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DECEMBER Monthly 1903



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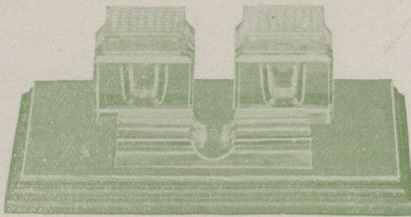
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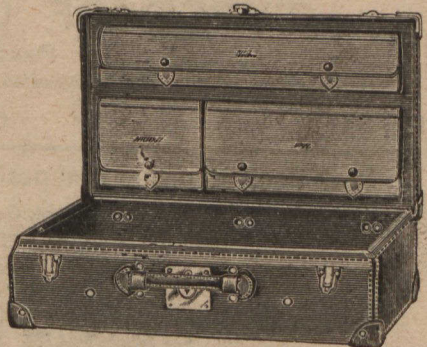
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THE  
**NATIONAL**  
**MONTHLY**  
 OF CANADA

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**1903**

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# THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. III

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1903

No. 6

## CURRENT COMMENTS

### The Meaning of Chamberlainism

THE new fiscal policy proposed by Mr. Chamberlain continues to hold public interest throughout the Empire. A definite campaign has been started in England, under the leadership of the late Colonial Secretary, and the lines along which it is to be fought are clearly marked. The main feature of this campaign—an agitation for Imperial preferential trade—has been already pointed out in these pages; but a concrete statement of Mr. Chamberlain's theories, as recently announced, will still better show the significance of the movement.

What is proposed is to meet the high protective tariffs of other countries by a readjustment of the British tariff as follows: A customs duty of six cents a bushel on wheat, with a corresponding tax on flour; a duty of five per cent. on meats (bacon excepted), and dairy products; and a tax of ten per cent. on manufactures. With such protection England will not only have a weapon with which to meet foreign trade attacks, but the way will be open to give a commercial preference to the colonies. The British consumer will have the duties on bread and meat made up to him by a remission of the present tax on tea and sugar, so that the cost of living will be no greater than before. He will pay a tax on certain foodstuffs from foreign countries, while the same products bought from British colonies will be admitted free. The suggested duty

on manufactured goods is out-and-out protectionism, whose purpose is to hold the home market for home-made goods; and the abolition of the food taxes can be made a lever by which to secure tariff reductions from other countries, thus enlarging the market for British manufactures.

Mr. Chamberlain's policy thus has the double object of cultivating closer relations with the colonies and compelling foreign countries to give more favorable treatment to Great Britain. The basis of his scheme is a food tax, but, as he points out, England already pays each year some £30,000,000 in duties on food imports, and the suggested tariff is really little more than a clever readjustment. There are undoubtedly many difficulties in the way of accepting the scheme, and Mr. Chamberlain has entered upon the fight of his life, but it seems almost equally clear that as a business man's remedy for a business situation his policy meets the needs of the Empire. Premier Balfour has nothing of half so definite a character with which to meet it, and little may be expected from the Duke of Devonshire as the leader of the "Free Food League."

### Canada's Control of Her Own Markets

WHAT the Chamberlain policy means to Canada is of more vital concern to us than its effect upon the British workman. The first result would of course be an increase in the exports of wheat. Last year

Great Britain bought from us grain to the value of \$22,244,890, while from the United States she bought \$160,000,000. A tariff preference for the Canadian grain would very materially change these proportions. Our present trade with England in meats, exclusive of bacon, is very small, a mere fraction of that enjoyed by the United States, and this trade also would be stimulated by the proposed five per cent. preference. The one product in which we already lead is cheese. Canada stands to gain in export trade by the adoption of the Chamberlain scheme.

But there is a difference between the standpoints of the Canadian and the Chamberlain imperialists. It is, generally speaking, the Canadian view that Great Britain should grant us a tariff preference in return for that which we have already granted her; while it is apparently Mr. Chamberlain's desire that in consideration of the new preference Canadians shall buy largely from Britain, and shall not enter into further competition with British manufacturers. It is this phase of the scheme which greatly lessens its popularity in Canada. Partly because of our geographical position, partly because of more frequent travel, and in some cases because of the superiority or greater adaptability of the goods, Canada buys more from the United States than from Britain, and will probably continue to do so. The temper of the Canadian people, moreover, is more and more strongly for home production. Not to buy either in the United States or in Britain what we can make ourselves is the growing purpose of a nation ambitious for its own industries, and so far from yielding an inch to the demands of British producers there is a sentiment in some quarters in favor even of withdrawing the present preference. The preference will likely stand, however, if Britain reciprocates, but as for giving up our industrial interests for the British producer's sake, it is out of the question, and will never be agreed to. So much Mr. Chamberlain may depend upon as Canada's attitude toward his policy.

### A Record Apple Crop

THE two great crops in Canada are the wheat in the western and the fruit in the eastern provinces. The yield of apples is this year a particularly heavy one, and fruit-farmers are marking it down as a record season. Fully 13,000,000 bushels, or one-quarter of the total production of America, have been gathered. Apple culture may thus rank as an industry in itself, of national proportions. In one district alone, the famed Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, the crop is estimated at half a million barrels, produced in an area of about eighty miles in length.

The apple crop in Europe is this year a partial failure, and the demand for Canadian fruit in the cities of England, Scotland, and Germany is for that reason heavy. Prices are ruling high, and as the quality of our apples is fortunately as good as the quantity is great, the farmers are receiving in most cases very handsome returns. The two chief shipping ports are Montreal and Halifax, the former ranking close with New York. So great has been the activity among the buyers and shippers this fall, as the result of a record crop, that the barrel manufacturers have been unable to keep up with the demand, notwithstanding that an enormous quantity of fruit has been used up in various ways at home. The apple is one of Canada's great assets.

### Post-Office Prosperity

CONSIDERABLE political capital has been made out of the administration of the Post-Office Department, in which for the past four or five years a large expenditure has been involved. From an independent standpoint, however, it is but fair to say that the affairs of that department have been managed on a business-like basis, though it is also to be admitted that there are many details connected with the postal service in which reform is desirable. The postal business is one of the most important of national affairs. It has, perhaps, made the greatest progress in England, where the telegraphs are conjoined with the postal



service in one great public franchise. A like union has been frequently advocated in Canada, though there is not as yet the slightest likelihood of a movement in that direction. Meanwhile the post-office is sharing in the country's business development.

There are now 10,150 post-offices in the Dominion, of which 6,184 are money-order offices, materially aiding in money circulation to the extent of nearly \$30,000,000 last year. There are also in this number 934 postal savings banks, with total deposits of \$44,255,326, thus ranking as a great factor in public economy. The actual proportions of the postal service may be gathered from the fact that 235,000,000 letters were carried last year, an average of over 48 letters per head of population.

The most tangible proof of the department's prosperity is the surplus with which the last fiscal year was closed. The establishment of a service in the Yukon entailed a deficit, but, including this, there is still a surplus of \$292,702. It has been suggested that this surplus might very justly be applied in an increase of pay to country postmasters, many of whom are at present receiving mere pittance.

### Crime in Canada

IT is encouraging to learn that the statistics of the past year show a proportionate decrease of crime in Canada as compared with the two previous years. Notwithstanding the increase of population by the immigration of sometimes questionable foreigners, the average tone has improved. In the Yukon, where if anywhere in Canada lawlessness might be looked for, the proportion of crime to the rest of the Dominion is only 2.29. There has been a very slight increase of criminal offences in rural districts and a slight decrease in the cities, but the relative standing of city and country is 29.80 criminals per ten thousand of population in the one, as against only 2.46 in the other. The cities are therefore still the chief seats of evil-doing.

An interesting and important table of comparative figures shows to what extent

the use of liquors is responsible for the crime committed in Canada. For the five years, ending with 1902, there were 2,286 convictions of non-drinkers, 6,794 immoderate drinkers, and 13,699 moderate drinkers. From these figures it is to be concluded that non-drinkers constitute a very small proportion of the criminal class, and that instead of the immoderate drinkers being the chief offenders it is the moderate drinkers who are responsible for three-fifths of all the serious crime in the country.

Another interesting feature is the restraining influence of the married state; but education does not appear to have a similar effect. The percentage of more or less educated criminals is considerably larger than it was twenty-five years ago, and the records would seem to show that although ignorance encourages crime, education does not materially check it. The breakers of the law are to-day chiefly persons of at least elementary education.

Canada has no room for the criminal, and it is a matter of national gratulation that the average of lawlessness is small, and becoming smaller.

### Settlement of the Alaska Dispute

BESIDES her natural desire to retain control of her own market, Canada has another reason for not granting additional privileges to Britain in the adverse decision recently given in the Alaska boundary case. The dispute, which had existed for over thirty years, was finally referred to a Commission made up of three American members on the one side, and two Canadians and one British member on the other. The finding of this commission was that the American contentions were substantially correct, Canada gaining merely the Portland canal and two of the four islands at the entrance to Port Simpson. The United States has thus been given not only control of the coast, but holds a strategic position opposite Canada's new Pacific port.

This verdict, although an unfavorable one, would have been accepted by Canadians without complaint, but for the fact that the

justice of Canada's claim had been unquestionably proved and admitted, and the compromise, in which Canada gets the worst, seems to have been an after-thought. Lord Alverstone, the British member of the Commission, was accused by his Canadian colleagues, and by many leading newspapers in both countries, of deliberately sacrificing Canada's interests in order to preserve the good-will of the United States. The incident has come unpleasantly at a time when imperialism is being so warmly advocated. Having thus suffered at the hands of a British tribunal Canada will certainly not be over-ready to accept Britain's advances in the direction of further trade privileges.

The boundary case is now, however, finally settled, and it is a matter of international satisfaction that it is so. The award of the Commission is binding, although the vigorous protest of the two Canadian members will become historic. Canada has lost territory without having the reasons made clear, and she will probably never be convinced of the justice of the verdict; but having agreed to the arbitration she cannot now but accept the result. It will at least be an advantage to know what territory is Canadian and what is not.

#### The Industries at Sydney and the Soo

**T**WO great industrial enterprises in Canada have been passing through severe financial tests, which they have, however, endured in such a way as to leave no doubt of their ultimate success. The immense Clergue industries at Sault Ste. Marie, famous all over the continent, temporarily suspended for lack of funds, while the iron and steel works at Sydney have been compelled to make heavy loans to meet immediate necessities. Much has been made of both facts, and pessimistic forebodings have not been wanting. But Canada's industrial soundness has not been in the least affected.

The Clergue enterprises were of colossal proportions, conceived by a most daring promoter, and maintained at a necessarily heavy outlay. It was inevitable that for

the first few years enterprises so immense as these should cost more than they yielded, and so far as any blame can be attached to the management it lies in the fact that new undertakings were added without the ordinary precaution of first getting the initial ones on a paying basis. As a natural result, the capital was exhausted, and there came a time when it was impossible either by loans or by the returns from actual business to raise sufficient funds to carry on the works. The mills were accordingly closed and the operations of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company came to an abrupt standstill in October.

A New York firm of capitalists who hold a \$5,000,000 mortgage on the plants were, after considerable litigation, given possession and appointed a receiver, who resumed partial operations, pending the sale of the works on December 15th. Arrangements are being made meanwhile which it is expected will result in the satisfactory disposal of the entire enterprise to a new company. One thing remains sure—the natural resources upon which the Clergue enterprises have been built are genuine and are in themselves a guarantee that the allied industries at the Soo will eventually prove a great success. Their present interruption is merely a temporary financial embarrassment. The same applies to the Sydney industries, which have recently been considerably extended, calling for increased capitalization; but, like their sister industries at the Soo, they are firmly founded.

#### Nova Scotia, the Mineral Province

**I**N the rapid growth and development of the Canadian west, the eastern provinces have sometimes dropped behind in the attention of the general public. They have, however, been steadily, if not so rapidly, forging ahead, and a share of the prosperity with which the nation as a whole has been favored has fallen to the older portions of the Dominion. Recent statistics show that in one direction at least easternmost Canada has made remarkable progress during the past year, namely, in mineral production.

The output of metallic and non-metallic minerals for all Canada in 1902 was \$70,000,000, the largest figures on record. By provinces the largest mineral output has heretofore been that of British Columbia, but first rank now goes to Nova Scotia, whose grand total is \$19,502,130, some two millions ahead of the western province. Ontario is third, while the Yukon takes only fourth place, with \$12,600,000. It will be news to many that Nova Scotia, the province down by the sea, surpasses the Klondike in mineral production, but the statistics show it so, and at the same time testify most encouragingly to the industrial life that is latterly manifesting itself in the east.

Of Nova Scotia's total output a large proportion was of coal, some 4,725,000 tons out of a total 6,550,000 tons for all Canada being her record. The industries in Cape Breton are both cause and effect of much of this development. Valuable gold and iron deposits also go to make Nova Scotia the banner mineral province of the Dominion.

#### The Possibilities of Hudson Bay

**A**N expedition of which less has been said than of those to the far Arctics, yet from which more practical results are, perhaps, to be expected, is now at work in Hudson Bay. It has been sent by the Canadian Government, under the charge of experienced navigators, and will be away two years, during which time it will make a thorough investigation of Canada's great inland sea.

The objects of the expedition are three-

fold. Of first importance will be the re-hoisting of the British flag at various trading-posts, and the assertion of Canadian authority over the entire region. Heretofore jurisdiction over Hudson Bay has been neglected, and as a result Scotch and American whalers have become somewhat aggressive, prosecuting extensive fisheries without paying duties to Canada. These are to be warned away, and a governor of Hudson Bay left in power, with a detachment of the North-West Mounted Police. Possible international complications will thus be prevented by taking visible possession of the country.

A second purpose of the expedition is to thoroughly examine into the practicability of a railway to Hudson Bay. This project is based upon the belief that a direct line from Manitoba to a Hudson Bay port would provide the shortest route for moving western wheat. The one essential is the navigability of the Bay, and this the expedition will investigate during the two seasons. If its report is favorable a subsidy may be given, but if not, the project will be finally dropped.

Still another part of the expedition's duties will be to prospect a deposit of iron ore which is known to exist on the shore of the Bay. During the coming winter overland expeditions will be made north of Chesterfield Inlet in the hopes of locating gold fields. In addition, the expedition will make careful observation of tides, fish and animal life, geological formations, etc., these several duties constituting a work of great importance to Canada.

# POSSIBILITIES OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

BY FRANCES M. CASSIDY

AMERICANS who are astonished when they learn of the marvellous progress of Canada in spite of her comparatively insignificant population, will find an explanation in the achievements of the people. That 6,000,000 Canadians controlling a larger territory than the United States should make more proportionate advancement than the progressive 80,000,000 people occupying the country to the south of us—which has been repeatedly proven by statistics—is a distinction that we may well feel proud of and ought to inspire us to redouble our efforts in the struggle for a leading place among the nations. But the inspiration should be still more pronounced with the revelation of the possibilities of the Great West, the best proof of the existence of which is seen in the American invasion of that section of Canada. During the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1902, according to the returns of the Immigration Department, 19,570 persons from the United States took up homesteads in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, an increase of nearly 300 on the number of settlers in the previous year. As it is estimated that on the average each of these immigrants was the head of a family of five, the inference is that during that fiscal year about 100,000 Americans came across the border for the purpose of making homes for themselves with us. And this flow has been steadily increasing.

Editorials in representative newspapers throughout Uncle Sam's domain are indicative of the alarm caused by this wholesale exodus to Canada. The Four States Immigration League, embracing 57 trade bodies in Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Alabama was organized last January to divert the migration to the South, where more capitalists and laborers are sadly needed. The League recognizes the fact

that this stream that has turned Canadianwards is largely due to the energetic work of the agents of this country, who have been drumming up settlers for the Canadian North-West by setting forth its attractions for the home-seeker. The Four States League proposes to adopt, as far as possible, the Canadian methods, and bring to the attention of the migratory element the fact that American seekers of new homes and enlarged opportunities have no occasion to look beyond the borders of their own country.

The American invasion of Canada seems to be but the old pioneer movement that settled the States of the West once more reproduced, and is led by hardy, welcome farmers. The prairie schooner is again doing duty, and, carrying families with their household goods from the railroads, plunges into the almost trackless interior, where homes will be set up and a new colony established. A common sight in the West is a field whitened with tents—the temporary resting-place of immigrants who are trekking across country to their newly adopted homes. Travellers on the Canadian Pacific Railway may see the encampments, as they are rushed over the boundless prairie, from Winnipeg to the eastern foothills of the towering Rocky Mountains, a distance of 1,000 miles. Carloads of settlers' effects and stock cross the border by the hundred, and, in many cases, the stock is driven before the trekkers. Owing to the comparatively light snowfall, and plentitude of feed in Alberta, it is an excellent section for stocking in the winter, in fact it is not infrequent for carloads of cattle to be sent from the East to be fattened on Nature's great pasturing ground in the West for eventual shipment to Europe.

The type of the new arrivals is generally that of the self-reliant and energetic people

who are the mainstay of the Western States. Most of them are experienced farmers, and have that degree of solidity and responsibility which family ties and the possession of some property ordinarily give. The result has been to make the business men of Western Canada unusually sanguine in temperament. Prosperity is a fixed thing with practically every man who in any way has his finger on the business pulse. The West is going ahead with strides, and is largely responsible for the unprecedented progress made by Canada during the last decade.

That there should be such development in the West is the most natural outcome of a happy combination of circumstances. It has practically inexhaustible resources. The countless arable acres are being settled rapidly and principally by experienced, intelligent Anglo-Saxon farmers. The amount of capital invested has been increased by millions within the past few years so that mining and foresting keep pace with the cultivation of land. Vast acres of paper pulp-wood, so much required in the United States, have been discovered from the interior of Labrador to far-away Alaska. On 900,000 acres under cultivation out of 205,000,000 acres of arable land in the North-West, Canada holds a leading place in the world as a grain-producing country. The Territorial Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin which estimates the total wheat crop for this year at 15,042,000 bushels, an increase over last year of 1,085,150 bushels. And this is on the acreage of only 727,998, with millions of available acres. The average yield will be over twenty bushels to the acre, showing fertility that is much more productive than agricultural sections in the United States. The acreage mentioned represents an increase over last year of 102,241, largely owing to the influx of Americans, and an increase over the previous year of 223,301. Not only will the total yield be the greatest in the history of Canada, but it will be lighter than last year, which indicates that with next year as a good year the yield will be phenomenally large. But the crop is not confined to wheat. It has been officially estimated that the 365,719 acres of oats

under cultivation will produce 11,803,000 bushels this year, an increase over 1901, the best year, of 689,934 bushels. The estimated yield of barley is 1,116,300 bushels on 42,445 acres, an increase of 345,883 bushels with an increase of 6,000 acres sown with barley. Flax is the best yet, having an acreage of 27,599, an increase of 10,532 over last year. The estimated crop is 234,500 bushels, against 258,185 bushels last year.

The pulp industry promises to be one of the principal factors in the development of Canada, more especially because paper pulp-wood is becoming so scarce and consequently so valuable in the United States. The forests of that country, it is estimated, are being destroyed at the rate of 25,000 acres per day, of which fires, recklessness of woodsmen and the wood-pulp manufacturers, take the greater portion, and the legitimate uses of the forests are diminished. Unless drastic measures are taken, the woodlands of the United States will be things of the past within the lifetime of a generation. On the other hand, the supply of pulp-wood in Canada is practically limitless, and, moreover, through where it is mostly found, around the Hudson Bay, there is available water-power everywhere, so that there are natural and admirable facilities for paper manufacture. The forests of pulp-wood extend from the interior of Labrador to Alaska. The area of the pulp-wood forest is estimated roughly at 450,000,000 acres, which, if even it is not exactly correct, will convey some idea as to the vastness of this invaluable Canadian resource. The United States has drawn largely upon this supply, and the demand is increasing every year.

The crowning evidence of the prosperous past and the hopeful future of Canada as seen in the West, is the projected trans-continental railroad. Nothing has been so effective in opening the eyes of our American cousins to the immediate possibilities of their neighbor, which is looming up as a country that promises soon to be the equal of their own in more ways than territorially. The unparalleled increase in trade for the last decade has simply forced the hands of the Government in the matter of taking into

consideration the construction of a line that will open up the agricultural, forest and mineral belts across northern Canada. And the increase has been mainly due to the development of the West as shown in the official statistical returns which give agricultural products a leading place in causing heavy trade returns.

The *Baltimore Sun*, a leading representative American newspaper, that circulates from ocean to ocean, and is a power in moulding public opinion throughout the South, has the following to say editorially of the prosperity of Canada:

"Combined imports and exports, which in 1871 were \$170,250,000, had increased in a few years to \$381,000,000, and in the last two, have grown from that figure to \$467,000,000. In five years the percentage of increase has been 65 per cent., which is twice that of the United States and nearly two and a half times that of Germany. This rapid growth is due to the development of hitherto neglected natural resources, agricultural and mineral, consequent upon the introduction of foreign capital. The chief means of promoting it has been the construction of railways and canals, upon which vast sums have been judiciously spent. The growth and prosperity of Canada are directly traced,

in fact, to improved means of transportation. In 1871 Canada's railroad mileage was but 2,500 miles. The completion of the Canadian Pacific, ten years later, brought it up to 14,000 miles, and at present it is about 20,000 miles. It is the story of our West and North-West all over again. The new mileage opens a way to the markets of Europe for the products of Canadian industry, and Canadian exports of grain, etc., multiply rapidly under the stimulus of a constant demand. As Canada has still immense areas of virgin soil of a productive character, vast forests of merchantable timber and great wealth of undeveloped mineral resources, the expansion of her industry and commerce may be expected to continue unchecked for many years."

And the Americans in the Western part of the United States, being in closer touch with their kinsmen across the border, are realizing the prosperity of the latter by demanding more reciprocal trade relations. The Minnesota branch of the National Reciprocity League has issued a circular which shows that the business men of that section intend to have a slice of Canada's trade if it is at all possible. Each interested State is urged to raise at least \$100,000 to attain the desired result.

## HEARTS.

The heart of a child  
Is a wond'rous place,  
'Tis filled with a mild  
And beautiful grace.

The heart of a man  
Is sordid and vile,  
'Tis the seat of lust,  
'Tis the haunt of guile.

Though the heart of God  
Is beyond our ken,  
'Tis more like the hearts  
Of children than men.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

# OTTAWA—THE POLITICAL CAPITAL

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

“A SUB-ARCTIC lumber-village converted by a royal mandate into a political cock-pit,” after some such fashion runs Prof. Goldwin Smith’s caustic epigram.

Like all good epigrams it has a certain foundation of fact. The choice of Ottawa, an obscure little town notable only for its lumber mills, as the political capital of the new Dominion was no less a surprise than a disappointment to the majority of those interested.

With Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, or Kingston to choose from, just why Her Majesty, to whom the matter was finally referred, hit upon Ottawa has always been somewhat in doubt. From the point of picturesqueness of site and surroundings, there was indeed no room for criticism, but in regard to convenience of access much fault was found. “I tell you candidly, gentlemen, you might as well send the seat of government to Labrador,” protested a prominent statesman in Parliament.

With the advent of the Canadian Pacific, the Canada Atlantic, and the Ottawa and New York railways, however, this objection has been completely removed, and now Ottawa is as easy to get at or away from as the most impatient traveller could wish.

Ottawa to-day presents a striking illustration of how two highly civilized peoples—even though their forefathers fought in fierce rivalry for the land they now peaceably share, and they themselves continue to be as dissimilar in language, religion and manners as they are in race—may, under favoring circumstances, make common cause for mutual welfare. You will find the English and the French each having their own quarter of the city, their own shops, their own schools, their own churches, yet united harmoniously under the same municipal, provincial and federal government. With few exceptions it may be laid down

that, of the three divisions into which Ottawa naturally falls,—Lower, Upper and Centre-town,—the first is sacred to the French, while the other two contain the English elements of the population.

In general configuration Ottawa resembles other cities built up beside a river bank, in that its length much exceeds its breadth, and business is chiefly confined to one long central street, which, commencing at the Chaudiere Falls, pursues a devious way under various names until it reaches the Rideau River, three miles distant. Lying parallel with the middle portion of this long thoroughfare is Wellington Street, a broad and well-kept avenue, having on one side the splendid Parliament Buildings, and on the other many handsome banks, clubs and other edifices, the whole forming an architectural vista of which any city might justly be proud.

Parliament Square is, of course, the *piece de resistance* in Ottawa’s scenic and architectural exhibition, and thither will we first betake ourselves. Though not so vast, ambitious or elaborate as the capitol at Washington, or even as some state capitols, the Houses of Parliament, with their attendant departmental buildings, uprising from amidst a wealth of flower, leaf and lawn, present a picture rich in harmony and grace, and artistically perfect. In 1860, two years after Ottawa had been made the capital, the first stone was laid by no less a personage than His Royal Highness Albert, Prince of Wales, whose adventurous voyage from home to open the great Victoria Bridge at Montreal thrilled all loyal colonists with intense enthusiasm and delight. It goes without saying that these big buildings enormously exceeded the original estimate of their cost. Little discrepancies of this kind seem to be inseparable from the construction of public buildings, and especially capitols, as witness Albany’s. In the case

of Ottawa, the original estimate was \$300,000, while the outlay upon the buildings in their present form has been over \$5,000,000,—clearly showing that Canadians are not a whit less enterprising than their republican neighbors when they get a fair opportunity.

The buildings stand well back from the street, forming three sides of a spacious square, which is laid out in velvet sward intersected by broad paths and drives, and dotted over with brilliant beds of fragrant flowers. The Houses of Parliament occupy an ample terrace, raising them well above the level of the other blocks and throwing their stately proportions out into bold relief. They are built principally of a cream-colored sand-stone found in the vicinity, which affords an appropriate setting for the warm red Potsdam and Ohio freestone wherewith the windows, doors and corners are adorned. To view this edifice aright you must stand on Major's Hill on some glorious summer evening when the swiftly sinking sun invests it with a halo of mingled gold and fire. Then, as one by one the dainty towers, pinnacles and buttresses fade softly, the "symphony in red" becomes a "harmony in gray," and so remains until the rising moon converts it to a "nocturne in silver and gold."

Capacious as the Eastern and Western departmental buildings seemed, they were not long in proving inadequate to the needs of the rapidly growing government service; and in 1893, what is called the Langevin Block was built on Wellington Street, facing Parliament Square, at a cost of three-quarters of a million dollars. Within these three blocks and several other buildings near at hand are housed the different departments of the Civil Service, numbering twenty in all, and including over two thousand officials, from deputy ministers down to junior messengers. As will be readily understood, the Civil Service constitutes a very important element in the city's population from both the economic and the social point of view. The salaries paid its members are moderate enough, the very highest being \$6,000 per annum, and the figures

ranging from that down to \$300 per annum; but in Ottawa rents are reasonable, food cheap, and education practically free, so that officials with a turn for thrift can get along very comfortably.

The sessions of Parliament usually begin in February or March and last three or four months. During this period Ottawa is at her best, and richly rewards those who then pay her a visit. Decked in the snow-white garb of winter, her stately buildings and innumerable cosy homes of warm red brick present a most attractive picture, while the surging tide of life that animates her streets, and fills to overflowing her commodious hotels gives one a vivid impression of her importance. From Nova Scotia to British Columbia the bustling members of the Commons and their potent, grave and reverend seniors, the Senators, have come together, and the intense feverish body-mind-and-soul-exhausting life of the session is in full swing once more. Then are the Parliament Buildings thronged with pompous politicians, sagacious statesmen, wily wire-pullers, pertinacious lobbyists and all that miscellaneous multitude of interested individuals who bear much the same relation to legislative assemblies that camp followers bear to an army.

After many years languishing in the cold shades of opposition the Liberal party at last succeeded in gaining power in July, 1896, and are still enjoying the sweets of office. Their leader, Sir Wilfred Laurier, than whom no finer type of French-Canadian has appeared in public life, is the first of his race to attain the Premiership since Confederation.

Associated with him in the conduct of affairs are the best and strongest Liberals the different provinces could supply, such as Sir William Mulock and Sir Richard Cartwright, Messrs. Paterson and Sutherland from Ontario; Fisher and Prefontaine from Quebec; Fielding and Sir Frederick Borden from Nova Scotia; Sifton from Manitoba, and Templeman from British Columbia.

The Opposition is led by Mr. R. L. Borden, of Nova Scotia, an exceedingly able



and honorable gentleman, assisted by Mr. F. D. Monk, who, despite his name, is a French-Canadian.

The cope-stone of the Canadian Government pyramid is the Governor-General, who represents royalty, and is appointed to this high office directly by the Imperial authorities without hint or suggestion from those over whom he is to rule in the name of His Majesty. No bill can become law, nor order-in-council take effect, without his assent, and he may at any time reserve a bill for the consideration of the Home Government, so that theoretically he has a great deal of power, although as a matter of fact he rarely uses it, preferring to abide by the advice of his Council, upon whom the real responsibility devolves.

The Earl of Minto, the present occupant of the Vice-Regal chair, brought with him to his appointment a knowledge of the duties of his office gained when he was Secretary to Lord Stanley during the latter's term a dozen years ago, and has proven himself an amiable and popular, if not particularly brilliant or strenuous administrator.

Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, is situated on the outskirts of the city, in the midst of a pleasant park, which ensures the privacy that is desirable. It is in no sense an imposing edifice, being simply the country mansion of a lumber king, enlarged by successive additions, a ball-room at the right, a dining-room at the left, and ranges of bedrooms in the rear, until it has become a very commodious and comfortable, although decidedly heterogeneous pile, which serves its purpose fairly well, but will no doubt some day give place to a worthier structure. Here for half a year a very liberal hospitality is dispensed by their Excellencies, in the form of dinners, balls, private theatricals, skating and tobogganing parties, garden and tennis parties, and so on, according to the season. These constitute the most important social events of the season, and have the right of way over all other entertainments, an invitation to Rideau Hall being considered one which cancels all previous engagements.

Passing from the lighter side of life to

the more practical and prosaic, we find two features of Ottawa's industrial development deserving special consideration; namely, her vast lumber mills with their allied concerns, and her remarkable equipment in regard to electric light and power.

Shrewd Philomen Wright, in the early part of the century, was the first to harness the Chaudiere Falls; but he has had many imitators, and to-day huge mills crowd each other on the rocky ledges, and the buzz and throb of mighty machinery cease not day or night for the greater part of the year. These lumber mills afford a very striking spectacle, which every visitor to the city should witness. The most interesting time to visit them is at night, when work is carried on under electric illumination, investing the busy scene with a weird picturesqueness to which only Dore's or Fuseli's pencil could do justice. The swift swirling torrent of the mill race, the dark mysterious pools wherein, all innocent of their coming fate, the rough red logs lie huddled close, the startling shouts of brawny workers, the ceaseless roar of ponderous machinery, all bathed in pure white glow or plunged in darkest shade, unite to form a picture which photographs itself forever on the memory.

So many million feet of sawn lumber are produced here every season that Ottawa may justly claim to be one of the most important lumbering centres on the globe. Indeed it is very doubtful if any other place exceeds her in the magnitude of her operations.

According to the most recent figures obtainable it appears that there are nearly \$4,000,000 invested in the lumber business at Ottawa, that nearly \$700,000 are annually paid out in wages, and that the value of the annual product exceeds \$3,000,000.

Mr. J. R. Booth continues to hold the proud position of "lumber king," and the extent of his operations, especially when considered in connection with his remarkable railroad enterprises, to wit, the Canada Atlantic, the Ottawa and Arnprior, and the Ottawa and Parry Sound roads, give him a very high place among the "commanders of industry" of the continent.

But the turning out of planks and scantlings, laths and beams innumerable, by no means limits the range of the city's industrial activities. The opulent water-power supplied by the Chaudiere and Rideau Falls has been harnessed for other purposes of vital moment. Thanks in large measure to the far-seeing enterprise, and expert knowledge of two men, Thomas Ahearn and Warren Y. Soper, who had both begun life as telegraph operators, the electrical equipment of Ottawa for both light and power is not surpassed by that of any other city on the continent. Indeed statistics go to show that she can boast of having the largest number of incandescent lights in use per capita of any city in the world.

In the matter of water-power available for conversion into electrical energy, either right at hand or within easy reach, Ottawa occupies a unique position.

A careful survey of the vicinity has brought out the astonishing fact that within a radius of forty-five miles there are water-powers on the Ottawa, Gatineau, Mississippi, Madawaska, Bonnechere, and Lievre rivers, aggregating at low water a minimum of 917,403 horse-power, and at high water of 3,347,630 horse-power.

Very many of these, of course, may never be utilized, and at present not more than 80,000 horse-power are being worked, but what of the future? Ottawa certainly has reason to feel serene as to that, since cheap and convenient power is an all-important factor in industrial development.

There are many other industries besides that of lumbering, which flourish at Ottawa. Flour mills at both the Chaudiere and the Rideau Falls; carbide and pulp mills, foundries and machine shops, carriage works, car builders, furniture factories,

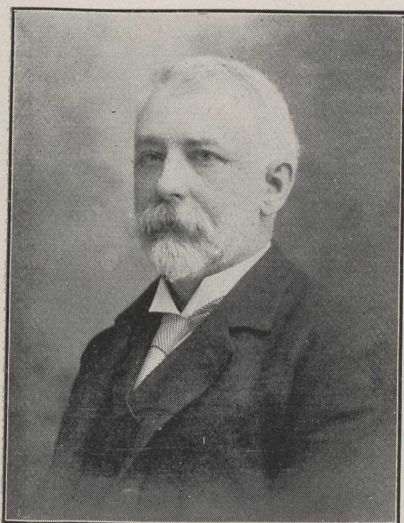
and so forth; representing in the aggregate a total of over \$10,000,000 invested capital, an annual wage-roll of \$2,500,000, and an output valued at \$7,825,000.

During the period of unexampled prosperity which Canada is still happily enjoying, Ottawa has kept well in the van of progress. Thus while the imports of the Dominion have in the last five years risen from \$118,218,000 to \$212,270,000, an increase of 95 per cent., the imports of Ottawa during the same period increased from \$1,792,000 to \$4,272,000, or 250 per cent.

In regard to growth of population Ottawa has to yield the palm to only one other Canadian city, Winnipeg, being able to show an increase from 44,164 in 1891 to 61,151 in 1902.

From the last annual report of the corporation of the City of Ottawa, over which Mr. Frederick H. Cook so worthily presides as Mayor, we gather the following facts: The city covers an area of over 3,000 acres, has 100 miles of streets, and 25 miles of electric street railway. It owns property valued at \$2,685,000, and includes taxable property assessed for \$30,000,000, while there are exemptions on government and other accounts aggregating \$14,000,000. The revenue from all sources for 1902 was \$2,165,940, and the expenditure \$1,455,056, leaving a comfortable bank balance of \$710,884, which certainly speaks volumes for the excellence of the civic administration.

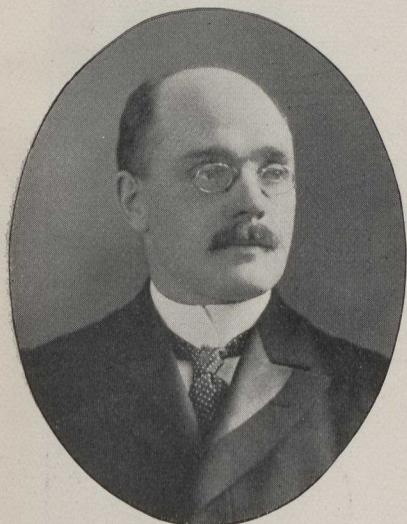
"Of all Canadian cities Ottawa is the most beautiful in its modernity," according to the *Morning Post*, of London, England, and with this tribute from so authoritative a source we may close our account of the political capital of Canada.



HON. WILLIAM STEVENS FIELDING



HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON



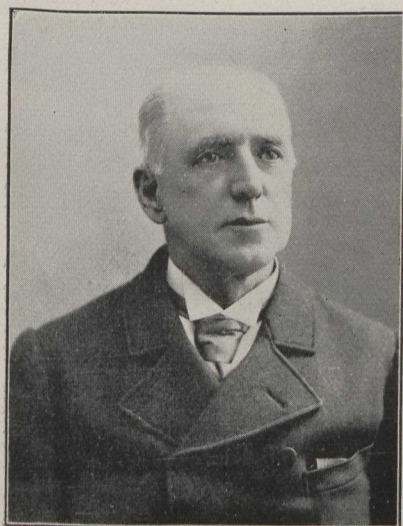
MAYOR COOK OF OTTAWA



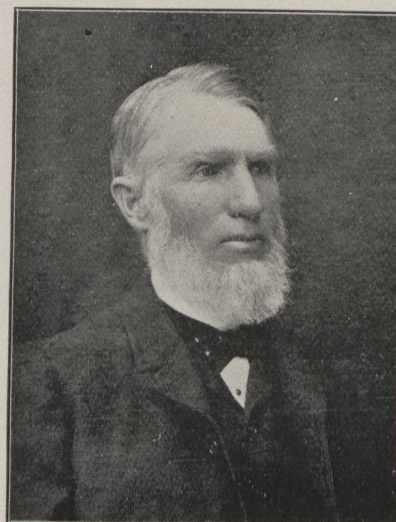
THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER



HON. SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT



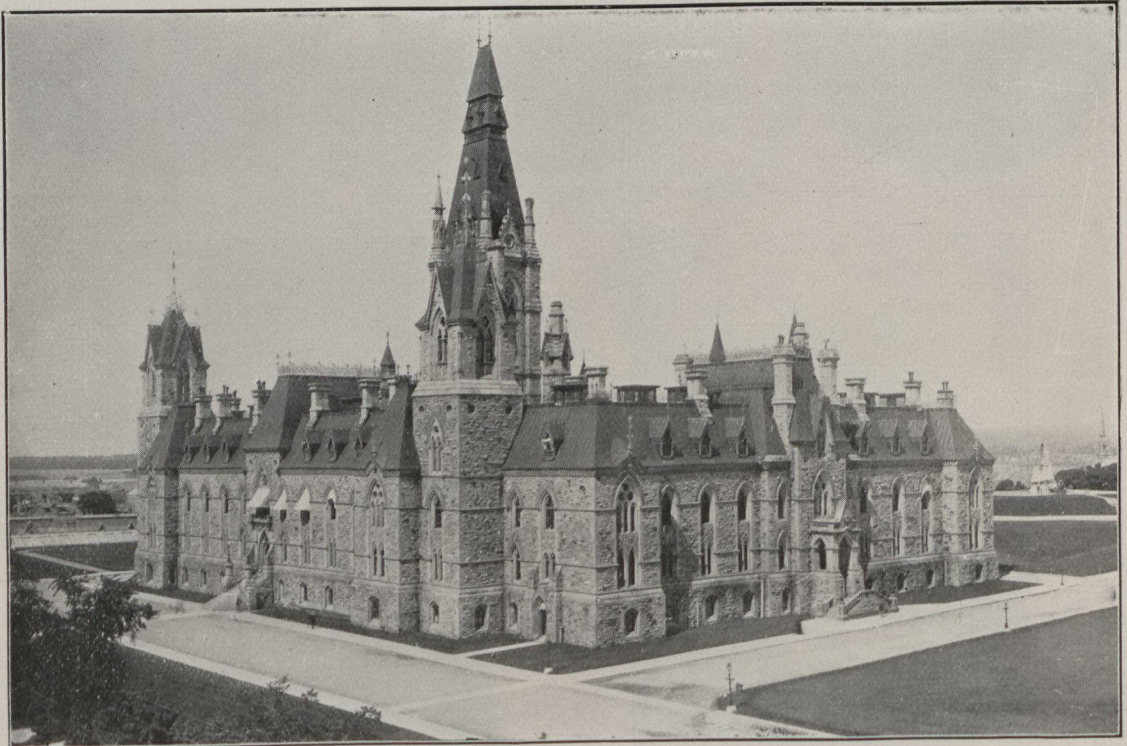
E. B. EDDY—OTTAWA



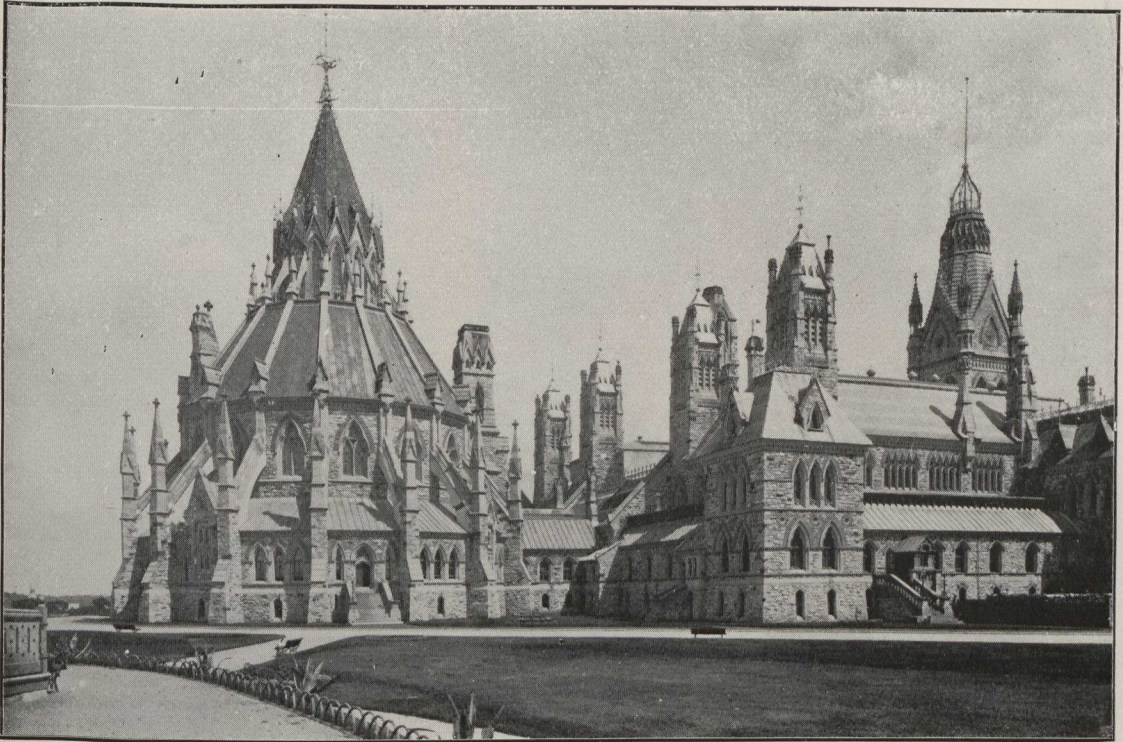
J. R. BOOTH—OTTAWA



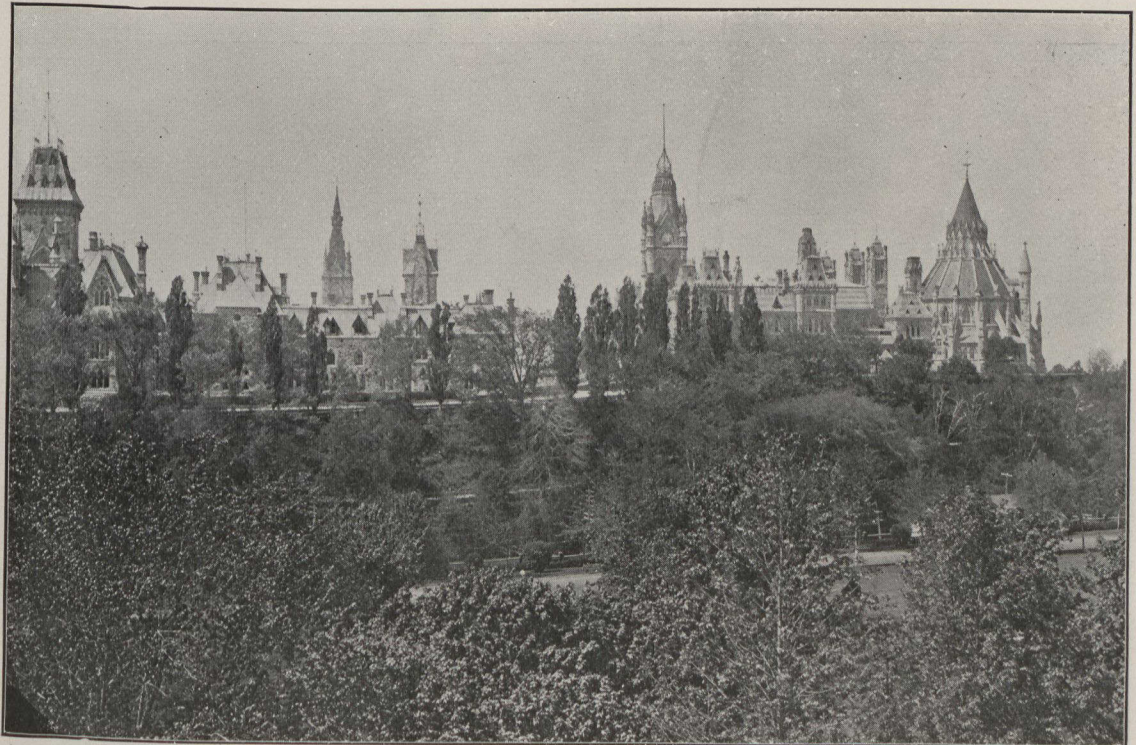
HOUSE OF COMMONS—OTTAWA



WEST BLOCK—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



LIBRARY—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



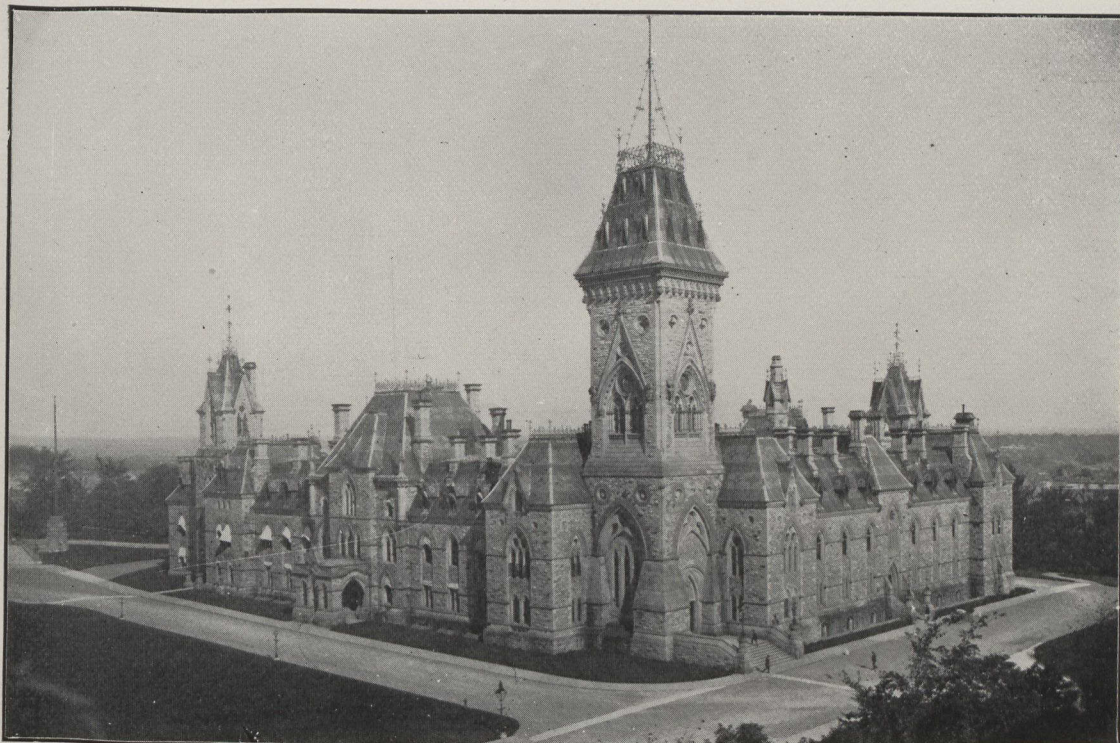
FROM MAJOR HILL PARK—OTTAWA



WEST BLOCK—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



THE CITY FROM THEODORE STREET—OTTAWA



EAST BLOCK—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



POST OFFICE—DUFFERIN AND SAPPERS' BRIDGES—OTTAWA



SENATE—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA





INTERIOR HOUSE OF COMMONS—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



PRIVY COUNCIL CHAMBERS—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



WELLINGTON STREET—OTTAWA



METCALF STREET—OTTAWA



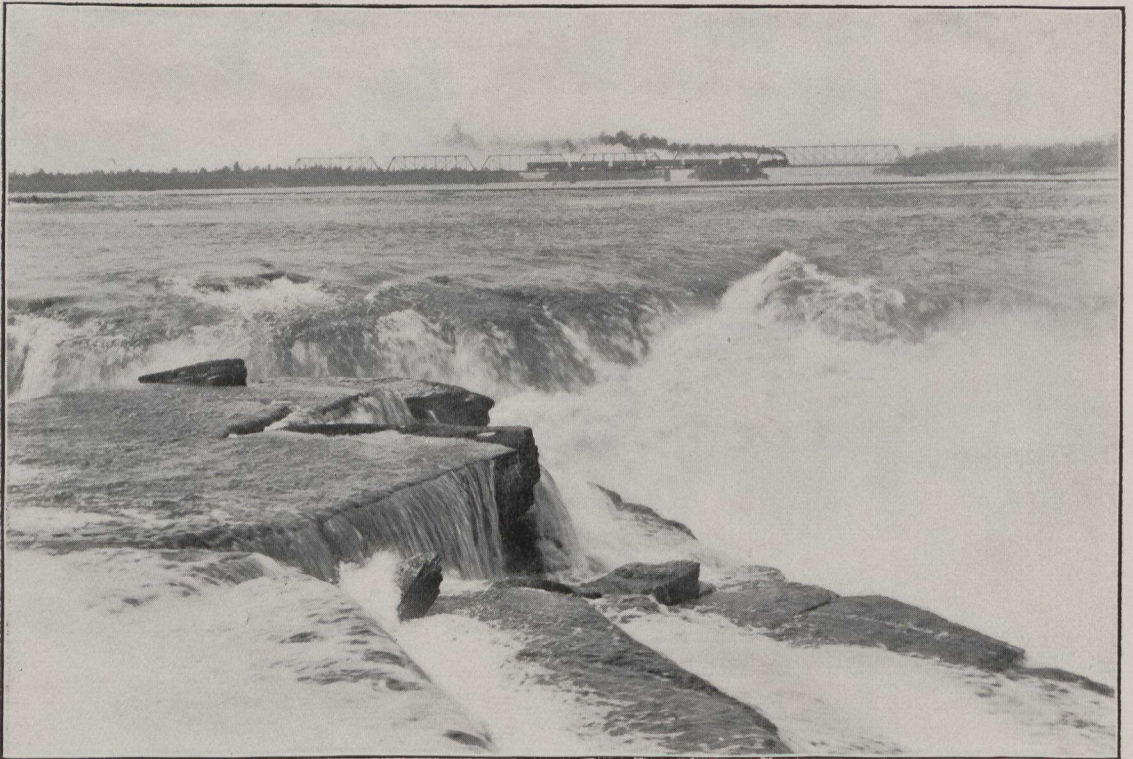
ELGIN STREET—OTTAWA



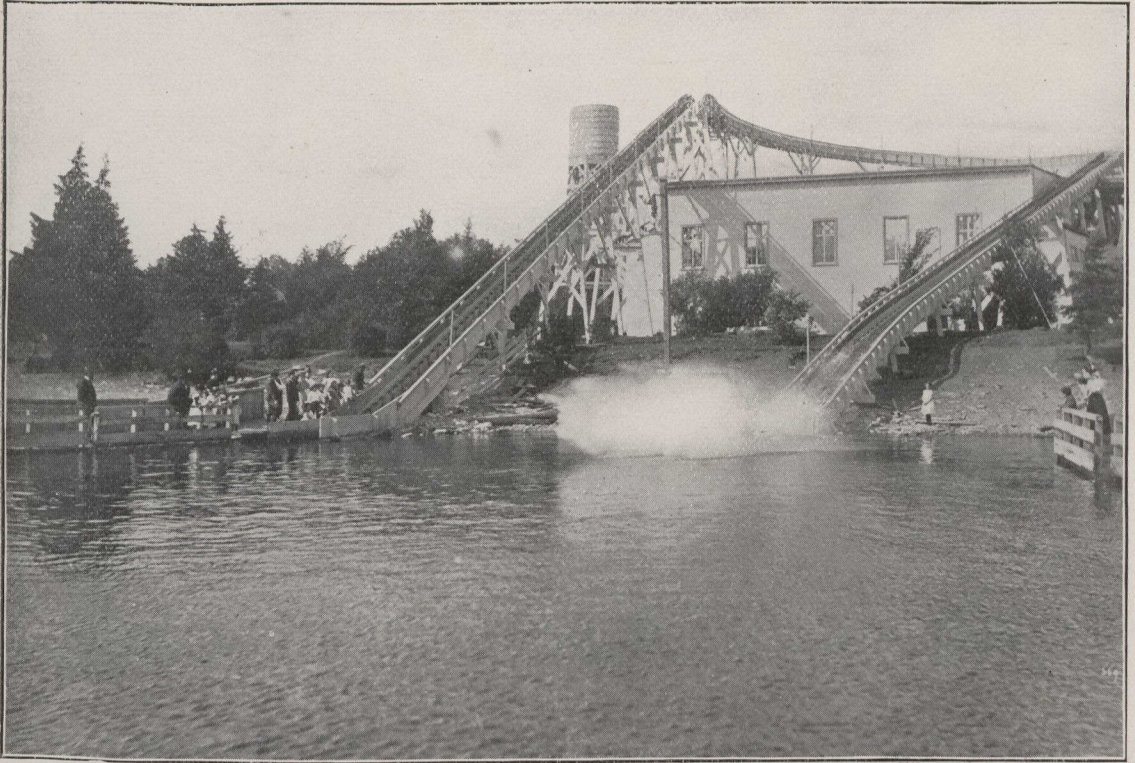
BRITANNIA-ON-THE-BAY—NEAR OTTAWA



BRITANNIA-ON-THE-BAY—NEAR OTTAWA



CHAUDIERE FALLS—OTTAWA



SHOOTING THE CHUTES—AYLMER PARK—NEAR OTTAWA



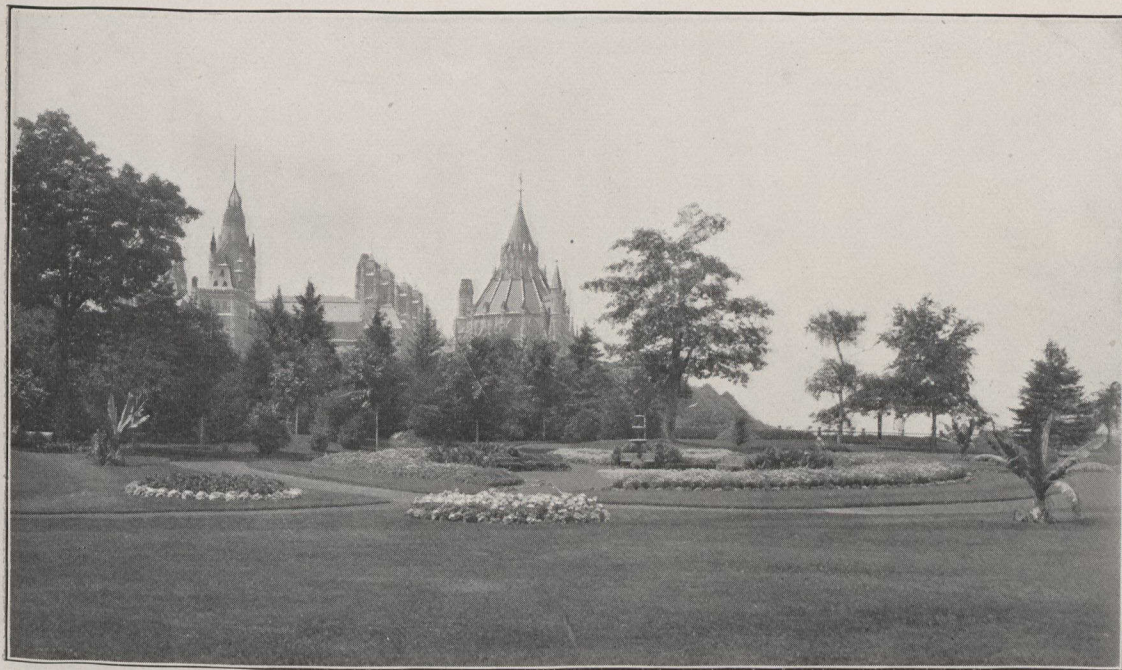
RIDEAU FALLS—OTTAWA



MAJOR HILL PARK—OTTAWA



ROCKLIFF PARK—NEAR OTTAWA



MAJOR HILL PARK—OTTAWA



LOVERS WALK—OTTAWA



FROM HULL—SHOWING INTERPROVINCIAL BRIDGE



FROM PARLIAMENT HILL—LOOKING WEST—OTTAWA

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

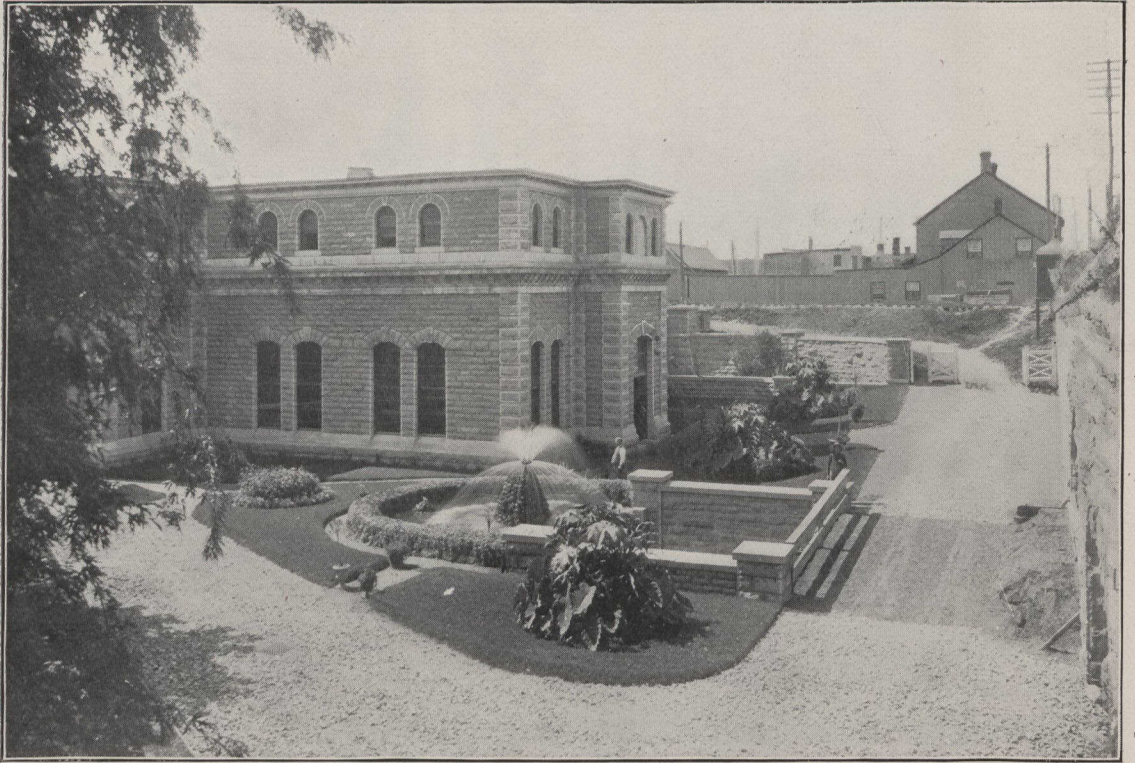




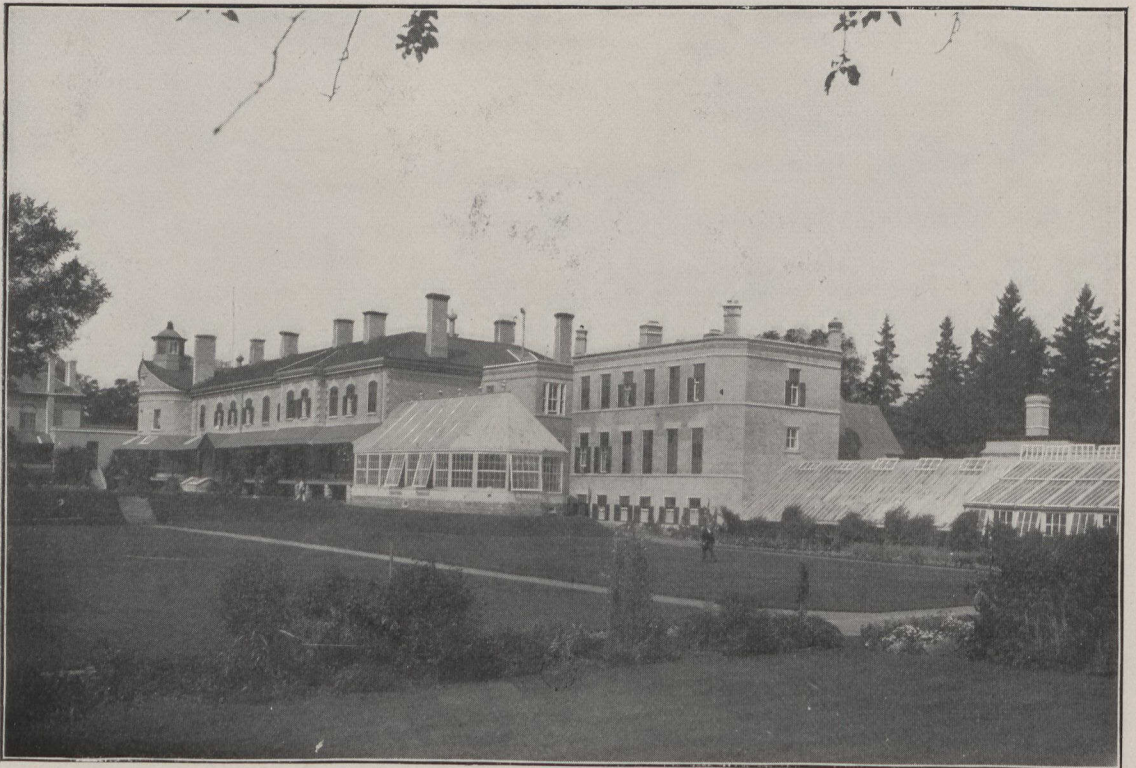
FROM NEPEAN POINT—OTTAWA



CHAUDIERE FALLS—OTTAWA



WATERWORKS—OTTAWA



GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RESIDENCE—RIDEAU HALL—OTTAWA

# ROMANCE AND A DRAGON

By THEODORE ROBERTS

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CRICKETER IN HOLY ORDERS.

COLONEL MONTGOMERY FARLEY, with innumerable boxes and bags, left London and his nephew, in the best of spirits. A few days later the barquentine *Southern Cross*, sailed in ballast, for Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, there to take in a cargo of fish for South America. Jack wrote a long letter to Bob Prendergast, and though he sent no direct message to Catherine, the seven pages of foreign note swarmed with passages penned, especially for her comfort and delectation. He described his lonely existence. He hinted, in some delicate, though somewhat mixed figures of speech and flights of composition, at the comfort he had from that star of love and hope across the sea. He told of Sparks, and of his uncle's sudden flight to foreign parts, in quest of romance. He ended the latter with "Expectans Equito" heavily underlined in ink. After mailing it he felt so much better that he went to his club and was quite companionable. He called upon the colonel's lawyers, now no less his own, and found them jovial and entertaining, and undismayed at the colonel's actions. He indulged himself in a pair of new riding togs, and woke the colonel's good hack from his long sleep. He made calls, and remembered old friends, and went out almost every evening. But a fortnight of it finished him, and with a book, a pipe, and the little locket, he kept his fireside and let longing gnaw at him.

Day by day he lost weight. He fell into an evil habit of keeping his bed in the morning until close upon lunch time, simply to shorten the day of painful inactivity.

April came and whispered in Jack's blood. He got out maps and guide-books,

but he could see nothing on the maps but a big triangular island away to the westward. But no, that would only make it harder for both of them just now. When the time came to act; when his plans were made—then it would be quick and without hesitation.

He did not want to rush away to new adventures in outlandish places, for his life had acquired a new and beautiful value to him, and he had learned to appreciate the mail service.

While he was packing and unpacking his clothes, and pacing his uncle's rooms in a state of heady indecision, a letter from his lawyers reached him. It related to a small place of the colonel's down in Norfolk that had been unrented for several months. They were afraid the house was greatly in need of repairs. What had they better do about it? The letter contained information as to the exact whereabouts of the little property. Jack smoked a pipe or two over the letter, and a happy idea came to him. He replied to the lawyers immediately, to the effect that he would go down and look at the place. For a day he and Jollops were busy packing. They turned the key in the front door on a Monday, and went down to Norfolk with their belongings. The colonel's hack was to follow next day, in the care of a groom from the stables.

At the nearest village to the neglected (and most likely forgotten) property, they found a dingy four-wheeler of prehistoric design, and a driver with a black patch over one eye. By the time master, man, and outfit were inside, this ancient vehicle was full almost to bursting. Jollops showed only his head, so piled about was he with boxes, and bundles of rugs and bedding. Jack, with a folding camp-cot upon his lap and a dunnage bag stuffed with Jollops' kitchen outfit leaning fondly against him, lit a

cigar and gave himself up to meditation. The roads were vile. The nag was old. The cabby was a master of language, and had a voice that defied closed windows. He "blasted" the mud and the dark. He requested his horse to go to that place of which it is reported there is neither frost nor moisture, and which I, for one, sincerely hope is mythical. He asked the unheeding night if he were piloting an Arctic expedition, and how the devil the captain with the single gig-lamp had come to leave the white elephant and the kitchen range out of his list. Jollops heard and trembled. But Jack smoked on in complete oblivion to the kindly humor of the gentleman on the box. Action was bringing its solace, and this flying trip to an unknown and hitherto unheard of house smacked pleasantly of adventure. The swaying and jerking of the four-wheeler soothed him into a half-sleep.

Of a sudden the vehicle stopped. Jack awoke and found himself hurled, together with camp-cot and dunnage bag, against Jollops' protected position. The driver's voice, raised unpardonably high, caught his attention. Straightening his eye-glass and his cigar, he cleared himself from his household belongings, and kicked open the carriage door. By the light of a pale young moon in a misty sky he avoided a puddle, and with his first leap landed dry-shod on the turf at the roadside. He saw that the four-wheeler had no lights. He saw a dog-cart, with lamps, motionless in the road ahead, and on the high seat of the cart a cloaked and silent figure. He beheld the driver of his own conveyance upright on the box, jumping and swearing. He shouted to the fellow to hold his row, but he might just as well have held his own. So without more ado he climbed over the wheel and threw the disorderly cabby into the road.

"I hope that drunken fool didn't smash into you?" he called.

"No damage done, thanks," replied the driver of the cart. Jack shouted to his man. "Take that fellow inside with you," he ordered, "and keep him quiet if you have

to kill him." Jollops descended from the narrow door, and after a brief encounter with the man in the ditch, assisted him, protesting violently, into the dark and untidy interior of his own four-wheeler.

After lighting his lamps Jack urged his steed alongside the dog-cart.

"Can you direct me to 'The Rookery,'" he inquired.

"Delighted," replied the stranger. "Drive on about a mile and you'll find a white box of a house, about a hundred yards off the road, to the left, without any trees near it. That's 'The Rookery.' May I ask, sir, if you are thinking of renting it?"

"Why, no," said Jack, "I'm going to put up there awhile myself."

"Ah, you are the owner," exclaimed the other.

"Yes," replied Jack.

"You'll find the stables in fair order," said the man in the dog-cart, "but the house is dismal, and out of repair. My name is Tomkins. I'm curate here. Wadham is my college."

"My name is Farley," said Jack, "and I slumbered at Oxford for a little while myself."

"May I turn and go to 'The Rookery' with you?" asked the curate. "Fact is I am due at a party in the village, and looking out for an excuse to keep away."

"Please come. Lead the way, if you will," invited Jack cordially.

The four-wheeler lumbered heavily after the high-wheeled cart. Half-smothered cursings and occasional bumps and jars, came faintly to Jack's ears. At last they reached the gate of 'The Rookery.' The curate had left it open, and was already on his way around to the stables. Jack drew up at the front door of the empty house. Dismounting from the box he liberated Jollops and the driver. Then taking a bunch of keys from his coat-pocket he unlocked the door with the largest of them. The curate reappeared, and after informing Jack that he had put his mare under cover, as she was delicate, the four men carried the bags and boxes into the house and heaped them in the narrow hall. The

driver, thanks to Jollops, had become a pattern of meekness and energy. Jack gave him a sovereign, and wished him good-night.

"Saved again," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Tomkins, thinking of the party he had jiggered.

He produced a cigar-case from the side pocket of his checked ulster, and after passing it to Farley, helped himself to one of the cheroots, with which it was stuffed. He was a tall, lanky young fellow, with exceedingly long feet, on the ends of exceedingly long legs. His face was clean shaven. Inside, by the light of a carriage-candle, Jack obtained a clearer view of this accidental friend. He feared that he had entertained a bore unawares, so mild was the clergyman's cast of countenance, and so faultlessly pink and white his complexion. But the cheroot was exceptionally good, he had put his mare under cover; and he had disclosed a manly desire to keep away from a social gathering of some sort in the village.

"Perhaps he is better than he looks," Jack thought, hopefully. There was not a stick of furniture in the house. There was no cooking range in the kitchen. The floors were deep in dust. Tomkins discovered some coals in the scullery, whatever they were doing there. Jack found a neat pile of firewood locked away in an out-house. Soon they had a cheerful fire going in a grate in one of the front rooms on the ground floor.

As they had no chairs, Jollops set up two camp-cots. By the dim light of the curate's carriage-candles they made a supper off a meat-pie, two tarts, and some bottled beer, which they had brought down with them from London. Jack and Tomkins sat together on a cot, with the pie between them, and Jollops pulled corks and refilled glasses.

"Eat with us, Jollops? You must be as hungry as we are," said Farley. So Jollops, with a mouth full of tart and his dignity unimpaired, waited on his master.

After supper, while Jollops potted about, Farley and Tomkins smoked and yarned.

"I find this a very satisfactory field of

labor during the summer," said the curate, making a long arm for his glass of beer.

"Ah, more church work in summer than in winter?" inquired Jack, politely.

"Why, no," replied Tomkins, without embarrassment, "but there is more cricket."

Jack stared at his guest's placid cheeks, yellow, well-brushed hair and unclouded brow. And while he stared, one of those blue, unworldly eyes closed slowly, and he understood.

"Why don't you stick to cricket?" he inquired.

"I do. I play for the county," replied Tomkins.

"But why did you enter the church?" asked Jack.

"One can't live by cricket—unless one cares to be a pro," explained the curate.

Jack looked his disapproval, and the other man read the signs. He flushed quickly.

"Don't mistake me," he exclaimed. "I believe what I preach, and I practice it, too, as nearly as I can. But, though I never before confessed it, I'd rather play at Lord's for All England than be made Archbishop of Canterbury."

"And more likely to, I think," replied Jack, laughing. Tomkins remained at 'The Rookery' until close upon midnight, making many confessions and finishing the beer. He begged Farley to come over with him—only two miles—and put up in his cottage for the night. Farley refused the invitation, as he wanted to look around the house and grounds at the first peep of day.

"Well, then I'll send over some bread and butter, and things for your breakfast," said Tomkins. "You see you are one of my parishoners now and I must look after you."

This was the beginning of a friendship which always proved entertaining to them both, and later, as my story shows, decidedly useful to Jack Farley. Even Jollops realized at last that it was fate who had guided the drunken cabby into the curate's dog-cart. Otherwise, perhaps, he would never have had that delightful trip in the *Sea Eagle* as owner's steward.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE COLONEL WRITES—THE VICAR KICKS.

There was a paddock back of Jack's stables and beyond that a narrow meadow, a spinney, and a deserted rookery of elms. Tomkins found Jack, late one morning, exploring the wilderness of damp underbrush, and gave him a letter. It was from Col. Farley, and was dated at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland. Jack seated himself upon a rusty contrivance which some former tenant had set up with the intention of trapping poachers, and opened the letter. The curate leaned against a tree, puffing his brier and waiting for news. He was vastly interested in what he already knew of the Farleys, and eager to know more. The colonel's letter was both lengthy and entertaining. It touched lightly upon the incidents of the passage across the Atlantic—the rough weather, the fair sailing, the games of cribbage, and the fact that Farley had already won three pounds ten from Sparks. It told of the first chapter of the great novel—of how Sparks had worked it out, tramping up and down the cabin in his oil-skins, and how the colonel, clutching the ink-bottle in one hand, had penned it, despite the plunging of the barquentine. I quote the following passage in the colonel's own words, as it is an important part of my story :

"We had not been in the harbor fifteen minutes before a young fellow came aboard and enquired after Captain Sparks and Colonel Farley. Now, how the devil did anyone know I was on the *Southern Cross*. The cook brought him into the cabin, where Sparks and I, just shaved, were having a glass of grog. Sparks welcomed him with delight, and then introduced us. He proved to be Mr. Robert Prendergast, no less, brother of the incomparable Miss Catherine. I waved all family traditions and greeted him like an uncle. He is remarkably fine looking—for a Prendergast. His manners are equal to his appearance. We got out another glass, and I soon learned from his remarks (though Sparks was none the wiser) that he, too, is on the

inside. After spinning a few yarns we went ashore together and Sparks and Prendergast arranged some particulars about a cargo of fish. It happens that young Prendergast was on the lookout for the *Southern Cross* to give her freight for South America. He manages the Harbour Grace branch of their business, and visits the place about once a month during the summer. These "marchants" seem to have everything their own way, and go about their business with as much high-headed assurance as the Hudson's Bay Company factors. I believe the Prendergasts are the largest exporters and importers in the colony. Sparks assures me they are very satisfactory people to have dealings with. I hope you will always find it so, my boy. We found the town a dull place, though I believe it was gay enough ten years ago, and all three spent the evening aboard. Sparks played his banjo and Prendergast and I sang. I mixed the punch, and after a glass or two, I read to our visitor what we had written of the novel. Prendergast was greatly impressed, and in spite of all we could do, insisted upon sending a man ashore for his flute. But before the sailor was back with it Mr. Prendergast was sound asleep on the cabin locker. He is a delightful companion, but both Sparks and I are a bit shy of the flute. I have heard that it takes a man five years to learn to make a noise on an instrument of this kind, and another five to play a tune. Ten to one Prendergast has learned to make a noise. I hunted through my despatch box and unearthed a simple little bracelet engraved with the Farley motto—it belonged to my mother—and this I gave to Prendergast to convey to his sister with my sincerest well-wishes. He was delighted, and thought no more of the flute. It was still quite early when he left us for his quarters ashore. We expect to get close in to our wharf about noon, and begin taking our cargo of fish, in drums, right. Then it's up anchor for Rio Janiero."

Jack retailed a little of the contents of the letter to Tomkins. Then they went up to the house to look for lunch. Instead of

lunch they found the vicar, who returned their greeting stiffly and requested a moment's private interview with Mr. Tomkins. Farley retired to the kitchen and helped Jollops with the chops. Presently the vicar drove away and Tomkins appeared at the kitchen door. Dismay was depicted on his maiden cheeks and azure brow.

"Taken clear!" he remarked—"my middle stump."

Jack placed the chops on the dish and awaited further enlightenment. His friend's woe-begone countenance all but moved him to laughter. Fancy a full-grown man getting into such a funk simply because a parson—a brother parson—wiggled him.

"You know I hold this job by the vicar's private appointment," continued the curate, "and now he says he's had enough of me. He has thought so for some time. The ladies in the village have told him that I do not attend to my duties—because I cut their sickening tea-parties." He looked at Jack.

"I'm glad you see the joke," he said.

"I don't, honestly," confessed Jack.

Tomkins kilted up the tails of his clerical coat and seated himself upon the edge of the coal-box. He smoothed his yellow hair with his white hands and sighed.

"Let us look up those chops before they get cold," suggested Farley. But Tomkins remained in his attitude of dejection.

"It's not only the spoiling of the eleven," he said, "but it hurts me professionally."

"Rot," exclaimed Jack. "Why, man, you've done your work. You're simply a bit unpopular with the ladies. I'll wager that the vicar himself is well enough satisfied with you."

"Who ever heard of a successful clergyman who was unpopular with the ladies?" enquired the curate.

For answer Jack dragged him into the dining-room by the arm.

Late that night, while Jack was lying in his narrow bed wide awake, a remarkable idea came to him, and without loss of time he began to make his plans. "I hope Uncle Farley will not object to being taken at his

word," he thought—"A yacht and a private chaplain—my hat, but it will cost a pretty penny."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### FAMILY DISCORD.

Mr. Prendergast, seated at the head of the dinner-table, had been eyeing Catherine's left wrist for some time, over the wreck of grape stems on his dessert plate. Bob, who noticed the glances, sipped his port wearily. Catherine, all unconscious, chatted gaily with her mother. She sat forward in her chair, with her elbows on the table, and her pink knuckles under her chin. The threads of gold on her white wrist caught the candle light in a circle of yellow flame. Mr. Prendergast, for a man of large affairs, had a surprisingly acute eye for details.

"You have a new bracelet, Catherine," he said.

The girl's chatter died out in the middle of a sentence, and for an instant the color faded from her cheeks. Something about it all made Bob think of a bird, winged while in full flight across the open and the sunlight. The remark was followed by an awkward pause. Mrs. Prendergast blinked at the bracelet with an injured air, and Bob fumbled with a decanter in trying to fill his glass.

"Yes," replied the girl, turning her face toward her father.

"Something I brought home to her," said Bob.

"I wonder you did not show it to me," said her mother.

Mr. Prendergast was about to turn his attention to something of more importance when his wife leaned forward, and stared at the clasp of the bracelet with short-sighted eyes.

"Expectans—what is it?" she enquired.

The Honorable H. Hyde Prendergast straightened himself in his chair.

"Read it my dear," he said.

"Expectans Equito," read the lady slow-

ly, "and I am sure I do not know what it means."

"It means," remarked Mr. Prendergast in a voice very nicely modulated—"why it means deceit and disrespect."

"A more literal translation is 'waiting I ride,'" said Catherine.

The elder lady looked puzzled. She had not been born in the West Indies, and so may be pardoned for an ignorance of the Farley motto. Bob felt the blood tingling in his cheeks. Mr. Prendergast seemed to be feeling for his breath. Catherine alone appeared unmoved, and sat gazing at her father with polite unconcern in her clear eyes.

"This is in direct disobedience to my orders," said Mr. Prendergast at last.

"I believe you told me not to see, speak to, or communicate by mail, with Mr. Jack Farley," replied Catherine slowly, "and I have done none of these things."

"Why add anything more to the list of—ah—prevarication, with which you have hoodwinked your parents during the past fourteen months?" enquired her father, gray with anger. His voice rang low and hard, with a note in it that his wife had never suspected. The girl rose from her chair, white and trembling.

"You have called me a liar," she said.

Bob spilled his wine and cursed confusedly under his breath.

"Perhaps you have not accepted a gift from Mr. Jack Farley," sneered Mr. Prendergast.

"I have accepted roses from him," replied Catherine, "and—and—they were very comforting."

Bob found his voice.

"I brought that bracelet to her from Colonel Montgomery Farley," he said. Catherine smiled at him, and he wondered at the change that had come so suddenly to the bright and beautiful mouth—though the eyes were still bright and the mouth still beautiful.

"Any other—ah, gentlemen?" enquired her father.

Mrs. Prendergast began to cry softly into a bunch of grapes

"You will be very sorry for this," said Catherine.

"I am already," retorted Mr. Prendergast—"very, very sorry that a child of mine should deceive me, and disobey me, and disgrace me."

"Make it two," remarked Bob, huskily.

Catherine left the room, and her mother hurried after her, bent upon a course of petting and scolding. Her grasp of this sudden disturbance was still woefully incomplete. As soon as the door was shut Mr. Prendergast turned the vials of his wrath upon Bob. Bob heard him to the bitter end in silence. Then he gulped his wine and replied without fear. With respectful demeanor and quiet voice he stript his father's garment of pride and stupidity to tatters. Then, lighting a cigarette, he left the room, and Mr. Prendergast with his elbows among the dessert and his forehead between his hands wondering if he were really such a cad.

Bob lunched at the club that day and did not return home until close upon dinner time. He found Catherine chilly and polite with the others, and tender with him. His mother looked as if she had gone through with something more violent than a charity bazaar, and Mr. Prendergast's manner was strangely subdued and suggested the early Christian martyrs. Dinner was scarcely less cheerful than usual, and Bob retired early to the attic and his flute. He was tremendously relieved to find that the tempest had subsided without damaging the teapot.

There came a light knocking at the door and Catherine entered the room.

"You are a dear," she exclaimed, her eyes shining. Bob sighed and put down his flute.

"I promised again not to write to him," she said, "and I promised mother not to elope with him. I even promised to have her at my wedding should I ever marry."

"Well, you certainly have done it," said Bob, in disgust.

The girl smiled and looked at the blueprint on the wall.

"What a head for invention you have,"



she said, "and yet you are awfully stupid about some things."

"I am not stupid enough to bind myself with fool promises," retorted Bob. "I told the pater I'd choose my own friends, and if he did not like my choice I'd cut clear of the business and this house altogether."

"I shall keep my promises," said Catherine, slowly, "and much good may it do them. I shall respect my own word to the letter, but why should I consider the feelings of people who care nothing for my feelings."

"But you don't mean to cut up just to hurt them, do you?" enquired Bob, anxiously. "You'll play the game, Kitty? and the game is Farley, you know."

"Of course, I shall play the game—and it shall be my own game," replied the girl.

"And you may help me," she added.

"Do you love Farley?" asked Bob.

"Yes," she said.

"Would it cut you up much if you never saw him again?"

"It would—it would break my heart," she whispered in a voice so intense that Bob wondered why he had asked.

"I'll help you for all I'm worth," he said, and took up his flute. But she pulled it away from him.

"He asked me to marry him," she said, "and then I told him to wait until father and mother were willing. But now I do not care. Do you understand, Bob?"

"Then why did you promise all those things," asked Bob.

"Oh, those are easily kept," she replied, laughing, "and I hate writing letters anyway. You are a splendid correspondent, though."

Bob shook his head.

"Give me my whistle, that's a good girl, and enlighten me at your leisure. All I can say is it will be a gay wedding if the pater and mater attend. They'll sand-bag the parson, I'm afraid, and do for the bridegroom for sure. I wish I could think of some scheme to help you out."

Catherine puckered her brows.

"You must write to Jack," she said, "and—and—oh, ask him his intentions?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Bob.

"But you must," urged the girl. "Don't say I suggested it, for, of course, I know them, but do the anxious brother act off your own bat."

"He'll think I'm an ass," cried Bob. "Why, he is my friend."

"But we must start right," persisted Catherine.

"I don't call it good form," said he. "Surely you know his intentions?"

"Yes, but you are not supposed to know all that I know, stupid."

Next morning Bob mailed the following to his friend Jack Farley:

DEAR OLD CHAP:

We've had the devil of a row over that bracelet the Colonel gave Catherine. The pater went completely off his chump, and Catherine and I stuck out for liberty and the rights of man. We are once more at peace, of a patched-up kind. Catherine has taken the bit in her teeth, though she keeps her lips over it and looks about as docile as usual. Just what she is up to I can hardly say, but I am quite sure she will play her heart against family traditions to win. As I have never been fully taken into your confidence I am a good deal at a loss as to what to help her to in the way of advice. My father feels as pleasantly as ever towards you. Damn it, Jack, I can almost wish that we had been spared the doubtful blessings called grandfathers.

This sounds rather rotten, I know, but please read it right. I want to play the game, you see, and as the governor's rules don't suit me I'm looking for yours. It seems to me that, like it or not, duty has pushed me into the field. So forgive my cheek, and remember that this scrawl is written by an anxious brother and your sincere friend

R. PRENDERGAST.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE SPRING.

With the awakening of Spring life took on a gayer aspect in the northern colonial city. Lent was over and the conservatories bloomed with hyacinths and Bermuda lilies. Despite the grime and mud of the streets and the proverbial (and fictitious) odor of cod-fish, London gowns and Paris hats took the air as if all the world were there to see. Sir Hardwick Brice appeared in a spring overcoat and fawn-colored spats, and His Excellency the Governor, with a

bachelor's recklessness, ran his secretary a close second in the splendor of his attire. Bob Prendergast and young Burton and perhaps a dozen others had received bulky parcels from their London tailors in plenty of time for Easter Sunday.

Bob received a letter from Jack Farley, which relieved his mind of much of its burden and warmed him with a pleasurable glow of romantic anticipation. Jack proposed kidnapping and mentioned an intended trip to New York to buy a schooner-rigged yacht for the purpose. At the first reading Bob's breath fairly left him, but upon retailing the suggestion to Catherine, and noting the signs of pleasure in cheek and eye, he recovered himself and gave it his consideration.

"But how do you intend keeping your promises if he carries you away like a bally pirate?" he asked.

"I shall think it over," she replied calmly.

In this same letter Jack wrote that his intention was to win Catherine for his wife as speedily as possible, and that only her objection could turn him from it. Altogether the letter was eminently satisfactory, and Bob went about his business, and his pleasure with interest. So firm was his faith in the ability of these two lovers, now thoroughly roused to action, that he fell into a habit of looking upon his parents with no small degree of pity as people already sadly outwitted at a game which they themselves had brought upon the table.

One evening returning home early, he found Sir Hardwick Brice in the drawing-room and Catherine at the piano. He watched them for several seconds from the doorway. Catherine's gaze was not at the sheets of music before her, and she played softly, and even waywardly it seemed to Bob. The baronet sat in a low chair well from the piano with his immaculate hands folded upon his immaculate white waistcoat, and his eyes turned upon the player's back in benign approval. Bob moved quietly away and continued his advance upon his attic dear. "Poor old Brice—winged at fifty," he muttered cheerfully, as

he ascended the stairs. It was true. Brice himself realized it with a pang of sweet regret, as he watched the slim back and white shoulders, neck and spell-weaving hands, and his past drifted across his inner vision like a foolish, unmeaning pantomime, and the future threw a rose-light upon a sunlight sky. Then the memory of a trinket found in the mud of the road came to him, and, for some whim, disturbed his peace.

"Am I really down," he wondered. "It seems so, or I would not be frightening myself with such ghosts as that. I am not much worse than forty. My figure is all that could be looked for in anyone but a tennis-player. And—beast that I am to consider it—I am a baronet." With a sigh unheeded by Catherine he returned to the contemplation of the rose-lit future. Catherine had her eyes fixed upon the wall behind the piano. Of course she did not see it, or she would have looked at something else. She saw a small portion of the rail of a vessel, and near it a tall young man in a long ulster, with a pipe in his mouth, and his cap pulled down. She did not ask if it were a memory of the past, a glimpse of the present, or a vision of the future. But she knew that the man was Jack Farley, and she could see his face as distinctly as if it were within the reach of her hand. Over and over again she read the love and determination in the brave eyes, and all the while she told her dream to the sympathetic key-board, and it understood, being wiser than the baronet.

Bob, high up in his own room, with no engagements to distract him, put on slippers and smoking-coat, lit his pipe and fell to work upon a letter of importance. It was to a New York lawyer and capitalist, and concerned a copper mine (at this time a patch of cheerless rock and thin soil) in Notre Dame Bay. Bob was sure of a good thing in this claim, having examined the site and the ore himself, and was anxious to develop it immediately himself, and upon a large scale. His father had refused to come into it, having scattered a good deal of money around the coast in similar ventures, and Bob was forced to look for foreign capi-

tal. His letter to the New Yorker concerned also their mutual friend, Jack Farley. He suggested that Barcomb, the lawyer, should come north in the early summer with Farley, and see the copper deposit for himself. Then he told what he knew of Jack's plans (saying nothing of their purpose), named a figure for a half-interest in the mine, and concluded the epistle with an offer of the hospitality of the whole island. Feeling that he had not only done a good bit of business, but had also fulfilled a social duty to a friend by writing the letter, he retired to bed with his pipe, his flute, and a copy of *The Field*. Contentment wrapt him round, for his new clothes fitted him, he had taken a little trouble for friendship's sake, and life was full of entertainment. He fell asleep at last and dreamed that Jack and Catherine were standing on a sunlit "landwash" hand in hand, watching bars of copper being turned out of the solid rock by his patent pulp-wood barker.

Sir Hardwick Brice returned to Government House and spent a restless night, now vowing that he did not care a rap for the girl, and next moment certain that he would die for her. When sleep came to him a little while before dawn, it brought no vision of Catherine, but many disturbing dreams of his infirm old mother, with her ancient, priceless jewelry, calculating eyes and disdain of anything and everything "Colonial." When his man awoke him at nine-thirty he sat up with the uneasiness of the night still upon him, and wondered for a moment what it was that had disturbed his heart's equilibrium. Uncertainty had him in its clutches all the morning, and after lunch he went riding with young Burton. Burton seemed in no better humor than the baronet, and spent the first few miles in cursing the roads, the man who had shod his horse, the cost of living, and the emptiness of existence. His companion's bad temper at length began to amuse Sir Hardwick, and presently lighting a cigar, he found himself returned to his usual buoyant frame of mind. Trotting easily where the road permitted, but scrambling for the most part, they were soon beyond

the low ridge of spruces and tumbled rocks, and lost sight of the dingy roofs of the town and the green waters of the harbor. Before them the road held on across an uneven barren, and was little better than a trail. Save when it edged round some giant boulder of granite, it was noiseless and yielding to the horses' hoofs. Before them, and several miles distant, the Atlantic rode in, everlastingly shattering its squadrons against the courageous cliffs. About them lay the barrens, varied, alluring, and voiceless as the grave. The faces of the scattered ponds were now and then darkened by a passing flaw of wind. The knolls of granite and reviving moss shone in the sunlight. The "spruce-tuck," stunted, twisted, and black, crowded in the shallow valleys. Brown and level basins of mud, soon to be criss-crossed by the delicate foot-prints of the snipe, glistened like upturned mirrors or discarded shields. All this lay in, or crept out of, a lifeless setting of brown and gray bog-moss, knee-deep, and heavy as a sodden sponge. In the Autumn the barrens are dry and warm, and grouse feed in the covers and across the berry-decked knolls, but to some people they are always beautiful, luring with a promise of mingled delight and heart-ache. Even in spring they have their fascination.

Brice rode with his attention all given to the landscape, and even Burton felt a little of the charm of this desolate country of his. The horses chose their own pace and shuffled comfortably along the damp trail. There was no glint of wing. The wind passed over the knolls and the valleys with noiseless feet, and only the cold waters of the ponds stirred at his passage. The smoke of the baronet's cigar trailed across the sunlight in their tracings of vivid blue.

Suddenly, unheralded by any sound, appeared a black mare and a lady in a riding habit around an elbow of the trail ahead. The lady was Catherine Prendergast. She walked with the bridle over one arm and her long skirt held up under the other. Her slender riding-boots shone against the dull loam of the path. The men drew up and lifted their hats. She greeted them gaily

and without embarrassment, but they saw that her eye-lids were red, and that upon her cheeks gleamed a moisture suggestive of tears.

"I'm in luck to meet you" she cried. "for I think one of my girths is unsafe."

Brice and Burton dismounted simultaneously and collided in the narrow way. Burton was the first to reach the mare.

"It looks all right," he began, but the baronet shut him up by stamping heavily on his toe.

"I think it will last if I pull it up a hole," said Brice, fumbling gravely with the buckle. His eyes sought those of Burton across the saddle, and Burton blushed and held his peace. After helping Catherine up, they waited at their horses' heads in indecision. She thanked them, smiling beautifully from one to the other, and starting the mare into a brisk trot, cried "good-bye" over her shoulder. Sir Hardwick grinned whimsically at his companion.

"Would you make a liar of a lady for a little thing like a saddle girth?" he remarked.

"I am an ass," was all Burton could find to say in reply.

Presently they turned and followed the hoof-prints of the black mare back to town. But Burton wondered what she had been crying about.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MASKED BALL.

Young Burton advanced upon the side entrance of Government House in his father's carriage. He alone represented his family at such frivolities as this. Very elegantly he reposed on one seat and rested his feet on the other. His brow was tragic. He inhaled the smoke of his cigarette with the air of one not to be intimidated by either man or devil. He was in a very bad way, thanks to the charms and seeming heartlessness of Miss Prendergast. Descending from the carriage under the porte-cochere, he stumbled against a man in a brown

ulster, a cloth cap, and a silk mask, and his card-board breast-plate (he stood for Porthos) was dented by the contact. He swore gently.

"I beg your pardon, but this place is so damn poorly lit," he added, peering at the chin of the unknown. His remark was answered by a silent bow. They went together into the dressing-room and there the unknown discarding his ulster and cap, appeared as a tall and broad-shouldered Elizabethan beau. His costume was rich, but looked as if it had been hurriedly donned. Burton noticed that his kid gloves of a lilac hue, were already on, and that his mask was a full two inches longer than any others in the place. There was something familiar about the shoulders. Was it Benson? No, too tall by an inch. Was it Wally of the *Alert*? Perhaps, though someone had told him that Wally intended representing Neptune. Anyway, what did it matter to a man with a shattered heart and a headache from too many cigarettes? He tossed back his cloak, hitched up his rapier, and, advancing upon the gay throng within, quickly forgot the quiet Elizabethan courtier.

Masks were not to be removed until after the first two dances—the whim of His Excellency's sister, Mrs. Hampton,—until the masks were off dance-cards were not to be filled. Bob Prendergast, in the garb of a Spanish buccaneer, stood beside Catherine awaiting the music of the opening waltz. Catherine was wonderfully and beautifully gowned, and knew herself what she represented. Bob did not. Suddenly she touched his arm.

"Here comes Sir Hardwick," she said.

The secretary wore a court suit, several orders, and a narrow mask.

"Remember this is your dance," she whispered to Bob.

The secretary came to a halt and bowed.

"May I have the pleasure of this?" he murmured.

Close upon his heels trod the tall gentleman in the lilac gloves.

"I am sorry, but I am already engaged for this," replied Catherine.

Sir Hardwick moved on. The orchestra struck up.

"This must be ours," said he of the incongruous gloves.

The voice was low and unnatural. Catherine drew herself up and Bob stared for a brace of seconds. Then he leaned toward Catherine.

"Expectans Equito," he whispered—"but remember your promises."

Next moment Catherine found herself among the waltzers with one hand upon Jack Farley's arm, and one in his hand, and his arm about her waist.

"If you have promised not to speak to me, dearest, I will do all the talking," he said. "I heard about this masked ball just in time to invite myself and come. I was in New York. Her chin touched his arm just below the shoulder.

"When the masks are off," he said, "I shall slip away and leave you to the others. But next time I come—" he paused, as they narrowly avoided Sir Hardwick and a lady in yellow. "I shall not run away then—alone—unless you—"

Catherine lifted her chin from his arm.

"I forget if I promised not to speak to you," she said, "but now I do not care what I promised. As they have tried to break my heart I think I may break my word."

"Your dear heart," he breathed into her ear.

"Hold it safe," she replied, with a rare ecstasy of tone on her quiet voice.

"It lights the world for me," he said huskily, "and the touch of your lips that night in the dark—"

"Jack, you must have dreamed."

"I have dreamed it a thousand times since then."

Just then they collided with a weighty couple.

"Shall we rest?" suggested Catherine.

"Please—outside somewhere," said Farley.

He guided her through the crush of dancers and then followed her into the conservatory.

The third number on the programme was a two-step, and through it Catherine

led the governor's secretary at a killing pace. Masks were off, but nowhere in the room could young Burton detect the Elizabethan courtier in the lilac gloves. He looked at his dance-card, upon the tinted surface of which he had scrawled a few names, and saw that he was free for the next two dances. Procuring his cigarette-case from his overcoat pocket he strolled out to one of the lawns. The night air was none too warm. Overhead the black crests of the trees swung against a sky scarcely less black. Burton moved quietly across the damp grass and was about to set a light to a cigarette when he was arrested, match in hand, by the sound of Bob Prendergast's voice. He returned the match-box noiselessly to his pocket.

"It is a dashed shame, old chap, that you should have to dodge around like this," said Bob.

"We'll try to put an end to that," someone replied, "and I'll tell you straight, Bob, this is no night to pity me."

"Did you say a schooner?" inquired Prendergast.

"Yes, and a new one. Barcomb helped me find her, and I left Tomkins beating down the price," the other voice made answer.

Burton stole nearer.

"It seems a good deal like pirating, but I'll help you to it," said Bob.

"We must have our plans cut and dried. Catherine thinks some time in June or July, and a straight start from one of the northern bays would be a good idea. If you could—" Just then the speaker was interrupted by a smothered curse from Mr. Burton, who, in creeping closer, had stumbled over the iron pole of a garden-roller. Before he could straighten himself his neck was in the clutch of crushing fingers.

"Now then, keep your mouth shut," admonished a voice in his ear.

A wax-match was struck and held up.

Bob laughed.

"Why it's only good old Baby Burton," he exclaimed.

Farley released his captive and lowered

the muscular and ready hand to the grasp of the other's.

"Why, yes, I think we have seen each other before. Sorry I grabbed you like that. Had no idea it was you. Second time we've met to-night, hey."

"Not at all. Deuced glad to see you. Don't mention it. Just came out to have a puff," replied Burton, between gasps.

"See here," said Bob, "I wish you would run in and cheer up the ladies. Farley and I have something to talk over of a very private nature, if you don't mind, and our time is limited. And, I say, don't mention this meeting with Farley for the life of you. We are trying to work someone out of a copper claim, and a word of his visit to the island would spoil the whole game."

"I'm off," said Burton, good naturedly, "and mum's the word—now and at supper. Sorry you can't stay for a glass of it, Farley."

He lit his cigarette and retraced his steps to the side door of the house.

"Wish people wouldn't take me for such an everlasting silly fool," he muttered. "Why, it's easy! Copper?—in your eye! Last fall he was here on the same business. Ran into him at the club. Well, I am sorry for that silly ass, Brice."

In the contemplation of the baronet's threatened downfall he almost forgot his own discomfort. As he returned to the ball-room he smiled broadly.

"And that prig, Prendergast, really seemed to think that I have nothing to do but obey him, and keep his rotten secrets," he remarked. Presently he was waltzing faultlessly with Catherine.

Sir Hardwick took Catherine in to supper, and together they engaged in a comfortable repast. The champagne had been chosen by the baronet himself, and game, salads and jellies were in accordance with the wine. Catherine made a picture of eating, but her mind was busy with Jack's affairs, and her heart in a strong glow with the memory of him. They had entered the supper-room among the last, and by the time the baronet was through with his peach the room was nearly empty.

"If I could only manage a cigarette," he sighed. Then came inspiration to Catherine.

"If we could find a quiet corner," she said, "I am sure I would not mind. We are such old friends, you know, and I really enjoy the smell of cigarette smoke."

Sir Hardwick's heart leapt so merrily at the good-fellowship of the lady's words, and the prospect of a Melachrino, that it felt quite uncomfortable against his supper.

"I know a nook in the fern-house with two chairs in it where Rosehaw and I often smoke on wet days," he replied, "and I'll blow all the smoke onto the plants."

"But will it not be too damp," suggested the girl.

"Dear me, the last fern it has seen was kept there by John Cabot," replied Brice, "and now it's so dry that two geraniums and some broken flower pots are the only things we can keep there."

They found the nook, which was shielded from the main conservatory by a couple of palms in the doorway, and no sooner had the good-natured secretary lit his cigarette than Catherine bent toward him, and lifted her clear eyes to his, and told him her romance. The baronet sat quiet and motionless throughout the narrating of it, as one stunned. "And you,—you are so clever and know the world so well—you will help me," she concluded softly.

Sir Hardwick sighed and the Melachrino reeked its fragrant blue life away, unheeded, between his fingers.

"It is all so unfair. What has Jack ever done to any of our family? Why should I suffer because our ancestors drank too much and acted like fools?" she said presently.

"You must not suffer," replied the baronet. He did not look at her just then, but puffed nervously at his cigarette. He remembered then the fears he had entertained as to what his mother would think of a colonial daughter-in-law, and he saw himself as a stout, middle-aged, calculating fool.

"You must let me know your plans. I shall be more than delighted to help you. In fact, Miss Catherine, I—"

But she quickly placed both her hands

upon one of his, and silenced him with laughing expressions of gratitude.

During the afternoon of the day following, the governor's masked ball, Burton accosted Sir Hardwick, on the golf-course above the town. He told him of Jack Farley, of his attendance, uninvited, at Government House, and what he himself thought of it all. The baronet opened his cigar-case, and selected a weed without offering one to Burton.

"You seem to be troubling yourself unwarrantably about other people's affairs," he said.

"But—why, I thought I was doing you a friendly turn," Burton hastened to reply.

"I once heard you call yourself an ass," said the baronet, urbanly smiling, "and if you will please do it again you'll save me the trouble."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

Mrs. Hampton was a lady of some thirty-four years of age and possessed of an adventurous spirit. She had a husband—a thin, tea-hued Anglo-Indian, whom she loved tenderly, but got along very well without, and whom her brother, the governor, disliked in his quiet way. Her husband was looking after his affairs in some unnamable quarter of the Indian Empire at this time, and she was keeping house in the Northern colony, for her bachelor brother. She was a charming hostess, and a lady of wide and varied information. It has been said—true, only by a midshipman—that she knew more about horses than a vet., a great deal more of history than Judge P., and as much of men and women as the inmates of a ward-room. Her knowledge of books seemed unlimited—at least to the aforementioned middy. Add to all this that she was pretty, a good friend and nothing of a flirt, and managed her brother without his knowledge of it, and you will understand Sir Hardwick Brice's warm regard and high consideration for the lady. She was the power behind the throne,

and only the throne was ignorant of the fact.

Close upon noon of a day soon after the masked ball, Sir Hardwick, pipe in hand, found Mrs. Hampton reading a book in a red covers, on the east lawn. He glanced at the volume. "What, those animal stories," he exclaimed, in dismay. She closed the book sharply and looked at him with an air of disapproval.

"You should bring your troubles to me at breakfast," she said.

"But Harry, my dear lady," expostulated the baronet.

"Oh, yes, and he, too, will soon be looking for me. His trouble is with the French, over a fisherman's lobsterpots, but I think I fixed it for him yesterday with M. d'Arencey," replied the lady.

"You are a treasure to the Government and to your friends, Mrs. Hampton," exclaimed the secretary.

The lady laughed. "And you men get the credit," she said—"Sir Henry Rosehaw, K.C.M.G., late of the Colonial Office, and that invaluable man, Sir Hardwick Brice, Bart., LL.D., etc., late Chief Justice of I don't know where—little wonder that in such master-hands, the affairs of the colony prosper."

"But really, my dear lady," cried the baronet, "would you have me write home to the Colonial Secretary that Mrs. Hampton is running the shop? To begin with, Harry would deny it."

"And you?" she asked.

"Oh, I'd stick by my chief."

"Of all the ungrateful—why, I have no words to express my contempt for you," she cried.

"It must be pretty bad," said the baronet. Mrs. Hampton smiled pleasantly, and after glancing about her, returned to the perusal of the stories.

"Please leave the domestic affairs of the polite porcupine alone for a little while," begged Sir Hardwick, "and gave me some light on a very entertaining and complicated matter." He told her Catherine's story, and the amount of attention she gave to the narrative was all that could be desired.

"How do you come to be mixed up in this Mr. Farley's love affairs," she asked, eyeing him severely. The baronet laughed awkwardly, but seated himself upon the grass at her feet, with his usual grace.

"Be careful, or you will catch your death of cold," said the lady, and she moved further along the bench upon which she was seated.

"Death—the comforter," murmured the baronet, with an exaggerated sigh. But he changed his seat.

"I suspected as much," replied Mrs. Hampton.

"You see," said Sir Hardwick, "I do not know Farley. Have seen him once or twice, though."

"You take him on trust, then."

"His recommendations are good, my dear lady."

"I know his uncle, Colonel Farley. If he is on the lady's side it must be all right," she said.

"Oh, I can answer for the lady's side of it," said he, with some show of feeling.

"I should never have given her credit for such daring," remarked Mrs. Hampton.

"Really," replied the baronet, "I do not see anything so unusual about it."

"Have your eyes tested," advised the lady.

"I have looked at the affair with my heart," said the baronet, with his left hand upon the front of his waistcoat.

"You sentimental?" she cried.

"Philanthropically so," he explained.

"This is as good as a play," she exclaimed.

"It will cost you more," said the baronet, quietly.

"But I intend taking part in it on the stage," she said.

"Thank you," he whispered, "I knew you would. But I'm afraid it will cost more to play than to look on."

Mrs. Hampton recovered her book.

"Now run away and leave me with the entertaining porcupine," she said, "but let me know what that troublesome man does with his yacht and I shall do the rest."

Sir Hardwick took himself off, wonder-

ing what interest a lady with the affairs of men and women to attend to, could find in porcupines.

"Beastly things with quills in 'em, as far as I know," he said.

That day was full of business for Sir Henry Rosehaw. He had no sooner finished discussing the case of the lobster-fisher with his secretary, and then with his sister, than a newspaperman from New York interviewed him on the mineral outlook of the island. In the afternoon he decided to ride, but Mrs. Hampton made him come with her to make an informal call upon the Prendergasts. No sooner had they entered the Prendergasts' house than she threw him at Catherine (figuratively speaking), and he wondered what game she was up to.

"Surely she doesn't want me to marry?" he thought, blindly, as Catherine, lovely and sadly smiling, led him to the tea-table.

Soon he was interested in the girl, in spite of his vague fears. He had never noticed her especially before. Now he saw her beauty, and the wistful tenderness of her eyes. He marked the fine quality of her voice and the charm of her conversation. Ever and anon he cast furtive glances at Mrs. Hampton, trying to get his cue or some hint of her game. That lady, however, seemed to pay him not the slightest attention. So he drank enough tea to spoil a thirst for anything he might get later at the club, and was vastly interested in Miss Prendergast. At last his sister dragged him away. As they strolled homeward she remarked, casually—"How sorry I am for poor Catherine Prendergast."

"Why?" he enquired.

"Because she is unhappy."

"Thought she looked it—about the eyes, don't you know. But she seems fit enough other ways," said the governor.

"Poor girl," sighed Mrs. Hampton.

His Excellency turned and looked at her.

"Really, Nell," he said, "you don't often seem so cut up. What's the matter with the girl? Hasn't she enough money to throw about, or is it that she has some internal trouble?"

"She has money enough—but I shall not



tell you anything more, just now," replied the lady. He had to be content with that, and excusing himself on the plea of important business, left her to return to Government House alone. Lighting a cigarette and swinging his stick, he shaped his course for the club. He had not gone far before he sighted his secretary driving alone in a high, yellow cart. Sir Hardwick waited, and his chief got up beside him.

"You look festive," said the baronet. "Where have you been?"

"Calling at the Prendergasts," answered the governor.

Sir Hardwick saw the work of the master-hand, but said nothing.

"Dashed sad thing about Miss Prendergast," continued Rosehaw—"If it's true."

"True enough," replied Brice.

"She looks in fair condition," said the other, "but appearances are rather apt to fool people, I believe."

"Especially when that's the intention," said the secretary.

The governor did not think this remark worth considering.

"She should have it seen to," he said.

"Seen to?" enquired Brice.

"Why, yes—the internal trouble," said Rosehaw.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the baronet, "what are you talking about? Why, she's as—as—well, a dashed sight sounder than you. You would know if you'd ever two-stept with her."

He laughed quietly.

"Glad you are able to see your own jokes—I'm not," said the governor.

"Forgive me," Sir Hardwick hastened to say, "but where did you pick up that rot—I mean information."

"From Mrs. Hampton," replied the other, shortly.

Barbadoes, waiting for the doctor to come alongside. She had left part of her cargo of fish in Rio, and part in Perhambuco, and now carried about fifty tons of sand for ballast, and a part cargo of coffee and furniture wood. Her captain, romantic soul, had an idea of starting a trade between the forests of Brazil and the furniture factories of St. Johns. The doctor came off in a gig with a striped awning, and after friendly greetings, and some reference to a story that Sparks had told him several years before, requested them to dump their ballast, before taking up their berth inside the harbor.

Colonel Farley, leaning over the rail aft, attired in a pyjamas and a pith helmet, gave audible vent to his displeasure.

"What's the matter now?" enquired the doctor, looking up.

"The matter," replied the colonel, "is that I want to get ashore immediately, and find a drink with ice in it."

Sparks hastened to introduce them.

"Show your tongue, Colonel Farley, an' I'll give you a clean bill an' take you ashore with me now," said the medical officer.

The colonel shook his head.

"I'll not take a drink without the skipper, sir, even if it has ice in it," he explained.

"Trusty comrade," exclaimed the mariner.

Dr. Deveber told his men to pull away. "I'll send off enough for both of you," he called back,—“but you'll be shifting the old tub before sundown."

Hatches were cleared, buckets rigged, and the mate and the crew, keen as the colonel to get ashore, set to work on the ballast with a will. Sparks and the colonel retired to the cabin and set about revising the pages of their last chapter. It was a long chapter and contained many points upon which the authors differed.

"I bow to your superior knowledge in all matters of seamanship, marine disaster, and women," said Farley, "but you must admit that my handling of an infantry captain should be truer than yours."

"It's true enough," admitted Sparks, "but it strikes me as stiff."

"But, my dear chap, the fellow himself was stiffer than the devil," cried the colonel.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE ROMANCISTS.

The barquentine *Southern Cross*, seventeen days up, from Rio, lay off Bridgetown,

That was as near as they ever came to a misunderstanding of any kind. The next point under the discussion was a matter of grammar. Sparks, after raising the question, washed his hands of it, by saying that English grammar was beneath the notice of anyone who had sailed around the world. The colonel racked his brains trying to recall the long neglected elementary scholarship of Eton and his youth. At last they decided to rewrite the whole paragraph.

"We're strong on spelling, anyway," remarked the cheerful sailor. In the meantime Mr. Pike and the crew sweated in the hold and at the winch. Presently a bum-boat pulled alongside and a bag of ice, several bottles, and a packet of letters were handed up. The cook carried them aft to the cabin. Most of the mail was for the captain, his comrade having failed to leave an address behind him at any of his clubs. One letter, however, was for the colonel.

"From Jack," he said, and before opening it cracked the ice and packed it around two of the bottles, all in the cook's bread-pan. Sparks perused his business letters with a casual air, and hurried to his newspapers, the first of which he opened at a page headed "Literary Chat."

"Before long they'll be writin' this sort of information about us," he remarked. "How'll it sound, colonel? Colonel Montgomery Farley (retired), part author of the well-known novel, 'The High Seas of Life,' wears pyjamas while on ship-board, likes his coffee hot and his eggs boiled three minutes, and bathes frequently. William Dickenham Sparks, master-mariner and collaborator with Colonel Farley, in the creation of 'The High Seas of Life,' always writes by dictation, and dotes on primroses. To a representative of ours he said, only yesterday, 'Yes, as you have already guessed, the best parts of the novel are mine.'"

By this time the colonel had read Jack's letter, and without heeding his friend's frivolous remarks, exclaimed, "Bless my soul, Sparks, that boy has taken me at my word and will be the ruin of me."

"Jack?" enquired the skipper, immediately interested.

The other nodded.

"Then don't fret," said Sparks. "I'd leave my daughter, let alone my fortune, in his hands, if I had one."

"Which?" asked Farley.

Without replying the sailor took up a page of the manuscript, neatly inscribed in the colonel's small, round hand, and read aloud with gusto. The colonel, smiling placidly, leaned back on the locker and gave ear. They were thus employed, when a small man with a red beard, quietly entered the cabin. The stranger, after a quick and comprehensive glance, paused at the door and listened. Neither of the romancists noticed him. Sparks finished his reading with a victorious lift of the voice.

"Not half bad, by Jove," said Colonel Farley.

"Capital," exclaimed the stranger.

"Damme! Do you take this for a Thames collier?" cried Sparks, flaring up and turning upon the intruder.

The colonel stiffened himself on the locker and stared at the stranger with something of his old air of well-bred insolence,—a look that said plainly enough, "dash your impudence."

"I must beg your pardon, gentlemen," the stranger hastened to say, "but the men were so busy that I came right in. My name's Jones. Deever gave me a note of introduction."

He passed the captain a folded page torn from a note-book, upon which was written in pencil, "My friend, S. Bailey Jones, of Boston. A good chap and a publisher. Been down in these parts for his health nearly a year."

They shook him by the hand and seated him upon the locker.

They uncorked the bottles and set a glass before him.

"A publisher," whispered Sparks to the colonel, as their heads came together above the corkscrew. Mr. Jones proved himself a good chap indeed. He would not budge from the barquentine until her ballast was all out, and his new friends were ready to go

ashore with him. By that time he had heard, with delight, seven chapters of the great romance. S. Bailey Jones was one of those delightful persons who combine scholarship, business ability, love of good fellowship and the unusual, and courage enough to face ill-health, all in one frail body.

"The world is full of gentlemen, if one only takes trouble to leave his club and look about him," said the colonel to Sparks.

During the next couple of weeks Sparks was a busy man, superintending the loading of his barquentine with molasses. But he spent his evenings and nights ashore with the colonel and Jones. They had rooms out of town, at "The Marine." When the people of Bridgetown heard that a Farley was in the island they flooded that worthy personage with invitations of every kind. It was too warm for literary work, anyway, so he gave himself up to the social whirl. Jones, who went everywhere, kept near him,

and once or twice he even managed to drag Sparks, resplendent in a suit of white duck, in his frivolous wake. But in the presence of parasols and tea-cups, the romantic little mariner displayed a woeful lack of both courage and wit.

The molasses was all abroad and the hatches down. Decks and bulwarks were scrubbed clear of the sticky, high-scented leakage. The windlass, foreward, was mended and a new mizzen-gaff set up. Sparks fixed his papers and settled the bills, and not finding the colonel at the club, left a message to the effect that all their traps were aboard, and that, D.V., they would sail at sunrise. Then, with a shilling cigar between his teeth, he set out toward the resident quarters of the town in search of his friend. He had dined well, and now, with the stress and worry of the uncongenial toil behind him, and new ideas for the story already working in his brain, he sauntered along in a glorious frame of mind. He was at peace with the world and didn't care who knew it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

The National Monthly Magazine  
Is the best in Canada that I have seen;  
It is Canada first in every thought,  
What every Canadian should be taught.

It is just the thing our country needs,  
It is sowing good Canadian seed;  
Of Canada, the Publisher is filled to the brim,  
And no country on earth but Canada for him.

In less than two years of publication  
It has twenty-one thousand of circulation;  
Others have started and died away,  
But the National Monthly is here to stay.

The illustrations in it are the best that's made,  
Better than I expected for the price I paid;  
Showing towns and cities all over our land,  
And the views selected are simply grand.

I have learned more about Canada since reading its  
pages,  
Than I would learn in school if I studied for ages;

All Canadians should know their own country best,  
And when they know Canada, then study the rest.

All parents should have it for their children to read,  
It will plant in them good Canadian seed;  
And when they grow up they will not run away,  
But know that in Canada is the place to stay.

Many Canadians who have crossed the line,  
Will return to Canada in the course of time;  
After travelling the country and being all round,  
They are glad to settle on Canadian ground.

Canadians, be loyal to the extent of one dollar,  
And when asked to subscribe, don't make a big holler;  
Know that in Canada, it should never be  
That a Canadian refuse the National Monthly.

The price of subscription is not at all dear,  
Ten cents a copy or one dollar a year,  
All Canadians should get it without delay,  
For it's the best publication in Canada to-day.

A SUBSCRIBER.

# THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

## CHAPTER XV.

### PRAIRIE JOTTINGS.

THE drive home across the prairie is made leisurely. All day, the wind was like the fiery breath of some monstrous dragon that panted upon us, but now the winds were cooler and blew their own freshness into us. There were no clouds, or only faint pencilings and voyaging wisps scarcely discernible. The smell of ripening grasses and the vague health-giving scents from the field filled my senses with delight. The horses stood, while here and there, knee-deep, waist-deep, we gathered huge bunches of mead flowers, those dainty darlings of Nature!

This pretty crimson flower is called "the prairie chicken," sometimes "the shooting star." Its pose is full of spirit. What armfuls of yellow wild sunflowers, and buttercups, too, with their golden-varnished petals! The vetches look for all the world like little yellow butterflies that are sleeping after a long caper in the sunshine. How blessed old Linnæus would have joyed his soul in this floral elysium, this color-glory!

The buffalo apples are about the size of green-gages, and grow low on the ground. They are good for pickles, and the children eat them raw. The wild cotton, which grows in the swale grass, with rootstocks deep in the mud, is too delicate to stand plucking. It loses its head straightway. Its waving airy appendage tempts you into the bog. A solid bit of turf near the edge looks substantial. You step out on it only to find deception and lies. It is a bottomless pit.

The fireweed, castilleias, and bluebells are more substantial, and we gather such lilies—great lucent red blooms that burn like sacred lamps in their shrines of dark green.

Browning saw flowers best, and for him, the lily

"At the end of its tube, blows out its great red bell  
Like a thin, clear bubble of blood."

Humanity was first placed in a garden. Would they had stayed there. Our manners had been better, for one has it that no lily was ever guilty of vulgarity. The trees sigh and sing: they never swear.

All the way, we saw prairie grouse keeping a sharp lookout for tea time. In the autumn they become wilder, for the first few shots puts them on edge. How ill-balanced and gawky are the gestures of the wild ducks as they wobble through the air in search of food for their yellow-gaped, skinny weaklings. The mother-bird takes entire charge of the brood herself, for the dandified drake deserts her as soon as there is any possibility of his having nursery duties thrust upon him. He is almost human in his selfishness. The Manitoba sportsmen do not hunt the duck afoot. They drive from one tarn to another and shoot from the buggy.

A night-hawk fluttered from the prairie just in time to escape our horse's hoofs. Its plumage is mottled and the color of dust. Every turn of the trail opened up some new vista or stirred up some animal or bird. Now, our attention was attracted to "Opeechee, the robin" with his clear ringing military call, or to that sweet-voiced troubadour of the plains, the meadow-lark. Perhaps it was a flock of wild doves sunning themselves that we saw, or a swarm of butterflies chasing each other into the sky, for the mere fun of the thing, and now and then, a hawk swooped out of the upper regions like a feathered thunderbolt.

How full of movement is all the scene! The prairie fairly teems with life, with flowers, and badgers and with Jack-rabbits that

are as big as English hares. The gophers sit and stare at you with prodigious mendacity. They only need opera-glasses or lorgnettes to make them members of society. If you are an innocent Easterner the people out here will tell you that the government surveyors used the gophers for pegs. Be sure and take it all in. It will give them "the laugh" on you.

In the half-light, a sneaky figure slurred away in the distance. It was the Ishmaelite of the prairie, the coyote. His bark is a half-keyed shriek that suggests the lamentation of a lost soul in Sheol.

In the evening we visited a tent on the prairie, where a little Indian girl of five years lay dying of a brain affection. We had been in many a death chamber, but never one like this. In every scene it is two or three impressions that are stamped on the mind. Here, it was the snuffing of dogs, the stifling heat of the fire, prostrate forms of sleeping children, the stertorous breathing of the dying girl, a vivid red cross on a box the doctor had left, and in a half-light, the strong, sweet face of the school nurse.

The father, John Noel, is a Sioux Indian. When he was but the age of this dying child, his tribe fought the Crees on the spot where Brandon now stands. He, alone of all his people, was left alive. After wandering sometime on the prairie, the little fellow was found and cared for by a white man.

When the Indians die, they are buried with the whites in the cemetery on the plains. I walked over the little necropolis one day and read the epitaphic literature. Some of it was the crude manufacture of the home muse, but all was pathetic. Some few of the "stones" were made of boards painted white, with sprawling black letters and an attempt at ornamentation. A plain wooden cross with no name marked one grave. Another bore Masonic symbols, and barbed wire protected a third from possible stray animals. In this cemetery rests the body of Mrs. Vidal, late of Sarnia, Ontario. For years, she was the lady superintendent of the Indian Schools at Elkhorn, and to this day her charm of manner, breadth of intellect, and kindness of heart are remembered

and spoken of with deep affection by her friends and co-workers. And she must have had a remarkable character, for she has left the stamp of it on the handsome face and strong, gracious personality of her daughter and successor, Mrs. A. E. Wilson, the wife of the principal.

There was one grave, I forget whose, but it bore the words, "*Then* death rock me to sleep." The words bothered me for days. Do any of us ever come to "then"? When is then. When the time that we willingly resign life. Someway or other we prefer to endure the headaches, heartaches, and fetters of the mortal body rather than pass willingly to the inheritance of an incorruptible body, even though it enable us to stand with undazed eyes before the glare and glory of the great white throne. But what odds about our feelings, what odds about the when of "then," the inexorable Dustman will rock us whether or no. We may cry and plead wakefulness, we may offer bribes and fees, or we may be very tired and drop off soon, but what odds to the grim nurse, for he is deaf, and blind, and dumb.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BEAUTIFUL PLAINS.

Carberry is a flourishing place. It has one hundred telephones. It is a four-elevator town. Perhaps there are several more since I saw it for progress with a capital P prevails in this part. Villages are rated in Manitoba by their elevators, for they are the outward and visible signs of inward and material riches. Barns are not plentiful after you leave Ontario, indeed, they are rare enough to be noticeable. There has been, however, a barnward tendency of late. Formerly the farmers could not afford to hold over their grain until the next spring, but now, being richer and increased in goods, they are not forced to market their cereals disadvantageously. This has called for the erection of granaries.

The country hereabout is as "level-headed" as the men who hold it. The clay,

a black soot-like alluvium left by some post glacial deluge thousands of years ago, is practically inexhaustible in richness.

Leaving the village behind us, we set out one fine morning to visit a cattle farm some miles to the north. What a pleasure to lie back and resign oneself to the keen delight of swift motion and bounding blood! This is the climate, beautiful and bright, where

“The lungs with the living gas grow light,  
And the limbs feel the strength of ten;  
While the chest expands with the maddening might  
God’s glorious Oxygen.”

The prairie inspires you with a sense of freedom. Perhaps it is because there are no restrictive fences or boundaries. And what a sight to eyes undimmed by familiarity! Thousands upon thousands of acres of wheat without a straw out of order, their tips just breaking into gold. The hot winds tossed it about in a cadenced refrain, and played upon its yielding harpstrings till it actually laughed and sang. This will be a hearty harvest-home for Manitoba. Their bins of wheat will be bins of yellow gold. In imagination you may thrust your arms deep down into the sliding, slippery, sheeny stuff. It is as hard to clutch, as hard to hold as the minted metal. It is to these very plains that the world is turning its eyes for food, for the song of the Manitoba binder has been heard round the earth. The wise tell us that could Imperial Rome have only grown sufficient wheat in Italy to feed her legions, she would still be mistress of the world. But her glory has departed and the Lords of the World are they that have the mastership of wheat. It is a big bid Canada will make for it.

After an hour’s drive through the wheat, our route lay through an undulating country, covered with wild cherries, prairie willows, clumps of hazel nuts, roses, and scrubby oaks that looked like dwarf apple trees. Indeed, it seemed as if a bit of everything grew except Canadian thistles, and there is a fine for the man who lets these pests propagate on his soil. Twice we drove over a graded railway that lies unfinished. It was intended to run from Souris to the Rocky Mountains, and was under the direc-

torate of Mr. Alexander Young, of Toronto. There is no possibility of its being completed.

Pine Creek is a clear little stream that runs when the thermometer is at 40 deg. below zero. The water felt that now. The stockmen of the ranch we had come to visit use it as a refrigerator. They have thrown a pole across it, to which are tied pails of milk that sink into the cooling waters.

Hundreds of cattle are enclosed in this range. We drive through the grazing ground up to our hubs in grass, over shrubs, chaparral, up and down hills, and all the time among cattle well-fed and sleek as seals.

Farther west, the animals are sometimes raised on air, and free air, too, but in Manitoba the meadows are lush and sweet. The drawback is—there is always one—the cattle must be fed in the winter. This is why the stockmen lay up a goodly supply of provender.

With ordinary luck, the animals reared on the ranches produce yearly income, so that a direct return may be expected, and the expenses of maintaining the ranch may be more easily reckoned than those of a farm. And ranching all through the west is fairly on the boom. It is no longer a doubtful experiment, but a substantial, evenly-balanced industry. The gains of a well-managed ranch are so big that I venture to assert few businesses either in the Old World or in the new can equal it as a profitable investment. Easterners have an idea that the ranch is conducted in a happy-go-anyhow style, and are surprised to find that details are as closely observed as in banking. The management is practical from the word—“Go,” and all necessary working expenses are shaved as fine as silk.

And is not our word “pecuniary” derived directly from the Latin *pecus*, thus showing us that the cow was once the unit of all values. Our forefathers, centuries ago, bought our foremothers with so many cows, according to her use or beauty, just as an American woman of to-day with a very slight modification of custom, pays so many dollars to buy an Englishman, taking his title with him as a necessary accompani-

ment. In fact, if you care to take the trouble and go back far enough, you will find that the Aryans were all cowmen and their great feuds were over herds of cattle. Those who know, say that the word for king in the Sanscrit means chief, or one who was "boss" of the ranch. "The Beef Barons" of Canada may well be proud of their title.

You are not long in Manitoba till you learn that the great sport of the country is horse-racing. And why not? It is the finest sport in the world. For real ecstatic, nerve-thrilling delight there is nothing comparable with it, except the landing of a hard-fighting audacious trout. And then all well-informed people know that the horse has a soul. Our forbears realized the horse was more than a beast, for the centaur of olden times was represented as part horse and part man. I am not confusing the sport with the too often attendant evil of betting, although that prevails in Manitoba too. I was present at the races at Carberry, held under the auspices of the Turf Club, and saw some really good speeding. In all, forty horses were entered, a number being from the United States. The prize money was astonishingly big, so was the money that changed hands. The Brandonites, in particular, went home with light hearts and heavy pockets. The rest of the men hope to recoup at the Winnipeg races.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### IN THE WHEAT COUNTRY.

It was a twenty-five mile jaunt across "The Beautiful Plains" to Neepawa. We were driven over by Mr. "Gabe" Murphy, a typical Westerner, with a likeable face, a heart "big as all out of doors," and a wide-awake head in a wide-awake hat. These "five-meal, meat-fed men" of the plains are no mere æsthetic feelblings or tailors' dummies given to ennui, Bohemianism, and posturings. There are no middlemen or accursed sweaters to eat their pith and drink their blood and tears, but each toiler, be he rich or poor, may have an independent in-

dividuality and responsibility of his own. Nowhere in Canada are there more prosperous looking farms than on these beautiful plains. The buildings are substantial and capacious. This means something tangible in the way of progress, for building is expensive, very expensive, and sawn lumber on the prairie seems to be worth its weight in silver. It means also that the people aim at solidity and utility rather than architectural effects. No timber is wasted on hooded windows, low-browed doorways, contours, and aspects, so that many of the homes are old-maidish looking buildings, prim and astare with windows.

As one drives through the leagues of wheat and listens to its lapping as the waves of the sea, it begins to dawn on you what a catastrophe is an early frost or heavy hail-storm. We read of these things over our breakfast coffee, but it never enters our ignorant, unimaginable heads what a thing has happened. We do not understand how the new settler, who without stint has invested his dollars and sweat, will be pushed on the raw edge of want. He has laid out his lines on generous scale and has planned for big things. He deserves to succeed, but alas! "There is no fiercer hell than the failure of a great attempt." It is a heart-break, too, for the passing rich, for says a Frenchman, the only grief time does not soften is the loss of property.

Tree-cultivation and settlement are, however, the keys which are checking the August frosts by unlocking the slow-turning climate. In the case of every ill there is some provision that springs up to meet it. In Manitoba, it is the credit system. The banks and loan societies make generous advances to the farmers. The crops are generally hypothecated before they are sown. The merchants, as well, sell their goods on credit, taking care of course that the cost of the articles make up for any little delay or trouble there may be in collection.

Our stealthy footed ponies bowled along the trail in smart style, but once they left the road with a bounce that would have boded ill for the occupants of the vehicle, had I held the lines. And no wonder, for if a party of

half-petticoated Doukhobor navvies would not make a horse laugh, they would of a certainty make it shy. We had driven these self-same ponies once before in Mitchell, nearly two thousand miles from this trail, and they are as frisky, risky, and coquettish now as then.

Neepawa is a thriving town. It has the same gaunt elevators, the same machine shops, and the same rose-colored promise as other Western villages. And it has more, too. Every collection of houses in Manitoba and the Territories deems itself the gem of the country, in that it has something no other place possesses. At Neepawa, the distinguishing feature is local option. I don't just know how it works, but as I never saw any drunkards in the West, it seems to me that the people are anxious to take time by the forelock. Neepawa is also to be a railway divisional centre, and in consequence is highly elated.

The following day, Mr. Bert Harrison kindly drove me through the village, and told me many things of interest regarding the people and country. Here and there, familiar names over places of business claimed my attention. "Dinwoodie"—"Were they from Clover Hill, Ontario?" "The very

same," replied my escort. "Mr. H. Irwin; is he from Simcoe County?" "Yes," again; "and he has made money out here." And this is how Manitoba is draining Ontario of her young men. We will not fret though, for the boys are doing well, and there are good fish in our sea yet.

On the way back, our host, bought a whole herd of cattle for his big ranch at Medicine Hat in less time than I have frequently taken to order a roast. On the way out he had purchased a farm. This is how affairs are despatched up here.

Then a storm struck us. Streaks of wind fairly screamed across the plains, and the rain spat on us like a fury. There was never such rain, nor thunder in such full diapason. I know now that Carlyle meant a drive across an unlighted prairie when he coined the phrase, "circumambient nothingness and night." But the good little ponies kept the trail, and I was too sleepy to be frightened, and, after all, I suppose there was no reason why I should have been frightened.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few more days in Winnipeg, and then we faced heartward, for "The first, best country ever is at home."

(THE END)

### FOOLISH GROWN-UPS.

My ma and pa is awful wise,  
They know 'most everything,  
But they, in spite of all their size,  
Can't tell what birdies sing.

My daddy he got awful mad  
The other day at me,  
Just 'cause I ast him what they said,  
A-tweeting in our tree.

My ma, she said to run an' play  
When I ast her the same  
About a lovely old blue jay,  
That somehow had got lame.

Why can't they say that they don't know,  
Like any little kid?  
Their ignorance they always shew,  
As plain as if they did.

JAS. P. HAVERSON





# HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

## WINKS FOR WIVES

IS he contrary? Then treat him like Paddy's pig. They got him to Dublin only by making him think he was going to Cork.

\* \* \*

Don't run off with the fallacious belief that you can cut John over to suit your taste. Your influence upon him will depend upon the relative strength of your individualities, and upon the extent his nature is open to impressions—no more. After all, it is a matter of human chemistry.

\* \* \*

Kill him with a poker, if you will, but don't, I beseech you, *don't nag*. Nagging will wear the strongest nerves to fiddle-strings.

\* \* \*

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth?" "So it is." "Then why do you call her Peggy?" "Short for Pegasa." "What has that to do with it?" "Why, Pegasa is feminine for Pegasus." "Well, Pegasus was an immortal steed." "What of that?" "Sh! not so loud. She's in the next room. You see an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are."

\* \* \*

Ah, madam! It is an awful thing to return nightly to a home that sends its shadows out to meet you.

\* \* \*

You are not married on the day on which you were wedded. You only begin to be married then. Matrimony is a process that evolves while life lasts. It is the constant intermingling of two souls.

It is only scatter-brained fools who aspire to be "talked-about women"—who stretch out their arms to the clear flames.

\* \* \*

Before marriage, you should be judged by your love-affairs, after marriage, by your dinners.

"An entanglement" means that you are putting a rope around your neck and are exposing yourself to the unanticipated consequence of being shot by a stare.

One would think women ought to be forgiven more readily than men, because women belong to "the weaker sex," but such is not the case.

It is the woman who can turn her lovers into friends and retain their homage as long as life shall last who is the true queen among women. Don't make any mistake, the garment of modesty is as magic a defence to-day as when Una wore it.

\* \* \*

Remember:

That with all his faults you love him still.

That every time you complain someone thinks less of you.

That it is no sign his love has cooled if he brings you pork chops instead of carnations.

That he is not in love with every woman he looks at.

That all the angels are not of your sex.

\* \* \*

Remember, too, that your relation to your husband is closer than to your mother, and that marriage is the foundation of a new family; not the union of two old ones.

Don't feel badly if John does not appreciate your cleverness. Intellect is a reproach that woman has to live down. You know you were made that way and are not responsible.

\* \* \*

And if a man *does* value his wife's beauty or ability, it is not because she is the handsomest or cleverest woman in the city, but because he possesses her and the other men envy him.

\* \* \*

It does not necessarily argue that you are fond of fiction because you listen to his excuses as if you believed them—it only means that you are a wise woman with a bent of mind uncommon in females.

\* \* \*

Love is dying when it becomes critical.

\* \* \*

A man thinks he adores brunettes, and so he marries one, but soon after discovers that it is a blonde who is his ideal.

(P.S.—I am coming back to scratch this out.)

\* \* \*

A cool and nimble wit is generally the best defence against aggression and achieves its end more neatly than would angry protests. In other words, *listen instead of arguing*. Rhetoric has its limits and John will find it a little difficult to keep up a discussion where he has to supply both arguments and replies. He will find himself no further ahead in the end. Then, you can quietly go and do it.

\* \* \*

Don't own up even to yourself that you are disillusioned. Some lies there are that come true in the telling.

\* \* \*

Without doubt, there is nothing in life so well calculated to humble the proud as matrimony. Man, as a general thing, has to "find his level" in marriage just as he did at school. This was the case of a man up at Winnipeg, who was objecting to doing

certain work about the house, and he quoted Scripture to his wife, showing that the household duties should properly be assigned to the woman. The good wife replied by reading her astonished leige lord 2 Kings xxi:13: "I will wipe out Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." That husband has wiped the dishes ever since.

\* \* \*

"How can I tell if he loves me?"

If he drops his book when I enter the room.

If he turns back to walk with me on the street.

If he puts his hand on me whenever I am near.

If he calls me as soon as he comes in, not that he wants me, but because he likes to hear my voice.

If he carries my photograph with him.

### THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

WE have torn the last slip off the calendar. The old year is passing to the place of vanished years.

"Time goes, you say? Ah, no! Alas, Time stays, *we* go!"

Do any of us know whither we go? We see our blood-strewn track across the desert of the dying year, but at the parting of the ways, we seem to stand beating time with no result.

Along what path shall we travel in the New Year? Was it pondering on this that drew from Robert Louis Stevenson these white-thoughted lines, or did he look beyond the years?

"The untented cosmos my abode,  
I pass a wilful stranger,  
My mistress still the open road,  
And the bright eyes of danger!

Come ill or well, the cross, the crown,  
The rainbow or the thunder,  
I'll fling my soul and body down  
For God to plough them under."

Shall our way be along golden sands or by broken cinders?

Ah, to you at the parting of the ways, I'll tell it all! The sand, as it ever was, will be

soft and pleasant to your feet—*so* soft and pleasant—with here and there a hidden cinder to cut and bruise. And sometimes the path will be all black ruck, but further on there will be more golden sand.

What will the future hold? An open door, a shut door, an invitation, a hostile front, treachery and sincerity, love and hate.

But the question is not so much what the future holds as *how we shall approach it*.

Our chief concern is not whether we shall be well or ill, happy or unhappy, but to be ever ready—to be ever under arms.

The unexpected is always *just in front of us*. By the manner in which we meet it, we will grow either stronger or weaker, greater or smaller.

It may be a bitter disappointment, but let us think the matter carefully over and see if we cannot turn the disappointment to an appointment. We will soon know that it is possible to work all things together for good.

We have not much respect for the prevalent cry about lost opportunities. *All moments are propitious*. A thousand chances lie between you and to-morrow. "Nothing is too late," says Tennyson, "till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate."

It is only weak people and people who are out of the running who have a past and talk of lost opportunities. To the live men, the best chance is not in the old year. It is just around the corner, in the new, and he's pushing in that direction for all he's worth. He hasn't time to be pessimistic, nor has he time to bother the Almighty with things he can do himself. He knows the Almighty is very busy too.

The man who will get the best out of the new year, knows the ancient commandments were all "Don'ts," but the modern ones are all "Do's," and that salvation lies along the new decalogue.

To one and all, a propitious new year!

### NOSOLOGY

**A**N insignificant nose indicates an insignificant person.

We have no fear whatever of hurting the feelings of our readers, as not one of them for a moment believes this remark to have

any personal application. Statements of this kind never pull our noses or put us out of conceit with our physiognomy. They always apply to the girl who jilted us last week, to our mother-in-law, or to the collector who held us up for \$25.00 "towards the building fund."

Yet, he who runs may read the unwritten code of nosology. We do not pretend that it is an exact science, like geology, for instance, but, nevertheless, there never was an inquisitive meddlesome man whose nose was not sharpened to a point exactly like an acute-angled triangle.

Of course, we must not forget that the head upon which the nose is placed has to be considered. The fact that an idiot has a Roman beak does not stamp him as a mental or moral power. It only means that the nose is hereditary. But put this Roman nose on a big, craggy, well-poised head and you have a man capable of all kinds of control, even of self-control. He is what the ill-natured call "pig-headed."

Napoleon Bonaparte would never appoint a man to an important position who had not a big nose. Most distinguished persons have noses of the beak pattern. This is also true of the military—only more so.

Moses, although he lived time out of mind, knew a trifle more than the moral law. We read that he insisted on the priests being handsome men. Among those unfit for the sacred office, he enumerated, "He that hath a blemish, a blind man, or a lame, or he that hath a flat nose." From this it will be seen that from these early times until this very day, the flat nose has stood for meanness of intellect.

And just here, without for a moment assuming the role of higher critic, we would express it as our opinion that this regulation of Moses' was wholly unnecessary in that the world has yet to discover a flat-nosed Jew. He would be as hard to find as the North Pole, the "primordial atomic-globule," or the un-kissed man.

The Jew's proboscis is of the hook variety and is usually described as "the business nose." To use a favorite colloquialism, its owner is always "on the make." Cent per

cent is written on every line of his expressive countenance. He is the man who gets between the fool and his money. He is what Cecil Rhodes called "a safe-key in breeches." On certain "rainy days" in the quarter, we have sighed for this business nose ourselves, instead of one, the formation of which, tendeth to poverty.

When one comes to dogmatize upon the pug nose, there are pitfalls in the path of the unwary. When has a woman a pug nose, and when a *nez retroussé*? The thoughtless and superficial will at once jump to the conclusion that these are one and the same thing, but this is by no means the case. Herein lies the difference. If the woman is a soft-eyed bundle of femininity, a trim little miss, with the blue-sky in her eyes, and a red ripple of merriment for a mouth, she has the *nez retroussé*. It is *her* nose Tennyson describes as "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

If, on the other hand, she has a squat, uncourtly figure, if her eyes don't shine like diamonds, and her complexion looks like that of a wax doll that has been set too near the fire, then her nose is a pug—a downright, unmitigated pug.

The pug-nosed woman has one consolation. She always gets married. She is running over with what certain superior men describe as "womanly instinct." She is

invariably of the "clinging vine" type, and all smart women know that the quickest way to win and hold a man's interest is to depend upon him.

And she will make a good wife, too, not only because she is likely to be an expert on soups and baby booties, but because she will merge her personality into what the poet tells us to be the essential of happiness in matrimony—"that unity of mind diversely strung, resolving to one harmony."

Although a red nose spells "Black List" to most people, it does not always mean that the unfortunate possessor is "disposed" to the same tastes as Sairey Gamp. It is oftener a sign of bad circulation, which is not unfrequently caused by tight lacing or tight shoes. The remedy is obvious.

Everyone is aware that the Grecian nose bespeaks high intellectuality and a refined character.

Two lateral prominences on the nose indicate literary skill.

Large, wide-spread nostrils are observed on people of courage.

Narrow, thin nostrils stand for poor lungs and low vitality.

When a man has a thin bridge to his nose, it means that he is shrewd and wide-awake. He is the man that knows two and two often make five.

## WHY LONG FOR WEALTH?

(VILLANELLE.)

Why long for wealth, my dear?  
For wealth or fame, my own,  
I would not waste a tear.

My sweet, give me your ear,  
No golden god enthroned—  
Why long for wealth, my dear?

The future do not fear  
For until Love has flown  
I would not waste a tear.

Love only stays to cheer,  
All else may be o'erthrown—  
Why long for wealth, my dear?

Our trials but endear,  
If seeds of love be sown  
I would not waste a tear.

Our lives cannot be drear  
If we have Love alone;  
Why long for wealth, my dear?  
I would not waste a tear.

BILLY WILLIAMS

# LITERATURE

DAVID AND BATHSHUA. By Charles Whitworth Wynne.

IF all the world loves a lover, it naturally follows that all the world loves a love song.

This is why Charles Whitworth Wynne has reset in modern style the story of the shepherd king of Israel, placing it before our admiring view in a drama of five acts.

The story is instinct with passion at once subtle and intense, with darksome ardency, hot blood and black, and kisses that bite. Here and there, "The curtain falls," and as Max Nordau would say, "Very properly too."

Except, perhaps, Belshazzar's feast, no story in Scripture lends itself more effectively to the drama than that of David and the beautiful wife of Uriah the Hittite. We have no doubt that this drama will shortly be staged.

The author has the art of welding beautiful words into a kind of musical mosaic that delight ear and eye.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London.

THE THOUGHTLESS THOUGHTS OF CARISABEL. By Isa Carrington Cabell.

THE title is not a good one. These "Thoughts" are by no means "Thoughtless." On the contrary, they are the very essence of wisdom—observant, philosophic, caustic.

The author has perfectly acquired the French art of *causer*, and darts from one subject to another as daintily and easily as a humming-bird flits from flower to flower.

She also has the rare feminine art of being humorous without strain.

She asks and answers in her essays a number of most interesting questions such as, "Should Men Marry?" and "Do Men Propose?"

In truth, *The Thoughtless Thoughts* are a profusion of cleverness.

Henry Holt & Co., New York.

THE LITTLE TEA BOOK. A Superior Blend of Tea Talks, Tales and Tattle Made up by Arthur Gray.

THE sub-title of this delightful book so aptly describes it there is nothing left for the reviewer to say.

From the first page to the last it is "chockful" of wit and wisdom on tea, that "soft, sober, sage, and venerable liquid," and on tea-bibbing.

The perusal of this little volume has more than ever increased our affection for the fragrant herb that daily smooths out more wrinkles, literally and metaphorically, than all the combined balms on the market. Those savage tribes who believed that the soul dwells in the pit of the stomach are not the worst physiologists.

The book is artistically boxed in a case of Chinese tea-matting, and is just the thing for Milady to find on her tea-table on Christmas Day.

The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

BUBBLES WE BUY. By Alice Jones.

THE book takes its title from a line of Lowell's—"Bubbles we buy worth a whole soul's tasking."

It is a work that grips you from the first page and holds you under its spell to the last.

Epitomized briefly, the story hinges upon the second will of an old man, and the people who were brought together by it.

There are in literature two motifs—story and people. In "Bubbles We Buy," we have both. Not only is the the plot good, the action quick, and the setting picturesque, but the characters are well conceived, well materialized, and above all, convincing.

The author, Miss Alice Jones, is the daughter of the Honorable Alfred Gilpin Jones, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. We shall eagerly anticipate the next work of this gifted woman.

Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.

**FOLLOWING THE DEER.** By William J. Long.

THE author of this book has followed hundreds of deer and knows their nature "from cellar to garret."

As we follow this genial enchanter afield and awood, we become actual barbarians feverish with the lust of chase. God—~~a~~—mercy! how our senses jig and jingle as he sights on a long shot.

Yet, he does not often turn his rifle on the quarry, for he teaches that an animal's life is more interesting than its death, and that the mere joy of killing is the least joy of the chase.

Long stigmatizes the buck as a lazy, selfish brute, whose chief concern is to keep his head on his own shoulders. It is not uncommon for the buck to drive the does out of covert to be hunted, while he, himself, lies down and lets the chase go by.

The charm of these bright, alluring stories is enhanced by Copeland's marvelously sympathetic illustrations.

The cover is the prettiest thing the season has produced.

*Ginn & Co., Boston.*

**THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH.** By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

IT is strange that the heroines in novels and on the stage are not the heroines whom we like in real life. We do not, in our everyday intercourse, affect to care for lovely pantheresses and glorified adulteresses.

This is particularly true in the case of the unwelcome Mrs. Hatch. We are deeply distressed, even to the depth of tears, by her unutterable wretchedness, by her ecstasy of woe. We declare with one of old that "All men are liars," and libertines and thugs, etc., etc., etc. Nevertheless, we are glad Mrs. Hatch is only a make-believe woman, and not one of our relations. It would not be pleasant for the family—or Mrs. Hatch.

To be explicit, the book is a pitiless and searching exposure of the divorce situation—a situation by no means uncommon, we understand, in the United States of America.

Mrs. Harrison, it is needless to say, has done her work well. The story thrills with

human interest and contains some immensely dramatic scenes. It ought of a certainty to be staged.

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

**BONDMAN FREE.** By John Oxenham.

THE history of a temptation and a fall has often been told in fiction, and will often be told again while human nature is the same.

John Bellenger, the cashier in a private bank, applied to the manager, Mr. Silas Bartram, for an advance of £75 on salary, in order that he might take his dying wife to the sea. Bartram refused "as a matter of principle," whereupon Bellenger abstracted the amount from the funds under his charge, leaving an I.O.U. in its place. To secure immunity, he took with him £5,000 in bonds, under the threat that if he were interfered with, he would immediately destroy the bonds. After his wife's death, Bellenger returned the bonds and gave himself up to justice. The judge sentenced him to one year's imprisonment with the comment that "nine-tenths of the embezzlers who come before me are only borrowers, who have not had time to repay before they are found out."

The story of how Bellenger eventually retrieved his fortune and attained name and fame, is an enthralling one.

As a writer, John Oxenham, is individualistic, vivid, intense. All his books have been noted for felicity of style and wholesome use of tone.

Of a surety, *Bondman Free* deserves its great success.

*Hurst & Blackett, 13 Great Marlborough Street, London.*

**AMONG MEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS.** By Edward F. Harkins.

THIS is a book that should be read not only by those who desire to be informed regarding the writers of the day, but by all who enjoy well-written biographies.

The author has a talent touched with genius for taking in the history of a man and of making it stand up before us with all the interest of a personal acquaintance. When he gets through with his writers, we

feel we have known them for a long time. This is because the author tells us about their mannerisms, eccentricities, struggles, attainments, home-life and other bits of very human gossip. We follow their fortunes with breathless interest, and mentally declare that we shall read everything each one has written.

Most of us are curious about authors. Personally, we have wondered how Jack London matured so young; how Lorimer came to know all about pork-packing; where George Ade spiced his diction with up-to-date slang, and how Elliott Flower, the writer of comicalities, came to publish a wonderful novel with a purpose. We know it all now.

The typography is excellent, and the get-up of the book, generally, very tasteful.

*L. C. Page & Co., Boston.*

**HE FOR GOD ONLY.** By "Iota."

THE book takes its title from Milton's line, "He for God only, she for God in him." The title is most apt.

We have always hoped some novelist would take up the cudgels on behalf of the clergyman's wife. Her husband has a "call" to the ministry, and because she, poor woman, marries him, it does not necessarily mean (no matter what the parishoners may think) that she has a call too.

This book tells the story of a young unsophisticated girl who marries an enthusiastic clergyman. The girl soon realizes a sense of clipped wings and cage bars, but bravely fights the battle out in the depths of her own nature, and in contrast with her devout husband, shows what her appreciative father-in-law expresses as "the weakness of a damned saint and the strength of a poor little sinner."

Of course, a man comes on the scene and adds to the complications, and, incidentally, to the interest of the story.

If the book has a lesson, or rather a warning, it is to be found summed up in the remark of one of the chapters: "There is a trace of pig in the best of us."

Readers who enjoy quips, repartees, and

causticities will find these pages full of them. The story is nothing if not clever and racy.

*Hurst & Blackett, London.*

**A BOOK OF GIRLS.** By Lillian Bell.

THAT these four stories are readable goes without saying since Lillian Bell is their author.

The stories deal with love, the cloyless topic, and show us from different standpoints "the way of a man with a maid."

We like the first story best. Perhaps, this is because the author understands and portrays American types better than foreign ones, knows all about their queer idioms, whimsicalities, faults, and foibles.

Lillian Bell writes as easily and as naturally as a bird flits from limb to limb. Her work is never tiresome, not even in spots.

*L. C. Page & Co., Boston.*

**THE BIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE.** By William Burgess.

IN a recent issue of the *New York Sun*, Goldwin Smith said that Shakespeare was probably a free-thinker. This book by William Burgess entirely refutes Smith's supposition. So saturated are Shakespeare's works with Bible thought, language, and idiom, that without the Bible Shakespeare could not be.

The author has very correctly said, "If it were possible to suppress every copy of the sacred volume and obliterate its very existence as a book, the Bible in its essence and spirit, its great doctrines of infinite justice, mercy, love, and redemption, as well as a vast store of its most precious sayings would yet live in Shakespeare."

It is impossible in our space to deal with this remarkable book as it deserves, but let it suffice to say that nothing has yet been written from this standpoint that in anyway compares with it. The fruit of unwearied industry and patient research, the work throughout is luminous and penetrating. The studies are arranged in a manner that makes them eminently readable.

The whole manuscript of the book, together with the corrected sheets, were de-

stroyed by fire, but the author, with undaunted courage, set bravely to work, and from notes and partial copy has rewritten them. The second volume will indubitably meet with a warm reception, too, but it is a warmth that will not go off in smoke.

This is the first work we have read bearing the imprimatur of the Winona Publishing Co. The new firm are to be heartily congratulated on the style in which they have turned out this volume. It is an excellent example of good book-making.

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**CHILDHOOD CLASSICS.** Edited By Uncle Charlie.

**Y**OU have never fully entered into the Christmas spirit until you have dipped into the children's books, because Christmas is essentially the *fete* day of the kiddies.

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Of course, the story of Little Thumb and the Master Cats are old—very old—but the pictures illustrating their "true inwardness" must, perforce, be new.

Besides, who is so crabbed and mentally twisted that he does not enjoy once a year, at least, the rollicking rhymes of "Old King Cole," "Daffy-Down-Dilly has Come to up to Town," and "Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo." Who?

The same firm is publishing *Jungle Larks*, in whose pages the animals seem to be quite as wise, and alack-a-day, quite as foolish as the rest of us. It is the gayest, jolliest child-book of the season.

*Laird & Lee, Chicago.*

**TOBACCO LEAVES.** By John Bain, Jr.

**E**VERY man should have a copy of this anthology of tobacco in his "den." Between its tobacco-colored boards almost everything relating to the cult of the pipe is to be found. The prose, poetry, history, and philosophy of smoking are delightfully and humorously dealt with, as well as such topics as the etiquette of tobacco, famous smokers, the briarwood and meerschaum, and tobacco amblyopia or smoker's heart.

The leaves are of hand-made paper and are artistically illustrated. The volume is a pleasure for a day and a joy forever.

*H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston.*

**HEPHAESTUS.** By Arthur Stringer.

**I** ALWAYS declared when we went to school together that there was a literary future for Arthur Stringer," said a Ridgetown barrister, the other day, as we discussed this book of poems.

Would that all fair prophecies were so amply fulfilled! Canada has reason to be proud of Arthur Stringer, her younger son. He has dreamed beautiful dreams, and were it not for the envy of his brethren we should give him a coat of many colors.

Stringer is, above all else, a poet of passion. His blood is warm and red. And why not? Sensation is sense of existence.

This book consists of three poems. The third relates to Sappho, who was celebrated for her beauty, poetical talents, and amorous disposition. She lived in Lesbos 600 B.C. Because of her passion for Phaon, a youth of Mitylene, she threw herself into the sea from Mount Leucas. It is this scene that the poet shows in burning, palpitant verse.

In the following lines Sappho cries out the price of fevered days—the cost of "men's cruel love that kills and buries not":

"Life to the lees I drained, and I have grown too  
Lightly wayward with its wine of love,  
Too sadly troubled with its wind of change,  
And some keen madness burns through all my blood.  
The whimpering velvet whelps of passion once  
I warmed in my white breast, and now full-grown  
And gaunt, they stalk me naked through the world;  
Too fondly now I bend unto the fierce  
Necessity of bliss, yet in each glow  
Of golden angour yearn forever toward  
Some quiet gloom where plead the nightingales  
Of lustral hope. I am a garden old  
Where drift dead blossoms now and broken dreams  
And only ghosts of old pale sorrows walk.

Love! Love! 'Tis we who lose it know it best."

One of the best things in the prose way from the pen of Arthur Stringer is to be found in *THE NATIONAL MONTHLY* of February last. It is entitled, *The Spirit of the North*.

*William Briggs, Toronto.*



MY KALENDAR OF COUNTRY DELIGHTS.  
By Helen Milman.

WE have all kinds of Kalendars—Bible Kalendars, Kipling Kalendars, Flower Kalendars, and why not a Nature Kalendar?

This latest is a very full and complete Kalendar. For every day of the year we have some sweet garden lore. Sometimes, the thoughts are culled from "olden day" writers, and sometimes, they are the inspiration of the author herself, but all in all, it is a delightful compilation.

Blank spaces are left here and there where one may add notes of their own, or write down some verse or sentence one loves.

The book has twelve pictures illustrative of the twelve months.

*John Lane, London and New York.*

RIPS and RAPS. By L. de V. Mathewman. Pictures  
By T. Fleming

THIS is a book of piquant reflection and heartsome nonsense, whose sweets are to be sipped leisurely.

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We meet our friends' portraits very frequently on these pages, but never our own. This is because the satirized do not see themselves in the exaggerated type. They go their way and thank God they are not as these others.

*Rips and Raps* is an out-and-out holiday book and will doubtless have a large sale.

*Frederick A. Stokes, New York.*

THE HASHEESH EATER. By Fltz Hugh Ludlow.

HASHEESH is the opaque and greenish resin of the hemp plant (*Cannabis Indica*), which possesses powerful narcotic and stimulant properties. In Turkey, Persia, and India, it is used as an habitual indulgence, and Ludlow, the author of this remarkable book, believed *The Arabian Nights* were written under its influence. He calls the hemp "the witch plant of hell," "the weed of madness," "the drug of travel."

*The Hasheesh Eater* was originally pub-

lished by Harpers in 1857, and is the personal experience of the author, who was then only 21 years of age.

What De Quincey has done for opium, Ludlow has done for hasheesh. He has experienced its fascinations, revelled in its ecstasies, shrivelled in its horrors, and has told it all.

As we follow him in his weird fantasies, for the time, we are upborne into a realm where the limits of time and space are gone—where "there was no more near nor far"—and where in that strange fusion of earth, heaven, and hell, awful or deific presences haunt or bless us.

These unique confessions are entirely outside the trodden highways of the mind, and will receive a warm welcome from the best class of readers.

*S. G. Rains & Co., New York.*

SONGS BY THE WAYSIDE. By William J. Fischer.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER is a medical doctor. Had he lived, say 1500 years ago, he would have been a Jerome, Hilarion, or Antony. This young physician has the rapt nature of a devotee. In an age of materialism, he has conquered the flesh and has left his soul free to think and act.

Yet, our author's devotion differs from that of the ascetic in that he follows more closely the ideals of the divine Galilean, who made much of love and marriage, and little children, sunshine and flowers, the wings of butterflies and the songs of birds. His muse is always wholesome.

Running throughout the poems is an intense responsiveness to the great throbbing pulse of the working world. This is to be particularly noted in the poems entitled, *Faces in the Street* and *At Six O'clock*.

Dr. Fischer lives in London, Ontario. One day, when his rhythm has grown steadier through maturity, we shall all be glad to remember that he is a Canadian. It is then we will search for copies of his first volume unless we are provident now.

*Richard G. Badger, Boston.*

## SWORN STATEMENT

---

DOMINION OF CANADA,  
 PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,  
 COUNTY OF YORK.

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

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

Declared before me in the City of Toronto, }  
 in the County of York, this 18th day of }  
 November, 1903.

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

WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
*Book Steward.*  
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---

I, George D. Case, of the City of Toronto, and County of York, do solemnly declare that I am Manager of the Mailing Department of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada; and that circulation of said magazine for the month of November, 1903, was 21,644 copies.

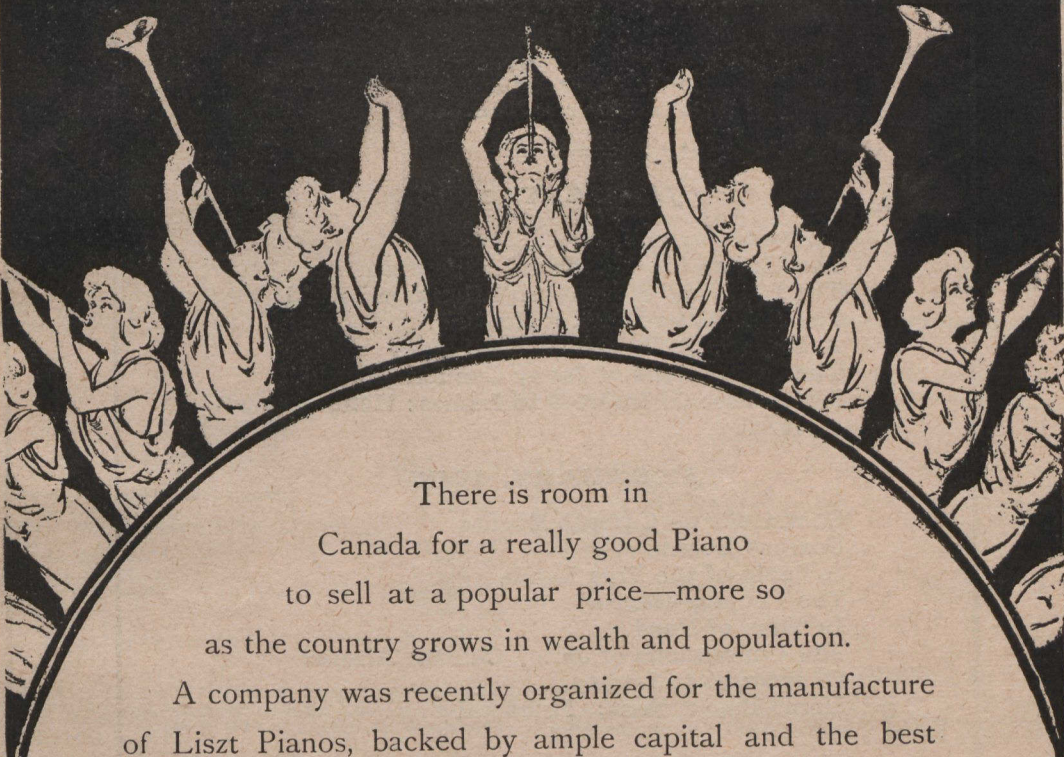
And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

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The Man Who Did Not Swear  
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**MARCH 1903**

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# 11<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

... OF ...

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

To Members:

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress. The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling—Cash paid members amounted to \$736,348.06, an increase over last year of \$222,992.69. The gross assets have increased from \$1,282,808.26 to \$1,572,135.78, making a net gain of \$289,327.52. An addition of \$10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at \$55,000.00. Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members \$2,266,659.08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached. Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

### ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	\$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
<b>Total Assets</b>	<b>\$1,572,135 78</b>

### LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	\$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
<b>Total Liabilities</b>	<b>\$1,572,135 78</b>

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company**, and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

THOMAS G. HAND, } Auditors.  
G. A. HARPER, }

### Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets.	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1893	\$17,725.86	\$3,548.51	
" " 1894	68,643.14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,608.04	43,656.88	\$1,000.00
" " 1896	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834.27	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480.89	298,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " 1902	<b>1,572,135.78</b>	<b>736,348.06</b>	<b>55,000.00</b>

### General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.  
A. T. HUNTER, L.L.B., Vice-President.

R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

V. ROBIN, Treasurer.  
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.

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W. H. DRAPEB, H. LOCKWOOD and W. W. L. CHIPMAN, Assistant Inspectors.

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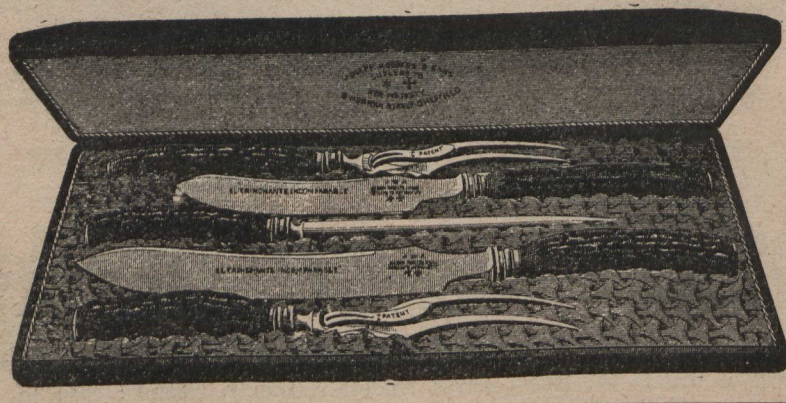
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