenue hitherto untapped, and one, too, which will reduce rather than increase the burden which industry has to bear. A serious difficulty, however, appears to meet us at the very outset: that is the finding of a satisfactory method by which to determine the value of a franchise. There are many different kinds of franchises; some, like the Toronto Street Railway's, are exclusive monopolies, others, like some steam railways, have more or less competition from other lines. Then there are gas companies who, though they have no opposition from other gas companies, are yet subject to the competition of electricity. The length of time the franchises have to run is an important factor in the value; some are perpetual, others are limited to a term of years, in which case the value will grow less and less as the term draws to a close. All these considerations have a direct bearing on the selling value of the franchise, but have absolutely nothing to do with its value for the purpose of taxation. The taxable value should be based upon the earning power of the privilege, and can readily be ascertained by capitalising the net earnings at the current rate of interest and deducting the actual capital invested; this will give the value of the franchise. Thus if a company have \$100,000 invested in an electric lighting plant, and after paying all expenses are earning \$15,000 a year, this capitalised at 5% would represent a value of \$300,000; by deducting the actual capital invested of \$100,000, we find that the value of the franchise is \$200,000.

In this way the question of compe-

tion or the time the franchise has to run would not be a factor in the estimate, but simply its earnings for the current year. The next year, if competition cut down the earnings or the increase in population added to them, the assessment should be varied accordingly. So far from a terminable franchise being of less and less value as it approached its expiration, it would grow more and more valuable if, as is usually the case, the population kept on increasing.

It is this fact, that the value depends on the presence of the people, that is the strongest argument for the taxing of these privileges.

The value is a public value; it is created by the people, not by the operators; and every increase in population or in their wealth and intelligence, adds to it. It is essentially a land value and, like every other land value, gets a direct benefit from the expenditure of public money and the existence of good municipal government. Gas companies must use public streets for their mains; the telephone and telegraph companies must have ground in which to plant their poles or bury their wires; the electric and other railways must use land for their rails, and without the use of land they would all be as helpless as a man in mid-ocean. It is sometimes claimed on behalf of railways that these lands are of no more value than the adjoining farm land, and that their right-of-way could be duplicated at the same cost per acre as the adjoining farm, and, therefore, they should not be assessed at any higher figure. But this is not true, for without their franchise they would have no right to cross the public highways, and without this their property would be simply a series of disjointed strips, valueless alike for railway pur-

poses or agriculture. Again, it is urged that where a corporation pays for their franchise, either by a lump sum or by an annual rent, they should not be asked to pay taxes. But the question is not how they got it, but what is it worth? and there is no more reason for exempting them on the score of purchase than for exempting the purchaser of a lot from the municipality. The city of Toronto owns the island that forms the harbour, and leases ground to tenants; but though they pay rent to the city, this does not exempt them from city taxes and, though the rent is fixed for a term of years, the tax on the land is increased with every increase in the land value. The principle of taxing land values is a part and parcel of our municipal system, consequently it is only necessary to establish the fact that franchises secure the right to use land, to prove that they are really included within the scope of our present system of taxation, and that they have been up to the present escaping their fair share.

No doubt this view of the case will be combatted by the beneficiaries of the present interpretation of the law, but even if this view is wrong it is no reason why the law should not be amended. Nothing in legislation is so thoroughly understood as that our system of taxation is subject to change without notice and without compensation to the interests adversely affected. If then the public interests demand the taxation of these values, and this is generally conceded, any doubt of the legality of such a proceeding should be dissipated by such amendments as shall make it absolutely clear, and make franchises liable to assessment at their full value based upon their earning capacity.



Current Events Abroad.

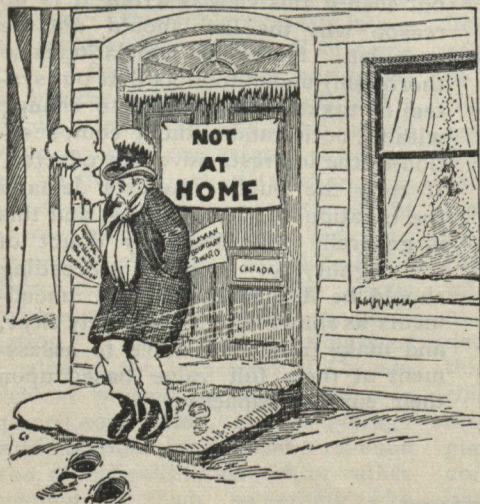
IT needs no prophet to predict that politically Russia cannot always remain as it is. The tendency towards self-government is as certain in a community as is the desire of the individual to order his own life in his own way. It is to little or no purpose to say that the Russian peasant is dull, unambitious and unenterprising. That is all true; and if there was to be no change until the moujiks brought it about, the Czar might sleep soundly in his palace. The populace of St. Petersburg, however, if the army got out of hand, would be quite competent to overturn the dynasty, and the myriad-headed peasantry would hear of it in such a vague and distant way as to be practically unmoved by the intelligence. If the icons in the corners of their dwellings, with

the sacred lamps burning before them, gave no sign, they would consider that all was well. Everything, therefore, depends on the fidelity of the Imperial guards and the disposition of the workmen of St. Petersburg. Both are drawn from these same icon-worshipping peasants. In their rural seats their good-nature, thoughtlessness and stolidity are proverbial. Has city life changed these characteristics? The Nihilist propagandists are undoubtedly in their midst prompting them to disorder and revenge.



Had the Czar possessed the bonhomie and quick tact which our own Richard displayed when he ranged himself at the head of Wat Tyler's men, after that disturber had been slain, and offered himself as their leader and champion, it would not have been necessary to record the slaughter of the late unhappy Sabbath. But the Czar is evidently not such a man. He appears to have resented Father Gopon's demand much in the spirit that an upstart *nouveau riche* would resent a demand for a conference by his coachman. Autocracy should always be open to receive the petition of those over whom it rules by Divine authority. Peter the Great's description of himself as the autocratic monarch, who has to give an account of his acts to no one on earth, but has a power and authority to rule his states and lands as a Christian sovereign according to his own will and judgment, does not, it is true, leave a loophole for the idea that he should in any way consult his people or listen to their cries. And the attitude of his successors has ever been that the Russian people

THE RECIPROCITY QUESTION



THE CAUSE OF THE COLD WEATHER

(Uncle Sam doesn't seem to find the latchstring out at Miss Canada's front door. But he must make it clear that he means business, and is able to take a reciprocal view.)

—Record-Herald (Chicago)

are the useful instruments by which the political aims of their rulers are to be accomplished.



But personal rule logically implies that the ruler must admit the ruled to personally state their grievances or desires to him. In so vast an Empire as Russia such a method of learning the complaints of the people is, of course, impracticable; but when a portion of his subjects desire to avail themselves of that means of communication he should have respected their wishes at any hazard. The word hazard, however, may supply the keynote of the refusal. The Czar cannot at any time meet a miscellaneous number of his people without incurring great danger. When it is possible to carry in a form not much larger than an orange enough destructives to blow a ponderous state carriage into the air, what security would the Czar have that some Czolgozs would not take advantage of the admission of the rabble to an audience to wreak the murderous commissions of the Nihilists upon him? The painful fact is that while the young monarch is the Little Father (Batushka) to millions of his subjects, to a few others he is the tyrant whom it is a duty to destroy.



There is a strange fascination in watching the course of events on the Neva just now. It seems to some of us that we are witnessing the enactment of a drama which we read years ago in the fervent prose of Thomas Carlyle. It is a repetition, but on an immeasurably vaster scale, of the experience of seeing at the theatre the dramatisation of an interesting novel which has been in everybody's hands. The invariable impression is that it is now and then compared with the story, and these workmen's riots on the streets of St. Petersburg, Lodz and Warsaw bear the same relation to the epic of Carlyle. They indicate the mere clumsy passions of the coarsest texture of human nature compared with the re-

ONE VIEW OF MR. BALFOUR



MR. FACING BOTH-WAYS

I'm not for Free Trade, and I'm not for Protection;
I approve of them both, and to both have objection.

—*Westminster Budget*

finer malignity and theatric rage that conceived at once the feast of the Supreme Being and the daily journeys of the tumbrils to the guillotine. It is presumptuous on the part of us who are so far from the scene, and amid facts so foreign to us, to pass an opinion of what is to be the end of all this, but it is not rash to conclude that the power of autocracy has been more shaken in the past two months than in the past 200 years. Within that period it has lost reputation for the one quality for which alone it might be endured, namely, efficiency. The power that humbled the Swedish conqueror at Pultowa, which drove in irretrievable ruin across the Beresina the greatest warrior the world has ever seen, at the head of the most formidable host the world has ever seen created a glamour that dazzled subject and non-subject alike. The power that is humiliated on land and sea by a little-considered race of dwarfs, and that admittedly is unprepared, ill-organised, and even lacking in patriotism, has

THE GREAT QUESTION IN SPAIN



ALFONSO SEEKS A BRIDE

—Life (New York)

been unveiled and discovered for what it really is—a corrupted and arrogant oligarchy with a weak princeling at its head. It has produced nowhere the strong, dominant figure that towers above the weltering sea of humanity and controls its tides. Not even a Mirabeau. One voice alone rises above the din—the voice of Tolstoi, a second John the Baptist, but he prophesies of no coming saviour, but asks his countrymen to turn their eyes backward on the lowly Nazarene and find in His life and example an escape out of the slough in which they are mired. But his words are read by a hundred to whom they are not addressed for every one to whom they are. The Russian peasant is more concerned about where he is to get his next surfeit of vodka, and lights the lamp before his ikon when the day after headache and repentance comes.



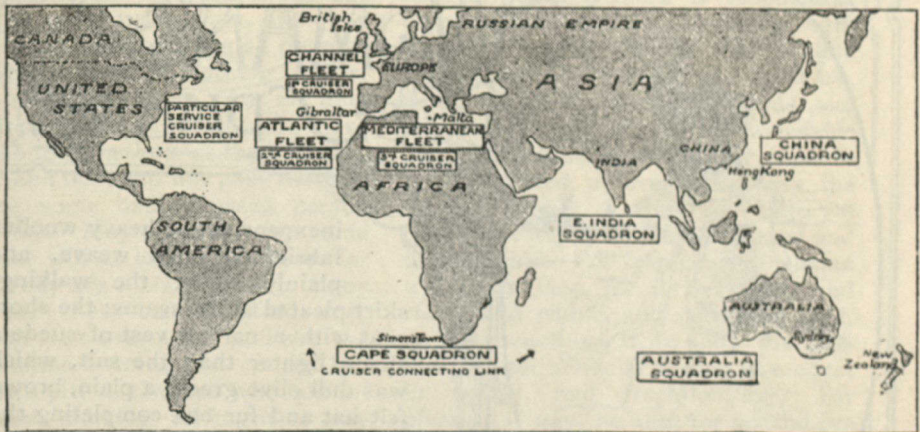
Meantime the two great armies are facing each other buried in the earth, not so much to escape each other as to escape a more insistent and searching foe—the Manchurian winter. The Baltic fleet is still outside the ken of the telegraph wire, in the trackless wastes of the Indian Ocean. The delay may be interpreted as being favourable to that power which is popularly supposed to have the greatest resources, namely, Russia. But she may be only accumulating at Harbin what will prove to be a rich spoil for the Japanese when the day for ruinous overthrow arrives.

Some of the British newspapers are giving us a most fantastic interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. Canada need not fear an attack from an enemy, they say, because the United States would regard an invasion as contrary to the Monroe doctrine. Canada will only be attacked by a European power as a possession of Great Britain. In any war in which Great Britain may be engaged the people of this country will be engaged in also. It would be preposterous for the United States to permit us to send aid to Britain and yet prevent Britain's foe from endeavouring to punish us for doing so. Our American neighbours would have to take one position or the other. They would either have to prevent us aiding Britain or suffer us to take whatever knocks were being given in the contest. If they tried to prevent us aiding Britain they would be interfering in something with which they have no business. Canadians do not need or do not ask for protection from the United States. We do not recognise the Monroe doctrine as applying to Canada. This was a British country before ever there was a Monroe doctrine or a United States to announce it.



Our neighbours will perhaps begin to think that instead of widening the scope of the Monroe doctrine it would be the part of wisdom to narrow it. They have just been compelled to take charge of the affairs of San Domingo. American officials will be put into the custom house, and the duties devoted

MAP SHOWING THE NEW DISTRIBUTION OF THE BRITISH FLEET



The concentration of the British fleet in new squadrons, mainly in the Atlantic Ocean, has occasioned much comment. This, apparently, is due to the growth of the German navy.

to meeting the legitimate expenses and obligations of the island. It is said that the San Domingo negro is rapidly reverting to barbarism. Cases of cannibalism have been reported from the interior. The condition of the negro in the United States and in the various West Indian Islands would form a very interesting enquiry and, from what I

have seen, I apprehend that the enquirer would find that the negro of the British possessions is altogether a more civilised and self-respecting being, although his material surroundings are not as favourable as in the South, than his brethren elsewhere north of the Caribbean sea.

John A. Ewan

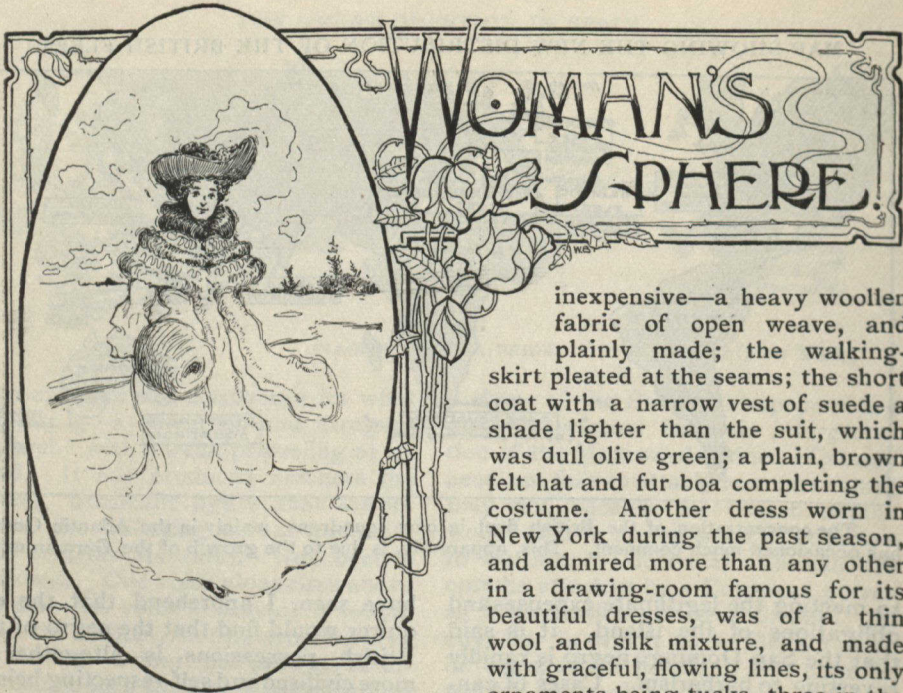


LOVE'S ROUNDELAY

BY INGLIS MORSE

A RED-ROSE wreath my lady wears
 And scent of jasmine in her hair,
 While in her eyes a lovely air
 Doth sweeter grow with passing years.

Her face and form and soul are mine—
 Ah, mine they are forever more!
 Just as I dreamed in days of yore
 My dream of her sweet self divine.



inexpensive—a heavy woollen fabric of open weave, and plainly made; the walking-skirt pleated at the seams; the short coat with a narrow vest of suede a shade lighter than the suit, which was dull olive green; a plain, brown felt hat and fur boa completing the costume. Another dress worn in New York during the past season, and admired more than any other in a drawing-room famous for its beautiful dresses, was of a thin wool and silk mixture, and made with graceful, flowing lines, its only ornaments being tucks, three in the skirt, and three in the bodice, with a fall of soft, white lace round the top of the bodice. So much for simplicity in form and colour.

TAWDRY APPAREL

TO-DAY in large towns and cities the effect of the bargain-counter is plainly evident; you can almost see the price-tags dangling from the various articles of wearing apparel. As you pass by the motley crowds on popular thoroughfares, you recall to mind the various periodical displays of new goods, the countless ready-to-wear or neat sailor hats, and the cheap but good dress materials; and you find yourself wondering what becomes of them, and why the people as a community do not look well dressed. Individually, and I do not exclude any class, the well-dressed woman is the exception. By "well-dressed" I do not mean expensive toils, showily attractive, nor bearing the stamp of any fancy-priced modiste, but I do mean toils of good material and quiet colour, and of much the same colour throughout, and neat and attractive by virtue of simplicity. Take as an example a costume noticed recently in Toronto. The material was

On the other hand, take as examples several dresses seen on the street-cars during the past year. One was of calico, and made pretentiously, as a print gown never should be. The more furbelows on such a dress the shabbier it looks when the end of its first season is at hand. The colour, too, had not been selected with a view to durability, and so it had faded to an ugly shade, and beside, was soiled and limp-looking. And yet in spite of all this you would have passed it by unnoticed had it not been for the brand new deep collar of black sequined net which scintillated about the woman's shoulders. It was the incongruity which attracted attention. And the bargain-counter was at fault—or, was it? Why was such an article ever manufactured? In the beginning whence came the demand for the tawdry thing? And once on the market, was not the merchant justified in getting it off his hands at

any counter after a change in fashion had sealed its fate? Another woman, wearing a soiled print dress, had on a hat trimmed with bedraggled plumes, than which there is nothing uglier. Plumes should be worn, if at all, only by women who can afford, and have the sense to burn them at the first sign of wear and tear, and not pass them on to make some badly-dressed person look worse. May the day soon come when they will no longer be offered for sale! They are a luxury which many who wear them can ill afford and, when you look over a city and see the great numbers worn, you cannot but think with pity of the men who toil in-doors from morning till night to pay for these, and many other useless, senseless ornaments.

Then there were other women wearing cheap, shabby, and loud-coloured flowers; and others again, decorated with soiled or tattered laces; and still others bedecked with much cheap and vulgar jewellery. And again you ask why are such things ever manufactured? And why will women wear shabby flowers, and cheap lace untidily, and various medleys of ugly garments and vulgar ornaments? If only the government of a country would take the matter in hand and deal with the manufacturers of these despicable goods as it does with the makers of spurious coin!

At the present time, however, there are at least two forces at work which give promise of better things for the future in Canada. In the first place, there is the plain shirt-waist suit, with corresponding hat for women of all classes. It is taking a surer hold as the seasons come and go, and should satisfy the most fastidious of those who have been on the watch for a conventional dress for women. Taboo anything that is more masculine. If there is danger of your being influenced by any fanatic on that question, imagine what you would think of a man you might meet wearing, for instance, a woman's skirt with his ordinary coat, and carrying a lace sunshade; that is, if you care at all for a man's opinion.

Secondly, there is the Salvation Army, which I think is responsible for a certain vital influence in the right direction among various classes; and while it prohibits laces and feathers, and artificial flowers of all kinds, and jewellery, would it not be preferable not to see these at all, rather than to be confronted at every turn with the meaner sorts? I think so. And yet cannot the happy medium be found and maintained? For instance, if a woman will wear lace, let it be good, and clean, and whole, and sparingly used, as the French use it, to show the pattern; let her artificial flowers be modest in colour, and fresh-looking; her plumes, if any, be kept for special occasions; her jewellery be only of the best, and useful, and modestly worn. Let her resolve that she will never open her purse to pay for a tawdry article of any description and, above all, avoid forming the habit of bargain-hunting. It is, at best, a pernicious one.

In small towns women, as a class, are better dressed, and there is this one criticism for the farmer's daughter. It is in the matter of hat-buying she is at fault. She must have, apparently, a pretentious one, at no matter what cost to the remainder of her costume. She is seen frequently in town in a shabby suit, but wearing a handsome hat, sometimes even a pattern hat; and you cannot but wonder if, ostrich-like, she imagines her body is as is her head.

Annie Merrill

A DEFINITION OF LOVE

IN Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, *A Ladder of Swords*, there is an interesting conversation between the heroine and Queen Elizabeth. Angèle tells how Michel saved her from death, though he was seven times wounded. She points out that his action had need of recompense. The following part of the conversation is as follows, the Queen speaking first:

"And 'tis this ye would call love betwixt ye—sweet givings and takings

of looks and soft sayings, and unchangeable and devouring faith. Is't this—and is this all?"

The girl had spoken out of an innocent heart, but the challenge in the Queen's voice worked upon her and, though she shrank a little, the fulness of her soul welled up and strengthened her. She spoke again, and now in her need and in her will to save the man she loved, by making this majesty of England his protector, her words had eloquence.

"It is not all, noble Queen. Love is more than that. It is the waking in the poorest minds, in the most barren souls, of something greater than themselves—as a chemist should find a substance that would give all other things by touching of them a new and higher value; as light and sun draw from the earth the tendrils of the seed that else had lain unproducing. 'Tis not alone soft words and touch of hand or lip. This caring wholly for one outside one's self kills that self which else would make the world blind and deaf and dumb. None hath loved greatly but hath helped to love in others. Ah, most sweet Majesty, for great souls like thine, souls born great, this medicine is not needful, for already hath the love of a nation inspired and enlarged it; but for souls like mine, and of so many, none better and none worse than me, to love one other soul deeply and abidingly lifts us higher than ourselves. Your Majesty hath been loved by a whole people, by princes and great men in a different sort—is it not the world's talk that none that ever reigned hath drawn such slavery of princes, and of great nobles who have courted death for hopeless love of one beyond their star? And is it not written in the world's book also that the Queen of England hath loved no man, but hath poured out her heart to a people; and hath served great causes in all the earth because of that love which hath still enlarged her soul, dowered at birth beyond reckoning." Tears filled her eyes. "Ah, your supreme Majesty, to you whose heart is universal, the love of

one poor mortal seemeth a small thing, but to those of little consequence it is the cable by which they unsteadily hold over the chasm 'twixt life and immortality. To thee, oh greatest monarch of the world, it is a staff on which thou needest not lean, which thou hast never grasped; to me it is my all; without it I fail and fall and die."

She had spoken as she felt, yet, because she was a woman and guessed the mind of another woman, she had touched Elizabeth where her armour was weakest.

CANADA'S GLORY

The days grow dark with a dreary gloom,
The shadows are weird and deep,
The wind is singing a mournful dirge
While the red sun sinks to sleep.
The dusk is gathering cold and chill,
The shadows beckon the night.
The naked trees stand gaunt and lone
Outlined on the fields of white.

IN the old days of our childhood, we counted on having our first snow-ball fight somewhere about Guy Fawkes' day, and we were confident that we should find the walks clear and dry and ready for ball playing on All Fools' day. Now the autumns have become later each year and the winters loiter on their way seemingly forgetful of the claims of spring. If the arrival of the seasons continue to change we may expect shortly to celebrate an Australian Christmas languishing on our lawns beneath the spreading trees.

As in connection with most things that belong to one, we are censured if we display inordinate praise, so no doubt certain individuals will attack me if I draw attention to and become too enthusiastic about the climate of our country. When we pause to consider the climates of different countries, we can realise that in no country under God's blue skies have they a climate to compare with Canada. That is, considering it all the year around.

Down in California, about which certain people like to boast, consider the disagreeableness of the off season! Abominable heat; in many places the



A BAND CONCERT IN EARL'S COURT, LONDON, ENGLAND

Photograph taken on Whit-Sunday

roads sprinkled with oil in order to keep down the dust. Out-of-door life impossible between noon and sundown, and innumerable other conditions which prevail for nearly half the year. Farther north again in Washington Territory and Oregon they bask in a delightful five months of rain when a woman is afraid to venture out of doors without top-boots on. I saw a pair of these top-boots once and the wearer remarked that she always had hers made to order as shop boots were scarcely strong enough to keep out the water.

The off season in the south is too well known to dwell upon. A New Orleans girl remarked to me once, "Its real abominable down there after June and one simply must clear out or run the chance of going to bed with fever."

Even dear Old England over the sea becomes so tangled in mists that umbrella factories are most productive concerns and the girl with straight hair is compelled to wear a wig or look eccentric.

Here we have no off season. They are one and all glorious in themselves. The limpid summer with its roses and

sunshine, the sun scarcely ever too warm for comfort. The golden autumn with its fruit and incomparable foliage. Then the clear bright winter with the invigorating air and that ever-present sunshine. I think if ever a country deserved the sun for an emblem, Canada does. And then the spring—the glorious, budding spring when, if we feel a trifle impatient to see the snow still linger in the hollows, we have only to brush the white mantle aside and see the tiny green things actually sprouting!

The writer sometime ago contributed an article on Canada to an English magazine. Some reader, who will likely not be satisfied when he passes the golden gates, wrote to the editor and took exception to a certain remark about the country. The editor left the question open for discussion. In the next issue several letters appeared by Old Country people who had either lived as residents or had visited in Cnaada for some time and who thought that too much praise could not be given to the Land of the Maple. An honest conviction will usually make itself heard.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

THE SHANGANI PATROL



LAST July there was unveiled in Rhodesia, within hailing distance of Cecil Rhodes' tomb, a monument to Major Adam Wilson and his devoted followers. The monument bears the simple inscription:

TO BRAVE MEN

In December, 1893, Major Wilson was sent in pursuit of the fleeing Metabele leader, Lobenguelo. He crossed the Shangani River at a ford about twenty yards in width. Instead of finding a fleeing enemy he found him in considerable force. Wilson at once sent word that he needed reinforcements. His twenty men was thus increased to thirty odd, and he camped near the river over night. In the morning he found bodies of the enemy between him and the river. He again sent for help, but the main body of the British was itself beating off an attack. In the meantime the ford had become a raging torrent three hundred yards wide, and assistance was difficult. Major Wilson found himself cut off. He ringed his horses and made a final stand for over two hours and a half against an ever-increasing enemy. Ammunition ran short, as attack after attack was repelled. One by one the little party was shot or assailed, Major Wilson being about the last to die. Every man not already dead was killed in the final rush. There is no more tragic incident, no record of greater bravery in the annals of the Empire than the story of the Shangani Patrol. The calm courage, the unflinching facing of certain death on the part of this little body of men, made a great impression upon the natives, and did much to inculcate a respectful admiration for the race which these men so nobly and so magnificently represented. It has made

more easy the work of the British in South Africa and has helped to lay the basis for confidence and co-operation.

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS

ONE of the most remarkable and reassuring political verdicts ever rendered in Canada was that given in Ontario on January 25th. The Liberal administration, with the Hon. George W. Ross as premier, was defeated at the polls by a majority of 35,000 votes, mainly because of electoral abuses of which a certain section of the party had been guilty. As a consequence Mr. Ross has resigned and a new cabinet has been formed under the Hon. J. P. Whitney. In the new Legislature Mr. Whitney will have a majority of thirty-six, there being 67 Conservative members and 31 Liberals. This is the first Conservative victory in Ontario in thirty-three years.

If political affairs in Ontario have been disgraceful in the past, this verdict effectually wipes off any stain on the Provincial escutcheon. The people showed clearly their ability to rise above party allegiance when there was a clear-cut issue as to political purity. The old administration was punished, the new administration was warned, and the general political tone of Canadian life has been materially improved.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURES

THE other day, in the House of Commons, a member of the Administration defended a certain course of action by stating that a similar practice was followed by his political adversaries when in office. Surely that Minister must have forgotten his oath of office. A wrong is a wrong no matter which political party is guilty of it, and it cannot be defended by any

such miserable subterfuge as this. A Conservative wrong followed by a Liberal wrong does not make either act just and equitable.

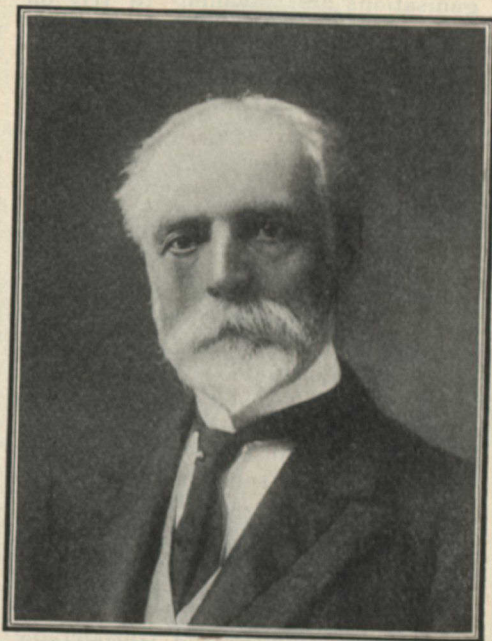
There are thousands of dollars squandered annually in this country—even millions—because there is no definite principle underlying the distribution of new wharves, post-offices and other public works throughout the provinces. The Conservatives had no such principle when they were in office, and the Liberals have been but little better in this regard. The people recognised the inefficiency of the Conservative administrators, and turned from them; a Liberal administration was put in power, and one member of it proceeds to justify his conduct by saying the Conservatives followed the same practices. The only ray of hope in the situation is that the Cabinet Minister who resorted to that excuse probably did so in a moment of thoughtlessness, due to the fact that he is new to his work. Yet, even allowing for that, such a defence must not go unchallenged.

The present administration has given the country many reforms, and it is to be hoped that the good work is not ended. Fresh from the country, with a splendid majority and a new lease of political life, it should be more earnest than ever in placing the expenditures of all public monies above party or local exigencies, basing it as far as possible on principles which will apply in Nova Scotia and British Columbia as well as in Ontario and Quebec.

The people interested in political patronage in the constituencies would probably protest much if such a reform were initiated, but a higher standard of conduct is expected in a Cabinet minister than in the average local party worker.

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOLS

IN *The Daily Chronicle*, of London, England, there recently appeared an editorial on "The Bible in the School,"



WHITELAW REID

The new United States Ambassador to Great Britain

in which this significant sentence occurs:

"At present there is danger, lest the nation, weary of the unending strife among the sects, may be driven to seek peace by secularising education."

The United States and Canada have already been driven into that position, and in public schools on this continent the Bible has no prominent place. In France the movement towards secularising education has been going on for some years, and the struggle is graphically pictured in Zola's last novel. In England the same difficulties have arisen and the same influences towards secular schools are in evidence.

There is no objection to the Bible in the schools on the part of any considerable class; it is sectarian education which causes the trouble. The Roman Catholic Church, the most enthusiastic upholder of church or separate schools at present, is anxious to teach church doctrine rather than moral principles; and the same is true of the English Church in Great Britain. These or-

ganisations are unwilling to rely on their church services, their Sunday-schools and the home teaching for keeping the rising generations within the bonds of religion. They desire to enlist the services of the school-master. The idea is a good one, where there is only one view of truth and religion. As there are many views, the public school-master finds it impossible to serve many masters.

Just now this question is again to the front in Canada, since the Roman Catholic Church desires to insert in the constitution of the new provinces now being erected in western Canada, a provision that separate schools are an inalienable right of the Roman Catholic population. By such action they hope to prevent Roman Catholics supporting the secular public schools even when they desire to do so. Under the Canadian constitution of 1867 this right was preserved to them in Ontario and Quebec, and it is a considerable advantage to them in these two provinces. In Manitoba, created a separate province three years later, they have to a great extent lost ground, because the declaration concerning Separate Schools in that province was not equally binding. They propose to prevent any such conditions in the new provinces. Whether the majority of the people, who stoutly stood for the right of Manitoba to decide this matter for itself, will take a similar attitude in regard to the new constitutions is a question which is agitating the public to-day. The answer will be interesting, perhaps politically dramatic.

THE SPEAKER ELECTED

ON Wednesday, January 11th, the House of Commons elected as Speaker the Hon. R. F. Sutherland, M.P., Windsor, Ont., the Clerk presiding on this occasion. The speech of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is worth reprinting:*

*House of Commons Debates, Revised Edition, p. 1.

Rt. Hon. Sir WILFRID LAURIER (Prime Minister). Mr. Flint, the first duty which devolves on this House at the opening of this new parliament is to at once proceed to the election of a Speaker. I need hardly remark that the position of Speaker of this House, under our parliamentary system of government, is second to none; is, in fact, equal to the highest in the gift of either the Crown or the people. In the first place, the Speaker of the House of Commons is the channel of communication between the House and the Crown; he is the mouthpiece of this assembly; and, in the olden time, in the earlier parts of the history of the motherland, when the relations of the Crown and parliament were not as clear and as well defined as they are at the present moment, this part of the duties of the Speaker was of paramount importance. But we live in calmer and happier days, and the duties which the Speaker performs in this line are, we may say, only perfunctory. But, on the other hand, the duties which the Speaker has to perform as presiding officer of this House have increased importance. These duties require special qualifications which it is not always easy to find combined in the same person. In the first place, it is expected of him who fills this chair that he shall be of a mind at once judicial and fair, that both sides of the House and all parties may expect at his hand a uniform and fair treatment. It is expected of him also that he shall be well versed in parliamentary law. I have to submit to the House that in our judgment, and I believe in the judgment of all, Mr. Robert Franklin Sutherland, member for the north riding of Essex, is well qualified in all these respects to fill the office of Speaker. The members of the present House who were his colleagues in the last parliament will agree with us, I believe, that we can fairly trust that in his hands the good traditions of the House of Commons as they have come to us from the motherland, as we endeavour to maintain them in this country, will be well preserved. I, therefore, beg to move, seconded by Sir William Mulock:

That Robert Franklin Sutherland, Esquire, member representing the electoral district of the north riding of the County of Essex, do take the Chair of this House as Speaker.

A SENATOR'S WRIT

ON Wednesday, January 11th, the Hon. Raoul Dandurand took his place as Speaker of the Senate. Immediately after his installation four new Senators were introduced. These were Rt. Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, C.M.G., Ottawa; Philippe Auguste Choquette, Quebec; James Hamilton Ross, Regina; and Thomas Osborne

Davis, Prince Albert. The writ by which a senator is summoned is an interesting document, and is as follows:

CANADA

Minto.

[L.S.]

EDWARD THE SEVENTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

To our Trusty and Well-Beloved Councillor, The Right Honourable Sir Richard John Cartwright, G.C.M.G., of the City of Ottawa, in Our Province of Ontario, in Our Dominion of Canada.

GREETING:

KNOW YE, that as well for the especial trust and confidence We have manifested in you, as for the purpose of obtaining your advice and assistance in all weighty and arduous affairs which may the State and Defence of our Dominion of Canada concern, We have thought fit to summon you to the Senate of Our said Dominion; and We do command you, that all difficulties and excuses whatsoever laying aside, you be and appear for the purposes aforesaid, in the Senate of Our said Dominion, at all times whensoever and wheresoever Our Parliament may be in Our said Dominion convoked and holden; and this you are in no wise to omit.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed. WITNESS, Our Right Trusty and Right Well-Beloved Cousin and Councillor The Right Honourable Sir Gilbert John Elliot, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund of Melgund, County of Forfar, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Minto of Minto, County of Roxburgh, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Baronet of Nova Scotia, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, &c., &c., Governor-General of Canada.

At Our Government House, in Our City of Ottawa, this Thirteenth day of September, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four, and the Fourth Year of our Reign.

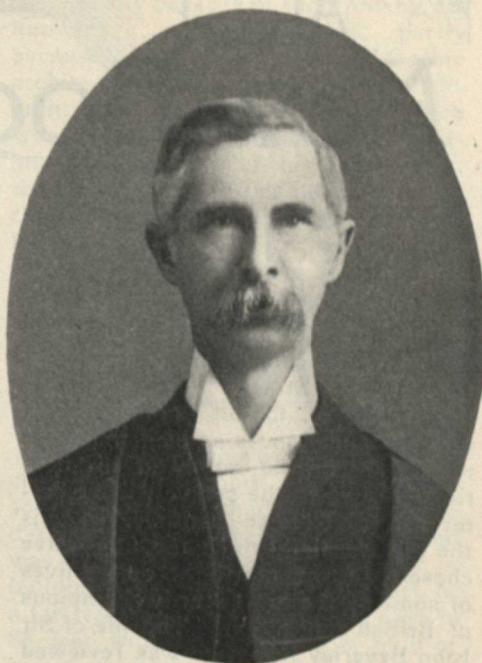
By Command,

R. W. SCOTT,

Secretary of State.

THE NEW PROVINCES

THE establishment of new provinces in the Dominion does no more than emphasise the development of



HON. R. F. SUTHERLAND, M.P.

The new Speaker of the House of Commons

that part of Canada which, owing to lack of knowledge and lines of communication, has been the last to be opened for settlement. It seems strange, however, that no new province should be necessary since 1870, the year when Manitoba was erected. Thirty-five years is a long period in the life of a country, and in this case it brings clearly to the mind how slow the progress of the West has been. For nearly thirty years the development was far from being as spectacular as it has been in the last five. At times, even the bravest of our statesmen must have been discouraged. At times almost the whole nation relinquished hope. But the day of pessimism and doubt has passed; the rich and prosperous West contains two new provinces, the people of which will be greatly encouraged to supreme effort; and Canada is now a Dominion with nine provinces instead of seven. Welcome, Saskatchewan and Alberta!

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

TIGER TALBOT

DISGUISE it as the historians may, there were times in the history of the now loyal Province of Ontario when there was a strong feeling towards republicanism and annexation to the United States. This is not the time, however, for an examination of those circumstances and an impartial recounting of the causes of disaffection. Later on the people will be better prepared for the truth. Yet it is the present time which the fates have chosen to throw new light on the lives of some of the most sturdy champions of British connection. The life of Sir John Beverley Robinson was reviewed in a previous issue; that of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Talbot now demands attention, because of Judge Ermatinger's volume, "The Talbot Regime."*

The Talbots de Malahide were one of the nine great houses which survived the Wars of the Roses, and are now said to be the only family in the United Kingdom which has held its ancestral estate in the direct male lineage for seven hundred years. Malahide is a small village and castle on the Irish sea, nine miles north of Dublin. Here, in 1771, was born Thomas Talbot, one of a family of seven sons and five daughters. He was one of the younger sons; is said to have received a commission in the army at eleven years of age; was educated at Manchester; at seventeen was aide to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and, two years later, joined his regiment, the 24th, at Quebec. When Governor Simcoe made his first visit to Upper Canada in 1792, Lieut. Talbot was his

secretary, and he was present at the meeting of the first Parliament at Navy Hall, Newark, in September, 1792. It was during these years as secretary that he conceived a liking for the province and a desire to help in the upbuilding of this portion of His Majesty's dominions.

After active military service in Europe, from 1794 to 1801, he returned to Canada to found a pioneer's estate. As an officer of the army he was entitled to 1,200 acres of land, but through his influence with Governor Simcoe and other officials in England, he secured a further grant of 5,000 acres. In May, 1803, he secured possession of these lands and began his real life-work in Canada.

There are two classes of pioneers. The one comprises those who are content to clear a small farm, stock it, work it, and help their children to do likewise; the members of the other class have more imagination, and desire to open up tracts of country. To the former, a hundred acres or a quarter-section is sufficient; to the latter, 5,000 or 10,000 acres may be insufficient. Talbot was by ability, temperament, training and opportunity, destined to be one of the latter class. In fact, for many years, he was the chief figure in the domestic events of southwestern Ontario. He was the registrar of the district by appointment, and governor of it by self-choice. He was in command of the militia of the London district when the War of 1812 commenced, and was of great assistance to Brock in his swift march against General Hull. When the war ended, the Colonel found his large farm laid waste by the enemy, his grist and saw mills burned to the ground, all his effects carried off or destroyed,

*The Talbot Regime, or The First Half-Century of the Talbot Settlement. St. Thomas: The Municipal World, Ltd., cloth, illustrated, 400 pp.

and his people reduced to the utmost distress and poverty. He set to work again in earnest and soon restored his thriving colony, made the Talbot road famous, and continued his efforts to extend settlement.

The story is too long to repeat here. The volume will repay considerable study, although it is so overloaded with useless details and ill-digested facts that it can never be a very popular book. The chapter of anecdotes throws more light upon the man's real character than any other. He was a rough-and-ready autocrat living in rough-and-ready times. That he was thoroughly British, and helped to keep this part of Canada for the British crown, is beyond peradventure.

CATHEDRALS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE*

THE English portion of the population of America has taken but little interest in cathedrals until recent times. Trinity Church, Boston, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral of New York are almost the only expressions of such an interest. As the author of several works on this subject says:

"In recent times the Anglo-Saxon has mostly built his churches on what he is so pleased to think are 'improved lines' that, more than anything else, resemble in their interiors playhouses, and in their exteriors cotton factories and breweries."

There is some change imminent possibly, as more interest seems to be taken in all forms of art. Art expression must find its outlet somewhere. In France it has found it in cathedrals, and the time may come when the same occurs in America.

France, to-day, is divided into sixty-seven bishoprics and seventeen archbishoprics, but when the cathedrals were being built the sees were less numerous. The great era of cathedral building was in the twelfth cen-

tury, partly because of the growing art knowledge of the people, partly because of the development of Gothic architecture, and partly because the archbishop desired a church which would rival in appearance and importance the fortress of his competitor, the feudal baron. The introduction of the Gothic arch made height a possibility. The old basilica, with an aisle 12 feet wide and a nave 24 feet wide, would give a roof-ridge height of but 40 feet. The Gothic church, with a nave of this same width would give a roof-ridge height of 82 feet. Enlarge the nave to 50 feet and the ridge rises to 171 feet.

There are hundreds of splendid churches in the South of France, and some wonderful cathedrals. Ste. Cecile d'Albi, which was begun in 1282, and was more than a hundred years in building, combines both the aspect of a fortress and a church. Its nave is 88 feet wide, and the body is built of warm, rosy-coloured brick. St. Front de Perigueux is "the grandest and most notable tenth-century church yet remaining in France," being about the size of St. Mark's of Venice, and greatly resembling that famous edifice. It, however, was rebuilt in the twelfth century and restored in the nineteenth. Notre Dame des Doms d'Avignon is a small, but pretty, twelfth-century church, less imposing than the later "palace" which marks the temporary residence of the Popes at that spot. St. Pierre de Poitiers and St. Pierre d'Angouleme are also twelfth century, but show more traces of the Romanesque style. The latter "possesses the finest Lombard detail to be found outside of Italy." Notre Dame Le Puy is of the same period, and is built on what is said to be the most picturesque spot in the world. It, too, is Romanesque.

The volume, which forms the basis of these remarks, is a notable production and is a credit to its author, its illustrator and its publisher. The author, Francis Miltoun, is also responsible for "The Cathedrals of Northern France," "Dickens' London" and

*By Francis Miltoun. Plans and diagrams by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, 550 pages, ninety illustrations, \$1.60. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



VIRNA SHEARD

Author of "By the Queen's Grace," etc.

Photo. by Lyonde, Toronto

other works. He treats his subjects most sympathetically, though the arrangement of his material at times lacks orderliness and cohesion.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

THOSE who are interested in the present discussion of separate schools will find some conflicting testimony from the United States. Chapter xxi of the Report of the Commissioner of Education (Washington, 1904, Government Printing Office) deals with the subject of "Parochial Schools." Rev. Father Sheedy, the writer, opens by saying:

"The most impressive religious fact in the United States to-day is the system of Catholic free parochial schools. Not less than a million children are being educated in these schools. This great educational work is carried on without any financial aid from the State. The parochial schools are maintained by the voluntary contributions of Catholics. For the Christian education of their children, Catholics are making tremendous sacrifices that elicit the praise of all thoughtful

Americans; and at the same time they are saving to non-Catholic taxpayers a vast sum, estimated from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 annually, for this is what it would cost if the children now being educated in the Catholic parochial schools had to be provided for in the public schools."

An entirely contrary view is given by Rev. Father Crowley in his book "The Parochial School: a Curse to the Church and a Menace to the Nation." (Published by the author, Sherman House, Chicago). He begins by saying "Catholic priests and prelates are determined to destroy the American public school. . . . The Catholic hierarchy has in view the selfish interests of its priests and prelates and not the true welfare of the church or state. . . . I shall deal in this book with the Catholic parochial school *as it is*, and I shall show that it is a *curse* to the Roman Catholic Church, and that it is a *menace* to the nation."

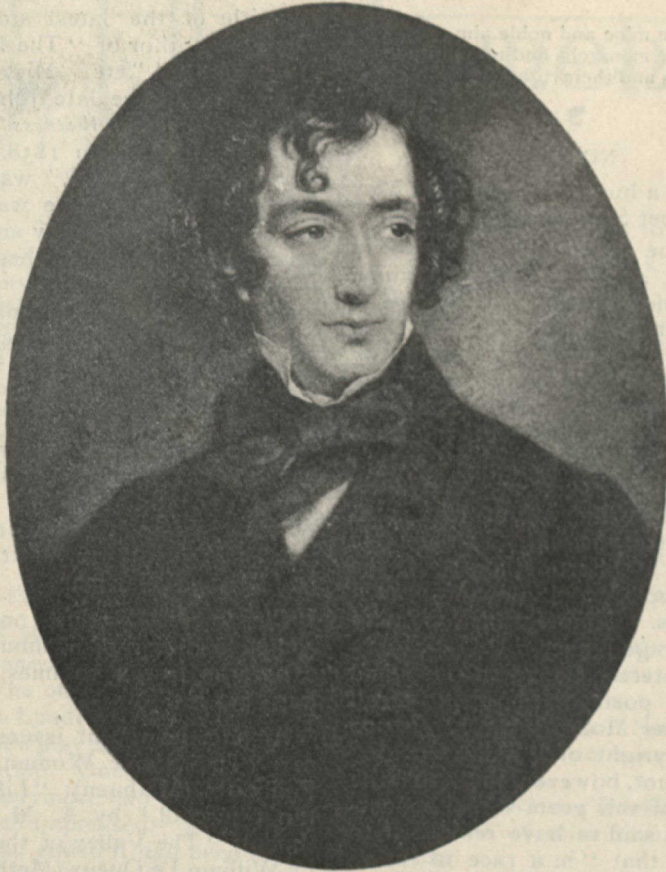
It is hard at this distance to know where the truth lies as between the disputants, but that there is a dispute and a question there can be no doubt.

THE SECRET WOMAN *

ONLY those with brave hearts and with an optimism which nothing can dismay should read "The Secret Woman," Eden Phillpott's latest novel. The bleak, forbidding moors of Devonshire are the background of a dark, weary drama of love and sin. Climate, atmosphere and topography have an effect upon the human mind, and of this Mr. Phillpott makes the most. The harsh conditions of life among the naval people of Dartmoor—where it will be remembered was the famous prison—make these ignorant persons hard and matter-of-fact. Their sentiments are of the crudest. Their conduct is near to that of primeval man.

There is an attractiveness in the book due to its realism—the realism of Maupassant and Zola. Jesse Redvers

*Toronto: Morang & Co.



DISRAELI AS A YOUNG MAN
From a Painting by Sir Francis Grant

is in love with Salome, daughter of a neighbouring farmer, but is unsuccessful in his suit. To add to his misery, comes a domestic tragedy. His mother discovers that the father is unfaithful and in a fit of anger she strikes him as he leans over the well. He falls in and is killed in the presence of his two sons. They keep the secret and give no evidence against the mother. Eventually, Salome decides to marry Jesse, and this draws from him the story of his father's death. Salome, the secret woman, who had loved his father, is thus placed in a position to avenge her lover's death, which she does. It is a powerful drama.

DISRAELI AS A POET

It may not be generally known that Disraeli was a poet. At the age of nine-and-twenty he wrote a long poem called "The Revolutionary Epick," of which a new edition has just appeared in England. The criticism of the time declared that it was not poetry but rhetoric. Yet, to the curious it is interesting, because in many passages it indicates the idea of the man at that period. For example:

—Then let us learn
 That little virtue lies in forms of rule;
 But in the minds and manners of those ruled
 Subsists the fate of nations.

And again:

A holy office mine and noble aim;
To teach the monarchs and to multitudes
Their duties and their rights.

NOTES

It will be a hundred years next May since the poet Schiller passed away.

One of the greatest book needs in Canada is a two or three volume history of the country. It should be written, not by a collector of facts such as Sir John Bourinot was, but by some man who is able to present the material in proper perspective and enable people to see the underlying principles upon which Canadian civilisation has been built. There are several excellent single volumes, but there is no complete history written in the style of Green's "Short History of the English People," and in a corresponding compass. Kingsford is too bulky for the average reader.

It may interest Canadian poets and admirers of poetry in general to recall that Thomas Moore received £3,000 for the copyright of "Lalla Rookh." Moore did not, however, think that the popularity of this poem would be lasting. He is said to have remarked to Longfellow that "in a race to future times (if anything of mine could pretend to such a run), those little ponies, the 'Melodies,' will beat the mare 'Lalla' hollow." Moore died in 1852. Stephen Gwynn has just written his biography for the English Men of Letters Series.

Writers who tell the truth and are not always anxious to be in the swim, occasionally get into trouble. James S. Metcalfe, of *New York Life*, has been speaking frankly of the New York Theatrical Trust for some years, and has now been denied admittance to the 47 theatres in New York which the Trust controls. The fulsome flattery of the Trust's plays to be found in Canadian dailies will never cause the writers to be excluded from the Trust's theatres in Toronto and Montreal, but it is disgusting nevertheless.

"The Summit House Mystery" is the title of the latest story by Lily Dougall, author of "The Zeit-Geist," "Beggars All," etc. Miss Dougall is a daughter of the late John Dougall, of the *Montreal Witness*. She was born in Montreal in 1858. Her first book, "Beggars All," was not published until 1891. She was educated at Edinburgh University and has lived much abroad, but lately has spent part of each year in Montreal. The British journals speak highly of this new work, but Miss Dougall has never secured a Canadian publisher for her works. The United States market is taken by Funk & Wagnalls.

Hodder & Stoughton are bringing out in Great Britain a series of *Literary Lives*, edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. Three volumes are already issued: John Bunyan, Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman.

Chatto & Windus now offer a complete edition of Swinburne's poetical works in six volumes, at 36 shillings per set.

Among the recent issues in London are "The Secret Woman," by Eden Phillpotts (Methuen); "Life of Winston Churchill," by A. M. Scott (Methuen); "The Valley of the Shadow," by William Le Queux (Methuen); "The Year's Art" (Hutchinson); "Uganda and Its Peoples," by J. F. Cunningham (Hutchinson); "Unveiling of Lhasa," by E. Candler (Edward Arnold), and "The Road to Tuscany," by Maurice Hewlett.

The three hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first part of "Don Quixote" was celebrated by two dinners in London—one of a public nature, the other at the Whitefriars Club.

"Sandy," a new long novel by Alice Hegan Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs," is announced for early publication in the forthcoming season. It tells the story of an Irish boy who goes as a stowaway to America, and then lives with one of the old families in Kentucky.



Idle Moments.

BYGONES

"Now tell me, my laddie, just why
Your history lessons you try
To avoid—don't you see
They will help you to be
A very wise man by-and-by?"

"But you told us, sir, not long ago,
To always obey you, and so
I thought I just would
When you said that we should
'Let bygones be bygones,' you know."

Margaret Clark Russell.

A QUESTION OF ACCENT

FRANCIS WILSON says that Maurice Barrymore once made the rounds of the offices of the theatrical managers in London, trying to get them to put on a new play that Barrymore himself had written. One of the managers to whom Barrymore had read the play seemed much impressed. Before their interview had ended it had been decided to give the piece an early production and to have Barrymore "do" the leading role. About a week after what Barrymore had supposed was the definitely agreed-upon arrangement had been reached, the actor received a note from the manager asking him to call. When Barrymore responded to the summons the manager said:

"I like the play, old fellow, and I'm going to give it a fine production; but, really, I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American accent won't do at all, you know. They don't like it here."

"That's odd," said Barrymore; "they tell me on the other side that I won't do on account of my beastly English accent. What on earth am I to do—give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

HAVE EXCUSE FOR BLUSHING

"I wish they'd invent a new expression occasionally," said Top, as he perused the account of a recent wedding. "It's always 'the blushing bride.'"

"Well," replied Mrs. Top, "when you consider what sort of husbands most girls have to marry you can't wonder at their blushing."—*Tit-Bits.*

A PRIMER OF LITERATURE

What is the Literature of to-day?
Fiction.

How is Fiction divided?

Into Historical Novels and Nature Books.

What is a Historical Novel?

One that shows no trace of History or of Novelty.

What is a Nature Book?

A volume of misinformation about animals.

Why are Nature Books popular just now?

Because they are the fashion.

Mention some recent Nature Books.

"The Lions of the Lord," "Pigs in Clover," "The Octopus," "The Blue Goose," and "The Sea Wolf."

What are the best selling books?

Those which sell the best people.

What is a Magazine?

A small body of Literature entirely surrounded by advertisements.

Why is a comic paper so called?

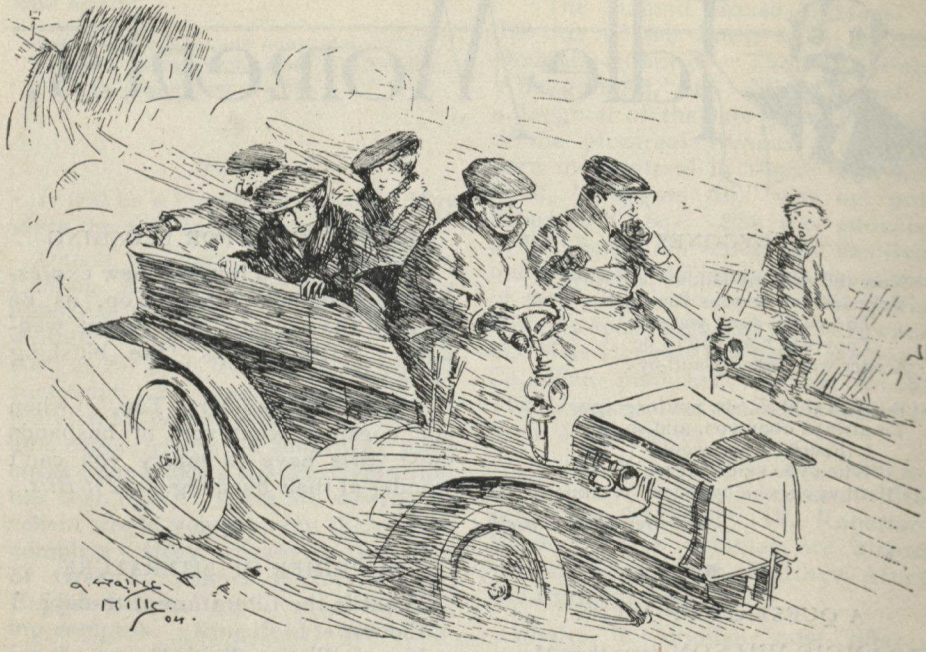
Because it's so funny that anybody buys it.

What is a critic?

A Critic is a man who writes about the books he doesn't like.

What is Poetry?

Lines of words ending with the same sound.



UNNECESSARY QUESTION

ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST—"Well, how do you like it?"—*Punch*

What is a Minor Poet?

A poet not yet twenty-one years of age.

What is a Major Poet?

There isn't any.

What is a Publisher?

A man who is blamed if a book doesn't sell, and ignored if it does.

What does a publisher mean by Problem Novels?

All, except Kipling's and Mrs. Humphry Ward's.

What makes a book a phenomenal success?

Much bad, much pad, and much ad.
—Carolyn Wells in *The Metropolitan Magazine*.

PAUL REDVIVIVUS

Paul du Chaillu, the one-time African explorer, performed a Good Samaritan act one night in assisting along the street a very intoxicated stranger. The man told him where his home was, and after considerable difficulty

Du Chaillu got him to his door. The bibulous one was very grateful, and wanted to know his helper's name. As the explorer did not particularly care to give his name in full, he merely replied that it was Paul. "So it'sh—hic—Paul, ish it?" hiccoughed the man, and then, after some moments of apparent thought, inquired, solicitously: "Shay, ol' man, did y'ever get any—hic—any ansher to those lo-ong lettersh y' wrote to th' Ephesians?"—*Argonaut*.

RATHER POINTED

The young man who had travelled began: "And there I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet."

"Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who had never been away. And then the young man found he had just time to catch the last car.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

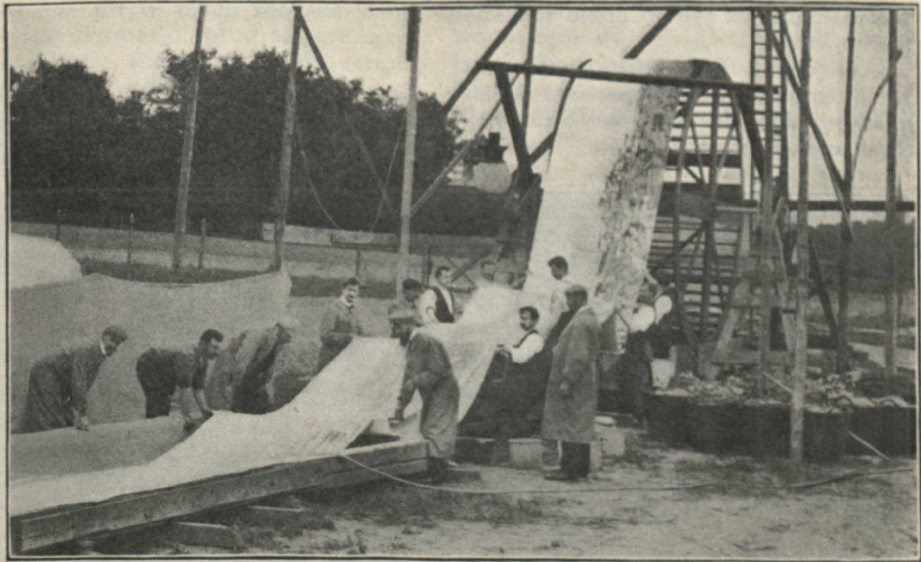


THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

THE largest specimens of any variety of grown or manufactured product always has a special interest. To photographers and others, an account of the making of the largest photograph in the world must be exceptionally interesting. As is usual in such work, a number of sectional pictures are taken and then enlarged. These enlargements were printed consecutively on a large sheet of paper. The detail description, as furnished by Emile Guarino, is as follows:

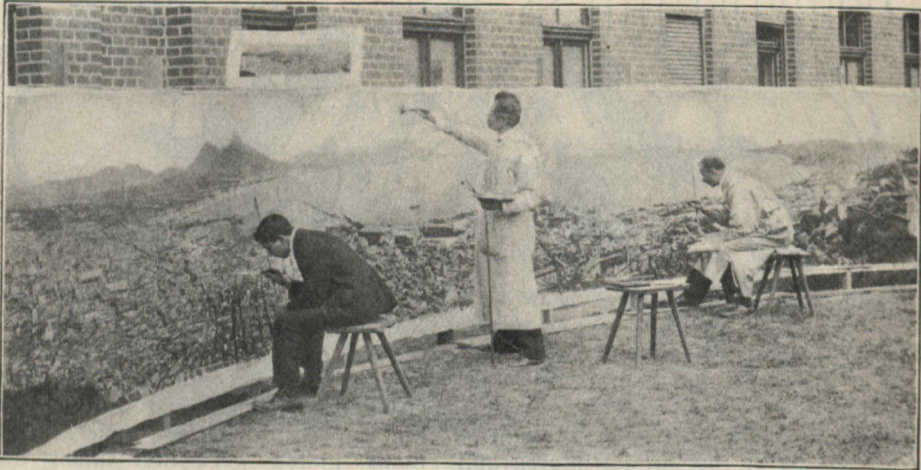
This gigantic picture taken by the "Neue Photographische Gesellschaft," Berlin-Steglitz, measures 38 ft. 8 in.

by 4 ft. 11 in., and represents the Bay of Naples seen from Castel San Marino, the highest point behind Naples from which the eye commands the whole city and bay as far as Mount Vesuvius and Capri. Six different views on as many plates were first taken; they measured 8 ft. 1 in. x 10 ft. 5 in. From these six plates, which were designed with a view to being connected with one another in a continuous series, six enlargements 4 ft. 11 in. x 6 ft. 7 in. in size were prepared by means of an apparatus with a lens 1 foot in diameter. The enlargements were made directly in silver bromide paper. In order to develop the picture, a huge wheel was made of specially prepared



HOW THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD WAS DEVELOPED

The wheel built for the purpose had a periphery of forty-one feet



RETOUCHING THE FINISHED PHOTOGRAPH

wood. The wheel was 13.12 ft. in diameter and 5.5 ft. in breadth, the periphery being 41 ft. and containing 90 slats. There were further used three large tanks about $70\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet in capacity, intended respectively for the developing, clearing and fixing solutions. A gigantic water tank 49.2 ft. in length, 6.56 ft. in breadth, and 2.46 ft. in height, having a total capacity as high as 476.68 cubic ft., was further used.

On account of the large developing wheel employed, the paper was developed by night in the open air. The total consumption of water used in

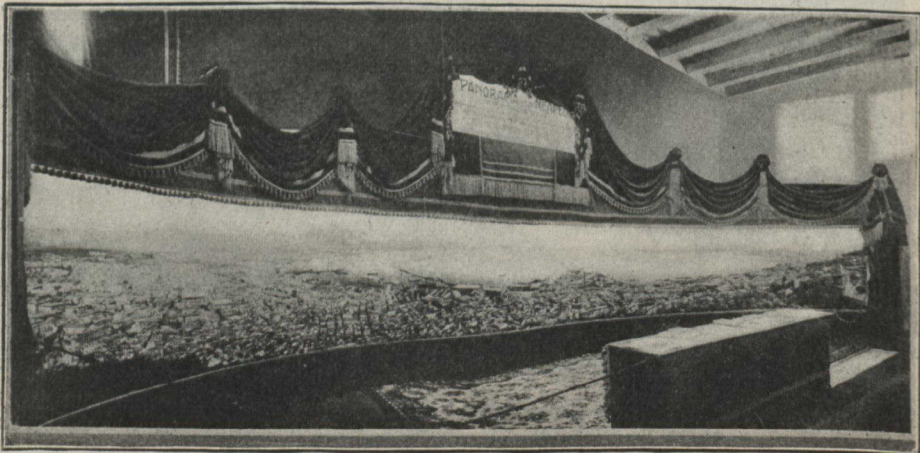
washing the print was about 10,593 cubic feet.

After the water was drawn off, the picture was stretched out on wooden bars attached to the upper edge of the tank, where it remained for about ten hours before it was completely dried.

Each tank could be shifted about on five iron wheels moving along rails 52.48 ft. in length.

PROBLEM

A new problem will be found on page 488.



THE LARGEST PHOTOGRAPH IN THE WORLD

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

OPTIMISM

IN an address to the Canadian Club of Ottawa, Mr. Byron E. Walker, General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, declared that he was an optimist; that no business-man who is a pessimist can hope to succeed; that the wise optimist expects trouble, but looks upon all trouble as mere detail. There is food for reflection here. The optimist not only takes advantage of all progress, but he creates progress. If a nation consists of citizens who are not confident that a successful future lies before that nation, there can be little advance. Confidence begets confidence, and also begets success. A country is exactly what its citizens make it. All countries are pretty much the same; the varying degrees of progress are, as a general rule, the result of the various degrees of optimism which permeate the people as a whole. No nation of croakers can ever become great.

The same is true of business. All business progress is founded on optimism and common-sense—the one acting and reacting on the other. If all the business-men of a country decide that trade is likely to be bad next year, it will stagnate.

There never was a time in the history of Canada when there was a greater reason for optimism, nor greater need for it. The development of the last few years has been magnificent; the development of the next few years depends on our having confidence. The country is rich, immigration is proceeding apace, the Government is doing its duty, and the rest lies with the people—the capitalists, the

bankers, the business-men, and the other classes. Mr. Walker's statement that optimism is the key to success, is worth remembering.

AGAINST RECIPROCITY

THE treatment accorded by the U.S. Senate to the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty indicates that there is little chance of a meeting of the Quebec-Washington conference bringing about any arrangement likely to make easier the trade movement between the United States and Canada. The fishing interests, centering at Gloucester, were able to persuade the Senate to strike salt fish from the list of Newfoundland products to be admitted free into the United States. These same interests would be more strongly opposed to the free admission of Canadian fish. Then, if the statements of the *New York Tribune's* Washington correspondent are well founded, the U.S. iron ore, coal and slate producers were opposed to clauses in the Newfoundland treaty calculated to effect their business, and they, too, were stricken out. The U.S. interests in question would have far more competition to expect from the free admission of Canadian ores and coal than Newfoundland under any probable circumstances could offer. It seems also, from the *Tribune's* report, that some of the senators were fixed in their views from a fear that the ratification of the Newfoundland treaty would prove an entering wedge which would make it easier for friends of reciprocity with Canada to secure a treaty. Both the rejection of the Newfoundland treaty—for its amendment



THE
BOVRIL
BONUS PICTURE

["The Leopard Skin"]

FREE TO PURCHASERS OF BOVRIL

This beautiful Gravure is reproduced from the charming original Oil Painting by I. Snowman, Royal Academy Exhibition, 1903. It measures 29 x 18½ inches, and is printed on fine paper, 40 x 30, quite free from advertising matter.

Circulars, giving full information of coupon scheme, will be found wrapped with every bottle.

SAVE YOUR COUPONS

and see that you get one with each bottle purchased.

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)

FORM THE HABIT

of using regularly, every morning and evening,

CALVERT'S

— CARBOLIC —

TOOTH POWDER

so pleasantly perfumed and agreeable to use.

It fulfils the first requirement of a satisfactory dentrifice by thoroughly cleaning the teeth and removing tartar or other injurious matter, and also possesses the advantage of definite antiseptic properties.

15, 30 and 45 cents a Tin.

F. C. CALVERT & CO.
807 Dorchester St., MONTREAL

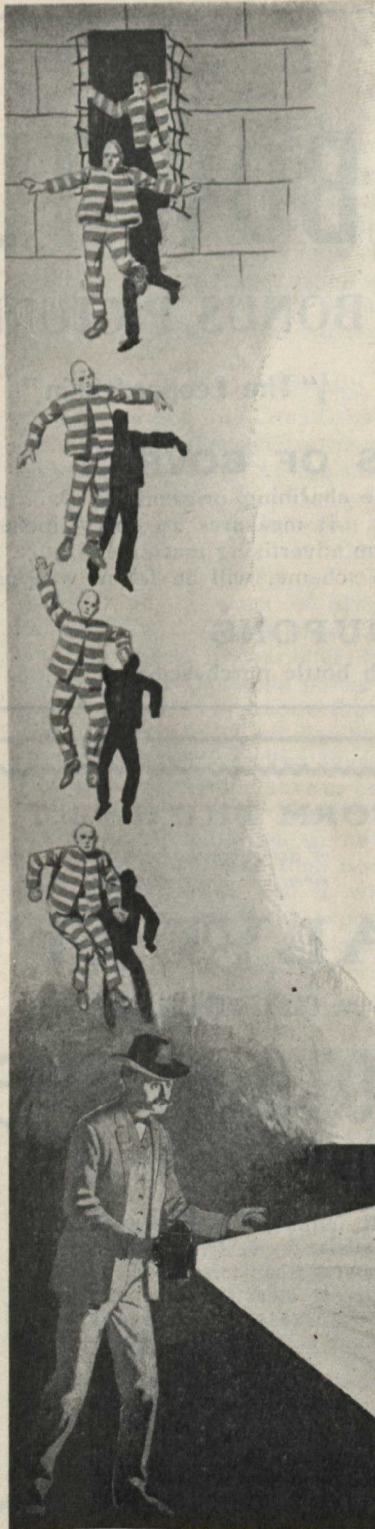
Break Away

It's like getting out of prison into the sweet, pure air of freedom again, when one "really succeeds" in breaking away from the Coffee habit.

Coffee is said to have more victims than any other nerve-destroying habit and works more in secret. The aches and ills are not often charged to the real cause—Coffee—until one breaks away and quits for 10 days. Then the truth comes out. It doubles the speed in the return to health if Postum Coffee is used, for the elements are there to rebuild the broken-down nerve cells.

And Postum well made is a delicious Coffee, mild and smooth, with that "crisp" flavor everyone enjoys.

There's a meaty little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.



**POSTUM
COFFEE**



Servant Question

—you'll settle it so far as the WASHING and CLEANING are concerned by supplying yours with PYLE'S

Pearline

The work will be done
WELL—EASILY—SAFELY
and

You'll Have a Grateful Servant

How About Baby?

BUILD UP YOUR OWN AND YOUR
CHILDREN'S CONSTITUTIONS!



WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

which contains only health-giving and muscle-forming ingredients, constituting an invaluable tonic for all who are afflicted with poor digestion.

\$9.00 Per Case

\$5.00 for Half Case

Big Bottle, \$1.00

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Booklet Free on Request to L. A. WILSON CO., Limited, Advertising Dept., 87 St. James St.,
Montreal.



Smyrnyos

MOGUL

Egyptian

Cigarettes

ARE MADE FROM

THE CHOICEST

SELECTIONS OF

TURKISH TOBACCO

Cork Tips.

15 cts. per package.



Indigestion

I can afford to offer a full dollar's worth free because mine is no ordinary remedy. Ordinary remedies treat symptoms. My remedy treats the causes that produce the symptoms. Symptom treatment must be kept up forever—as long as the cause is there. My treatment may be stopped as soon as it has removed the cause, for that is always the end of trouble.

For stomach trouble is not really a sickness, but a symptom. It is a symptom that a certain set of nerves is ailing. Not the voluntary nerves that enable you to walk and talk and act—but the automatic stomach nerves over which your mind has no control.

What ails the stomach nerves? Worry, probably. Mental anguish destroys their tiny fibres and tears down the telegraph lines without which the stomach has no more self-control than a sponge. Over-work will do it. Irregular habits will do it.

Overeating will do it. Dissipation will do it. But the effect is the same—stomach failure. I have not room here to explain how these tender, tiny nerves control and operate the stomach. How worry breaks them down and causes indigestion. How misuse wears them out and causes dyspepsia. How neglect may bring on kidney, heart, and other troubles through sympathy. I have not room to explain how these nerves may be reached and strengthened and vitalized and made well by a remedy I spent thirty years in perfecting—now known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I have not room to explain how this remedy, by removing the cause, puts a certain end to indigestion, belching, heartburn, insomnia, nervousness, dyspepsia. All of these things

are fully explained in the book I will send when you write.

No matter how these nerves become impaired—I know the way to rebuild their strength—to restore their vigor. For my remedy has stood the test for more than a quarter century. It is now in daily use in more than fifty thousand communities—in more than a million homes—in the United States.

It has cured stomach troubles not once, but repeatedly—over and over again. Yet you may not have heard of it—or hearing, may have delayed or doubted.

So I make this offer to you, a stranger, that every possible excuse for doubt may be removed. Send me no money—make me no promise—take no risk. Simply write and ask. If you have not tried my remedy, I will send you an order on your druggist for a full dollar bottle—not a sample, but the regular standard bottle he keeps constantly on his shelves. The druggist will require no conditions. He will accept my order as cheerfully as though your dollar laid before him. He will send the bill to me.

Will you accept this opportunity to learn at my expense absolutely, of all forms of stomach only of the trouble, but produced it? Write to-day.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

My Free Dollar Offer

Any sick one who has not tried my remedy may have a Full Dollar's Worth Free. I ask no deposit, no reference, no security. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. I will send you an order on your druggist which he will accept in full payment for a regular, standard size Dollar bottle. And he will send the bill to me.

C. I. SHOOP, M.D.

how to be rid forever trouble—to be rid not of the very cause which today.

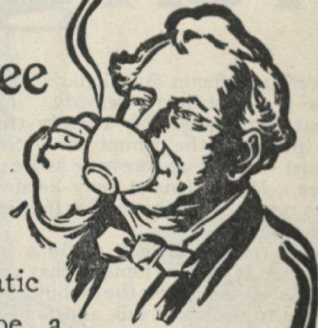
For a free order for a full dollar bottle you must address Dr. Shoop, Box 25, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Mild cases are often cured by a single bottle. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"Seal Brand" Coffee

is the choicest blend, put up by the world's largest coffee distributors. If you have never tasted this rich, aromatic coffee, the first cup will be a revelation.

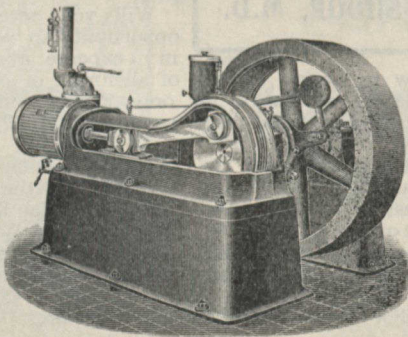


In 1 and 2 pound tins.

At all grocers.

Chase & Sanborn, - Montreal

Robb-Armstrong Engines



are all fitted with automatic governors and run at regular speed, whether loaded or light.

They use about 25 per cent. less steam than the best grade of engine with throttling governor.

They are built on the interchangeable system and duplicate parts, exact in fit, are kept in stock.

Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto.
 Watson Jack & Company, Montreal.
 J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

FOR YOUR SPRING SUIT GET

PRIESTLEY'S

Panneau
Cloth (Regd.)

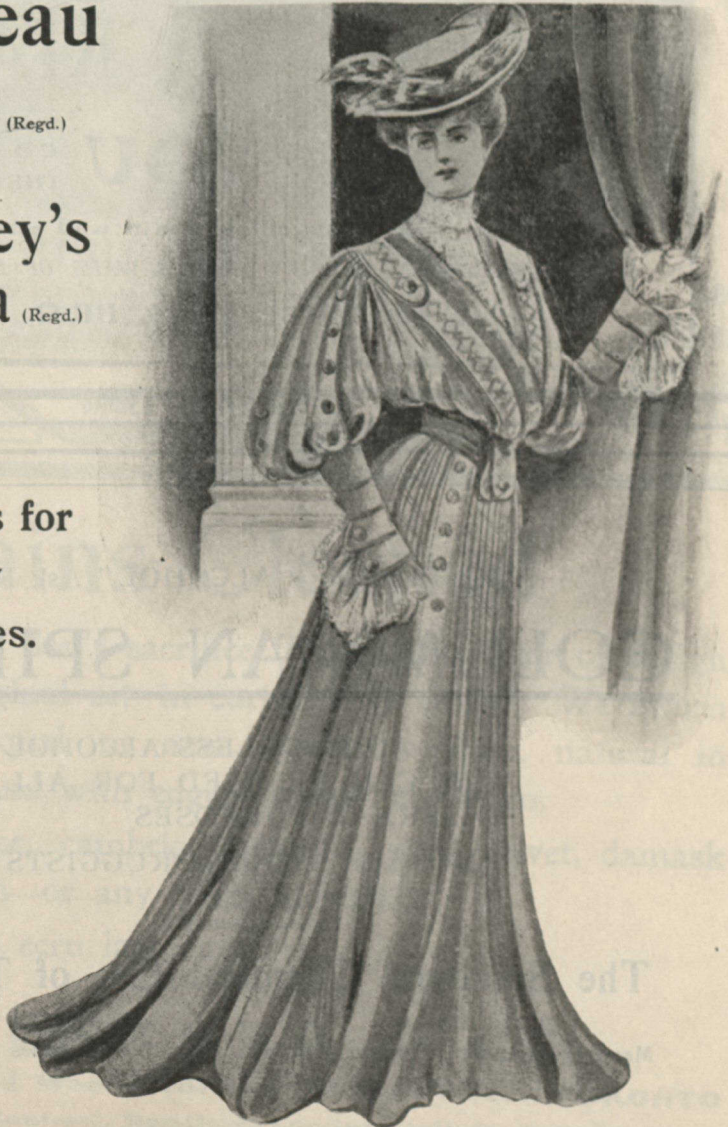
OR

Priestley's
Estrella (Regd.)

Best goods for
Dainty
Costumes.



FOR SALE AT
ALL THE BEST
DRY GOODS
STORES





*"Master thinks I'm a dandy
at mixing cocktails."*

**CLUB
COCKTAILS**

YOU can do it
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

G. F. HEUBLEIN @ BRO.

HARTFORD

NEW YORK

LONDON

When Requiring "ALCOHOL" Ask For

COLUMNIAN SPIRITS

IT IS AN ODORLESS ALCOHOL
AND CAN BE USED FOR ALL
EXTERNAL PURPOSES

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Manufactured by

The Standard Chemical Co. of Toronto

HEAD OFFICE
Manning Chambers, Toronto

EASTERN OFFICE
290 St. James St., Montreal

THE XXTH CENTURY SEWING MACHINE

New Model

Have
You
Seen
It?



SINGER

Just Out

Have
You
Tried
It?

"66"

BUILT LIKE A WATCH

**AT THE LARGEST AND BEST ORGANIZED
SEWING MACHINE FACTORY IN THE WORLD.**

Singer
Stores in
Every City

SOLD ONLY BY
SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

See
Singer
Store in
YOUR City

Curtains Cleaned

We don't sacrifice fulness, character of design nor original set in curtains we clean. We return them equal to new—spotlessly clean, natural in hang, and with edges smooth and even.

Lace, cambric, cretonne, silk, velvet, damask or plush—or any other material.

We ecru lace curtains.

R. PARKER & CO.

Head Office and Works—787 to 791 Yonge Street, TORONTO

BRANCHES—Montreal, Hamilton, London, Galt, St. Catharines,
Brantford and Woodstock.

'TIS AUTOMOBILE YEAR



The Automobile has demonstrated that it is now a practical vehicle for pleasure and utility. The machines we handle in Canada are absolutely alone in their class. Here are four of them:

POPE TRIBUNE, the most successful runabout on the market for the price, 6 horse power	- - - - -	\$ 650
FORD Runabout, 10 horse power, two opposed cylinders		\$1,100
FORD Four Cylinder Touring Car	- - - - -	\$2,700
PEERLESS Four Cylinder Touring Car, long wheel base, accurate control, rich in appointments, 24 horse power,	-	\$4,250

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO. Limited
 Automobile Corner, Bay and Temperance Sts.
TORONTO



WRITE FOR THE
 NEW CATALOGUES

CUSHION FRAME BICYCLES

It's time now to think of what wheel you'll buy for the coming season—the best wheel made doesn't cost any more than the other kind, and has luxurious and comfortable qualities to recommend it.

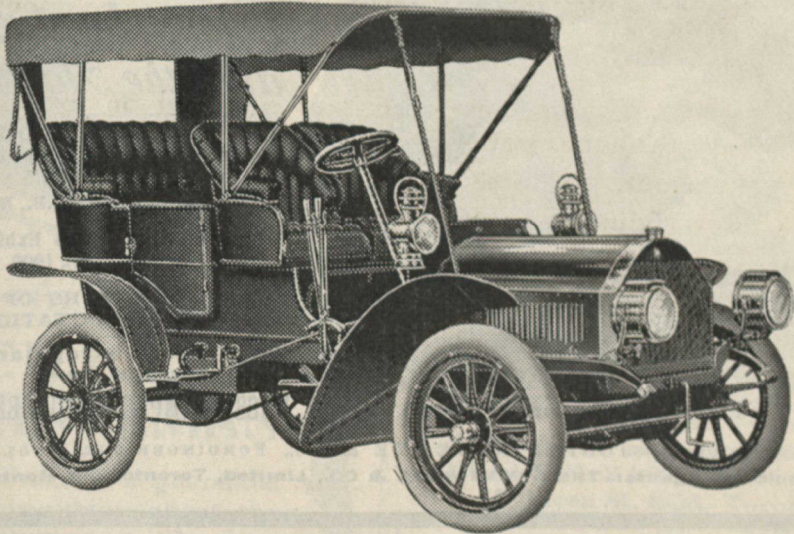
The SILVER RIBBON MASSEY-HARRIS BICYCLE

is the best—all good in every detail. Has the Hygienic Cushion Frame, new Hygienic Sills Handle Bar, Morrow Coaster Brake.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LIMITED
 Makers of World's Best Bicycles
TORONTO, - CANADA

STEVENS-DURYEA

1905 TOURING CAR



THE STEVENS-DURYEA is better and more favorably known than any other Automobile in Canada.

It is particularly suited to Canadian Roads—combines power and staying power with absolute simple control.

Four Cylinders—a Motor of 20 horse power—three Speeds, forward and reverse—seats five passengers.

Write for New Catalogue.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co.
SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS Limited

Automobile Corner - - Bay and Temperance Sts.



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
 Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly
used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

Everybody Says

"INDISPENSABLE"

THEY ARE CORRECT



THE
LITTLE
BEAUTY
HAMMOCK COT.

PATENTED

MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY

THE GEO. B. MEADOWS, Toronto
Wire, Iron and Brass Works Company, Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

Send for booklet, "Sleep Baby, Sleep."



Frau Ampt's Testimony

How she was
cured of

CANCER

Aurora, Ind., June 29, 1904.

Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR SIRS,—I am glad to be able to testify as to the merits of your Cancer Cure, for to-day I am entirely well of my cancer of the breast, thanks to your Combination Oil Cure. Any one wishing to hear from me will be promptly answered. Yours respectfully,

MRs. GEORGE AMPT, Aurora, Ind.

Dr. D. M. Bye has discovered a combination of oils that readily cure cancer, catarrh, tumors and malignant skin diseases. He has cured thousands of persons within the last ten years, over one hundred of whom were physicians. Readers having friends afflicted should cut this out and send it to them. Book sent free giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the home office of the originator, DR. D. M. BYE Co., Drawer 505, Dept. 108, Indianapolis, Ind.



THE NAME

GERHARD HEINTZMAN

on a Piano is a guarantee that everything about the instrument is strictly first-class and in keeping with the great reputation of the Gerhard Heintzman Pianos, which are now sold in Toronto from the manufacturers' own new warehouses at 97 Yonge St., and in Hamilton at 127 King St. E.

The name Gerhard Heintzman on a Piano is an assurance of reliability and stands higher among musicians and musical people than any other piano made in Canada.

Gerhard Heintzman Limited

CITY WAREHOUSES, FACTORY,
97 YONGE ST., SHERBOURNE ST.,
TORONTO

REPRODUCED FROM CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies
the Skin
No other cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stearn's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. **Beware of base imitations.** \$1.000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

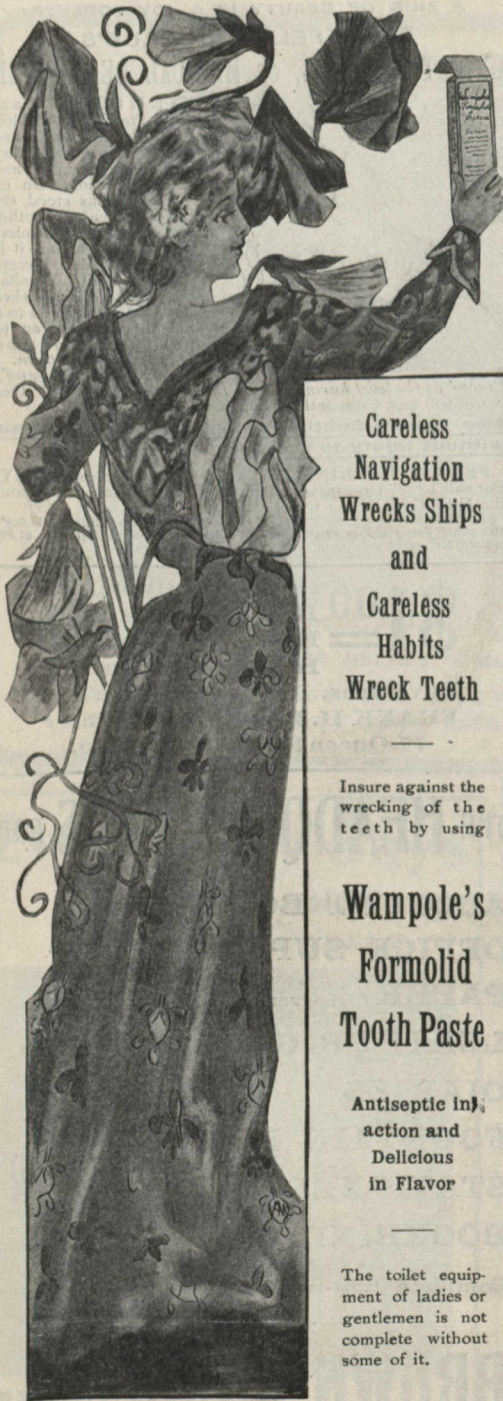
\$1.00 for 500 neatly printed Business Cards, Note Heads, Tickets, Bill Heads, Statements or Envelopes. Price list and samples free.
FRANK H. BARNARD, Printer
77 Queen St. East, Toronto.

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR

- ACCOUNT BOOKS
 - OFFICE SUPPLIES
 - PAPER Of Every Make
 - LEATHER GOODS
 - DIARIES
 - FOUNTAIN PENS Best Make and Price
 - STATIONERY NOVELTIES
 - BOOKBINDING Not Exceeded Style or Price
- Complete "up-to-date" Stationery House

BROWN BROS. LIMITED

Again fully established at the Old Location
51-53 Wellington St. West, - TORONTO



Careless
Navigation
Wrecks Ships
and
Careless
Habits
Wreck Teeth

Insure against the
wrecking of the
teeth by using

Wampole's
Formolid
Tooth Paste

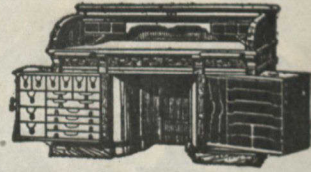
Antiseptic in
action and
Delicious
in Flavor

The toilet equip-
ment of ladies or
gentlemen is not
complete without
some of it.

Put up in Collapsible Tubes, which are on
sale at Drug Stores only

Price, Twenty-five cents (25c.) each

ARTIST: CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE DESK OF THE AGE.

Every Device
necessary to make a desk reliable,
labor saving, economical, is found
in those we manufacture. In ma-
terial 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.



**Clark's
Potted
Meats**

Ham, Chicken, Etc., Etc.

Make Delicious Sand-
wiches.

At All Dealers.

W. CLARK, Mfr.

Montreal.

Ever tried Clark's
delicious Pork and
Beans

3-8-04



GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS,

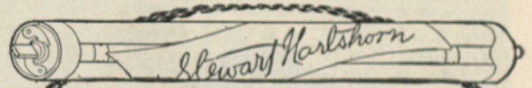
GOUT, FOR
RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,
LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA.

The Excruciating Pain is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days by these celebrated Pills. Sure, safe and effectual.
LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal and Toronto.
All Druggists and Stores, 40c. and \$1.00 a box.

Windsor Salt

Prepared especially for table use. The pure dry crystals will "not cake."

Your grocer has it.



Hartshorn Shade Rollers

The genuine has
Wood Rollers. the script signature of
Tin Rollers. Stewart Hartshorn on
the label.

The "Improved" requires no tacks.

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM OAKVILLE ONTARIO



IN LAKEHURST GROUNDS

the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Bathing.

For terms, etc., Address the Manager, LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

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



Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S
SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,
CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.

191 DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03



BABY'S OWN SOAP

prevents roughness of the
skin and chapping.

Best for toilet and nursery use. 035
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

**INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

Ever Young and Ever Fair

From the Davenport Democrat.

The preservation of female beauty and its enchantments by the use of harmless cosmetics, are duties the ladies owe to themselves, and to those who value their personal charms as they appreciate their moral qualities. Unfortunately unprincipled parties too frequently take advantage of the natural desire to be ever young and ever fair, and palm upon the market deleterious acid and mineral poisons which impart a momentary lustre at the risk of future sallowness and ruined health. In the Oriental Cream, prepared by Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, of New York City, the ladies have a harmless preparation for preserving the delicacy of the complexion, and obliterating blemishes, which has become the favorite toilet article of the leading professional artists, who owe so much of their popularity to their personal charms. Scarcely a star dressing room in opera or theatre throughout our land is without the Oriental Cream. It stands to-day the most harmless and perfect beautifier known.



WAMPOLE'S
Yunora Perfume
Sweet Pea Blossoms

So true to nature that a bunch of the blossoms and a bottle of the perfume seem as one.

HENRY K. WAMPOLE & CO.
 Manufacturing Chemists,
 TORONTO, CANADA

**Art Restores
 What Nature
 Refuses.**



Invisible Transformation round the head
 from \$20; ear to ear from \$10.

There is no need to worry if you have thin hair, for our **WIGS, TRANSFORMATIONS, POMPADOURS, TOUPEES, SWITCHES** are of artistic workmanship. Their natural wavy appearance is so much admired, being becoming, and of the latest Paris-London designs. We are ambitious to do more than to satisfy. The best at Moderate Prices. Mail orders on shortest notice to any part of the Dominion. We would like to send you our Catalogue.



Marie Antoinette Pompadour worn inside the hair, full size from \$10; ear to ear \$6.

Our Veg. Hair Lotions of high reputation; supplied at \$0.75, \$1.00, \$2.00.

Our Grey Hair Coloring Fluid in 12 shades at \$3.00 per box, or two for \$5.00.

PHONE M. 2498

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.,
 431 Yonge St. and 2 Ann St., TORONTO
JULES & CHARLES, Successors

THE WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY

Now Used For Purifying Flour

The New Process Makes Bread and Pastry Lighter, Sweeter, Whiter and More Wholesome—Women of Canada Delighted.

What is Electricity?

nobody knows, not even Edison.

What does it do?

everybody knows.

It runs street cars—telephones—
automobiles,

furnishes light—heat—power

—detects and defeats disease

—enables the doctors to see
clear through a man.

Performs all sorts of wonders

—not least of which is acting as

Nature's Great Purifier

because when the world's dust,
dirt and disease germs have been
taken up by the air, and hang over
the earth in clouds—

electricity shoots lightning
through the clouds

—flash!—boom!—rumble!

—down comes the rain, the at-
mosphere is purified and we ex-
claim

—“how nice and fresh the air is
since that thunderstorm!”

Electricity in the Flour Mill

Something like that but minus
the thunder and lightning,

—silently—swiftly—surely

electricity performs its miracle in
the “Royal Household” mill—
the only mill in the Dominion of
Canada where electricity is used
for purifying purposes.

When the grinders—separators
—sifters—air-filters, have ground
and reground—purified and re-
purified the flour again and again,

all down through the seven floors
of the big “Royal Household”
mill until it is nearer perfection
than flour ever was before—elec-
tricity says—

“I can do more than that” and
sending its mysterious charge of

Electrified Air

through the flour, removes the last,
least trace of impurity—gives it
new life and greater energy—
makes a flour that is

pure enough,

sweet enough,

white enough,

to be worthy the name and fame of
“Royal Household”—the flour
that is more delicious—more
healthful—more satisfying than
any other flour in the world.

—the flour that makes the bread
and pastry used on the tables of
Royalty—

the flour that thousands of Ca-
nadian women are now using to
make better bread—better pastry
than they ever made before.

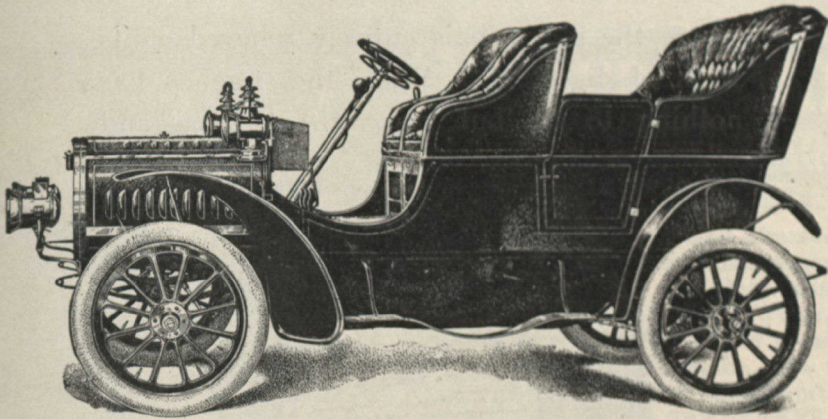
Every day hundreds of testi-
monials are coming to the Ogilvie
Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Montreal,
from women who are using Royal
Household Flour, according to the
“Royal Household” recipes and
say they are delighted with it.

The recipes will be sent free for
the asking

—ask for them—

“FLOURFAX.”

Rambler



SURREY, TYPE ONE
 18 horse power, \$1350
 With top, water-proof side curtains, etc, \$150 extra

This vehicle can be operated with such freedom from repairs that the pleasure of touring in it is not marred by expense and waste of time. **C**All working parts are easily inspected by removing the hinged floor and seat falls, without crawling under the machine. **C**Other models \$750, \$850, \$2000 and \$3000. **C**Full information on request.

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY,
Main Office and Factory; Kenosha, Wisconsin.
 Automobile & Supply Company, Toronto,
 Ontario, Eastern Automobile Company,
 Montreal, Quebec, Ketchum & Company,
 Ottawa, Ontario.

DYSPEPSIA CANNOT EXIST

where the stomach is entirely relieved of its work of digestion. When the stomach has nothing to do but rest, it gets well and



strong in a natural way. The perfect dyspepsia cure, therefore, is one that will digest the food and permit Nature to restore the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

do just this thing. No matter how much you eat or what the condition of your stomach is, your food is properly and perfectly digested and your stomach regains its strength and gets sound and well.

All Druggists, 50 Cents a Box.

A Gentle Aperient

And one especially meeting all requirements of the delicate organization of women is -

Hunyadi János

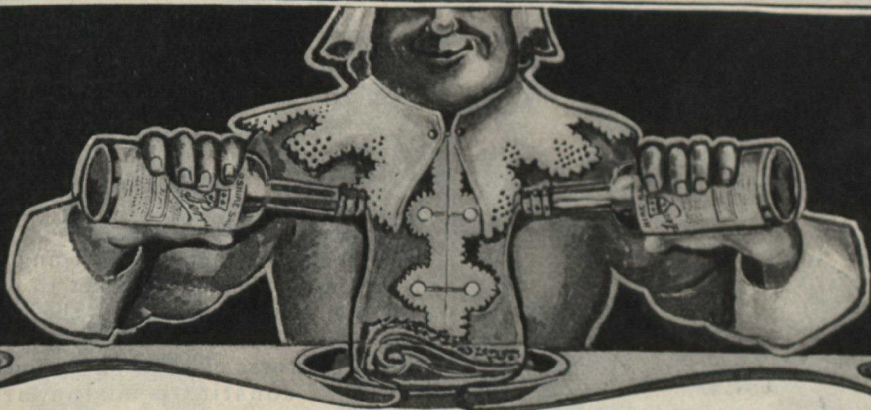
THE BEST NATURAL WATER.
APERIENT WATER. TAKE IT FOR CONSTIPATION.

Constipation is known to be the cause of many diseases; its manifestations, especially in the delicate female organism, are annoying, distressing, disheartening. Why suffer all these miseries, why hesitate? Half a tumblerful of Hunyadi Janos Water, on rising, gives pleasant and prompt relief. It is a household necessity. **BUY A BOTTLE AND TRY IT!** The cost is small. But insist upon Hunyadi Janos, and firmly refuse substitutes; they are often harmful.

ANDREAS SAXLEHNER

New York Office, 130 Fulton St.

Budapest, Hungary



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Is the one which all sauce makers are trying to imitate, but without success. The most appetizing and delicious sauce in the world for fish, flesh, fowl or good red herring. It has become a household necessity.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, Canadian Agents.

The Hammond Typewriter



TWENTY YEARS A VISIBLE SUCCESS

FIRST PRIZE at all prominent exhibitions where awards were made according to the merits of machines.

GOLD MEDAL, St. Louis, 1904

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO., 13 Bleury Street, MONTREAL

THE SUN TYPEWRITERS

HAVE NO PEER

We challenge the Manager of any ribbon typewriter on the Canadian market to produce work on his machine equal to the work of the SUN Typewriter under a forfeit of \$100.00 to charity; clearness of lettering and neatness of writing to constitute a standard for adjudging.

The Swiftest Writer—The Strongest Manifold—
Visible—Polychrome.

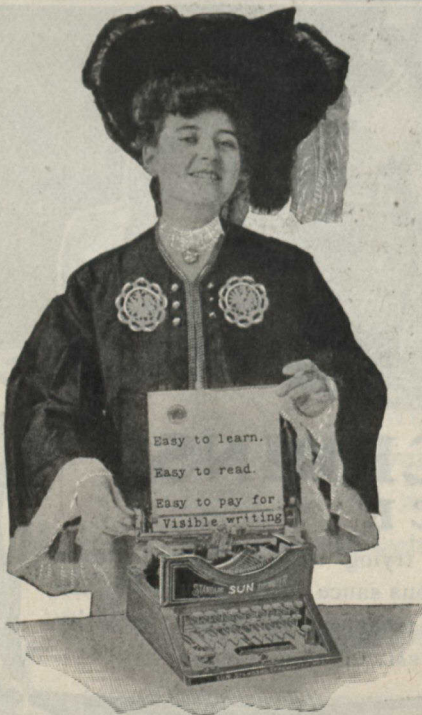
No. 2, \$55.00 No. 3, \$95.00

SEND FOR BOOKLET

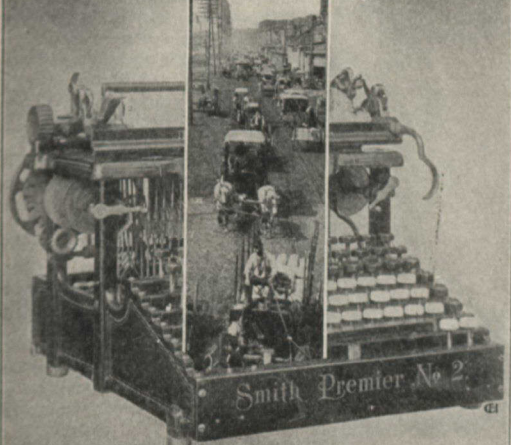
CENTRAL TYPEWRITER CO.,

12 Yonge St. Arcade, Toronto

All makes of Typewriters and Supplies.



New avenues of business
are opened up through a
Smith Premier Typewriter



Send for Booklet
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
Syracuse, N.Y.
Branches in all large cities



Up
Stairs
at
Night

your Silver is reasonably secure from midnight dangers. The only absolute security against the daylight danger of scratching or wearing when cleaning is by using

ELECTRO
Silver Polish
SILICON

It insures the highest degree of brilliancy without the least detriment in any form. At Grocers and Druggists.

Trial quantity for the asking
Box postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Agents, Montreal.



The Passing
of the
**Blind
Typewriter**

Miss Stenographer
Experiences
A
Change



**The Exchange of Blind Machines for
VISIBLE UNDERWOODS** is now an every-day occurrence. The old plea of the
longer effective. The Underwood NOW HAS the reputation and exclusive features. 5,000 satisfied users in Canada testify
to this.

THE UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO

Branch offices in all leading Canadian cities



"Rene"

"RENE" is the only brand of cigars we manufacture, made in one style, one size and one quality, packed in one style of box (50).

We sell same at one cash price only. It is the only cigar factory of its kind on the American continent making a specialty of one high-class cigar only.

It is made to suit gentlemen of good taste.

The word "RENE" is stamped on each cigar; none others are genuine. Sold everywhere. Manufactured and guaranteed by

THE RENE CIGAR CO., Hamilton, Canada.

JAEGER PURE WOOL

UNDERWEAR

is made in large variety of styles, shapes and qualities; in combination suits and separate garments for women, men, children, in light, medium and heavy weights for all seasons.

GUARANTEED AGAINST SPOILING BY SHRINKAGE



Ladies' Dressing Gown.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue No. 2, with illustrations and prices of Dressing Gowns, Shirt Waists and samples of various weights of materials, mailed free.

DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary SYSTEM Company Limited
Woollen

2206 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL

CANADIAN PLANTS for CANADIAN PEOPLE



Our Motto: FAIR DEALING
Our Market: OCEAN TO OCEAN

Our fully descriptive catalogue will be out in March, and will be sent to anyone on application **FREE**. If you are not a customer, drop us a card.

We have everything in flowering plants, ornamental shrubs and perennials. **Roses are a specialty with us.** For over 25 years the firm of WEBSTER BROS. has supplied the people of Canada with these lines, and the shipping of plants has become an art with us.

The WEBSTER FLORAL COMPANY
LIMITED

(Successors to Webster Bros.)

HAMILTON, ONT.

"The Leading Canadian Florists."

Red-Heart Tonic Wine!

"Winds up run down systems."

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1857



MANY A FINE INTERIOR

of natural woods has been spoiled because the owner realized too late how much varnish has to do with making or marring the finish.

The use of LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH for the general interior work, and LIQUID GRANITE for floors, bath rooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds and the front door, will bring lasting content with the finish on the woodwork.

Under its old name of Berry Brothers' Hard Oil Finish, LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH has been known for forty years as the leading interior finish.

LIQUID GRANITE is unique in its wear resisting qualities, by reason of which it is equally fitted for floor finishing and all work where the exposure is excessive.

We will mail upon request instructive booklets on wood finishing and finished samples of wood.



This is the celebrated Toy Wagon that we give away free under certain conditions. Since we introduced it a few years ago it has found its way to all parts of the world and has made thousands of boys and girls happy.

Copy of picture and full particulars sent upon application.

BERRY BROTHERS, LIMITED,

NEW YORK
BOSTON

PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE

Factory and Main Office, Detroit

Varnish Manufacturers

CHICAGO
CINCINNATI

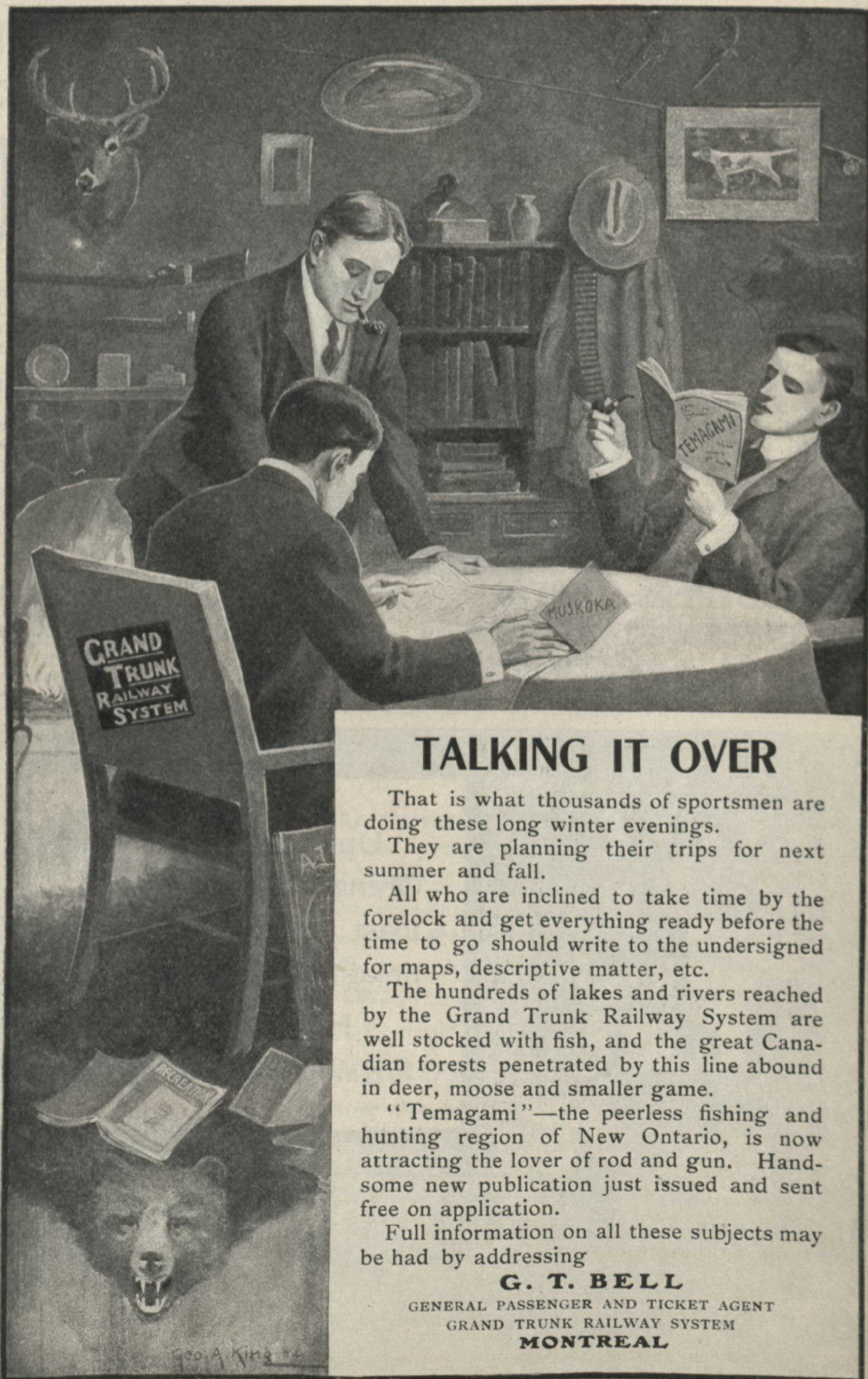
ST LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO

Canadian Factory, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

UPTON'S HOME MADE JAMS

Upton's home-made Orange Marmalade on toast makes a dainty breakfast.

Healthful and Appetizing.



TALKING IT OVER

That is what thousands of sportsmen are doing these long winter evenings.

They are planning their trips for next summer and fall.

All who are inclined to take time by the forelock and get everything ready before the time to go should write to the undersigned for maps, descriptive matter, etc.

The hundreds of lakes and rivers reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System are well stocked with fish, and the great Canadian forests penetrated by this line abound in deer, moose and smaller game.

"Temagami"—the peerless fishing and hunting region of New Ontario, is now attracting the lover of rod and gun. Handsome new publication just issued and sent free on application.

Full information on all these subjects may be had by addressing

G. T. BELL

GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

MONTREAL

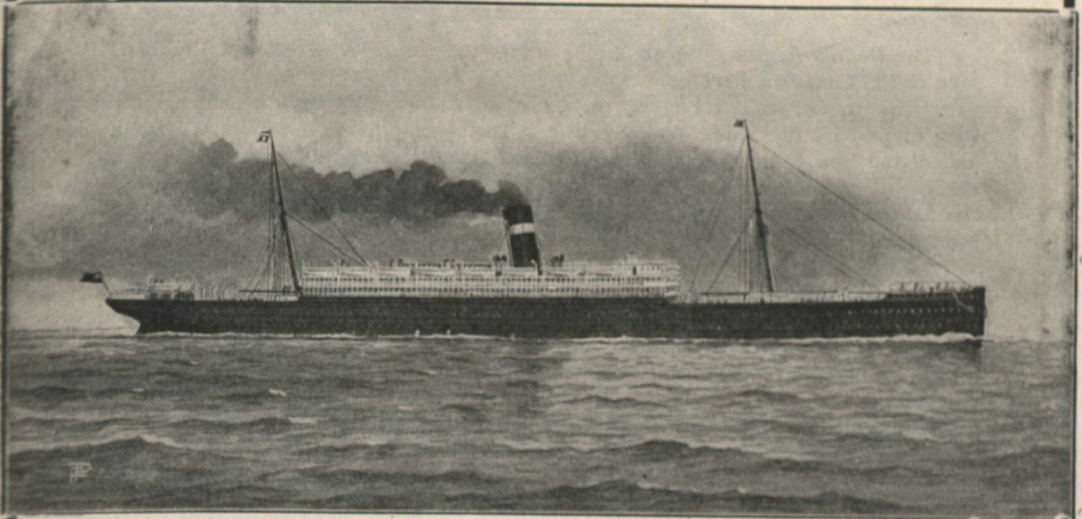
Geo. A. King '24

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

TO LIVERPOOL

CALLING AT MOVILLE, LONDONDERRY



The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

NEW FAST TURBINE-ENGINED STEAMERS

VICTORIAN, 12,000 Tons

VIRGINIAN, 12,000 TONS

NEW STEAMERS

TUNISIAN, 10,575 Tons, Twin Screws **BAVARIAN, 10,375 Tons, Twin Screws**

IONIAN, 9,000 Tons, Twin Screws

These splendid new vessels, the pioneers of the new method of propulsion without noise or vibration, and possessing all the luxuries of the highest-class hotel, make their first voyages in April, and, together with the well-known and popular steamers Tunisian and Bavarian, will constitute a weekly service between Montreal, Quebec and Liverpool. The time from Port to Port will average under seven days. With their splendid suites of rooms and cabins on Promenade and Bridge Decks, passengers may enjoy all the luxury of modern travel combined with a panorama of scenery unequalled on any other route.

1905

PROPOSED SAILINGS

1905

From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From HALIFAX	From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL
2 Feb.	CORINTHIAN.....	Mon., 20 Feb.	20 April	IONIAN.....	Friday, 5 May
9 "	PARISIAN.....	" 27 "	27 "	VICTORIAN, new.....	" 12 "
16 "	SICILIAN.....	" 6 Mar.	4 May	BAVARIAN.....	" 19 "
23 "	BAVARIAN.....	" 13 "	11 "	VIRGINIAN, new.....	" 26 "
2 Mar.	IONIAN.....	" 20 "	18 "	TUNISIAN.....	" 2 June
9 "	TUNISIAN.....	" 27 "	25 "	VICTORIAN.....	" 9 "
16 "	PARISIAN.....	" 3 April	1 June	BAVARIAN.....	" 16 "
23 "	VICTORIAN, new.....	" 10 "	8 "	VIRGINIAN.....	" 23 "
30 "	BAVARIAN.....	" 17 "	15 "	TUNISIAN.....	" 30 "
6 April	VIRGINIAN, new.....	" 24 "	22 "	VICTORIAN.....	" 7 July
13 "	TUNISIAN.....	" 1 May	29 "	BAVARIAN.....	" 14 "
			6 July	VIRGINIAN.....	" 21 "

TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 3 hours, 12 minutes, the fastest on record over this course.

IONIAN—Latest addition to the fleet (9,000 tons, twin screws). Average time of this Steamer between HALIFAX and MOVILLE is 7 days, 6 hours. Her record passage is 6 days, 11 hours, 30 minutes.

For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto
or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal

"A Wonderful Railroad"

A United States Paper's Glowing Tribute to the C. P. R.

The *Buffalo Enquirer*, in an article under the title, "A Wonderful Railroad," says of the Canadian Pacific:

"The trans-Pacific travel of the Canadian Railway has been benefited rather than injured by the Russo-Japanese war. The regular passengers from the Orient understand how completely localized the hostilities are and the constant stream to and fro of officers, newspaper correspondents, contractors and others interested in the fighting, has swelled the passenger lists to unusual size. Freight business has been equally brisk.

"The convenience of travelling half round the world under one management is, moreover, gaining recognition in many lands. Passengers put themselves under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Liverpool, and are conveyed 12,000 miles to Hong Kong. They have no difficulties in making connections; arrangements are settled and information obtained from one office; heavy baggage is checked at one end of the world and claimed at the other, and ladies and children find their comfort attended to and their perplexities solved with uniform courtesy by agents of the company thousands of miles apart.

"As an example of commercial organization, the Canadian Pacific Railway takes premier place among the transportation companies of the world. Last winter its Atlantic steamship lines were strengthened by the addition of a regular freight service from Antwerp to Canada; this winter two fine passenger steamers are being built in England. The run across the continent is most comfortable and the cars are equipped with every device for the comfort of the passengers. To sit in the dining-car and enjoy a first-class table d'hote meal, while the train rushes through the rocky solitudes of the shore of Lake Superior is to have exemplified in a most remarkable way the triumphs of civilization over nature.

"The journey culminates in the prairies, the greatest wheat-growing and ranching district in the world, and the splendid scenery of the Rockies. Even in winter it is well to stop over for a few days in the latter. At Banff this year the Sanitarium Hotel is organizing winter sports under ideal conditions, and at Field and Glacier, the Canadian Pacific Railway hotels remain open the whole year round.

"From Vancouver the Empress liners sail and a most delightful ocean voyage begins. In every appointment, in service, in cuisine, a very high standard is maintained, and it is with real regret the passenger goes ashore at Yokohama. He may, if he so pleases, however, stay on board, and, after touching at Kobe and Nagasaki, and traversing the inland sea, go on to China. Here he will have a few hours at Shanghai, and will disembark at Hong Kong. Twelve thousand miles has he travelled in about six weeks under the auspices of one company, and, though he may no further journey in its ships and trains, he may continue his trip right around the world with every arrangement made and every need foreseen by buying a ticket for one of the many Around-the-World tours organized by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company."

ROBERT KERR,
Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL

C. E. E. USSHER,
General Passenger Agent,
MONTREAL

C. B. FOSTER,
District Passenger Agent,
TORONTO

Intercolonial Railway

WHY

Canada's Famous Train

THE

MARITIME EXPRESS

leaving Montreal 12.00 o'clock noon, daily, except Saturday,

DOES THE BUSINESS

between Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax and the
Sydneys—with connection for Prince Edward Island
and Newfoundland

BECAUSE

Its Dining and Sleeping Car Service is Unequaled.

THAT IS WHY

WRITE FOR TIME TABLES, FARES, ETC., TO
GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N.B.

THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS

An Illustrated Magazine of Travel and Education

150 OR MORE PAGES MONTHLY

Its scope and character are indicated by the following titles of articles that have appeared in recent issues; all profusely illustrated:

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| Among Golden Bagodas, | Kirk Munroe |
| Marblehead, | M. Inlay Taylor |
| A Study in Shells, | Dr. R. W. Shufeldt |
| Santo Domingo, | Frederick A. Ober |
| Eleven Hours of Afternoon, | Cy Warman |
| A Gala Night on the Neckar, | Kathleen L. Greig |
| Echoes From Sleepy Hollow, | Minnal Irving |
| Golf in the Rockies, | Henry Russell Wray |
| In Barbara Freitchie's Town, | Thomas C. Harbaugh |
| Back of the Backwoods, | Charles Howard Shinn |
| A Feast of Music, | Jane W. Guthrie |
| Sailors' Snug Harbor, | Bessie H. Dean |
| Since Betty Golis—Poem, | Josephine Wilhelm Harv |
| Niagara's Historic Environs, | Eben P. Dorr |
| In the Old Wood-Burner Days, | James O. Whittemore |
| The Land of Liberty and Legends, | Guy M. Walker |
| Nature's Treasure-house, | Earl W. Mayo |
| Down the Golden Yukon, | George Hyde Preston |
| Corral and Lasso, | Minnie J. Reynolds |
| Little Histories: | |
| An Historic Derelict, | Charlotte Philip |
| Where Lincoln Died, | Alexander Porter |
| The Poets' Corner, | Isabel R. Wallach |
| The Treason House, | William Wait |

SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS, or \$1.00 A YEAR
 Can be had of newsdealers, or by addressing
 GEORGE H. DANIELS, Publisher, 7 East 42d Street, New York.
 Room No. 147

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO LOOK AFTER YOUR HEALTH

AND there is nothing like a sea voyage on a comfortable ship, with pleasant people to revive and invigorate your energies and interest. There would be fewer doctors' bills to pay if everybody went to the West Indies each winter on a

P. & B. STEAMER

A 42 days' passage for \$130.00

is a cheap way of escaping doctors' bills.

ASK
 R. M. MELVILLE - - - - Toronto
 or
PICKFORD & BLACK - Halifax

Dominion Line 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"

To Liverpool, - \$40.00 To London, - \$42.50

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

CHAS. A. PIPON,
 41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,
 17 St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL, QUE.

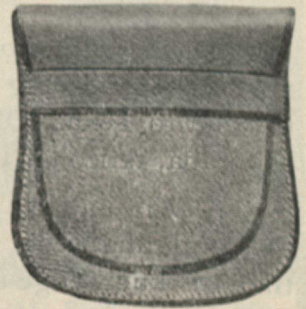
FOUR GOOD THINGS FOR MEN



Catalogue C Mailed Free!!

It Illustrates all our Specialties in

**TRUNKS
BAGS
SUIT CASES
and
LEATHER
GOODS**



THE TRAY PURSE

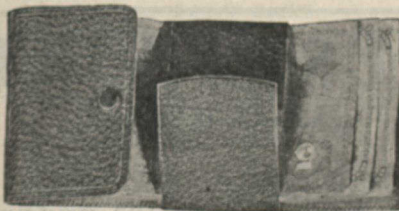
Hand Sewn and Four Sizes

PIG.....	50c.	60c.	70c.	80c.
RUSSIA.....	50	60	70	80
MOROCCO.....	60	70	80	90
SEAL.....	70	80	90	\$1.00

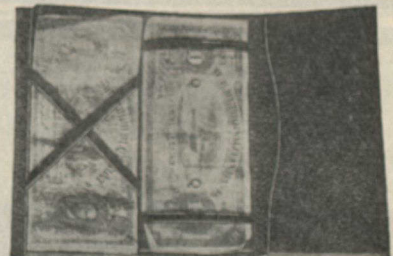
THE PURTSEA PURSE

Hand Sewn and Four Sizes

PIG.....	30c.	40c.	50c.	60c.
RUSSIA.....	40	50	60	70
MOROCCO.....	50	60	70	80
SEAL.....	60	70	80	90



No Extra
Charge for
Postage
on any of
These
Goods.



THE BILL FOLD

Made of Only the Best Leather

STRAP LEATHER.....	\$.25
BLACK GOAT.....	.40
REAL MOROCCO.....	.50
REAL PIG.....	.50
REAL RUSSIA.....	.50
CALFSKIN.....	.75
REAL SEAL.....	1.00
REAL WALRUS.....	1.50

THE BILL BOOK

With Swinging Centre

No. 640—SEAL GRAIN.....	\$.50
No. 641—SEA LION GRAIN.....	1.00
No. 642—REAL MOROCCO.....	1.50
No. 643—DOLPHIN GRAIN.....	2.00
No. 645—REAL SEAL.....	2.50
No. 646—MOROCCO, Calf Lined....	3.00
No. 647—BLACK SEAL, Calf Lined..	3.50
No. 648—REAL SEAL, Seal Lined...	5.00

The JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 King St. West, Toronto

Wabash Railroad System

During the months of March, April and May, the Wabash will make sweeping reductions in the one way colonist rates from Canada to Texas, Old Mexico, California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Arizona, Utah, Washington and British Columbia.

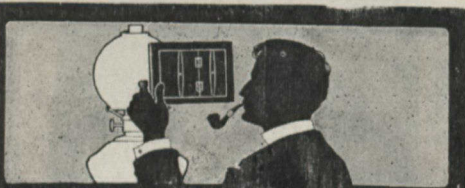
Also round trip tickets on sale daily at greatly reduced rates to the south and west. There is nothing more assuring to the traveler than his knowledge of the fact that he is traveling over the Wabash System, the great winter tourist route to the south and west.

For full particulars address

J. A. RICHARDSON, District Passenger Agent

NORTH-EAST CORNER KING AND YONGE STREETS

TORONTO



Nepera Solution

A Universal Developer

For Velox, (except glossy) Dekko, Bromide Paper and Lantern Slides and in connection with Nepera Capsules a perfect developer for Film or Plates.

At All Dealers. 25 Cents.

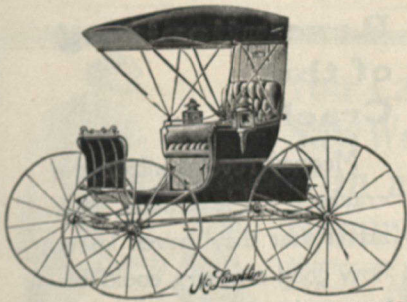
Canadian Kodak Co.
Limited
Toronto, Can.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD

The popular tourist route to New York, Boston, the principal summer resorts on the New England Coast, Long Island, Catskill Mountains, Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, White Mountains, the beautiful Mohawk Valley, and the historic Hudson River.

Full information, time tables, etc., at 69½ Yonge Street, 'Phone Main 4361, Toronto, Ont.

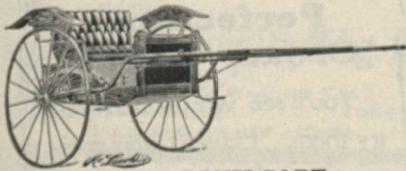
FRANK FOY, Ticket Agent, Toronto, Ont.	LOUIS DRAGO, Canadian Pass. Agent, Toronto, Ont.
O. E. LAMBERT, General Pass. Agent, New York City.	H. PARRY, General Agent, Buffalo, N.Y.



No. 70—PHYSICIAN'S PHAETON



No. 100—RUNABOUT



No. 162—PONY CART

McLAUGHLIN VEHICLES

The Vehicles That Satisfy

**Top Buggies, Phaetons,
Surreys, Traps, Carts,
Concords and Democrats**

For 36 years we have been building Vehicles in Canada. Our output last year was the largest in our history. CONFIDENCE is one of the chief elements of our success and we are particular never to abuse it. A discriminating purchasing public have entire confidence in our product and business methods. Our Vehicles are sold by responsible dealers throughout the Dominion or direct from our factory.

Catalogue Free.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., Ltd.
OSHAWA, ONT.

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL

ST. JOHN



Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Always restores color to gray hair. The hair grows rapidly, stops coming out, does not split at the ends, keeps soft and smooth.

For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black. R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

SCHOOL OF MINING

AFFILIATED TO QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED:

1. Four Years' Course for a Degree (B. Sc.)
- and 2. Three Years' Course for a Diploma.

- (a) Mining Engineering
- (b) Chemistry and Mineralogy
- (c) Mineralogy and Geology
- (d) Chemical Engineering
- (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, Ont.

RADNOR

Empress of Waters.

RAD Radnor Springs NOR
Mineral Water.
For table use
Refreshing Tonic
and Stimulant.

Radnor Mixes With Anything

Art Dept. Canadian Magazine

The Revolutionizing of the Cracker

Mooney revolutionized the cracker. He made folk admit that they never knew how good crackers could be, by making such delicious crackers as they had never tasted before. Then he set folk to eating Mooney's crackers who'd never eaten crackers before. In a year he had all Canada eating

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

You'll see why when you try them. Haven't you curiosity enough to buy a box at your grocer's?

CLARK'S Pork and Beans

When Pork and Beans is mentioned one naturally thinks of "Clark's," as no other is in the same class. 5c. and 10c. tins.

W. CLARK, Mfr., Montreal



You Can't Saw Wood With a Hammer

Neither can you be successful in business without a simple, effective system.

Having Trouble

The leaks in business houses are undeniably the source of failure in business. Our Office Labor-Saving Methods for Correspondence and Record Filing and our Business Furniture were specially devised to stop leaks. If you're troubled or worried over any department, or if you require Office Furniture of any kind, write to us. It's a pleasure to explain systems.

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.

LIMITED

97-105 Wellington St. West, near York St.,

Factories—Newmarket, Ont.

TORONTO

PLEASE NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS

The universal Perfume
for the Handkerchief
Toilet and Bath.



Be sure
you get the
genuine.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER.
Refuse all substitutes.

**ALWAYS stand by the name with a
REPUTATION**



EDDY
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1881

**FIBRE
WARE**



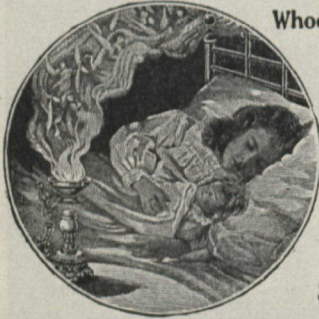
is now **universally** used in Canada.

Besides being **handsome** in appearance, it surpasses all other makes as regards **durability** and in all points essential to a high-grade article.

E. B. Eddy's Fibre Tubs, Pails, Wash Basins, etc., are for sale at all first-class dealers.

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

VAP0-CRESOLENE CO., 1651 Notre Dame St., Montreal

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.

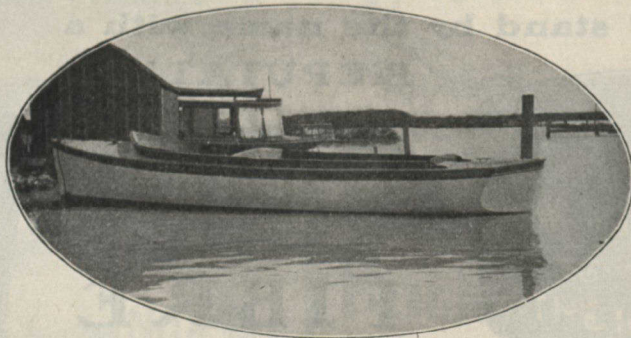


SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING

Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.

For Samples apply to the Proprietors,

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City



NEW TYPE

FAST CRUISER, 25 FEET, 7½ H.P.—9 MILES

CANADA LAUNCH WORKS, Limited

TORONTO, ONTARIO

MANUFACTURERS UNDER LICENSE FROM LAKE SHORE ENGINE WORKS OF

NEW SUPERIOR MARINE MOTORS

2 CYCLE, 2—8 H.P. 4 CYCLE, 6—40 H.P

SOLE BUILDERS OF COMPLETE MOTOR BOATS IN CANADA



THE DOMINION PIANO

**THERE IS NOTHING EXTRAVAGANT ABOUT
"DOMINION" PIANOS**

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 agents who want your good-will, and know they'll get it if you select a "Dominion."

Write for our catalogue - you'll find it interesting.
It will help you to

**"Get Familiar" with
"Dominion" Pianos.**

**The DOMINION ORGAN
& PIANO CO.**
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

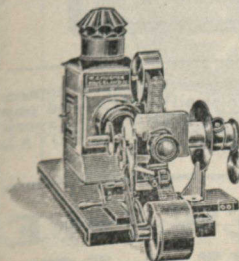


COMMUNITY SILVER

Is sought for its 'style' and durability

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

ONEIDA, N.Y. NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.



MAGIC LANTERNS BIOSCOPES

Cheapest and Best in the World. Delightful Home Amusement. Drawing-room Bioscope £3 3s.

Pamphengos Oil Lantern, giving 12 ft. pictures, £3 5s. Biunial Lanterns, high-class effects. Bioscopes, £7 7s, worth £20. Cinematograph Peep-Shows, £12 12s. Illustrated Catalogues, 180 Choice Engravings free, 10d., smaller ditto, 6d. 60,000 Slide List, free, 7d. Large Illustrated Cinematograph

List, free, 7d. Illustrated Film List, 6d.

Specialist in Optical Projection.

W. C. HUGHES

82 Brewster House, Mortimer Road, Kingsland, N., London, Eng.

SULPHOLINE LOTION

**The Famous Skin Fluid
English.....**

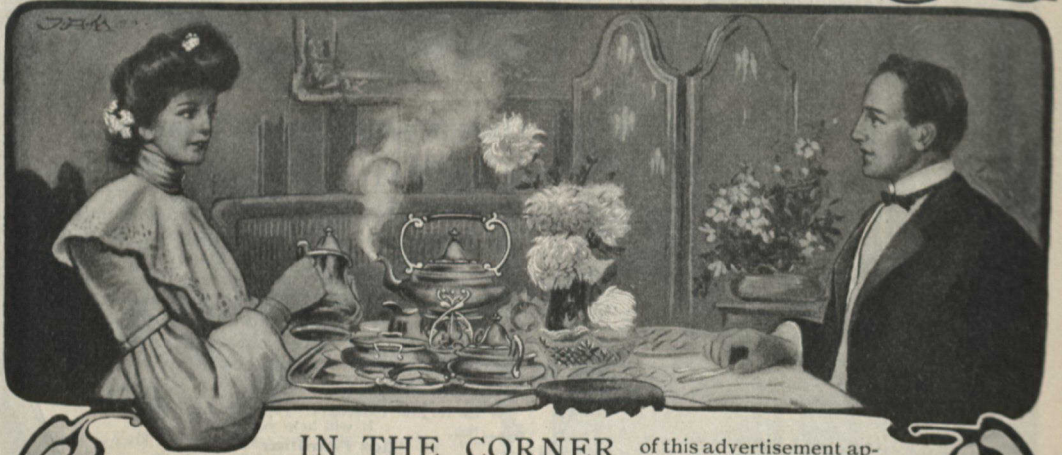
ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES

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**

The Standard Silver Co. Ltd



IN THE CORNER of this advertisement appears a *fac-simile* of our TRADE MARK. Every piece of Silverware bearing this stamp carries with it our absolute Guarantee as to quality. The designs are always correct.

The Standard Silver Co., Limited
Toronto, Canada



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



ARTISTS' COLORS.

No true artist ever risks a poor color on a picture. He buys only **Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colors** because he knows they are the standard throughout the world. They are not dear.

For sale at all Art Stores.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.
Wholesale agents for Canada.

Bird Bread

COTTAM'S famous food for birds, formerly only sold with COTTAM SEED. Now sold separately at 10c. the package, two large cakes. The high reputation enjoyed by BIRD BREAD has caused us to make this departure after refusing for years to sell it apart from COTTAM SEED.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart from COTTAM SEED, with 6c in stamps and get free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (1)

Cottam Bird Seed

Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE. about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.

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.

LADIES to do piecework at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO., Desk C. M., 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



AVON
CAKE SERVER

BERKSHIRE
PIE KNIFE

Fancy Serving Pieces
For Weddings, Birthday or Anniversary Gifts

As appropriate for this purpose nothing more desirable can be selected, nothing bestowed, that is of greater appreciation than silver ware of the famous

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

brand. It is the standard of silver plate excellence, the brand that became famous in the time of our grandparents and held its fame through succeeding generations. All leading dealers sell it. The date 1847 is the mark of the genuine. Send for our New Catalogue "487." The handsomest silver-ware book published. Shows all new patterns, aids in making selections.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)

NEW YORK HAMILTON, CANADA CHICAGO

Rodgers Cutlery

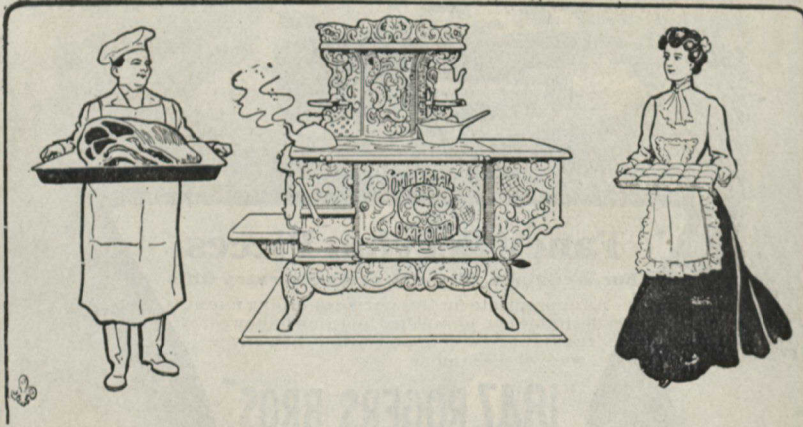


For over two hundred years Rodgers Cutlery has been the standard of excellence.

Dealers who want to be known as handling the best goods always offer Rodgers Table Cutlery, Penknives, Scissors, etc.

For a Gift or your own use buy "Rodgers."

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited, CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND



The professional cook would not be without the improvements and conveniences of the

Imperial Oxford Range

His skill would only be wasted in a poor stove. The amateur cook cannot expect anything like satisfactory results without these improvements.

No matter what skill is employed in your kitchen you cannot do good cooking without the conveniences of the Imperial Oxford Range. The diffusive flue construction means an evenly-heated oven; the thermometer tells you the exact heat of your oven; the draw-out oven rack makes basting simple; the draw-out grate makes repairs easy. The Imperial Oxford Range does perfect cooking with the least labor.

The Gurney Foundry Co.

LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA

MONTREAL

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

TO COLOUR TRY ALEXANDRE'S
GREY HAIR SHAINE
 LONDON MADE

Trial Bottle
 12½c.



Trade Mark,
 Copyright

SHADEINE colors grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN and GOLDEN. Contains no lead, silver, mercury or sulphur. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed not to burn or produce an unnatural tint; is permanent, washable and free from grease. Medical certificate enclosed. Large bottle, 85c. Trial bottle, 12-1-2c. Of all chemists, and Messrs. T. EATON CO., Limited, Yonge St., Toronto. L. ALEXANDRE, 55 Westbourne Grove, London W., England.

We have received a copy of an interesting illustrated booklet entitled "Lameness in the Horse, its Cause, Detection and Remedy." Numerous diseases of the horse's legs are shown. Written by a qualified veterinary surgeon of LONDON, ENG. It is published by Messrs. Stevens, of St. George's Mansions, Westminster, LONDON, ENG. 20 cents.



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"

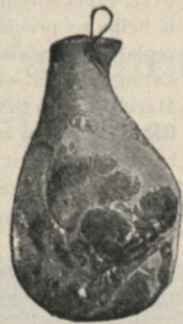
**TEABERRY
 FOR THE TEETH**

This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.



FEARMAN'S FAMOUS
**STAR
 BRAND
 HAM**



THE STANDARD OF
 EPICUREAN 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

CROWN BRAND SYRUP

Planning the Meals

The housewife, in planning the household's meals, has to consider health, food values—the supplying of a diet which will enable every member of the household to perform his daily work 365 days in the year. It's no easy job. As a suggestion for dessert, especially during Lent, may we suggest bread or biscuits and

CROWN SYRUP

This Syrup is absolutely pure—is most delicious and always welcome—but, moreover, especially in our severe spring weather, it helps to provide the energy necessary to replace the waste of tissue caused by resisting the cold winds and blustery weather of March. Only those who have used **CROWN BRAND** really know how delicious it is and how satisfying it makes a slice of bread, a scone, a waffle—and it is not only children who like it. Have you tried it?

ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE
EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO.
 LIMITED

53 FRONT ST. E.
 TORONTO

164 ST JAMES ST.
 MONTREAL

WORKS — CARDINAL ONT.



FREE INSURANCE

The man who takes an Endowment Policy in the Manufacturers Life is practically getting Free Insurance.

True, he has to pay a small annual premium for 10, 15, 20, or 25 years as he may choose, but at the end of that time he gets all his money back with good interest thereon, and his 10, 15, 20, or 25 years of insurance will have cost him nothing.

Write for rates to

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.

Head Office, Toronto, Canada



NOTHING IS BETTER FOR "SMOKERS' THROAT" THAN ONE OF THESE PASTILLES. TRY ONE AFTER YOUR NEXT SMOKE.

FROM ALL DRUGGISTS

EVANS & SONS, Limited

Montreal

New York

A Parquet Floor

is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, for it lasts as long as a house lasts, and if properly attended to improves with age. Let us send you a catalogue, or better still, let us estimate on any room you think of doing. We are manufacturers and sell direct to the consumer.

The Elliott & Son Co.,
Limited,

79 King Street West.

Gourlay Pianos

ARE NOT MERELY FIRST-CLASS
THEY ARE SOMETHING BETTER



Musicians can prove this for themselves by a personal examination, as many have already done. In this connection, a letter received from **Mr. J. D. A. Tripp**, the eminent piano virtuoso and piano maestro, will be interesting.

Dear Mr. Gourlay—

88 BEDFORD ROAD.

This is the first opportunity I have had of writing to thank you for the use of the splendid instrument bearing your name and which I had the pleasure of playing on Monday evening last.

I have never played the Liszt Liebestraum on a more responsive instrument, the tone of which is simply delicious and the mechanism all that can be desired, meeting readily all the demands made upon it by the pianist.

Congratulations, and the best of success to the "Gourlay."

Faithfully yours,

J. D. A. TRIPP.

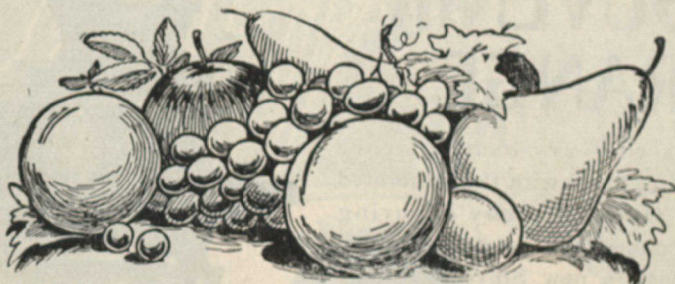


If there is no agent in your district you can buy direct from the factory—you can order by mail as safely as in person. We carefully select and ship your instrument according to instructions, and offer you eight different plans of easy payment from which to choose. You can return the piano at our expense if not satisfactory. Other pianos and organs taken in part payment if desired. Write us for full particulars.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 Yonge Street, Toronto

Hamilton Warerooms—66 King Street West



“Eat Plenty of Fruit.”

That's what the Doctors say when one is constipated. Because fruit acts on the liver, causing it to excrete bile which aids digestion and increases the peristaltic action of the bowels, thus prevents constipation. But eating fresh fruit alone, won't CURE. The laxative principle is too weak and in too small quantity.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

are the tonic and laxative virtues of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, many times intensified—by our secret process of combining the juices—and made into tablets.

“Fruit-a-tives” act gently and naturally—tone up the liver—greatly increase the flow of bile—effectively cure Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache and Constipation—build up and strengthen the whole system.

At all druggists. 50c. a box.

Manufactured by

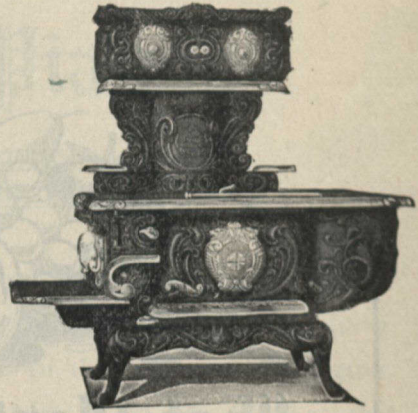
FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

THE ACCOMPANYING CUT
SHOWS THE

"SOUVENIR" RANGE

Which is the very best in stove manufacture, fitted with the celebrated Aerated Oven, thereby ensuring properly cooked and palatable food.

In buying a new Stove or Range bear in mind "That the remembrance of quality remains long after the price has been forgotten."



SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MANUFACTURED BY

THE GURNEY, TILDEN COMPANY, Limited

Hamilton Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

REGISTERED BRAND



FOR BABY'S BATH

THE ROYAL CROWN LIMITED. WINNIPEG. CANADA.

Libby's

Natural Flavor
Food Products



It's the knowing how to make

Libby's Natural Flavor Food Products

that is the secret of their delicious flavor—their dainty goodness. Libby's skilled cooks—Libby's famous kitchens are back of Libby's Products. Ox Tongue, Potted Ham, Boneless Chicken, Cottage Loaf, Pork and Beans, Concentrated Soups are among Libby's good things to eat. At all grocers.

Our booklet "Good Things to Eat" sent free upon request.
Send five 2 cent stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
Chicago.

THEY ARE THE BEST

SHIRTS

TOOKE'S

ALWAYS SK FOR

WILLIAMS PIANO

The Williams Piano will be found in the homes of cultured and the leading musical colleges through Canada. The Williams Piano Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.



Chocolates

are sold by confectioners and druggists from Sydney to Victoria. They are put up in sealed packages, all sizes, all prices, quality and weight guaranteed.

They are made for people who want the best.

THE HARRY WEBB CO., Limited
TORONTO

Used Round the World
Walter Baker & Co's



Chocolate

AND

Cocoa

The leader for 124 Years

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK

Grand Prize { World's Fair St. Louis

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.
Branch House: 12 and 14 St. John St., Montreal, P. Q.

45 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

ENVELOPES

ARE YOU A THINKER?

Brain wears away day by day in just the proportion that it is used, but will become stronger and keener than before if daily rebuilt by proper food—the true way!

Grape-Nuts

the scientific food, contains the brain-building elements in just the right proportion, and 10 days' trial will show any brain-weary, nervous person the Road to Wellville.

It's worth while!

There's a reason.

ARE HEADQUARTERS

P. BRIDGEN PROP. GEO. BRIDGEN MARK. P.M. BRIDGEN, O.S.A.

THE TORONTO ENGRAVING Co.

92 BAY ST. PHONE 2893.

DESIGNERS & ENGRAVERS BY ALL PROCESSES

IN ONE BOTTLE. REQUIRES NO HEATING OR MIXING

Melanyl

Indelible and Harmless On any Fabric. Try it once and you will use no other kind.