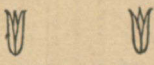


133.



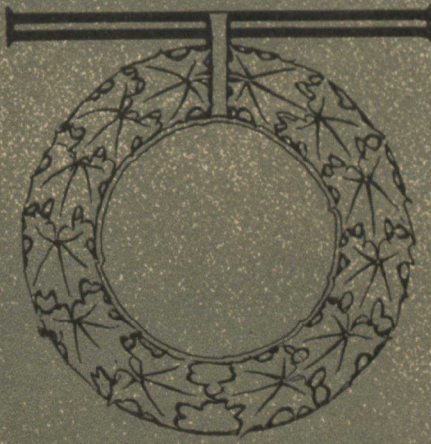
JULY
1909



THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

Vol. 33

No. 3



PRICE

25 CENTS



THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
T O R O N T O

Strength in every cupful.

EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—
COMFORTING.

COCOA

Made from the choicest cocoa beans and prepared with the greatest care and skill "Epps's" still retains its reputation as the premier cocoa—the favourite with all classes. There is more pure nourishment in a cupful of "Epps's" than in an equal quantity of any other cocoa—indeed, of any other beverage. It stimulates and sustains the worker, and delights both young and old by its refined flavour and fragrance. "EPPS'S" STANDS FOR EXCELLENCE."

BREAKFAST — SUPPER

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliaryness, Giddiness, Heartburn, or Constipation. It is a Refreshing and Invigorating Beverage, most invaluable to Travellers and Residents in Tropical Climates.

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd.,
'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E.,
Eng., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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

**Sometime,
Somewhere,
Somehow,
Somebody** may have made as fine Chocolates as

Nasmith's

One thing certain, there are no better Chocolates made to-day. Ask for Nasmith's, the clean-made kind, or send \$1.00 for box by mail prepaid.

THE NASMITH COMPANY, LIMITED

66 JARVIS ST., TORONTO



The First Message From Mars

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

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIII.

No. 3

CONTENTS, JULY, 1909

Harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland		FRONTISPIECE
The Land of Baccalhaos	EDWIN SMITH	195
ILLUSTRATED		
The Outlander. A Poem	DOUGLAS ROBERTS	204
Pro-Confederation Sentiment in New- foundland	FRANCIS A. CARMAN	205
A Few Days in the "Misty Isle"	IAN S. ESMOND	208
Mistress Charity. A Poem	MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON	213
The Undoing of Bighorn	J. H. TENEY	214
The Inquisition in Canada	C. LINTERN SIBLEY	217
ILLUSTRATED		
The Witch. A Poem	ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY	224
ILLUSTRATION BY A. J. CLARK		
The Awakening of Genius. A Story	LILIAN LEVERIDGE	224
The Romance of Song	MARIE TALBOT TOURNIER	230
Many-Armed Creatures of the Sea	F. M. KELLY	236
Dusk. A Poem	E. M. YEOMAN	240
The Romance of Balnagown	W. MACGILL	241
ILLUSTRATED		
The Belated Wedding Trip. A Story	HATTIE E. CRAGG	254
Our National Emblem	J. MULDREW	257
O Canada! A Poem	JOHN BOYD	259
FROM THE FRENCH OF HON. A. B. ROUTHIER		
Tom Moore in Canada	GEORGE HUTCHINSON SMITH	260
Some Aspects of a City	SUZANNE MARNY	264
His Last Game. A Story	FRANCIS VON BUHL	266
Current Events	F. A. ACLAND	271
At Five O'Clock	JEAN GRAHAM	275
The Way of Letters	BOOK REVIEWS	279
Within the Sanctum	THE EDITOR	283
What Others are Laughing at		286
The Merry Muse	WITH ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS FROM C. L. ARMSTRONG AND DONALD A. FRASER	

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices, 106 Strand, London, W.C. 38 Rue du Louvres, Paris.

Hotel Cecil LONDON

*Architecturally Famous as One of the
Finest Hotel Structures in the World*

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

TARIFF

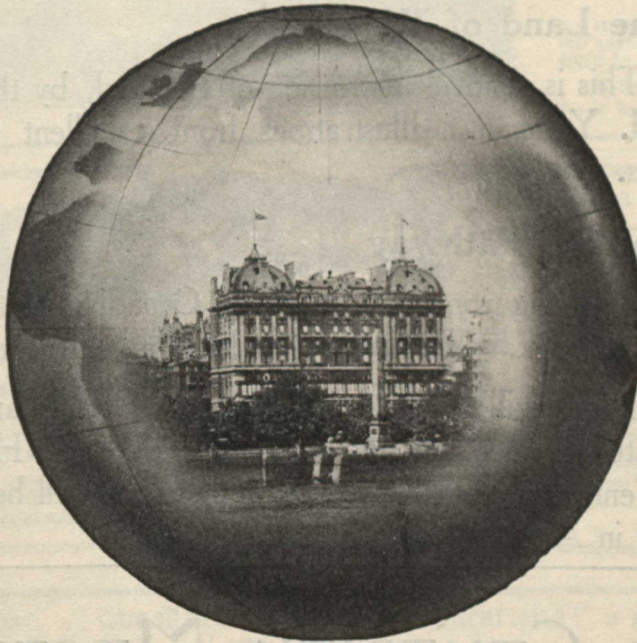
BEDROOMS

Single
From \$1.25 per day.
Double
From \$2.25 per day.
Suite of Rooms
From \$6.25 per day.

No charge for Light
or Attendance.

ORCHESTRA

AT ALL MEALS
On Sundays, Vocal
Concert after
Dinner.



TARIFF

BREAKFAST
60c., 75c. and 85c.

LUNCH
\$1.00

DINNER
\$1.25, \$1.85 and
\$2.50

SUPPER
\$1.25
Or à la Carte.

All "fixed price"
meals served in
Restaurant.

INCLUSIVE CHARGES QUOTED IF DESIRED.

The Cecil is a cosmopolitan hotel in the broadest sense of the term, with a fixed Tariff based on strict relation to the MODERN COST OF LIVING. Accommodation can be had from the modest, but comfortable, Single Room to the most elaborate Suite. The public Apartments—spacious and elegantly equipped—have no rival in Europe. The situation of the Hotel is Central and Convenient; indeed, a **SOURCE OF CONSIDERABLE TRAVEL ECONOMY TO VISITORS TO TOWN ON BUSINESS OR PLEASURE BENT.**

Cable Address, "CECELIA, LONDON."

Travel and Fiction

The August *Canadian Magazine* will be a mid-summer Fiction and Travel Number.

Victoria the Aristocrat

A fine appreciation of Victoria, B.C., "The Gem of the Pacific," by E. McGaffey. Splendid illustrations.

In the Land of Windmills

This is a novel impression of Holland, by the late E. M. Yeoman. Illustrations from excellent photographs.

A Broken Pathway

A taming romance by a new Canadian writer, E. S. Kirkpatrick. Illustrations by Maude McLaren.

There will be as well a variety of travel articles, short stories, and sketches of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Tennyson, both of whose centenaries will be celebrated in August.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

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

GRAND HOTEL, LONDON



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

Proprietors:
GORDON HOTELS, Limited.

For Illustrated Booklet giving full particulars of tariff, etc., apply to the—

—**CANADIAN MAGAZINE**
Travel Bureau, Toronto, Ontario

Southalls' Towels

**Sanitary,
Absorbent,
and of
Downy
Softness.**

Not only a comfort and convenience, at less than the cost of washing, but an absolute necessity to safeguard health.

Sold in 4 standard sizes, obtainable from the principle stores in the Dominion. Southall's New and Improved Suspenders, for use with the Towels.

Southall's Sanitary Sheets for Accouchement, in 3 sizes. Recommended by all the leading Medical and Nursing Authorities.

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

“The Queen of Toilet Preparations”

BEETHAM'S
LAIT

Larola

Reg^d

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

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents all
**ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS,
IRRITATION,
TAN, Etc.**

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

Ask your Chemist for “LAROLA,” and accept no substitute.



The Terrace, Houses of Parliament, London, England

A PERFECT MILK SUPPLY

should bear a guaranty of purity. The name "Borden" guarantees purity in milk products. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) is prepared where cleanliness and purity reign supreme. Use it in all recipes calling for milk or cream.



KINGSLEY HOTEL
HART STREET... BLOOMSBURY SQUARE **LONDON**

THESE well-appointed and commodious **Temperance Hotels** will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges, of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have **Passenger Lifts,**

Electric Light throughout, **Bathrooms** on every floor, **Lounges** and **Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms.** **Heated** throughout. **Fireproof Floors.** **Perfect Sanitation.** **Telephones.** **Night Porters.**



Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London"

Telegraphic Addresses

Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray London."

BEDROOMS,
Including Attendance, from **3/6 to 6/-**

INCLUSIVE CHARGES
for Bedroom, Attendance, Table
d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner,
from 8/6 to 10/6 per day. (\$2.10 to \$2.60).

For Illustrated Booklet, giving full particulars of Tarif, etc.
apply Travel Bureau, Canadian Magazine, Toronto, Canada



THACKERAY HOTEL
GREAT RUSSELL ST **LONDON**

FACING THE BRITISH MUSEUM

"WILL NOT WEAR OUT NOR GET SHABBY"

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN

We have different qualities in plain and fancy weaves from 48c. per yard, double width. Also in Cream, Grey, and various colors.

WHITE WASHING FABRICS

in many pretty designs from 9c. per yard.

COLORED WASHING FABRICS

in new and effective shades from 16c. per yard.

Tweeds, Trouserings, Flannels, Dress Materials, Cottons, Linens, Silks, etc.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT—Each garment is made specially to order, and great satisfaction has been given in Fit, Style and Workmanship. Ladies' Costumes from \$6.35, Shirt Waists from \$1.80, Girls' Dresses from \$2.20, Boys' Serge Suits from \$3.05, Men's Suits from \$9.15, etc.

This is the unsolicited testimony of a patron who has purchased our **Royal Navy Serges** for years, and we are constantly receiving similar letters of commendation from different parts of the world.

The reason is we only stock those qualities that reach our high standard of excellence, arrived at by many years of experience and close attention to the needs of our patrons.

FOR MEN AND BOYS

we have an extensive range in plain and fancy weaves from 80c. per yard, double width. Also in Black and Grey.

"I received the suit, shirt, hose and ties alright. Everything fits fine. Very pleased with them." CAPT. F. C. L., Deer Is., N.B., Canada.

Patterns, Price Lists and Self-Measurement Forms post free.

Address:

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.

R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

THE HALL-MARK OF



INTRINSIC WORTH.

THE GREAT DIGESTIVE

The

A I SAUCE

Excellent with "FISH, FLESH OR FOWL"

Sole Manufacturers—**BRAND & CO., Ltd.**, Mayfair, London, Eng.
Agent, **H. HUBBARD**, 27 Common Street, Montreal, P.Q.

Eye Ready

'CAMP' COFFEE

Is always 'uniform' in quality.
It 'ranks' high in popular favour.
You 'fall in' love with it at once.
It's the 'right turn' and the 'quick march' to health and happiness.

R. Paterson & Sons,
Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.



EE

SPEAKING

FROM

EXPERIENCE

EE

THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."

Steedman's Soothing Powders

EE

CONTAIN

NO

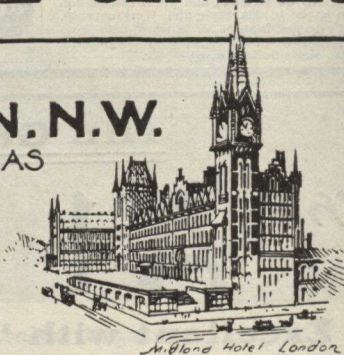
POISON

EE

The Hotels of ENGLAND'S GREAT COMMERCIAL CENTRES

MIDLAND HOTEL. LONDON. N.W. ST PANCRAS

LONDON'S LEADING
FAMILY AND
BUSINESS
HOTEL



Midland Hotel London

MIDLAND HOTEL. MANCHESTER

THE HOTEL
FOR WHICH
MANCHESTER
IS
FAMOUS.



Midland Hotel Manchester

ADELPHI HOTEL. LIVERPOOL

THE HOTEL WITH A
TRANSATLANTIC
REPUTATION



Adelphi Hotel Liverpool

UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT

QUEEN'S HOTEL. LEEDS.

(CENTRE OF IRON & STEEL INDUSTRIES)

MIDLAND HOTEL. BRADFORD.

(WOOLLEN INDUSTRIES)

THE MIDLAND HOTELS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN THEIR RESPECTIVE CITIES.
SPECIAL PRICES for EXTENDED VISITS.

Booklet with complete information sent post free on application to.

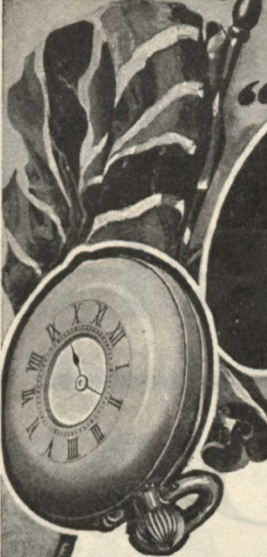
W. TOWLE, Manager
MIDLAND RAILWAY HOTELS. ETC.

TOWN & COUNTRY OFFICES,
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Watchmakers to the Admiralty

Where the
Flag flies
you will find

White's
The finest
value in
the Empire



"COUNTY" WATCH

On the Bridge of a great Liner; with the soldier on the scorching plains of India; or on the wheat fields of Canada, there you find the "COUNTY" Watch steadily and accurately discharging its appointed task.

Built scientifically, each part properly finished and working in harmony with its fellow, and carefully tested, the "County" Watch represents the knowledge and experience of 70 years' watch-making plus all the resources at the command of a powerful firm.

The "COUNTY" Watch is splendidly compact and strong—it has an admirable Keyless Lever movement fitted into amply substantial Solid 12-ct. Gold English Hall-Marked Cases, \$25.00. Half-Hunting, as illustrated (drawn small) or Full-Hunting as preferred, upon which an elegant monogram can be engraved for \$1.25 extra. In Solid 18-ct. Gold cases, \$38.00. Highly recommended, Solid Silver Cases, \$12.50. The "COUNTY" ALBERT a handsome Double or Single Curb Albert, Hall-Marked every link, \$16.00. Solid 15-ct., \$28.75. The Greatest Value. The LADY'S "COUNTY" in Solid 12-ct., Crystal Front, \$18.75. Solid 18-ct. Half or Full-Hunting Cases, plain or richly chased, \$26.25. English Hall-Marked, Fine Lever Movements.

English Hall-Marked
Solid 12-ct. Gold
\$25.00

Mailed at the Company's Own Risk to any part of the Dominion, insured postage paid, carefully timed and tested, upon receipt of Draft, Express or Money Order.

CANADIAN ORDERS engage special attention, and are executed with the utmost fidelity. **COLONIAL CLIENTS** secure articles of the **Highest Merit**, at an almost incredible saving as compared with Colonial Prices.

A POSTCARD will bring to your door, post paid anywhere, our handsome Guide-Book, illustrating our latest productions in Watches, Chains, Rings, Bracelets, etc. **Will Save You Dollars** it will save you dollars. Mention "The Canadian Magazine."

H. WHITE MANUFACTURING CO., 104, Market St., Manchester, England
(Next to Lewis's)

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY (OF ENGLAND)

The Most Enterprising Railroad in the United Kingdom

Sea to Sea Expresses

The Line of the English Meccas—North, South, East, West

Quick route from Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, London, etc., to Continent of Europe, for GERMANY, HOLLAND, etc., via Grimsby Docks.

NEW FAST 18-KNOT TURBINE STEAMERS

AMONGST THE MANY PLACES OF INTEREST REACHED PER GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY ARE THE FOLLOWING:

Wm. Penn's Meeting House
Lord Byron's Birthplace
Milton's Cottage
The Dukeries
Shakespeare's Country

John Hampden's Home
Washington's Ancestral Home
Wycliffe's Church
Oxford Universities
Robin Hood's Haunts

John Wesley's Birthplace

Particulars of Train Service, Tourist Facilities, etc., can be obtained at any Great Central Station. Dean & Dawson's office in London and Provincial Towns or from

A. BRUCE, General Agents, 355 Broadway, New York
SAM. FAY, General Manager

Tell your Friends
before you Sail



TO WRITE YOU AT THE

WALDORF
HOTEL
LONDON
And STAY THERE


Cables: "WALDORFIUS, LONDON"

TARIFF ON APPLICATION TO CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU, TORONTO

TO MOTHERS!

Thousands of persons annually testify to the unfailing efficacy of Doctor Stedman's Teething Powders, in all disorders to which infancy is liable during the period of cutting teeth.

Doctor Stedman's Teething Powders

are guaranteed by the proprietor and by the highest analytical authorities, to contain no opium, nor other dangerously soothing ingredient, thereby making them the safest and best medicine for Children. Caution—ask distinctly for **DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS** and see the Trade Mark  a Gum Lancet on every packet and powder, and be not imposed upon by substitutes.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Depot: 125, New North Road, London N, England

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

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

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND

LTD.

Regent Street and Cheapside, London; also Liverpool.

Telegraphic Address: ("LINEN, BELFAST.")

IRISH LINEN AND DAMASK MANUFACTURERS

AND FURNISHERS TO

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

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE
COURTS OF EUROPE.



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

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World.

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

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

IRISH LINENS: Linen Sheetings, two yards wide, 48c. per yard; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide, 57c. per yard; Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard; Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard; Dusters from 78c. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 23c. per yard. Our Special Soft-finished Longcloth from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN: Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.56 per doz. Table Cloths, two yards square, 94c.; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards by 3 yards, \$1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.32 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (*Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.*)

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

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS: "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen*. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Home Journal*. Children's, from 30c. to \$1.18 per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. to \$2.76 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. to \$3.84 per doz. [Hemstitched—Ladies', 66c. to \$3.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to \$6.00 per doz.]

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS: COLLARS—Gentlemen's 4-fold, newest shapes from \$1.18 per doz. CUFFS—For gentlemen, from \$1.66 per doz.. Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey," and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING: A luxury now within the reach of all Ladies. Chemises, trimmed embroidery 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, \$1.08. India or Colonial Outfits from \$52.68; Bridal Trousseaux from \$32.04; Infants' Layettes from \$15.00. (See list).

N.B.—All Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Addressed:

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD. Belfast, Ireland.

Our Catalogues can be obtained by Post Card request to the "Canadian Magazine, Toronto

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

HORROCKSES'

Long Cloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes

are the very best the Old Country can produce.



See the Stamp "HORROCKSES" on the Selvedge,

OBTAINABLE FROM THE PRINCIPAL STORES IN THE DOMINION

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER and LONDON

By Special
AppointmentTo His Majesty
The King

IRISH

Hand-Embroidered Linen Robes and Blouses (unmade)

The Irish peasant girls are noted the world over for the exquisite quality of their hand embroidery—and as our work is entrusted to only the very best workers, our customers can rely on getting the pick of the market.

Illustrated Lists Free.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN

Unequaled for beauty of design, richness of texture and durability.
Lovely Shamrock Pattern Cloth, size 2 yards square, only \$1.34.

Murphy & Orr, ^{Box} 101 Belfast, Ireland



A secret worth knowing.

IT IS so refreshing on
a hot dusty day to use

CALVERT'S Carbolic Toilet Soap.

It quickly removes dust and perspiration, and leaves a pleasant feeling of perfect cleanliness. Pure in quality—as your skin requires—and a protection against contagious diseases, being prepared with 10% pure Carbolic.

15 cents at your druggists. For sample send 2 c. stamp
F. C. Calvert & Co., 349, Dorchester Street West,
Montreal.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S



OUR CELEBRATED GLOVES obtained the Grand Prix at the Franco British exhibition. For fit, quality, style, finish and value they are unequalled.

THE "ESME" Ladies 8-button length Mousquetaire Real French Kid Gloves, in black, white and all colors. 85c. per pair

12-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in black white and all colors. \$1.09 per pair.

16-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in black, white and colors. \$1.44 per pair.

THE "VALLIER," Ladies' best quality washable French kid, 12-button length Mousquetaire in white, biscuit, pastel, beaver, tan and grey. \$1.58 per pair.

16-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in white only. \$1.93 per pair.

THE "CINDERELLA," Ladies' 8-button length Mousquetaire French Suede Gloves, in black, white and colors. 53c. per pair.

12-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in black, white and colors. 69c. per pair.

16-BUTTON LENGTH DITTO, in black, white and all colors. 93c. per pair.

THE "BLENHEIM," Ladies' best quality fine cape, British made, in white, tan, oak, dark grey or black, prix seam sewn, shear points, 2 press buttons. 91c. per pair.

GLOVES

ALL GLOVES in this department are of British or French manufacture and subject to preferential tariff.

THE "CLARETIE," Ladies' real French kid gloves, in black, white, cream, pastel, beavers, tans, browns, greys, greens, plum, navy, 4-buttons. 60c. per pair.

THE "ESPERANCE," Ladies' 3-button washable French kid, in white only. 64c. per pair.

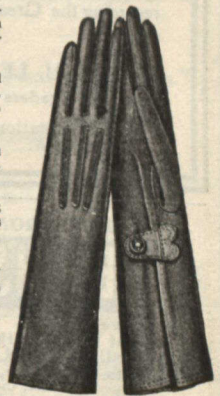
LADIES' WASHABLE FRENCH CASTOR DOESKIN GLOVES, with strap and press button as illustration, in white, grey, putty, beaver and tan. 46c. per pair.

LADIES' BEST QUALITY DOESKIN GLOVES, British made with gusset, strap and press button as illustration, in white, putty, beaver, tan and grey. 69c. per pair.

THE "CANADIAN," Ladies' buck finish, British made in tan or grey, prix seam sewn, 3-button. 95c. per pair.

THE "RAINPROOF," Ladies' washable cape gloves, British made in tan shade, pique sewn, 2 large pearl buttons. 69c. per pair.

THE "CONNAUGHT," strong tan cape, British made, spear points, prix seam sewn, 2 press buttons. 71c. per pair.



A detailed and illustrated Price List will be sent post free on application direct from London, England, or they may be obtained post free from THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Office, 15 Wellington St., East, Toronto. Remittances, including postage, to be made by International Money Orders, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, at the General Post Office, London.

45 and 45a, Cheapside, London, E.C.; and 82 and 83, New Bond St., W.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF ENGLAND

England's Holiday Line

☐ The Favorite Tourist Route to Chester, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Oxford, Windsor and London.

☐ The Shortest and Most Direct Route to Devonshire and the Cornish Riviera.

UNRIVALLED SCENERY

The Royal Mail Route

Plymouth to London in 4 hours

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON THROUGH SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

☐ Interesting Literature and Full Information regarding the Great Western Railway on application to

R. H. LEA, General Agent,
428 Traders Bank Building, Toronto

Paddington Station,
London, W.

JAMES C. INGLIS,
General Manager.

A GIFT FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

PEACH'S TABLE DAMASK

Given away. LACE TABLE CENTRE. Sent FREE with Catalogue of CURTAINS, Muslins, Table Linens, Down Quilts, Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Knockdown Makes for Shipping Ladies' Costumes, Underwear, Shoes, etc., Gents' Clothing, Hosiery, Boots, etc. Direct from the Manufacturing Centre.


MARVELLOUS PARCEL Free Postage.


10 Dinner and Tea Cloths \$6.00 Half-Parcel 1 of each \$3.10


- 2 White Damask Table Cloths, 2½ yds. by 2 yds, rich pattern hemmed.
- 2 White Damask Table Cloths, 60 ins. long, 54 ins. wide, special make, in cotton, having the effect of Linen Damask, hemmed.
- 2 Half Bleached Table Cloths, hard wearing.
- 2 Irish Cambric Tea Cloths.
- 2 Handsome Tray Covers, all Irish hand-embroidered and drawn thread.


Marvellous Value. Try One. Write to-day.


SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms,
Box 664, NOTTINGHAM, England.


"Swan" Written with → 


Fountain Pens → 


To suit all hands. → 



Satisfactory guaranteed. → 



Or Money refunded → 

For England → 

every → 

and service hand → 

Sketching  → 

Music writing  → 

Prices from \$2.50. Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for } to MABIE, TODD & CO., 124 York St., Toronto; Head-
Catalogue } quarters, 79 and 80, High Holborn, London, England.

Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKLEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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

REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA

JOHN FORMAN,

644 Craig Street,

MONTREAL.

CATALOGUE PRINTING



THERE are but two ways of getting new business; one is by asking for it, the other by advertising for it.

The most effective advertising is by means of Catalogues and Booklets. It enables manufacturers and merchants to reach the buyers and tell their whole story. If the printed matter is interesting, attractive in appearance, and well illustrated, its selling power is so much the greater.

Do you ever require good printing?

We have a large, well equipped plant, and a thoroughly capable staff of workmen, and we guarantee the quality of our work to be of the highest standard.

Whenever you're ready we should be glad to go into the question with you.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited

King and Spadina - TORONTO

During Vacation

you want to read a few cheerful books.

The most cheerful book for a vacation trip is

Sowing Seeds in Danny

By **NELLIE L. McCLUNG**

Cloth, \$1.00

Bubbling over with cheerfulness and optimism.

As full of humor as an egg is full of meat.

Ottawa Journal:

"The prose idyll of the Prairie Province."

Seattle Post-Intelligencer:

"The pessimist should read Mrs. McClung's book and change his belief."

Birmingham, (Ala.) Herald:

"Simply filled with bubbling humor. It is a gem."

Pilot Mound Sentinel:

"Captivates, delights and charms."

Hiawatha (Kansas) World:

"A bright book, crammed full of good humor."

There are hundreds and hundreds of comments like the above.

Take it on your vacation and you will enjoy yourself.

At all Booksellers and News Stands or from

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Publisher, Toronto

A \$2.50 Book Gratis

The publishers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE make, on the following page, this splendid offer to new and old subscribers. The editor has promised to back them up in the venture, and to give to the readers of Canada's national magazine better things to read and better things to look at than ever before. He has already arranged for special and regular contributions from a number of the best Canadian writers, and the illustrations will be a big advance on former years.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE gets first chance at the best things in Canada. Why? Because it is dignified and is regarded as the literary standard of the Dominion.

A History of the War of 1812

Almost 100 years ago the United States attempted to take Canada.

Do you know why and how they failed?

Every Canadian should know.

The book entitled "A History of the War of 1812," by James Hannay, D.C.L., gives the best account of that most interesting and significant struggle.

It is published by Morang & Company, Toronto, and sells at \$2.50 a copy. The binding is of the same material as issued in the de luxe edition of "The Makers of Canada" series. It is printed on heavy coated paper and contains more than sixty illustrations.

The edition is limited, so order early, as orders will be filled in rotation.

Read Our Offer

Every present subscriber to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE sending in the name of a new subscriber, together with a year's subscription \$2.50, will be presented with a copy of "The War of 1812."

Any person sending in two new yearly subscriptions (\$2.50 each) to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be presented with a copy of this book.

(Owing to increased rate of postage, the subscription price for United States orders is \$3.00)

FILL IN THE FOLLOWING BLANKS:

The Ontario Publishing Company, Limited
15 Wellington Street East,
Toronto

Sirs:

Enclosed please find the sum of

..... Dollars

for year's subscription to the Canadian Magazine,
which entitles me to a copy of "The War of 1812."

Send the Magazine to

Send the Premium to

ALL CHARGES PREPAID



NAPOLEON standing with folded arms on the lonely and barren rocks of Saint Helena, banished a thousand miles from shore, gazing out across the solemn sea toward France, where he was once Emperor, is one of the most tragic scenes in history. This picture from Ridpath's History illustrates but *one* event out of thousands which are fully described and illustrated in the world-famed publication—

Ridpath's History of the World

THE PUBLISHER'S FAILURE PLACED IN OUR HANDS the unsold EDITION of this MONUMENTAL WORK, BRAND NEW, which we must sell immediately. We offer the remaining sets

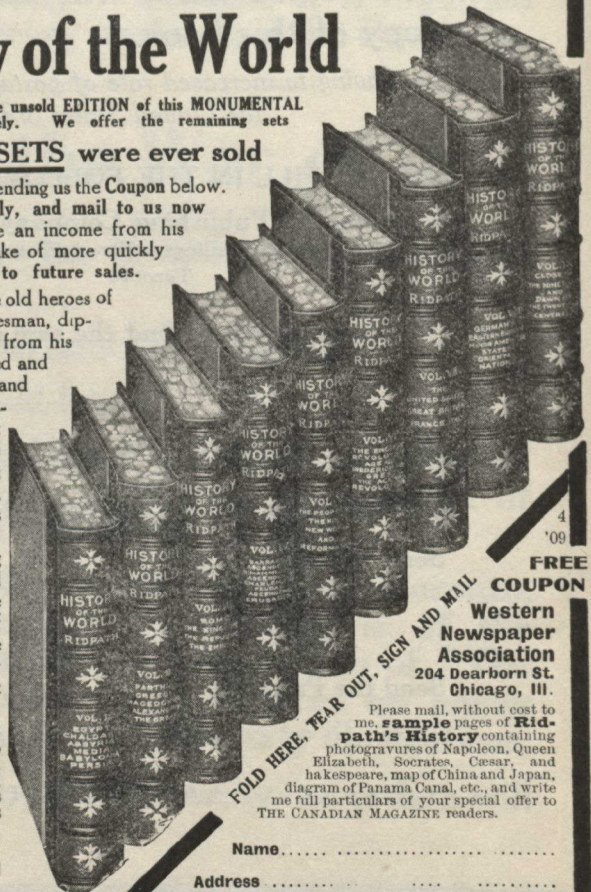
At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending us the Coupon below. Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it. Dr. Ridpath's family derive an income from his history, and to print our price broadcast, for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets, would cause great injury to future sales.

RIDPATH throws the mantle of personality over the old heroes of history. *Alexander* is there; patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat, crowning the glory of Grecian history. *Xerxes* from his mountain platform sees *Themistocles* with three hundred and fifty Greek ships smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail, and help to mould the language in which this paragraph is written. Rome perches *Nero* upon the greatest throne an earth, and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty; *Napoleon* fights Waterloo again under your very eyes, and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded dream has come. *Bismarck* is there, gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring, laughing with grim disdain at France, which says, "You shall not." *Washington* is there, "four-square to all the winds," grave, thoughtful, proof against the wiles of British strategy and the poisoned darts of false friends; clear-seeing over the heads of his fellow countrymen, and on into another century, the most colossal world-figure of his time.

Hundreds who read this have decided to buy Ridpath **some day**, now is the time. No need for us to tell you about Ridpath. The English-speaking world has pronounced this the only history of the world worth having. It is to-day in 200,000 American homes and is endorsed by Public Men—Educators—Business Men—The Clergy and everybody who knows history. **SEND COUPON TO-DAY.**

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
H. E. SEVER, President
CHICAGO



FOLD HERE, TEAR OUT, SIGN AND MAIL

4
'09
FREE COUPON

Western Newspaper Association
204 Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail, without cost to me, **sample** pages of **Ridpath's History** containing photogravures of Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, Socrates, Caesar, and Shakespeare, map of China and Japan, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE readers.

Name

Address

The Last Best West

Health, Liberty and Prosperity

Awaits the Settler in the Prairie Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

From eastern Canada, the United States, the British Isles and continental Europe farmers in thousands are yearly flocking to secure

A Free Homestead of 160 Acres

which the Canadian Government offers to every man over 18 years of age able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The Construction of hundreds of miles of new railways has brought millions of acres within easy access of transportation facilities and provided employment at remunerative wages for those desirous of engaging in such labour while waiting for returns from their first crop. Thousands of free homesteads yet available. First comers have first choice.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE

may be freely obtained from

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

J. BRUCE WALKER, COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, or

J. OBED SMITH, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF EMIGRATION
11-12, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENGLAND.



ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

GUELPH, CANADA

Opens September 14th, 1909



COURSE FOR FARMERS' SONS

Approximate cost for an Ontario boy
during his First Year.

Board, 26 weeks at \$3.00 per week	- - - - -	\$ 78.00
Tuition per year	- - - - -	20.00
Laboratory Fee	- - - - -	1.50
Books, about	- - - - -	7.00
		<u>\$106.50</u>
Less amount paid for work during apprenticeship	- - - - -	27.30
		<u>\$ 79.20</u>

Our course is so arranged that the boy may be at College during the winter months and at home on his father's farm during the summer months.

A Calendar explaining fully the subjects taught may be had for the asking.



G. C. CREELMAN, - - President



Upper Canada College

TORONTO



H. W. AUDEN, M. A.
(Cambridge)
PRINCIPAL
1700

AUTUMN TERM BEGINS Tuesday, September 14th.

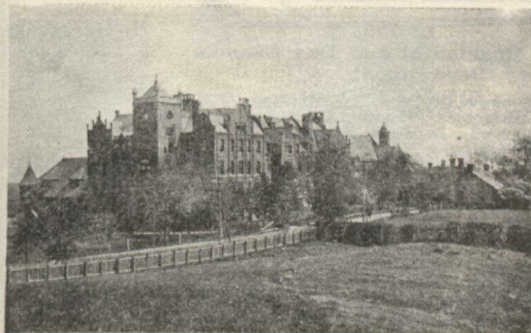
Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, Sept. 18th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, and Business.

The regular Staff comprises 15 graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment. Fifty acres of ground, 4 Rinks, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, etc.

Entrance Scholarships for both resident and day pupils. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils.



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

PORT HOPE, ONT.

Residential School for Boys

FOUNDED 1865

Magnificent and healthy situation. Modern Fire-proof Buildings, Extensive Playgrounds, large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc. Boys prepared for the Universities. Royal Military College and Business. Special attention given to younger boys.

NEXT TERM BEGINS TUESDAY, SEPT. 14

For calendar and all information, apply to the Headmaster

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

Ashbury College

Residential School for Boys

Boys successfully prepared for Royal Military College and Universities.

Ottawa

REV. GEO. P. WOOLCOMBE, Oxon,
Headmaster

Merrill-van Laer School

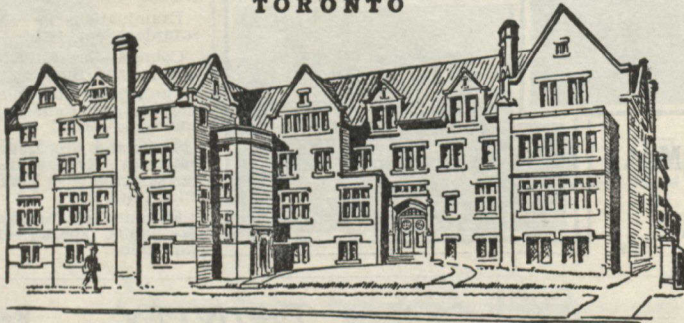
A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

OFFERS a broad and thorough education together with advantages of residence in a great city. Buildings extensive and suited to educational and social life of our pupils. For further information address

30, 32, 34 East 57th Street, New York

HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

TORONTO



Separate Senior and Junior Residential and Day Schools
with Preparatory Department

Preparation for Honour Matriculation, Havergal Diploma, Examinations in Music and Art. Resident French and German Mistresses, Physical Culture under two resident graduates of the Boston Normal School. Domestic Science School, with six Departments. Large Grounds, Rink, Swimming Bath.

For illustrated calendar please apply to the Bursar.

MISS KNOX, Principal.

Queen's University and College

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE ARTS COURSE leads to the degrees of B.A. and M.A., D.Sc., and Ph.D.

THE EDUCATIONAL COURSES, under agreement with the Ontario Education Department, are accepted as the professional courses for (a) First Class Public School Certificate; (b) High School Assistant's Interim Certificate c) Specialists' Interim Certificate and (d) Inspectors' Certificate. They also lead to the degrees B.Paed., D.Paed.

THE LAW COURSE leads to the degree of LL.B;

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

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

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

THE ARTS COURSE may be taken without attendance.

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

SCHOOL OF MINING

A COLLEGE OF
APPLIED SCIENCE

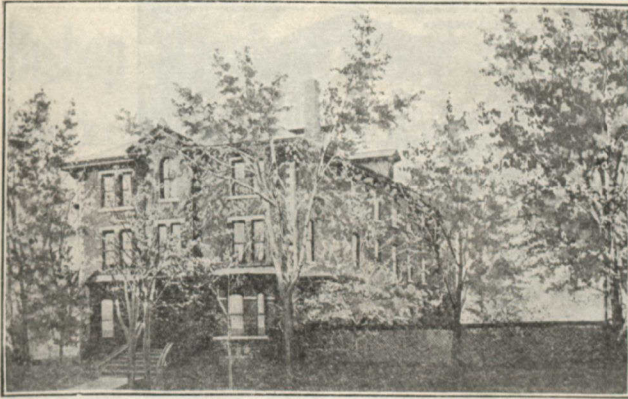
Affiliated to Queen's University

KINGSTON, ONT.

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| I. Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc. | II. Three Years' Course for Diploma. |
| a. Mining Engineering. | e. Civil Engineering. |
| b. Chemistry and Mineralogy. | f. Mechanical Engineering. |
| c. Mineralogy and Geology. | g. Electrical Engineering. |
| d. Chemical Engineering. | h. Biology and Public Health. |
| i. Power Development. | |

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



Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

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

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

Large staff of experienced residential and visiting Professors and Teachers.

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

For Prospectus and full information apply to

MISS VEALS,
Lady Principal.



WESTBOURNE

School for Girls

340 Bloor Street West, - TORONTO, CANADA

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

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

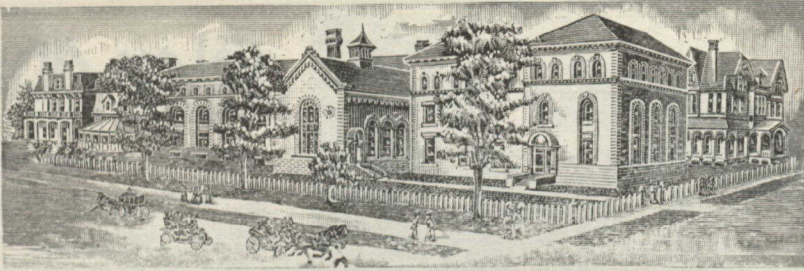
Royal Victoria College

MONTREAL

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

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

THE WARDEN, ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, QUE.



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

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

Ontario Ladies' College

And
Conservatory
of Music
and Art
WHITBY
ONTARIO
(Trafalgar Castle)

Palatial buildings, acknowledged to be unequalled in Canada by those of any other Ladies' School or College: ideal location in a Collegiate town near Toronto, giving to those who desire it easy access to city concerts; magnificent College property embracing one hundred acres, and having a campus sufficiently large to enable all students to play at the same time without interfering with each other; gymnasium 40 x 80 feet; careful home and social training that will be likely to impart the essentials of good manners under moral and Christian influences; last, but not least, the recognized leader in staff, equipment and courses of study. Take note of the fact that **teachers of Dominion reputation** are at the head of the various departments. It will pay you to consider the above special advantages and send for calendar to the

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



The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instructions in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

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

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system.

In addition the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition.

Seven commissions in His Majesty's regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

Three Commissions in the Permanent Force will be given annually, should vacancies exist, to the graduating class, viz.:—Every year one in the Infantry; and each alternate year:

One in the Engineers and one in the Horse Artillery.

One in the Cavalry or Mounted Rifles and one in the Garrison Artillery.

Further, every three years a Commission in the Ordnance Corps will be given to the graduating class.

Three 2nd class clerkships, or appointments with equivalent pay, will be offered annually to the graduating class, such appointments to be in the following Departments, viz.:—Public Works, Railways and Canals, Inland Revenue, Agriculture and Interior.

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

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

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

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

THE Bishop Strachan School

WYKHAM HALL

COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

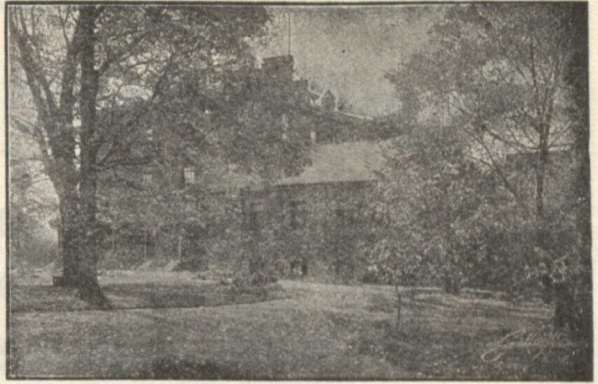
President—His Grace, the Lord Archbishop
of Toronto

FORTY-FIRST YEAR
A CHURCH, RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

FULL MATRICULATION COURSE AND
ELEMENTARY WORK

For Calendar apply to

MISS ACRES, Lady Principal



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

TORONTO

A CANADIAN RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR BOYS

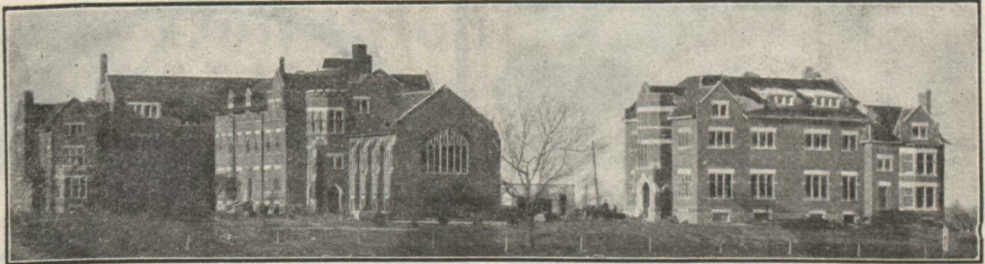
Upper and Lower Schools. New Buildings. Separate Junior Residence.
Boys prepared for the Universities and Business.

1004

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Principal

Calendar sent on application.

Autumn Term Commences Sept. 13th



RIDLEY COLLEGE
St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the
Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres.

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AMID EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SURROUNDINGS

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—14 teachers of the
highest academic qualifications, of whom 8 are in resi-
dence, and of these 4 are European trained teachers of
Modern Languages.

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

DAILY ATTENDANCE 140, of whom 50 are in resi-
dence; classes average 10 each.

PREPARATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY a speci-
alty; extended course for those not contemplating a uni-
versity education.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,

Principal.

CLASS-ROOMS built specially for the work.
LARGE LAWNS for games and recreation. Full-
sized outdoor skating rink in winter.

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

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

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

GEORGE DICKSON, M.A.,

Late Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON

Directors.

Four Per Cent. Per Annum

Payable half-yearly, is allowed on sums of \$100 and upwards for a term of one or more years. Interest accrues from the date on which we receive the money. This is an authorized Investment for Trust Funds.

Write at once for Particulars

**CANADA PERMANENT
MORTGAGE CORPORATION**
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

ASSETS
\$ 8,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,150,000

**CENTRAL
CANADA**

**LOAN & SAVINGS
COMPANY**
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED



St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenience Location

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

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

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - - \$1,000,000.00
 Reserve Fund and }
 Undivided Profits } - - - \$1,277,404.49

DIRECTORS

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

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

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

Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute
SECURITY and SATISFACTION.

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

EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches.



Dominion Express Money Orders



SAFE CONVENIENT ECONOMICAL

Payment is guaranteed and a prompt refund will be made, or a new order issued without extra charge, if order is lost, stolen or delayed in transit.

Payable at par in over 30,000 places in Canada, United States, Newfoundland, West Indies, Central and South America, Hawaii, Philippines and the Yukon.

FOREIGN CHEQUES

issued in Sterling, Marks, Francs, Lire, etc., payable in all commercial countries of the world at current rates.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, with equivalents in Foreign Money printed on each cheque. They are self identifying and payable everywhere.

Superior to Letters of Credit.

Agents in all the principal cities and towns throughout Canada

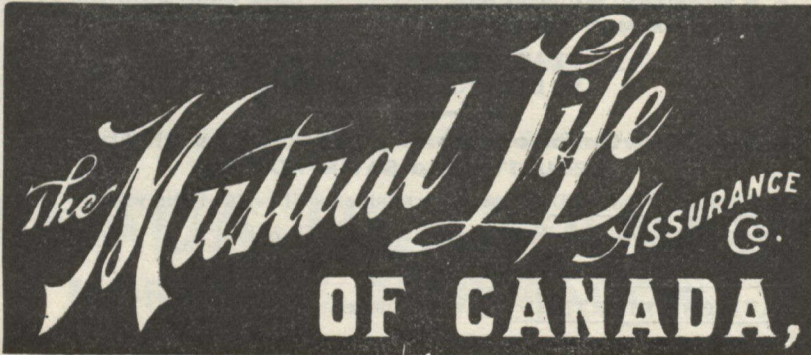
General Offices, Toronto

Rates and full information cheerfully furnished by our
 Local Agent



Lowest Expense Rate

What does this mean to you? If you conduct your business at 16.73 per cent. instead of 25 per cent., and do as much trade, it means greater profits for you.



has had for many years, while writing a larger volume of business each year,

The Lowest Expense Rate

judged by every fair test, of all the Canadian Life Companies.

Policyholders receive the benefit of the Company's economical management—they receive all its surplus earnings—because there are no stockholders to absorb any part of them.

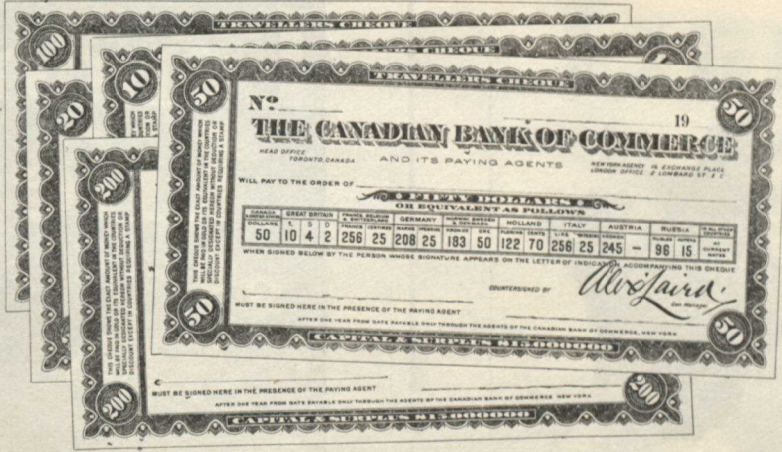
The Company has always stood for the very best in life insurance. Its record for forty years is that of seeking the best in policies, the best in security and the best in profits for its policy-holders.

All you have to do to become a co-partner in the Company—the only Mutual Life Company in Canada—is to insure your life in it. It will pay you to do so.

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., President.
W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager.

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director.
CHAS. RUBY, Secretary.



Facsimile of **TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES** issued by

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are **NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING** and the **EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE** in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

Economy

has always been a ruling principle in the management of the Great-West Life Assurance Company.

That it continues to be so is seen in the fact that during the first quarter of 1909, while the Business written was largely increased, the cost of securing that business showed a reduction of 10.04% on the very favorable figures for the corresponding period of last year.

Such conditions—with high interest earnings on investments—account for the notable **RESULTS** being secured for Policy-holders of

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Head Office - - - **Winnipeg**

RATES ON REQUEST

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office: **Hamilton**

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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

Paid up Capital - - \$ 2,500,000
Reserve - - - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets, over - 30,000,000

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

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED



The Fact

that so many old men are dependent upon others for support should lead every thoughtful young man to make provision for his later years of life.

An endowment policy will make sure provision for old age and while the money is accumulating the family or dependent ones are protected.

See one of our representatives at once regarding a policy, or write to the

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE ————— TORONTO

London Life

POLICIES

"GOOD AS GOLD"

Because

Every desirable feature is contained in the special Reserve Dividend Policies issued by this Company.

See a sample copy of our Endowment at Life Rate; it protects your estate and makes provision for your future.

Do it to-day.

FEDERAL LIFE

ASSURANCE
COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE,
HAMILTON
CANADA.

The Wise Man's
"Anchor"

FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS.



IS A POLICY OF
LIFE ASSURANCE

IN A STRONG AND CAREFULLY MANAGED COMPANY.

THE NORTHERN LIFE ASSURANCE

COMPANY
OF
CANADA

HEAD OFFICE - - LONDON, ONT.

It has made steady and sure progress during the last twelve years.

It has now **\$6,500,000** of Insurance in force.

It has now **\$1,250,000** of Assets.

It has now over **\$725,000** of Government Reserve.

It has now over **\$500,000** Security for Policyholders.

It has a line of Specially Prepared Policies that are very attractive.

Write for Particulars

JOHN MILNE,
Managing Director

W. M. GOVENLOCK,
Secretary

THE EXCELSIOR Life Insurance Company

Head Office, Excelsior Life Building, TORONTO

BUSINESS FOR 1908 MOST SATISFACTORY
EVER EXPERIENCED

INSURANCE IN FORCE - - - - \$12,236,064.10
Increase \$1,079,435.00

NEW INSURANCE WRITTEN - - - - 2,483,906.00
Increase \$359,728.00

ASSETS FOR SECURITY OF
POLICY HOLDERS - - - - 2,020,102.72
Increase \$227,428.71

CASH INCOME - - - - - 454,790.94
Increase \$65,235.04

RESERVE FUNDS - - - - - 1,465,664.03
Including special reserve \$39,997.86

SURPLUS ON POLICYHOLDERS'
ACCOUNT - - - - - 169,436.55

INCREASES—Insurance in force 10 per cent. Assets 16 per cent. Income, 17 per cent. Reserves, 15 per cent. Net surplus 93 per cent.

DECREASES—Death Rate 44 per cent. less than expected, 9 per cent. less than preceding year; expense ratio 6.5 per cent.

INTEREST INCOME more than sufficient to pay Death losses and all expenses of the company excepting Agents' salary expenses. Interest earned on mean Net Assets 6.72 per cent. A good company to insure with, consequently a good company for agents to represent.



THE DELICIOUS FRESHNESS, flavor and toothsome-ness of E. D. Smith's Fruit Jams, Jellies and Preserves are the qualities which make them recognized as the **PUREST** and **BEST** in the world.

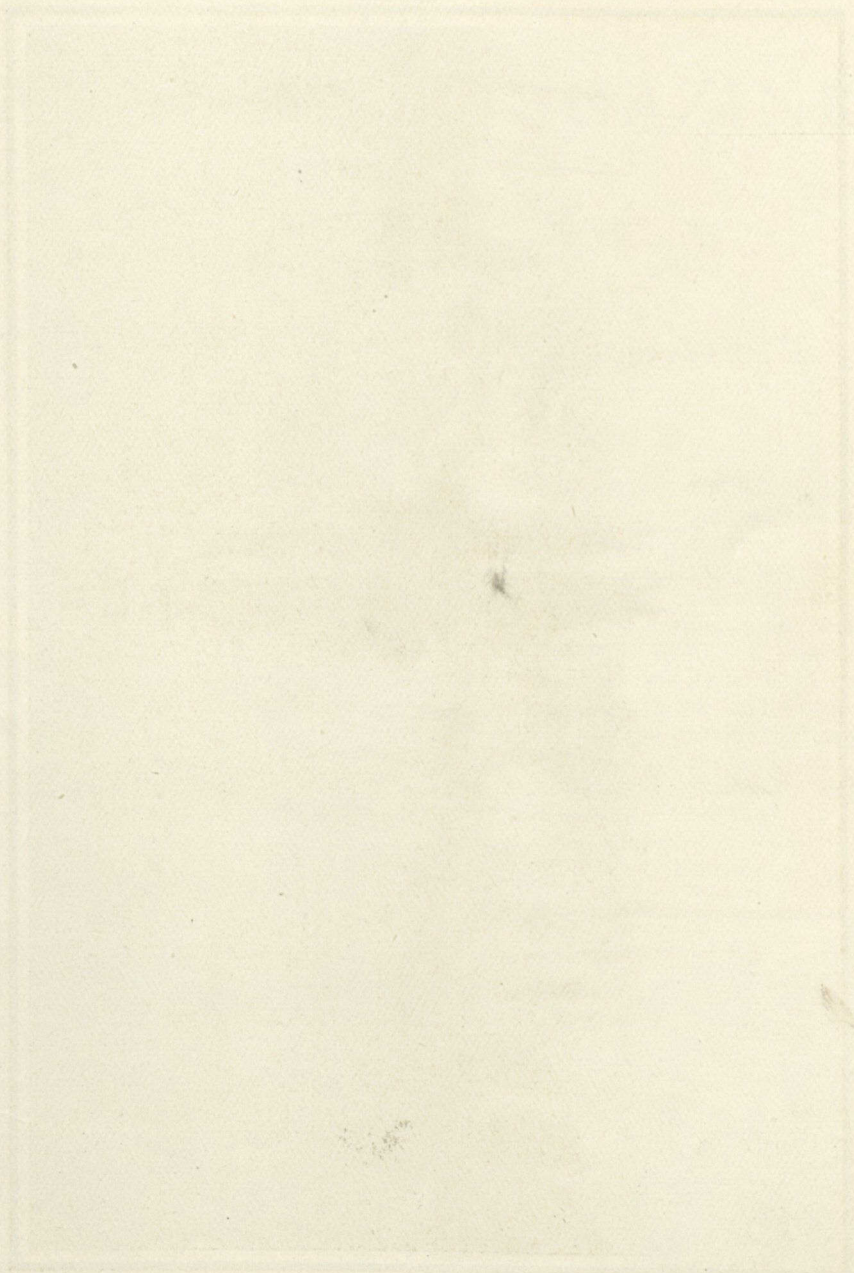
Only perfectly matured, selected fruit used—picked fresh from the fields and orchards, and cooked by improved methods to retain the **natural flavor**.

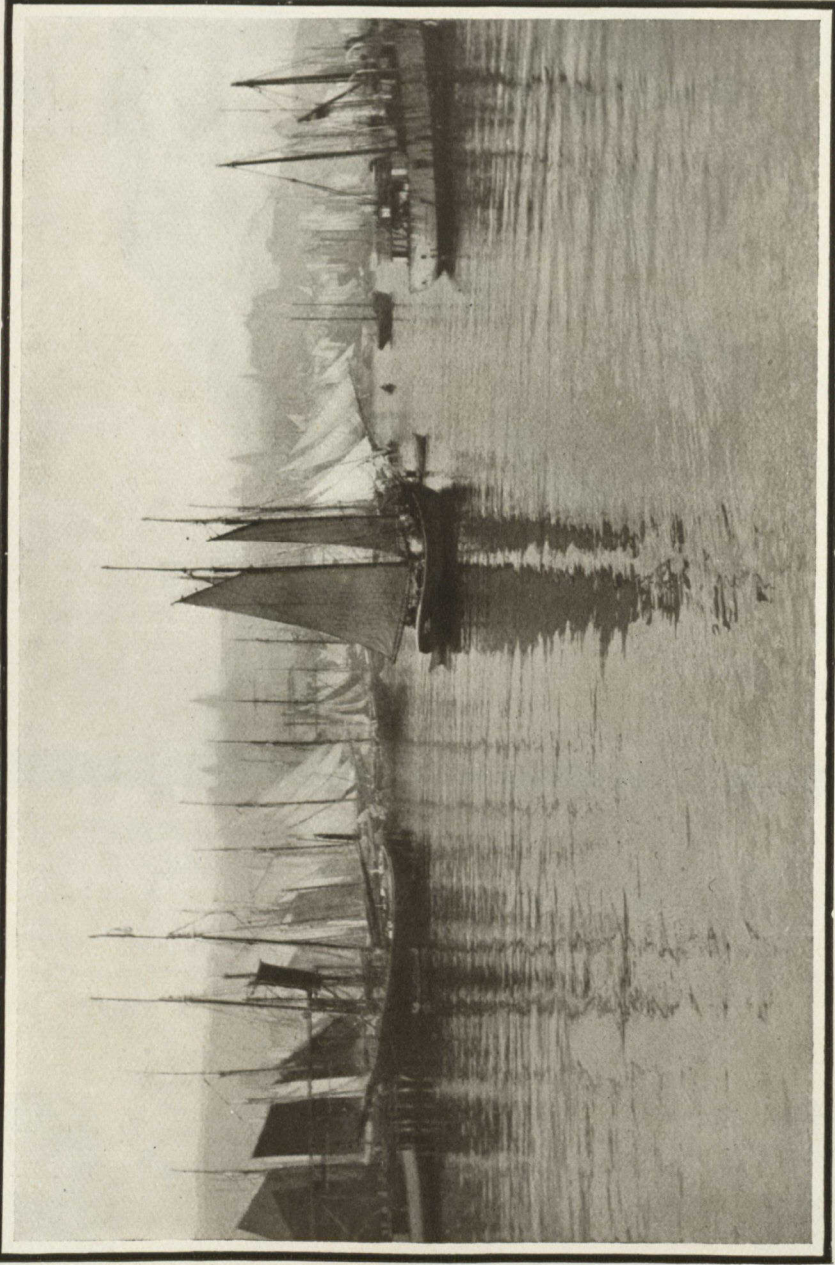
Remember : E. D. Smith's Jams are **the Standard for Quality**.

This Trade Mark is the Sure Proof of **HONEST GOODS** and the Guarantee of Absolute **PURITY**.
 Look for the Trade Mark

A for E. D. SMITH'S Fruit **P**
S Jams, Jellies, Preserves and **U**
 Marmalade. **R**
K Don't Risk Substitutes **E**







ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND
A GRAY MORNING IN THE HARBOUR, SHOWING THE FISHING FLEET MOVING OUT

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII

TORONTO, JULY, 1909

No. 3

THE LAND OF BACCALHAOS*

BY EDWIN SMITH

THE recent deadlock in the Newfoundland Legislature, and the widespread depression consequent upon the low price of fish, intensified more recently by the failure of the winter herring fishery at Bay of Islands, is bringing the "Ancient Colony" into the public eye more than at any time since the famous Bank crash of 1894 threw it on its beam ends. Newfoundland, as is well known, depends almost wholly upon its fisheries, and chiefly upon its codfishery, for the maintenance of its solvency and prosperity.

The fisheries represent fully eighty per cent. of the exports, and in order to understand the financial stringency which has now fairly settled down upon "Our Cousin to the East" it must be borne in mind that while the catch of fish remains about the same from year to year, the price has been steadily increasing for the past ten years, until last year it was double what it was a decade ago. But this year the price has suddenly fallen to what it was at the beginning of the decade. In other words, the value of last season's catch will be just

about half what it was the season before; and, instead of the merchants receiving \$7,800,000 for their fish, they will receive considerably less than \$4,000,000; and the individual fisherman who at the former price was barely able to earn \$350 will receive this year probably less than \$175 on which to support himself and family for the year, and to provide himself with an outfit for next season's work. Many, of course, will not receive that much.

To illustrate more clearly what has been brought about, a study of the



"THE NARROWS," ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

*"Baccalhaos" was the term applied to Newfoundland by the Portuguese. It means "Dried Salt Fish."



CURING CODFISH, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

exports of codfish for the last ten years will be of value.

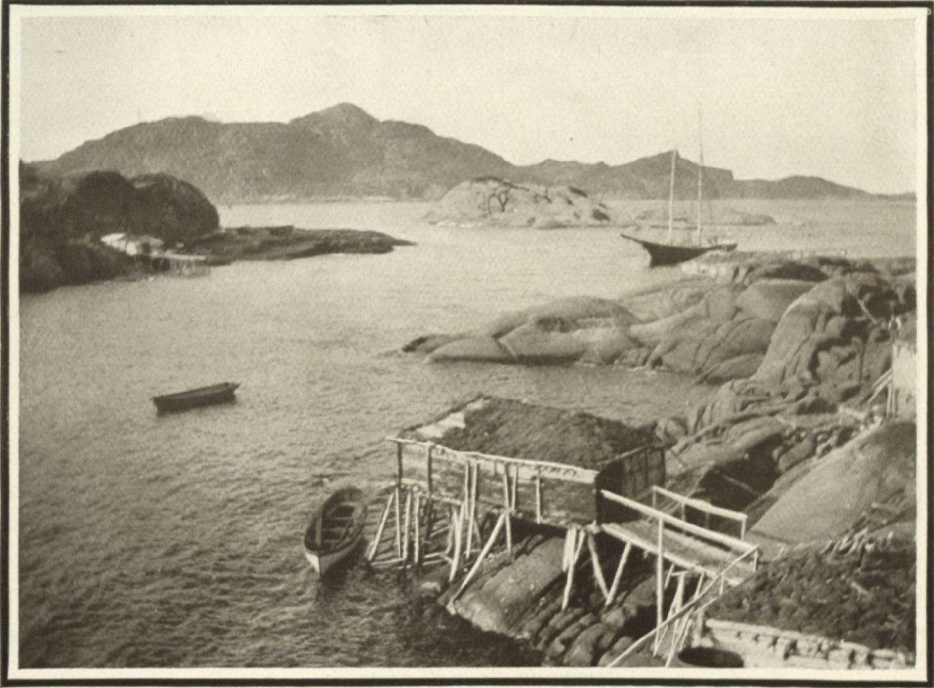
Year	Export Codfish.	Customs Revenue.
1896-7.....	\$3,685,792	\$1,438,684
1897-8.....	3,997,835	1,497,382
1898-9.....	4,445,031	1,567,085
1899-0.....	5,455,538	1,906,891
1900-1.....	5,171,910	1,897,952
1901-2.....	5,505,728	2,008,195
1902-3.....	6,333,072	2,100,993
1903-4.....	5,943,663	2,258,059
1904-5.....	6,198,618	2,295,960
1905-6.....	7,864,719	2,235,960
1906-7.....	7,766,549	2,352,056
1907-8.....	7,818,013	2,464,606

From these figures it will readily be seen how serious a matter for "The Ancient Colony" is here represented by this sudden drop in the price of fish; for, although other industries are springing up in Newfoundland, the codfishery remains the great staple and dependence of the population—the vast majority of which are fishermen, born and bred, who do not readily adapt themselves to other methods of earning a living.

The present depression is widespread and far-reaching, and every form of industry and trade, business

and commerce in the Colony is suffering seriously thereby. The latest ill report comes from Bay of Islands, to the effect that the winter herring-fishery on the west coast—the scene of the present controversy with the United States—is a failure. Last spring's seal fishery was not up to the average, and owing to many accidents to the fleet, necessitating heavy outlay for repairs, the promoters have realised much less than they otherwise would have secured. The whale fishery, also, which a few years ago had assumed enormous proportions, and was yielding handsome returns, has now almost reached the vanishing point. To complete the sum of the Colony's misfortunes comes the partial suspension of mining operations at Bell Island, during the winter months, at the very time when the men need employment most, and when, as a result of the lack of it, they will probably emigrate to other countries.

This combination of misfortune is not only causing distress among all classes of citizens, but the government will also keenly feel the loss of revenue; for a conservative estimate



A BIT OF RUGGED NEWFOUNDLAND SCENERY



A NEWFOUNDLAND COVE



PICKING UP "A PAN" OF SEALS

of the reduction in the customs revenue for the current fiscal year puts the figures at \$450,000; in other words, that the revenue will not exceed \$2,000,000.

The great drawback in Newfoundland institutions is the disproportion between the big machinery of government and the small population to be governed. A local politician has aptly described it as "the trappings of an elephant on the back of a rat."

When one considers that out of a total of twelve million dollars' worth of exports in 1906-7, the product of the fisheries accounted for more than ten millions, it is easy to see under such circumstances what a bad year in the fisheries means to "the land of historic misfortune," to use the words of Lord Salisbury. It is comparable to a failure of the potato crop in Ireland or of the wheat crop in Western Canada.

Judge Prowse of Newfoundland, while referring to the calamities and struggles of the Colony in the early

days of its unfortunate history, says:

The most wonderful feature in our Colonial history is the marvellous recuperative power of the Island population under the direct calamities. Fire and sword, storm and tempest, have devastated the land. Three times has our Capital been captured and plundered by the enemy; three times utterly consumed by fire, and again half destroyed in 1892. Wrecked by commercial disaster and financially ruined by the Bank failures of 1894, the Colony has risen like the Phoenix from its ashes, and was never so progressive, so commercially sound, and so prosperous as it is to-day (1905).

Newfoundland shall rise again. The spirit of the people of the Island is as indomitable as her natural resources are illimitable. Besides the codfishery, Newfoundland is the special home of another great industry, the pursuit of the hair seal; but, unlike the codfishery, which for four centuries shows a wonderfully steady catch, the hair seal fishery is subject to tremendous fluctuations. To quote from Sir William MacGregor's valuable report (1905): "To prove this, it



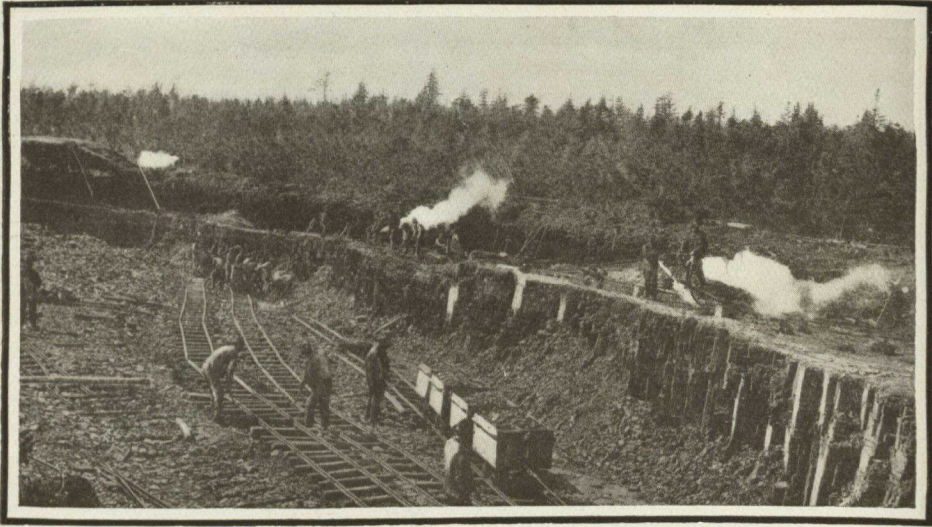
THE "GRAND LAKE" PICKING UP "A PAN" OF SEALS

is only necessary to mention here that in 1897-98 the value of the seal-skins exported was only \$129,204, against 528,150 skins, valued at \$420,869 in 1901-2. In other words, the value of seal-skins in 1901-2 was, in round figures, more than three and a half times as great as was the value exported in 1896-97."

Formerly the seal fishery was carried on in sailing vessels, and over 600 vessels were engaged in the business. They were mostly brigantines, and somewhat wedge-shaped in the floors, so that when nipped in the ice they were raised up instead of being crushed, slipping back into the water when the ice parted. Nevertheless serious mishaps not rarely occurred; but for the past half-century strong wooden steamers of special design and construction have been employed. The present fleet consists of twenty-two steamers and a few small schooners.

Early in March the seal-hunters, as the sealing vessels are called, put to sea, cutting a way out through the

ice if necessary and strike directly for the ice-fields, where the seals congregate in great numbers. The gathering together of the two great herds of seals, the harps and the hoods, at the same spot and precisely at the same time every year is one of the most interesting facts in natural history. Up to the middle of February, the seals have been wandering all over the ocean, but just at this time they settle down on the ice floe or anchor ice—a great plain, generally frozen in solid with the land and surrounding islands—for the purpose of breeding. Their whelping-place never varies more than a few miles; it lies north-east of the fiftieth parallel of north latitude, between Cape John and Belle Isle in the Straits, about fifty to a hundred miles off the land. The two herds always occupy the same relative positions, the harps being inside next the land, and the hoods a few miles outside, towards the ocean. The mother seal brings forth her young about the end of



THE IRON MINES AT BELL ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND

February, and they grow with astonishing rapidity in fourteen and fifteen days. The skin alone, with its inside lining of fat, attains the weight of over forty pounds. These young seals make prime oil.

The best seals are called whitecaps, harps and hoods; the last are so named because the males when attacked protect their faces with a cartilaginous visor, hard as India-rubber and impenetrable to the spear. Two men are needed to kill these—one to divert the attention of the seal while the other thrusts the lance through the throat.

Seal hunting is at best no sinecure, and the hardy, daring fishermen of Newfoundland are the only people in the world suited for carrying on this most difficult and dangerous enterprise. The men employed in this business wear snow-spectacles, but even thus do not escape a touch of snow-blindness, which is very common and painfully acute.

During the season of 1898 forty-eight sealers were frozen to death on the ice pans, and almost every season some fatalities occur. During last season, 1908, nearly all the sealing vessels were more or less damaged by

the ice, and three of them—the *Grand Lake*, *Panther*, and *Walrus*—were crushed by the ice and went down. The *Grand Lake* alone had 23,000 seals on board when an accident occurred which caused her to sink almost immediately. The crew of 200 men were left on the ice pans seventy-five miles out in the Atlantic. Fortunately they were rescued by another steamer and a terrible calamity averted. The crews of the other vessels were all taken off sometime before they went down.

The men in these sealing steamers fish on shares; one-third of the receipts goes to the crew, and the remainder to the owners of the vessel. One hundred and fifty dollars is a fair average for each man, two hundred being occasionally made in one trip, and two trips are sometimes taken in the season, which lasts until May.

Both the cod and seal fisheries have to do with the sea, and consequently the towns and villages in Newfoundland are all, or nearly all, on the coast, at the head of the many spacious bays and fjords which indent the coast-line on all sides of the Island. St. John's, the capital, has a popu-

lation of about 35,000 and occupies a commanding position on the north side of the harbour, from which it presents a very picturesque appearance climbing up the slope of the hill. The entrance to the harbour is narrow—not over 600 feet at the narrowest part—and guarded on either side by vast perpendicular cliffs five hundred feet high. Though small, it is a perfectly safe port, being sheltered from all winds, and presents in summer time a bustling appearance, being crowded with vessels of all nations.

On entering the passage to the harbour, a pungent "ancient fishy smell" informs the stranger that he has arrived at the land of the Baccalhaos; and all along the shores of the harbour on either side, the "flakes" for drying the fish may be seen. It is an interesting sight when walking in the suburbs of St. John's, to see the women and boys who cure the fish, while the men are gone to sea, driving carts drawn by diminutive ponies, and laden with salt fish, ready to be shipped to distant lands.

In other countries, the peasantry flock to the shire-town with vegetables and fruits, the product of the gardens and vineyards. In Newfoundland it is codfish that the peasantry carry to the market town.

Apart altogether from the fisheries and natural resources of the Colony, Newfoundland is famous as a sporting country; and in recent years hundreds of sportsmen from England and Canada, as well as from all parts of the United States, visit Newfoundland to fish trout and salmon or to hunt the lordly caribou, thousands of which roam over the great central plateaux, and may easily be found in herds of ten or a dozen, within easy distance of any one of several stations along the line of railway.

The most famous salmon rivers are on the west coast, and the best months for fishing are June and July. In some of the brooks of this region, where the water is not six inches deep, one can easily catch any quan-

tity of sea-trout from a half to three pounds in weight; and, some of the pools of the rivers have salmon in such abundance, and are so easily taken, that fishing ceases to become sport and degenerates into slaughter. Yet so abundant are the fish that no amount of killing seems to diminish the number that yearly return to these rivers.

"There is no handsomer fish to be seen than the West Newfoundland salmon glistening in silver and amethyst fresh run from the deep with the sea parasites still clinging to its plump gleaming sides; and certainly no salmon on all the earth has flesh of a more glowing pink, or eats with a more epicurean flavour."

Leaving the coast, and striking inland, one comes to the primeval forests of spruce and pine, which are about as destitute of traces of the supreme Caucasian race as if Columbus had never been born; and the deer still migrate unmolested from north to south and vice versa with the change of the seasons.

Newfoundland is justly famous for its fishing and sealing industries, but it also is the home of the finest race of woodland caribou in Eastern North America. "Far surpassing the European reindeer, of which it is now considered to be a sub-species, it is equal in size to the caribou of Eastern Canada, but distinctly finer in the matter of horn growth. In fact, in this respect, as well as in size of body, it has no superior except the great dark-necked caribou of the Rockies. For its size, Newfoundland contains to-day more caribou than any other part of the world, and, owing to the nutritive qualities of its super-excellent mosses and lichens, the deer grow to great excellence." Unlike Eastern Canada, caribou will be abundant in Newfoundland for many years to come, as the whole interior of the island lying between the railway and the south coast, as well as the whole of the great northern peninsula, with the exception of the

coast-line, is wholly uninhabited — I might almost say unexplored — and must form safe breeding grounds for the great herds of deer that wander at will over the vast wastes and forests and lake-strewn barrens. Despite the prodigious slaughter of these animals in past years, Newfoundland is to-day as good a hunting country as it was fifty years ago; and of how many places in America or even in the world can we say that?

Every spring and autumn caribou migrate. They go north in March and return south again between September and November. For the most part they keep to the open plateaux in large herds and follow pretty much the same line of march from year to year. The "so-called" hunters who camp for days or even weeks by the side of some well-known deer run waiting for "muckle harts" to come within range, generally succeed in obtaining a plentiful supply of deer-meat, but they seldom secure any fine "heads" which is quite right and just, for they have neither toiled nor spun.

Men like Sélous, Pritchard, Millais, and others who have been successful in securing exceptionally fine heads, have gone far afield and worked hard for days and weeks before they were able to exclaim, "Rejoice with me, for I have secured a head of forty or fifty points!"

Mr. Madison Grant, in his excellent monograph on the North American reindeer, says that "Forty points are rare, and the day of the fifty-pointers appears to have passed, even if they ever existed." Mr. Grant should visit Newfoundland, where he will still find caribou carrying more than fifty points; and almost every genuine hunter gets at least one fifty-pointer in a season. During the season of 1903 Mr. J. G. Millais, the distinguished artist and naturalist, shot stags of thirty-five, forty-five and forty-nine points, the last two being splendid specimens.

On the plateaux around the five or

six remarkable round hills that rise from the main levels, like beehives and are called Topsails, the caribou pass by thousands. In this vicinity last autumn the writer came upon a herd of caribou feeding, and was surprised to find that we were well within the hundred yard range before they took any notice of us. But we were armed with *cameras* only. I have seen single stags in their native wilds, in British Columbia and Eastern Canada, and thought them the grandest thing in creation; but fancy coming unexpectedly upon ten or a dozen caribou feeding in the open and see them dash madly past you and disappear in the bush! Such a sight fills the mind of the onlooker with that curious admiration for the grand and inexpressible that comes to all who love nature in its noblest forms.

Great numbers of the deer make their annual appearance in the plateaux just north of Placentia, Fortune and Hermitage Bay, on the south side of the Island, about the end of November, and as many as three thousand have been killed in a few days by one party of villagers. Now that the law has intervened, residents are not allowed to shoot more than two stags and one doe in a season; and strangers and aliens are given the same privilege upon payment of a license fee of fifty dollars.

It is customary for people who have never visited the "Ancient Colony" to speak of Newfoundland as a *poor barren country always enshrouded in fogs*. The meteorological records show that it contains twice as much sunshine as Great Britain; and the statement of so great an authority as that of Sir William MacGregor, the present scholarly and much-travelled Governor of the Colony, may be taken to prove conclusively that it is anything but barren. During his address at the opening of the Newfoundland Agricultural Exhibition at St. John's in October, 1906, after outlining a method for improving the agricultural conditions, he predicted a great future for

the Colony in grazing and general agriculture. His suggestions were those of a man who gets much of his information by personal inquiry. Speaking of the climatic conditions he said:

"I must frankly confess that I did not in the least understand the Newfoundland summer climate the first year I was here, owing to the fact that I spent the most interesting part of the season in Labrador. The summer just past was both a surprise and a lesson to me. At the end of June and quite up to the middle of July, it seemed to me that every crop in the country was to be a total failure. The growth that suddenly set in then was comparable only to what one sees in a well-conducted forcing bed. The whole country seemed to be transformed in a few days into an enormous greenhouse. The contrast between the beginning and the end of July was such that I doubted I had ever seen greater vegetable growth in the same time in the tropics."

Newfoundland is a big country, a third larger than Ireland and twenty-one times the size of Prince Edward Island, and when one considers the smallness of the population — only about 225,000, and nearly all fishermen—the returns from agriculture are considerable. Over a million-and-a-half dollars' worth of farm produce is raised annually on a fraction of cultivated land, which bears no appreciable relation whatever to its tributary soil uncultivated as yet, but which can and will be cultivated in the years to come. Instead of importing \$600,000 worth of farm produce each year from Canada, Newfoundland ought to aim at raising it at home, and the present depression will not be without some benefit if it helps the people to see more clearly the logic and the wisdom of the Governor's motto "back to the land."

During an extended visit to the Colony last summer, the writer saw enough to convince him that, although Newfoundland does not compare with England or Manitoba as an agricultural country, it has nevertheless large tracts of the very finest farming lands, in its many river valleys and by the margins of its in-

numerable lakes. In the Humber Valley there is an interval twelve miles long and six miles wide, with a deep fertile soil, capable of raising large crops of hay, vegetables and grain, and which is still waiting the hand of the husbandman. It is the Annapolis Valley over again, only in scenery richer and more luxuriant. And what is true of the Humber is true to a greater extent of the Codroy, Exploits, Terra Nova, Gander, and many smaller rivers.

It is hardly just to speak of a country as barren, simply because its natural resources have not been developed. In addition to its agricultural resources, Newfoundland, as is well known, is rich in minerals; and what has been looked upon as an indication of utter barrenness turns out in the light of the scientific research to really indicate one of nature's treasure houses. Almost every metallic substance of value is now found to exist in the country, and some of them in unlimited quantities.

Half a million dollars' worth of copper is mined annually at Tilt Cove; and an eminent authority assures us that there are a dozen Tilt Coves in the Colony. At Bell Island, Conception Bay, there is one of the most valuable iron mines in the world, owned and operated by the Nova Scotia Steel Company, and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. A recent estimate of the ore in sight is twenty-five hundred million tons, and it can be loaded on the company's steamers at the island for thirty to forty cents a ton.

The forests of Newfoundland are very extensive; and it is a most significant fact that when Sir Alfred Harmsworth began to look the world over for timber areas to purchase he had no difficulty in finding what he wanted in Newfoundland, where he purchased six hundred square miles of timber-land, and established a pulp mill and a town at Grand Falls, which in a few years will be the seat of one of the greatest pulp and paper making

projects to be found in the world.

This is only one of many similar industries that Newfoundland is capable of supporting; and despite the untoward condition of affairs just now, it is the writer's opinion that the next quarter of a century will see such a development in the great natural resources of the country as has not been equalled by any other part of America in the last fifty years.

Newfoundland is easily reached *via* North Sydney by the swift and comfortable S.S. *Bruce*, which connects

at Port-aux-Basques with the Reid-Newfoundland Railway. An hour's railway ride brings you to the vicinity of "The Rivers," if you are bent on a fishing excursion; ten hours will carry you to the very centre of the caribou country, if you are after big game; thirty hours will suffice to transport you across the Colony to St. John's, where you will find an up-to-date modern city, with fine streets and public buildings, many handsome private residences, and a warm-hearted and hospitable people.

THE OUTLANDER

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

Oh! the ocean's ceaseless heaving,
 From the turning of the world.
 Oh! the silence of vast waters
 Where the white-mouthed waves are curled,
 And the placid heavens curving
 To the wide slope of the world.

I was practised to these spaces.
 Must I lie ashore and dream,
 With the narrow skies above me,
 By the petty rippling stream;
 In a little world shut in
 By two mountains and a stream?

Swinging outland on the ebb-tide,
 To the world that's over there;
 To the surging sough of waters
 And the piping of thin air:
 While a fleet-foot trail pursues us
 To the strange world over there.

Down the highways of the ocean,
 I will run my little craft:
 Slender masts across the dawning
 As the paling stars slip aft;
 Bellying sail and creaking wheel,
 As the smoking seas swing aft.

This is freedom, full-lived freedom.
 Let me live it, ranging wide,
 Underneath the hollow heavens,
 On a nowhere-drifting tide,
 Till my inland dreams have faded,
 Till my memory has died.

PRO-CONFEDERATION SENTIMENT IN NEWFOUNDLAND

BY FRANCIS ASBURY CARMAN

THE political leader who should to-day appeal to the Newfoundland electorate on the question of Confederation would be disastrously defeated. But on the day when the leader of a party in the Island Colony makes up his mind to risk temporary defeat for the purpose of accomplishing Confederation, that day brings union between Newfoundland and Canada within the horizon of the proximate future. That leader must—unless the financial exigencies of the Island bring him extraneous aid—face an arduous campaign of education, but it will be a campaign crowned with victory.

These are the impressions left on my mind by a visit to St. John's made with the object of studying the political deadlock and the causes which led up to it. I went to the Island with the idea—which, I believe is prevalent in the Dominion—that the question of union with Canada was a dead issue in the politics of the Ancient Colony. That idea was changed into the impression just stated by what I saw and heard while talking with the leading politicians and with some of the business men of the Colony.

A Canadian observer in Newfoundland finds that the question of Confederation occupies a dual position. In the primary sense of the word, there is no such issue in politics; that is, there is no party which would dare to make it one of the planks in

its platform. In a secondary sense, Confederation is one of the issues which has brought about the deadlock; that is, the charge that the Morris party was in favour of Confederation—despite the positive denial of Sir Edward Morris—was one of the strongest cards played by the party of Sir Robert Bond in the election of November last.

The origin of the present touchiness of politicians on the subject of union with Canada is traceable to the unpleasant experience of Sir Frederick Carter and Sir Ambrose Shea, the Newfoundland delegates to the Quebec Conference in 1864. Five years later, they appealed to the people on that issue, and their opponents came back with twenty-three seats out of an Assembly of thirty-one. Though there have been negotiations with Ottawa since, no other politicians have repeated the experiment of an appeal to the country.

It is the attitude of the politicians which is responsible for the general impression which prevails in Canada as to the feeling of the Newfoundland people on this question. This impression was confirmed the day after I reached St. John's by an interview with Dr. Lloyd, Sir Robert Bond's chief journalistic associate, who stated that ninety per cent. of the people of the Island were anti-Confederates. It was admitted that a few prominent men were in favour of union. Arch-

bishop Howley, ex-Premier Bond's chief political bulwark, and Hon. Donald Morrison, one of the leaders of the People's Party, are both avowed advocates of entrance into the Dominion, and some other men, mostly clergymen, have announced themselves of the same opinion when on visit to Canada, these expressions of opinion being promptly copied into the Newfoundland press. But such opinions were said to be confined to a small section of the population, while the great body of the inhabitants were strong Antis.

I was inclined to accept this estimate of the situation until I discovered that staying at the same hotel with me were three merchants from the outports—men of influence in their districts — all three of whom were strong advocates of Confederation. These men came each from a different section of the Island. They were men who acted as intermediaries between the fishermen and the fish exporters of St. John's; which gave them at once an excellent opportunity of knowing the feeling of the fishermen and of exerting a real influence over them. With two of these men I talked personally; the views of the third I obtained from another Canadian staying in the hotel.

Their views may be summarised in this way. The residents of the outports — all settlements except St. John's are known as outports — are opposed to Confederation because they have been told that it would mean a heavy increase in their taxes; that their windows, all their domestic animals and all their personal property would be taxed. If this wrong impression were dispelled by a campaign of education, and they understood that instead of higher taxation Confederation would mean the opening up of the country, bonuses for the fishermen and new markets for the fish in Canada and abroad through the services of Canadian commercial agents, instead of opponents of union they would become its advocates.

It is difficult for Canadians—in the face of the report of our agent in Newfoundland that one-fifth of the average Newfoundland income goes in taxes—to believe that such fears of heavier taxes as those just quoted could have any general influence, but the fact is indubitable. In the historic election of 1869—which seems even more incredible—the people were gravely assured that if Newfoundland went into the Dominion, their children would be taken away to be used as gun-wads for Canadian cannon and that their young men would be drafted off to perish on the "desert sands" (*sic*) of Canada. In a more recent election a Canadian fisheries cruiser on her way from Great Britain to Canada and delayed off the coast waiting for the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was metamorphosed into a Canadian warship patrolling the shores of Newfoundland for the purpose of taking possession of the Island. The soberer argument of heavier taxation was used in the election of 1869 and it was still to the front in the campaign of last autumn.

But probably the most striking statement made to me on this subject was the utterance of Hon. George Shea, a nephew of Sir Ambrose Shea (one of Newfoundland's representatives at Quebec in 1864), and a member of the late Newfoundland Cabinet. "I do not think," said he, "that union with the Dominion would help Newfoundland much, as we are too far from the centre of government. It would hurt St. John's and the merchants strongly oppose it; they are certain of trade now, but would lose their assured position under Confederation as have the merchants of Halifax. The merchants defeated it in 1869, when my uncle, Sir Ambrose Shea, was one of the leaders of the Confederate party, and my father, Sir Edward Shea, was also an advocate of it, but both were driven out of their constituencies. The people are still strongly opposed to it, and if put to the country it would be overwhelm-

ingly defeated. I believe, however, that it will come some time. The Colony can hardly go ahead at its present rate of expenditure without outside help. The people, though, will have to be educated before that date. They fear heavier taxation under Confederation, which I admit is a mistaken fear. It is easier, nevertheless, to show people the disadvantages of union rather than its advantages. The advantages can only be realised when they have come into actual existence."

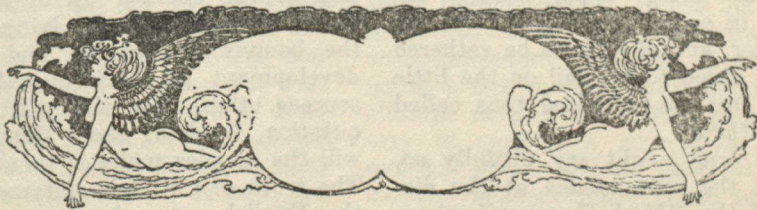
The most striking element in this statement is the expression of Mr. Shea's opinion that Confederation is inevitable. He bases his opinion on financial grounds. It was just on these grounds that the last negotiations were based, but Sir Mackenzie Bowell declined to assume responsibility for the whole of the debt of the Ancient Colony and the burden of operating the railway through its largely unsettled territory.

Mr. Shea, it will be noticed, emphasised the necessity of the education of the people. But that that would not be a very serious difficulty was indicated to me not only by the opinions of the fish merchants already referred to, but by the witness of Hon. Donald Morrison, who stated that his avowed advocacy of Confederation had never injured him in his constituency.

There seem to be two main forces working against Confederation at

present. The Islanders — whether of British or of Irish stock, the two main sources of the population—are fond of their independence. That is the first. The second is that the merchants of St. John's would undoubtedly lose their present solid grip on the trade of the Island and with their grip on the trade their enormous influence over the fishermen. This prospect they naturally do not like, though they admit that they might under Confederation reap absolutely larger profits. These merchants and their political friends—present and past—are, I am afraid, responsible for a good deal of the misinformation among the people as to the probable effects of annexation to the Dominion of Canada.

The two main influences, on the other hand, which are working for union, are, I take it, the growing financial needs of the government of the Colony and the knowledge which is gradually spreading among the people of the advantages which would accrue from the opening up of the country by Canadian capital. The probability of a reduced cost of living through the abolition of the tariff wall between the two Colonies is working in the same direction; but, on the contrary, the breaking down of the tariff wall is greatly feared by the merchants and manufacturers of St. John's and stimulates their efforts to combat the movement.



A FEW DAYS IN THE "MISTY ISLE"

BY IAN S. ESMOND

IT would not be difficult to cite numerous instances in the scientific, artistic, or political history of the world where it has been a case of very small means coupled with high endeavour and earnestness of purpose being productive of the biggest results, but perhaps nowhere are more powerful illustrations of this to be found than in the broad field of geographical discovery. In these days when the long list of Atlantic liners comprises vessels running up to a tonnage of over thirty thousand there is something pathetic in the thought of the diminutiveness of the crafts which in bygone centuries bore the heavy brunt of early pioneering and prepared the way for these ocean grayhounds.

The air of England was sweet with the scent of many blossoms, fields and hedges vying with one another in showing to the world nature's joy and pride in bringing forth such a wealth of loveliness, when the gallant John Cabot turned his back upon it all, holding deep within his heart the same living hope, silently expressed in each floweret, of more life and fuller, and of fruit to be gathered in—and dared to set sail on the little ship of but two hundred tons called the *Matthew*.

Small, one might say pitifully so, and yet the only means at the disposal of the "Mad Dreamer" whom time has justified and by whom the first seed for Empire in "Dominions across the Seas" was sown. A dream-

er, yes, but a determined and courageous one.

Turning the vessel's prow to the west, to plough her way through an unknown waste of waters to an unknown land how little did he realise what he was doing or whither he was leading the old world! How could it be foreseen that this voyage of Cabot's would be fraught with consequences reaching far beyond the grasp of the most imaginative minds? To this noble venture of his, resulting in the discovery of the east coast of Newfoundland, England owes her first claim to sovereignty of a large part of North America, and his discovery it was that inspired her first impulse to colonisation. In this she stands, after the lapse of four centuries, unrivalled amongst the nations of the world.

But towards what are we moving at the head of so much power, widely scattered though it is? Visions are no longer entertained of further boundless territory to be explored and taken possession of, behind the great question of the opening up of the vast tracts of land already lying within the bounds of Empire, and of the development of their manifold resources, there lies the still greater question, In doing these things what will the peoples make of themselves? The truth of Carlyle's statement that the English are a dumb people who can do great acts but not describe them is borne out as regards the discovery of Newfoundland. Neither of

the enterprise, undertaken with so little pomp, and so modestly equipped to do its giant work, nor of the men who stood at the helm, has there been anything but the most meagre record found. The name of Cabot appears and disappears again so suddenly that it is scarcely more than a shadow flitting across a page of history. No written word is there to recount in detail his life's work. He was evidently more interested in carrying his dreams through stormy seas into realisation than in leaving the story of them and their fulfilment to posterity.

Of one point we are certain, and that is that the great mariner was given the material recompense of ten pounds, presented to him by Henry VII, who caused the following entry to be made in the Privy Purse accounts: "To Hym that found the New Isle, £10." It must be allowed that for a continent the price was not exorbitant. But no King's gold, however large may be the amount, can constitute payment for the deeds of great explorers.

Cabot's work and what he had won had scarcely been recognised before it seemed to sink into oblivion. Close upon one hundred years elapsed with practically no hand of man being again laid upon the Island, when suddenly, with the characteristic British energy which takes so long in the breeding but, once full fledged, no obstacle can deter from action, a distinguished mariner was sent with the royal patent of Elizabeth to take, with all due flourish of trumpets, formal possession of the territory.

From that time on up to within recent years we all know the long and rather dreary tale of ceaseless conflict which existed between the resident and floating populations of Newfoundland, of treaties made, altered and cancelled. The wealth of its finny treasures attracted them, as now, foreigners who cared nothing for laws with no force behind them. We must wonder and admire the tenacity of the Islanders in clinging to every

shred of right they could wring from ill-informed and incredulous home governments, till at length they succeeded in frustrating the scheme of the monopolists and won their freedom.

But the struggle has left its mark both on the Island and its inhabitants, and still many years of the new era of quicker development and greater prosperity must pass before the portion of the land so long closed to settlement or industrial enterprise can give of its best to its people or before that look of dull hopeless doggedness will be replaced in them by one of confidence and hopeful happiness.

In the meantime, while Newfoundlanders were fighting for stakes which meant life or death to their very existence, Canada was too much engrossed in her own rapid growth to do more than cast a hasty glance towards the outlying island. True, the Fathers of Confederation invited her to join the Dominion, with a voice at her councils, but she preferred to remain outside the binding circle. The position of aloofness then assumed, and never since relinquished, does not tend to encourage much interest from Canada, and the attitude of distrustful insularity, and unambitious provincialism, has become inbred in the inhabitants and difficult to conquer.

On the other hand there has ever been evinced a tactful disposition to overcome that difficulty or to woo sympathetically the Island people into linking their destinies with those of the Dominion. Newfoundland has suffered by refusing to enter into Canadian Confederation. It has not, and never can have, the material basis of an independent national existence, for it is not endowed with either the climatic or physical conditions necessary to support a population on a national scale, and so poor an agricultural country must needs become merged in a more happily-situated one, if it aspires to obtain a home market and the advantage of industrial development.

It is obvious that its position at the mouth of the great Canadian waterway, the main artery of the country's trade, is of the utmost strategic importance. It surely, then, behooves Canada to walk warily, to neglect no opportunity, and certainly never to be indifferent. A policy of *laissez-faire* has too often been a heavy loser and but seldom a gainer.

There is a strangely widespread inclination to regard Newfoundland as an Island reeking with odours of herring and cod in all stages of preservation and decay, whence at inopportune moments are wafted rumours of discontent and grumblings against alleged or real encroachments of rights by our neighbours to the south. It is quite overlooked that there is the other and the true picture of the "Misty Isle," with its deep bays, its mountains, and its running, rapid rivers. What country can possess them in abundance and not be clothed with more than a shimmer of romance? It was this aspect of it which drew me irresistibly towards the shores of the *Terra Nova*.

Landing one morning towards the end of June at Port-aux-Basques, we were rather dismayed to find a greeting of fog and drizzle awaiting us, but it only made the delights of the contrast the greater when in half an hour's railway journey we arrived at Cape Ray, and there emerged out of grayness into skies of clearest blue and brilliant sunshine. The patches of snow still to be seen here and there on the highest peaks glistened above the dark green slopes, lending a peculiar vividness to the colouring, which withal was soft.

Our destination for that day was South Branch, a place consisting of two railway sectionmen's houses, and the two hours it took us to reach it passed all too quickly.

The railway for the most part follows the course of the winding Codroy, and the glimpses one gets from the car windows fill one with delight. The train drew up, but with no station in

sight. With bag and baggage we were deposited on the track, and with camping outfit largely done up in bags, and of these no scarcity, we must have looked the part of the immigrant well nigh to perfection. The bell rang, the engine puffed out her grunts, and moved away slowly, toiling towards a heavy upgrade, and we were left wondering — whither and what next?

In a few moments we perceived two coatless, lean, and dejected looking individuals coming in our direction. They proved to be the guides who had been engaged to meet us there, the men on whom we would be obliged to rely for contributing a large share of the pleasure we had in anticipation.

Every camper knows the truth of this. Our spirits were certainly momentarily depressed at the sight of these two sad-faced men, and, although opportunities were not lacking during the time they were with us to relax such an expression, I never saw it quite disappear from either of them. A smile would occasionally play about the mouth, but then with it the eyes had no connection, and it was truly but the ghost of one.

Shouldering what we could of our belongings, we set out for our camping-ground. A twenty minutes' walk along the track, which affords the one and only thoroughfare for all the small settlements in Newfoundland, and a turn down through a few acres of cleared ground, brought us to it. There on the bank of the Codroy or Grand River, as it is frequently called, at the bend where it forks into the north and south branches, with a view of quiet beauty down the river, fine mountains rising up all about us and a rushing stream beside us, we pitched our tents and made our fire. Many happy hours of seven delightful days were spent there.

There is a feeling of reposeful security which only comes to the mind and soul when one is living right down close to nature. Wrapped in her arms,

sleeping and waking, miles away from any laid down schedule of conventions so irksome to the spirit, nipping inspiration and crippling action, one is conscious of living, as it were, in a well-sustained pause. There is space everywhere and time—time to have one's whole being invaded by all the changing beauties of the vast panorama before one, from the hour of those tender blue-gray lights of the first early dawn to the wondrous gorgeousness of a departing sun and his glory of afterglow. They can all enter in and quicken any tiny seed for something higher and better than we have yet taken the measure of ourselves. Has not that seed often been found lying hidden, smothered behind the mass of detail which is a painful necessity of the average commonplace life of a work-a-day world? Nor is this all. At the moment when the evening passes and shuts out another day we see "blossom, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels," and they too twinkle down their message to us in hushed silences and call forth "all instincts immature," and remind us that

"All I could never be
All men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God,
Whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

In the sporting world a considerable amount is known and written about the salmon-fishing and caribou hunting in Newfoundland. As far as the former is concerned there is sometimes disappointment experienced owing to the rivers all being free, not so much as a rod tax being exacted, with the result that many disciples, worthy and unworthy, of Izaak Walton, wend their way thither. The waters, if preserved, or even if rules were made and enforced for the protection of the pools and a fishing etiquette observed, would give excellent sport for light grilse rods, whereas at present they are abused by selfish fishermen who slash away at them without mercy at all hours and in all weathers. It gives

but little pleasure to cast a fly over waters sandwiched between two other fishermen casting as near one as they dare. Those accustomed to the exciting music of the reel, with a tempo of *presto con fuco* as it whizzes out to the tune of a thirty-pounder, will find the *moderato* put up by an eight-pound salmon, which is the usual weight of the Newfoundland fish, rather quiet sport, unless, as already said, a very light grilse or indeed a trout rod is used.

Canoes, too, which contribute to my mind so largely to the enjoyment of salmon fishing are almost unknown on the Codroy, and are never used for fishing. The casting is done wading, which sometimes presents no mean difficulties to be overcome. To follow a fish if he takes fast runs out of the pool and keep a good line on him with nothing but the slipperiest of round rocks for a footing under three feet or more of water, often brings one into sorry plights which one thoroughly enjoys in retrospect but at the time of occurrence cause one's pleasure to be earned by the "sweat of the brow."

To put up the rod and make charming little expeditions up the branches of the river or to climb to the highest points of some of the mountains, there was always a reward to be found. The unproductiveness of the land hereabouts was, to be sure, apparent, but it was never barren to the eye, with high hills, thickly wooded, or valleys of bog wherein grow to perfection the most lovely, many-hued wild orchids and large sweet scented violets. When one considers such conditions of country and soil one wonders less at the natives who have long since ceased to combat against unalterable facts, and have accepted the inevitable. One finds them on this west coast with will and mind inert from disuse, and with an absolute lack of initiative even in the smallest matters pertaining to their own comfort or progress. A simple, untaught, unspoilt folk, God-fearing as were their

fathers before them, but with little hope and less ambition for their own or their children's betterment. They are left much to themselves, for the season is short when strangers go amongst them, and but few ever go to remain. The Gaelic tongue is still preserved and spoken.

At the end of a week, regretfully, camp was struck with the object of seeing one or two other of the Island streams. Spruce Brook, a great starting point for caribou hunters, was our next destination. From there, Harry's Brook, a narrow picturesque and rapid little river, thirty-two miles long, with several good salmon pools, can be run by canoe to Stephenville on Bay St. George; and to do this I set out at an early hour of a lovely July morning, full of joyful expectancy of a day of pure delight. To my astonishment the canoe provided was an extremely light sixteen-footer, and the guides were no less of a surprise, for one was a half-breed and the other a full-blooded negro, a strange mixture in a crew of two; and at first glance they were desperate looking characters, both of them.

The first hour we glided swiftly over Lake St. George, and then on into the river. For another hour things went well, and then only fairly well. The river proved rough and difficult for so light a canoe, and the bowman was uncertificated in the art of canoe-manship. Another grave handicap was that neither men had iron spikes on his pole, which are absolutely essential to the checking and guiding of a canoe in such rapid water.

The negro would deliver instructions to the half-breed in spasmodic, excited shrieks.

"William, b'y," he would shriek, "yo' see dat biling? Drap her dere, juss beside dem biling rock. Kip her clear, dat all yo' got to do—I do dere. Hard to notard; now shove, shove harder, b'y, by gally quick to sudard. Dere, she drapped, see now how she go."

Trouble under such circumstances

was a foregone conclusion, and I soon saw that the very good luck which might have saved us from it was not to be ours. We were swamped at the head of a strong rapid. The water was not very deep but its swiftness gave us all we could do to get ashore. The men clung to the canoe, but everything else, including the food for the day, was lost sight of in a few minutes. The disgrace of upsetting weighed heavily upon the men; and the "baccy" was gone, so there was no hope for a revival of spirits. Fortunately, the canoe was but slightly damaged, so in we got again. The extra weight of our soaking clothing was now a further difficulty to be dealt with, for, in consequence of it, the canoe was deeper than ever in the water, and we were constantly obliged to stop to bale. It was nine o'clock before we came within sight of the lights of Stephenville, and it was a shivering bedraggled-looking spectacle I presented when I arrived at what is called a log cabin, but it is in reality a most comfortable inn, with about twenty bedrooms. Food and hot drinks beside a huge fire soon brought on that delicious feeling of physical well-being creeping gradually over one.

The next morning I could have imagined myself back in Surrey with a lovely blue-bell copse in front of me, for there beneath my window, and stretching away beyond was a carpet of wild blue iris that rivalled any blue-bell copse.

Another short railway journey had to be taken that afternoon to go to the lovely Bay of Islands, one of the most beautiful places it has yet been my privilege to see. The Bay is long and narrow, thirty miles in length, and the numerous small islands whence it derives its name, are at the entrance, and the first few miles up. The little town is situated just at the end of what is called the Humber Arm of the Bay, where it narrows into the mouth of that river of magnificent scenery bearing the same name.

Mountains extend along either side of the Bay. They are of exquisite proportions and forms, and fold one across the other in that wonderful mysterious way, luring one on into a land of happy conjecturing and day-dreams. Each aspect of them varies with the changing lights descending from the high heavens and seems to tell us something different. They more than anything else teach us to feel intensely. Is it not in the solitude of the hills that Wordsworth's *Wanderer* feels his faith, and is ready to receive his "lesson deep of love"? There, between them and with them, nothing seems to jar, and there is an all-pervading peacefulness which makes for truth, justice and love in the human heart. If only the tired and worn, noise and nerve-racked people of large cities would remember the invitation, "Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place and rest awhile," and would allow themselves to be taken possession of by the simple charms of the beautiful uninhabited spots of the earth, the hue of life would vastly change for many, and the ways of the busy world would seem less twisted and crooked than

they sometimes do, for the power of straightening them would lie within themselves. They would unconsciously borrow from that unfathomable force that lies at the root of all nature.

Three days were spent at Bay of Islands, walking, sailing, and canoeing; looking at her in all her different garbs. Best of all did she appear in that quiet hour when even the gentle breezes are stilled and the sun, just about to drop behind the purple range away to the westward, sends a last look back at us, full of silent promise of the unspeakable.

One more paddle in Newfoundland water was down fifteen miles of the Humber, and that part of it alone is worth going many miles to see. Some day I am promising myself to see the larger and, it is said, the still more beautiful part, but with this promise I was in the meantime obliged to retrace my steps. It was done with reluctance, but yet not with any feeling of incompleteness, for the much that I had found so beautiful and satisfying to look upon and enjoy had rounded off to the full my days in this the oldest of our mother country's colonies.

MISTRESS CHARITY

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

God's blessing, Mistress Charity!
 Pray, whither dost thou roam?
 So far as dwelleth Everyman,
 Whose heart doth give me home.

But Everyman, O Charity,
 Doeth deeds sinfully.
 Yes; all the greater and the more
 Everyman needeth me.

Why hasten, Mistress Charity?
 Hast thou a tryst to keep?
 Yes; 'round the bend lieth the spot
 Where Everyman doth weep.

THE UNDOING OF BIGHORN

BY J. H. TENEY

THE rock-ribbed rim of Ka-ke-ki-wagan-da Lake was bathed in the glory of a November morning, when Bighorn strode proudly out of his jack-pine covert to quench his thirst in the limpid waters bathing the granite shore. For hours in the silence and security of the darkness he had fed on the nutritious grasses that grew with sweet luxuriance in the black-alder swales. He was about to descend a familiar seam in the rock to a sandy reach below, when his keen eye detected a strange white object near the south end of the lake. Tossing his great antlered head into the crisp and frosty air, his quivering muzzle vainly sought some taint to warn him of danger. For several minutes, statue-like and immobile, save for the nervous movement of his keen and pointed ears, he stood contemplating the unfamiliar object on the farther shore, from which a thin wreath of white smoke began to curl and lose itself in the crispy dryness of the air.

Bighorn became ill at ease. All through the summer the stillness of the Nipissing forest had been disturbed by the shrill voice of a great smoking spectre that hurtled among the hills, yet ever keeping to one familiar trail, along which creatures he had greatly learned to fear had laid a double line that Bighorn often crossed when darkness fell. As yet no harm had come to him as he watched the strange apparition from the shelter of some friendly boulder or the security of the great beaver-meadow lying west of the lake.

But here was something new — something that aroused all the timorous curiosity of his kind. He nervously flecked his short banner of a tail, as several moving forms emerged from the object of his gaze and were lost in the great woods beyond.

Bighorn must investigate.

Midway between the place where he stood and the strange object on the farther shore, but a little to the right, a cone-shaped island pierced the bosom of the lake. Curiosity getting the better of discretion, Bighorn plunged boldly into the icy waters, and with powerful strokes of his great muscular limbs, made his way to this point of reconnaissance.

A few moments of inspection satisfied him. Scent and hearing aided his acute vision in estimating aright this new menace to his tribe. Over on the opposite shore lay a long stretch of undulating landscape—rolling masses of scrub-covered granite enmeshed in a labyrinth of deep ravines that lost themselves in the barren foot-hills to the north. Here the evening before he had left his beautiful mate, the most beautiful and graceful of the whole range: his by right of superior prowess and superb antlers. Wheeling to the right, with one mighty leap, he again sought the waters and a succession of powerful strokes brought him to the sanctuary of his mate.

But the man smell had so irritated his sensitive nostrils that all the fury of his untamed nature was awakened. Lowering his massive head, he tore

a path through the tender saplings, anon stripping the moss from its moorings by angry thrusts of his sharp and horny hoofs. He would seek his queenly *inamorata* and together they would re-cross the lake where the veiling frondage of pulpwood promised security and peace.

*

Seven summers had come and gone since Bighorn, then a graceful spotted fawn had gambolled by his mother's side. And each year he had grown in size and beauty. Each year had crowned his head with antlers ever increasing in massiveness and points. And each year, too, he had grown more kingly and authoritative, until now his many triumphs in hard-contested battles left him master of the range.

Nor was he sovereign lord alone of his herd. He was their protector too. The great gray haunters of the trail had learned to respect the swift stroke of his sinewy foot and the angry charge of his bristling head. And once, when one bolder than the rest had ventured too near, one sabre-like stroke from this great buck had cloven his head in twain. But the coming of the "steel" had filled him with a nameless fear, and, but for the abundance of food on the range, Bighorn would long ere this have gathered his herd together and abandoned it forever. And now the white tent and the moving objects awakened his dread afresh.

For an hour or more Bighorn haunted the familiar trails with nose to the ground. Suddenly he proudly flung his head into the air, his arched neck and rounded body rigid and motionless, save for the nervous play of the bunching muscles, which stood out like great ropes beneath his silky hide, and the free motion of the sensitive nostrils that proclaimed the success of his search.

A few rods to the front his mate lay peacefully ruminating in the friendly shelter of a hemlock grove. In

a moment he was at her side, gently nosing the graceful neck and licking the slender muzzle uplifted to his own. Then he took his place by her side, the white tent, the moving figures and the man-smell of his morning discovery forgotten for the moment in his new-found joy.

For some hours the pair lay side by side, peacefully oblivious of danger. A covey of partridges feeding amidst the ferns, craned their necks and peered and perked at the familiar forms in blissful forgetfulness of their surroundings. A red fox, with lithe body trailing the ground, flushed the birds, securing one for his dinner, but the pair heeded not. Far off somewhere among the northern foothills the quivering cry of the stealthy lynx came faintly through the winding ravines and died away on the expanse of the restful lake. Otherwise a strange stillness soothed the great deer and his mate into forgetfulness of fear.

Then, from somewhere near the shore line, came fearsome baying sounds that echoed and re-echoed among the rocks and swiftly stole in trembling cadences along the ridges where that very morning Bighorn had trailed his mate. Nearer and nearer they came, some deep and sonorous, others sharp and piercing. A great fear stole into the heart of Bighorn's mate, who, swift as lightning, sprang to her feet and vanished into the familiar forest.

Not so Bighorn. Though the sounds were strangely unfamiliar, and not at all like the sobbing wail of the great gray dogs of the spruce ranges. Bighorn, confident of his prowess, would await their coming until sight would assure him of the character of his pursuers and until he was certain of the safety of his mate.

Suddenly the pack, four in number, with white fangs gleaming under the lolling red of their dripping lips, appeared on the crest of the ridge where Bighorn had stood the moment he discovered his mate. For one moment

the hair on the great deer's back bristled menacingly; then with a mighty bound he cleared a chaos of fallen timber and leaped swiftly and proudly to a vantage point some furlongs to the west.

Still the deep-throated hounds followed, and again and again Bighorn led them over the most difficult trails, waiting ever and anon to catch a glimpse of his unerring and ruthless sleuths. Every art learned through strenuous and vigilant years in throwing a pursuer off his track he now practised in vain. Once, after he had waded a small stream some distance up its bed, the discordant baying changed into a disappointed whine, which Bighorn's acute ear could but faintly discern above the whispering wind that stirred faintly the withered leaves still clinging to the scattered maples.

His hated pursuers were at fault at last!

Bighorn stopped and listened. For a few minutes no sound fell upon his sharp ear. He was about to retire quietly to a secure covert he knew near the northern end of the lake, a favourite trysting place to which he felt sure his mate had fled on the approach of danger, when once again the clamorous cry of the tireless pack proclaimed the discovery of his wake.

Then the great deer circled once more to catch a familiar run, on which he would no longer pause until his pursuers would irrecoverably lose his scent in the traceless waters of the lake. With great strides he covered the almost impossible trail, leaving his pursuers far in the rear, their tongues but faintly audible as he pressed swiftly to windward. Suddenly from beside the charred stub of an ancient pine, not thirty yards from the trail, four spurts of flame issued in lightning-like succession. Bighorn

stumbled as a mighty shudder convulsed his frame, but he did not go down, though crimson spots on the snow now marked his trail from all others on the ridge.

On and ever on came the persistent dogs. Stung to madness, Bighorn paused in his flight to meet and, if strength held out, crush his bitter foes. On they came headed by a black-and-tan, voiceless, but full of the lust of the chase.

Bighorn awaited them in a grove of small pines, goaded to fury by the stinging wound in his side, through which his life was slowly ebbing. For a few moments he stood at bay, a bristling terror, no dog courageous enough to venture within range of his swift forefeet or the deadly lunge of his bayonet-armed head. But four to one made the contest unequal; and, beset from front and rear, the noble animal once more took refuge in flight, shaking off at the first bound the black-and-tan that had fastened fangs in his quivering flank. Though bleeding from two gaping wounds, one on either side, the entrance and exit of the 220-grain .44, he circled to the opposite ridge, his wounds (or was it the thought of his frightened mate?) affording for the time stimulus to his swift career.

A second time he ran the gauntlet of the merciless repeater. Two further spurts of flame, but Bighorn halted not. On, on he sped till nature but not courage began to fail, and down in the birch flats near the trysting-place where his mate awaited the coming of her lord, Bighorn, with bloody foam flecking his heaving flanks, once more turned staggeringly to face his foes. Then a great darkness came over him and he fell. The dogs surrounded him, still wary, voicing their rapture. But Bighorn neither heard nor heeded.



THE INQUISITION IN CANADA

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

We'll bury old Guibord in consecrated
ground,
Though his coffin weighs a cool forty ton.
—Old Topical Song.

IT has often been said—and there are those who believe it to this day—that in a certain grave in *Cote des Neiges*, the Roman Catholic cemetery at Montreal, there is a bomb attached to an infernal machine, and so arranged that whoever attempts to open the grave will be blown to atoms.

The grave itself is distinguished by a remarkable-looking tombstone — an enormous, rough-hewn block of granite, shaped like a coffin. In the top of this singular tombstone is sunk a marble slab, now much chipped by souvenir hunters. It bears a simple inscription, announcing that underneath is the body of Joseph Guibord, and giving the date of his death and interment.

The only hint of the extraordinary story attaching to the grave is to be found in these dates, for a comparison of them shows that although Joseph Guibord died on November 18, 1869, it was not until the month of November six years later that his body was interred.

In those six years between death and the grave, Guibord, who was a printer, and who died humble and unknown, became famous on two continents. Over his body there arose a riot that threatened to plunge Canada into civil war. Over the selection of his last resting-place was fought the most bitter and most sanguine legal battle in the history of the country—a battle that raged year in, year

out, that went from court to court, and that was finally settled in the highest tribunal of the Empire. And when, after two unsuccessful attempts, the interment was accomplished, it was only upon a peremptory mandate of the Privy Council, signed by Queen Victoria herself—a mandate backed by the whole might of the British Empire and carried out under the protection of militia, armed not only with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, but with artillery as well.

The trouble lay in the fact that up till the time of his death Guibord had been a member of the *Institut Canadien*.

Now, there was nothing very terrible in being a member of the *Institut Canadien*—much, indeed, that was commendable, so Guibord thought, and many others with him. For the motto of the *Institut Canadien* was enlightenment and progress. Founded in 1844, the *Institut* established a library and reading-room, of which up to that time there had not been a single one in Montreal for the French people. It organised lectures and discussions on literary and scientific subjects; it started branches all over the province; and so powerful did it become that at a meeting in 1854 addresses of congratulation were presented to fourteen of its members upon their election to seats in Parliament.

Then there fell upon the society the ban of the Roman Catholic church, pronounced in a pastoral letter issued by the Bishop of Montreal, the late Monseigneur Bourget. The grounds

of condemnation were two-fold: First, the members had decided that their own committee of management should select the books in the library, "whereas", said the Bishop, "the Council of Trent has declared that this duty belongs to the office of Bishop"; secondly, the library contained books which were on the *Index Expurgatorius* at Rome.

In vain did the members appeal to the Bishop and to Rome against this condemnation; in vain did they declare, and offer to demonstrate, that they had in the library no immoral books or books containing pernicious doctrines; in vain did they offer to make any reasonable concessions. The only answer was another pastoral from the Bishop prohibiting all Catholics from belonging to the *Institut* and threatening a refusal of the sacraments — and consequently refusal to bury in a Catholic cemetery—to anyone dying a member of the *Institut Canadien*.

It was Rome that had spoken, and for the faithful nothing remained but to obey and not to question. A large proportion of the members at once withdrew from the society. A number remained, Joseph Guibord among

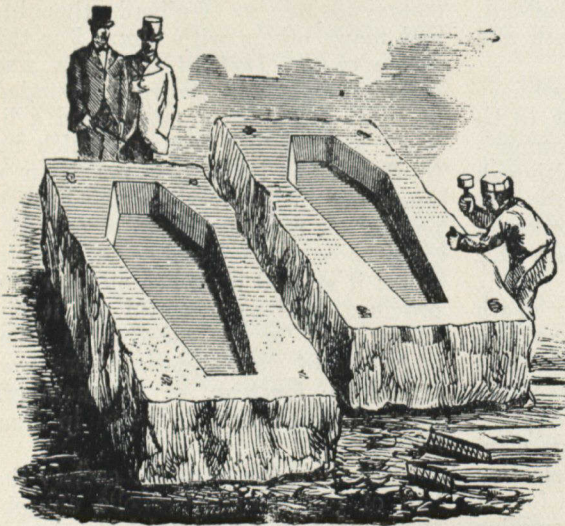
them, good Catholic though he professed himself to be.

On November 18, 1869, Guibord died suddenly of paralysis, and true to the threat that had been made, the clergy refused to bury him in consecrated ground. They offered, instead, to inter him without religious rites, in the portion of the cemetery allotted to criminals. This his relatives refused to allow, and, the cemetery gates being locked against them when they went there with the body, they had the remains temporarily deposited in a vault in the Protestant cemetery. His widow—a Catholic woman named Henrietta Brown, of Canadian birth and Irish parentage—applied to the courts for a writ of mandamus to compel the church authorities to bury the body in consecrated ground, the contention being that, as Guibord had not been excommunicated, they could not refuse such burial. The widow's suit was backed by the members of the *Institut Canadien*.

The six years' fight was on.

A bitter fight it was. Not a fight, be it remembered, between Roman Catholicism and any other sect, but a fight within the Church itself, in which civil law was evoked against ecclesiastical domination for the purpose of wringing from the Church the blessings which she withheld. One can imagine how all this preyed upon the mind of the widow. A simple, deeply-religious woman, she was torn with the conflicting emotions of loyalty to her Church and loyalty to the memory of her husband. She championed her husband to the end, but the fact that she did so in defiance of the Church so harassed her that she almost lost her reason, and entirely lost her health.

She died in the midst of the fight, and her body was buried without question in a



CEMENT CASING, MADE TO CONTAIN THE COFFIN OF JOSEPH GUIBORD



THE GRAVE OF JOSEPH GUIBORD

Monseigneur Bourget declared it to be unholy and apart from the rest of the cemetery

lot purchased in the Catholic cemetery for the Guibord family.

Thus a new complication was added to the case, for if she could be buried in ground which was the freehold of the family, why could not the body of her husband, still unburied, be laid in the grave beside hers?

But what the Church had said it had said, and Guibord's body remained in the Protestant vault

Fiercer than ever waxed the fight. Madame Guibord had devised her property to the *Institut Canadien*, and had appointed that body her universal legatee. Fortified by this trust, the *Institut* resolved to move heaven and earth, as the saying is, to compel the Church authorities to bury the body in the same grave as that of the wife. The Church authorities were equally determined that this should not be done. Some of the most eminent counsel of the day were engaged on either side, and finally the case was carried beyond the jurisdiction of the Canadian Courts, to the supreme tribunal of the Empire, the Privy Council of the House of Lords.

Here grave questions of public and constitutional law were introduced into the pleadings. For instance, the status of the Roman Catholic Church in Lower Canada, both before and after the Conquest, had to be considered in its bearing on the case. But the most important question brought into the arguments was whether or not the authority of the Inquisition could be recognised in Canada. Guibord was under no such ecclesiastical sentence, according to the Quebec Ritual, as would justify the denial of ecclesiastical sepulture to his remains. The Privy Council held, therefore, that the only ground on which such sepulture could be denied was the recognition of the *ipso facto* excommunication inflicted by the Council of Trent as the punishment for reading or possessing prohibited books.

"To be bound by such a rule," said their Lordships, "would involve the recognition of the authority of the Inquisition, an authority never admitted but always repudiated by the old law of France. And no evidence has been produced," continued their

Lordships, "to establish the very grave proposition that Her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Lower Canada have consented, since the cession, to be bound by such authority."

Under these circumstances, the Privy Council recommended the issuing of a peremptory writ of mandamus, commanding the *Fabrique* of Montreal (the body administering the temporal affairs of the Roman Catholic Church) to permit the body of Guibord to be buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery, upon payment of the usual fees, and also ordering the *Fabrique* to pay the whole of the enormous costs of the suit in the lower courts and of the appeal to the Privy Council. A writ to this effect was signed by the late Queen Victoria, at Her Majesty's Court at Windsor, on November 28, 1874.

The immediate effect of this judgment was to renew the controversy with redoubled bitterness. The papers were filled with it. Sermons were preached upon it. Public meetings were held to discuss it. Songs were sung in the streets about it. It was the talk not only of all Canada, but of all the American Continent and of England as well.

The public excitement was fanned by the utterances of the Roman Catholic dignitaries upon the matter. For instance, as soon as the writ arrived in Canada, Bishop Bourget issued a pastoral letter in which he declared that if Guibord were buried in the Catholic cemetery, then,

"In virtue of the Divine power which we exercise in the name of the Pastor of pastors, the place where the body of this rebellious child of the Church may be deposited shall be made separate from the rest of the consecrated cemetery, so that it will only be a profane place. For we do not here need to prove to you that in the solemn act of our consecration to God, full power was given us to bind and to loose, to bless and to curse, to consecrate persons, places, and temples, and to interdict them, to separate from the body of the Church the members who dishonour and outrage her, to hand over to Satan those who hear not the Church, in order that they may henceforth be con-

sidered as pagans and publicans, so long as they return not to God by sincere penitence. It is upon these incontestable and uncontested principles of this Divine authority that we declare that the part of the cemetery where the body of the late Joseph Guibord may be interred, if ever after this it is buried there in any manner whatever, will be undone, and will *ipso facto* remain interdicted and separated from the rest of the cemetery."

The humorous side of the controversy was emphasised on the day succeeding the issuing of this pastoral by a letter published in one of the local papers and afterwards reprinted in papers all over the world. This letter, which has always been attributed to a certain witty Irish clergyman long eminent in the counsels of the Anglican Church of the Diocese of Montreal, asked how the ecclesiastical curse which was going to be let loose on the spot where Guibord was to be buried was going to work. The writer of it pointed out that some consideration ought surely to be shown poor Mrs. Guibord, whose coffin would rest immediately under that of her husband, and who had been buried with the blessings of the Church in consecrated ground:—

"How is this curse going to work? Will it be a perpendicular curse, working down, or a lateral curse working sideways? If lateral, well and good; if perpendicular, I think it manifestly unjust and un-Christian. A lateral curse three feet deep might just cover Guibord. It might commence at the right hand side of the coffin, close to the lid, work down three feet, and then work out over and under, and through the coffin, say ten feet on the coffin's left side. This kind of a curse would surely meet the wants of the case without interfering with the vested rights of other corpses. Or again, possibly the Bishop might curse three feet down, then leave his blessing on the next three feet, where Mrs. Guibord is buried, and then curse on as deep as he liked; but I question whether he would be able to do this. Of course, episcopal power is very great, but it seems to me that a curse once let loose must go either straight on or straight down, without let or hindrance."

Thursday, September 2, 1875, was the date fixed for the burial. The



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BOURGET

Whose remarkable pastoral letters on the Guibord burial caused much discussion

grave where Madame Guibord was buried was opened, under the superintendence of officers of the *Institut Canadien*. The coffin was taken from the vault in the Protestant cemetery, where it had lain for nearly six years, and, covered by a British flag, was carried on a hearse to the Catholic cemetery. The gates were found to be closed, and outside them was a big crowd of excited people, armed with pick handles, stones, etc., and some even with firearms, and expressing themselves as determined to oppose at all costs the entry of the body into the cemetery. Some of the friends of Guibord were for storming the gates, but good counsel prevailed, and when some of the crowd seized the horses and turned them away with kicks and blows, the funeral party retreated, followed by a shower of stones. The body was taken back once more to the Protestant

cemetery, and placed in the vault there. During the same afternoon, the open grave was filled up by rioters. There being threats of an organised attack on even the vault in the Protestant cemetery where Guibord's body lay, an armed guard was mounted there, and kept on duty till the final removal took place.

Another date—November 16, 1875—was fixed for the burial. Much more serious steps were taken to overcome opposition, and to prevent spoliation of the grave once the interment had taken place. The friends of Guibord even went the length of having a stone coffin or sarcophagus, weighing about eight tons, made for the body, but at the last moment they yielded to Mayor Hingston, and decided not to use it, as it was thought it would incite greater disturbance when being hauled to the cemetery by a big team of horses.

An imposing police and military force was organised. There were 100 police, many of them armed with Snider-Enfield rifles, and more than 1,200 volunteers were called out, representing seven of the principal regiments in the city. They paraded with bayonets and loaded rifles, while the artillery corps brought out its heavy guns, hauled by horses.

Recognising that further resistance would only result in civil war, the clergy had meanwhile counselled their flocks not to oppose the burial.

The last act in the drama took place on a dreary November afternoon, when the ground was covered with slushy snow, and a cold drizzly rain was falling. With its imposing escort, the body of Guibord was taken without opposition to the Catholic cemetery, and though there was a big and jeering mob present, the burial was not interfered with. The coffin was placed in the grave immediately upon the top of that of Madame Guibord, and—there having been threats that it would be exhumed, and cast out of the cemetery—the whole was embedded in many tons of Portland cement, with which was mixed scraps of tin and sheet iron, so that, once the mass had hardened, it would form a substance as hard as rock and more difficult to drill. The grave was guarded night and day by armed men until the cement had thoroughly hardened, when the whole was covered by earth and on the top was placed the singular stone that now marks the grave. Also the sinister rumour went around that a bomb had been placed in the grave as the silent guardian of the dead man's bones.

Monseigneur Bourget had the last word in this unhappy controversy by issuing a pastoral letter on the subject, which was read in all the churches of the diocese the first Sunday after the funeral and in the chapters of all the religious communities. In this letter the Bishop claimed that his people, and not the partisans of Guibord, had had the triumph which was

“the most beautiful”, for by the docility of the people to the voice of their pastors bloodshed had been spared. Nevertheless, he told them that the threat which had been made had been duly carried out:

“For we have truly declared, in virtue of the Divine power which we exercise, in the name of the Pastor of pastors, that the place where this rebellious child of the Church has been laid is now in fact separated from the rest of the consecrated cemetery, to be no more anything but a profane place.”

Of those who henceforth should visit the cemetery he said:

“Each in casting sadly his regards on that tomb which is not covered with the blessings of heaven because it is separated from the holy ground that the Church has blessed, will give way to emotions more or less painful. ‘Here lies,’ he will exclaim in the recesses of his soul, ‘the body of the too famous Joseph Guibord, who died in rebellion against the common Father of the Church, under the anathema of the Church; who could not pass the gates of this sacred place but that he was escorted by armed men, as if for battle against the enemies of the country; who, but for the good disposition of his fellow-citizens, would have caused blood to flow; who was conducted to this sepulchre not under the protection of the Cross, but under that of the bayonets of the military; who has been laid in this grave in two feet of earth, not to the impressive (*onctueuse*) chant of the prayers which the Church is accustomed to make for her children, but amid the curses (*maledictions*) contained in the breasts of the attendants; for whom the priest obliged to be present could perform no religious ceremony; could utter no prayer for the repose of his soul; could not say a single *requiescat in pace*; could not, in short, sprinkle a single drop of holy water, whose virtue is to moderate and quench the flames of the terrible fire that purifies souls in the other world.

“There will issue day and night from this tomb which contains the remains of an errant man who would persevere till death in his revolt against the Church, a lugubrious and lamentable voice which will cry loud enough: ‘O all you who pass through this field of death, pause for a moment before this tomb and seriously reflect upon my unhappy fate. May my example teach you that no one can with impunity despise God and his Church. Alas, the more *éclat* that has been raised over my dry and withered bones, the



JOSEPH GUIBORD

A humble printer whose burial nearly caused civil war in Canada

more a mark of infamy and dishonour has been attached to my name. Why was I not hidden in an obscure place and in ground of oblivion? I would be to-day as if I had never been born. My memory would not be a curse from age to age, as it ought to be, and my name would not be in every mouth to be accursed from generation to generation. Alas, they pretended to give me a triumph, and they have only succeeded in perpetuating my shame and dishonour.' ”

It only remains to be added that no objection was afterwards raised to the burial of members of the *Institut*

Canadien, itself now defunct. Although quite a number of its members died while holding their membership, they received the last privileges of the Roman Catholic Church, and were buried in consecrated ground.

But for years after the long arm of the Inquisition had been thrust back there remained upon Guibord's tombstone a single word that had been surreptitiously painted upon it in tar. That word was “*Maudit!*” meaning “*Curséd!*”



The Witch

By

Isabel
Ecclestone
Mackay



Her hair was gold, and warm it lay
Athwart the pallor of her brow;
Her eyes were deep, aye, deep and gray—
And in their depths he drowned his vow.

She wandered where the sands were wet,
And wove the sea-weed for a crown,
And there at eve a monk she met—
A holy monk in cowl and gown.

She held him with her witch's stare
(She was a witch from blackest hell!);
Upon his lip she froze the prayer,
And in his ear she breathed a spell.

He babbled ever of her name,
'Twas scandal! But the Bishop smiled,
"The Church's son is not to blame;
Blame ye the witch, the devil-child."

They hunted her along the sea,
"Witch, Witch!" they cried and hissed
their hate—
Her hair unbound fell to her knee,
And made a glory where she sate.

Her song she hushed and, wonder-eyed,
She gazed upon their bell and book;
The holy priests were fain to hide
Lest they be witchéd by her look.

A very child she seemed to be
("The Devil's sly," the fathers say);
Her eyes were dreaming eyes that see
Things strange and fair and far away.

Loud prayed the Bishop, holding well
The blessed cross before his face—
So might he meet th' unholy spell,
And prove the Church's sovereign grace.

They haled her to the judgment hall.
"Confess," they cried, "the blasting spell
That holds yon crazéd monk in thrall?"
"Good sirs," she said, "he loved me well."

They dragged her to a witch's doom,
They cried aloud her witch's shame—
But ever through the cloister's gloom
The mad monk babbles of her name!

And when the red sun droppeth down,
And wet sand gleameth ghostily,
Men see her weave a sea-weed crown
Between the twilight and the sea.

THE AWAKENING OF GENIUS

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

PETER PLUNKEY sat gazing out of the window of his little log shanty in the woods. Betty, his wife, was ironing. The click of the irons and her brisk step from stove to table were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the room. The snow, which had begun to fall the evening before, had not once ceased its slow, noiseless descent, and now every twig on every bough of the forest trees yonder proudly displayed its little tuft of ermine. The stumps in the tiny clearing wore caps of the same rich material, and down, down, down still fell the wreathing snow.

It was a gloomy outlook, Betty thought, but Peter viewed the situation differently.

"He who lookes on glasse
On it maye staye his eye,
Or if he pleaseth through it passe
And thus the heavens espye."

Peter's mental vision looked through and beyond the narrow confines of the present; and to judge from a little smile that now and then twinkled over his features, the scene presented to his inward eye was not an unpleasant one. At length he broke the silence with, "Betty, I've jest bin thinkin'."

"No need to tell me that," she answered irritably, "you haven't spoken a word for the last hour or two. A lot of company you are! It's my opinion you'd better think to some purpose or else get to work. You've done little else but read this whole blessed day. It's a wonder you don't addle your brain—if you've got any. We'll soon starve at this rate."

Peter received this wifely admonition with quiet good humour, and answered, "I've just bin thinkin' to some purpose, Betty, and now I'm goin' to set to work."

"Well, that's something like! There's your axe needs grinding and the cattle want to be fed, and—"

Peter interrupted the catalogue of neglected duties with an impatient wave of his hand. "'Taint an axe I'm wantin', Betty; I'm goin' to work with a mightier tool, and do nobler work than feed cattle."

Betty turned squarely around and faced him with a look of questioning amazement, and he continued:

"It's jest this way, Betty: I've come to the conclusion that it's no use tryin' to make a livin' farmin' in such a country as this. Chopping down them trees and gettin' them out o' the way is enough to kill a man, let alone cultivatin' the land when it is cleared. I don't think nature intended a man o' my stamp to do that kind o' work. I've thought of an easier way o' gettin' a livin'. I'm goin' to write, Betty, write for the newspapers."

At this surprising announcement Betty's face assumed an expression of supreme contempt.

"Well, upon my word!" she exclaimed, "do you think you have brains and education enough for that sort of thing?"

"I guess I've got my share o' brains, Betty," he answered hotly, "and education too. But I didn't expect much encouragement from you. I always did have a feelin' that I

should do somethin' great and earn a fortune one day, and I believe the time is come."

"Now, Peter, listen to reason. A person who writes for the papers needs to use good grammar and know how to spell. You know very well your grammar isn't as good as it might be, and as for spellin'—"

"As for spellin', Betty, I can use a dictionary; and as for grammar, it isn't so much account as you think. There's that feller Kipling, he uses grammar a lot worse than mine whenever he's in the notion, and the stuff he writes he sells for whatever he likes to ask, they say. People like to read things wrote jest as they talk. Now on the other hand—did you ever read 'Paradise Lost,' Betty?"

"Don't know as I ever did."

"I never did neither; never could make head nor tail of it, but they say the grammar of that is extra fine. I've heard as how the writer o' that—what was his name, Betty?"

"I don't just remember, but seems to me—wasn't it Mark Twain?"

"I'm not ezactly sure, but I rather think it was. Well, anyway, they say Mark Twain didn't get much for 'Paradise Lost,' and I don't wonder at it. Now I don't intend to write anything like that, and I hope mine will sell better."

"Do you? H'm! I hope so too. There's nothing like having plenty of conceit."

"There is nothin' like it, Betty. Jest listen to this I've jest bin readin'":

"One said: 'Thy life is thine to make or
mar,
To flicker feebly or to soar, a star.
It lies with thee, the choice is thine, is
thine—
To hit the ties or drive the auto-car.'"

"Isn't that grand and upliftin', Betty? And I know it's true. I'm goin' to drive my auto-car. I can if I choose to; it says so here; and I certainly do choose to. I know I can write. I can jest feel myself swellin' out with big thoughts."

"You don't need to swell out much. To my way of thinking, it would be more to the point if you stretched up a few inches."

Peter's diminutive stature was a sore point with him, and he winced slightly as his better half, from her superior height of almost six feet, coolly hurled down at him this insinuation. It was only for a moment, though. Throwing back his head and looking back at her defiantly, he tapped his forehead with his knuckles, saying, "What's inside there you can't measure with a foot rule, and I reckon that's where I get the start o' you."

"H'm!" scornfully.

"Jest wait till I've got my name up and made a nice bit o' money. I guess you'll be willin' enough then to ride in my auto-car."

"First get your auto-car, then ask me to ride in it, Peter Plunkey."

"All right. Guess I'd better begin," and with a quiet, determined countenance, Peter began looking for the pen, ink and paper, preparatory to putting his brilliant project into execution before his ardour should cool and his ideas melt away.

Just then Peter Plunkey, junior, came bouncing in from school. "Ma," he cried as he set down his empty dinner pail, "I'm as hungry as a bear. Will tea soon be ready?"

"Tea! Why, Peter, I'd almost forgotten about it. The fact is, I've had bigger things to think about. What do you think, Peter? Your pa is talking about getting an automobile."

"Why, Ma!" It would be difficult to imagine a tone expressive of greater astonishment than that in which this brief exclamation was uttered.

"You'd better ask your pa to explain about it," and this Peter did straightway.

Mr. Plunkey, glad of a more sympathetic listener than his wife had been, at once launched forth into a detailed account of his new ideas. Peter junior's eyes glistened with delight.

"Oh, pa," he exclaimed, as his father came to the end, "that's great! You'll succeed, I know you will. You are just fine at telling stories. I wish you'd write up that story about the time you went to propose to mother and the mule threw you and ran away home. Won't you, pa?"

"Sakes alive, child! Nobody'd want to hear about that. I must begin on somethin' more dignified and elevated than that foolish little yarn."

"What are you goin' to write about then, pa?"

"I haven't decided yet. Now don't talk to me, I must think."

Peter, junior, sat down quietly in his own little corner, but he never took his eyes off his pa. Soon, however, tea was ready, and he had to restrain his impatience till it was over and the table was cleared again.

Then Mr. Plunkey spread out a sheet of paper before him on the table, dipped his pen into the ink, and paused.

"I wonder what I'd better write about," he said.

His wife sniffed scornfully but offered no suggestions, and he kept his doubts to himself after that. After biting at the handle of his pen for half an hour, he dipped it into the ink again and wrote, "Some Ideas on Politicks," and then chewed his pen for another half-hour. Then Betty interrupted with, "What's happened all them big swelling thoughts of yours, Peter?"

"Betty, did you ever see a bottle so full that if you turned it upside down the liquid wouldn't run out? Well, that's just the way with me. I'm so full of thoughts that they won't come till they get started."

"Yes, I've seen a bottle that way; but if you give it a little shake it will come all right. I wonder how it would be if you were to stand on your head for a minute. I'd willingly give you a shake if that would be any help."

"Betty!"

This was uttered in so terrible a tone that Betty thought it wise to

give no further advice.

After another half-hour an inspiration came, and in a short time Peter had filled one sheet. He took another, filled that, and then a third. By the time he had got to the bottom of this one, the work that was to win for him his first instalment of fame and fortune was finished. With deep satisfaction expressed in every feature, he read it over to himself, and then said:

"Betty!"

"Well?"

"I've completed my writin'. Would you like to read it?"

Betty was tempted to feign indifference, but curiosity got the better of her, and she said rather ungraciously, "Very well, let's have a look at it?"

Peter, junior, looked eagerly over her shoulder while she adjusted her spectacles and read as follows:

"Some ideas on politicks." By Peter Plunkey: Politicks is what everybody talks about when its coming near election time. There is two sides in politicks, one is grit and the other is tory. One side is always right and the other is always rong. The side that is right is the side you are on. If you art a tory it is the grits that is all rong. Maybe they don't tell lies, but they haven't a speaking akwaintance with the truth. They wouldn't steal. Oh, no! But they spends money that don't ought to belong to them. They buys votes, which is agenst the law. They promis to study the interests of the country and never to think about theirselves, but it is theirselves and their own interests they study first and last and in between. These are some of the things the grits do—when you are not a grit, if you are a grit it is the other feller that duzit. A politician is a man that talks politicks. A good politishun is one that knows all about the other feller's sins and keeps his own out of sight. If politicks and politishuns could be got rid of it would be a good thing for the country. That is all I have to say."

Peter, junior, was very favourably impressed, and he began to wonder how many articles like that it would take to buy an automobile. But Mrs. Plunkey, having had the satisfaction of reading this exhibition of genius, had no intention of giving the writer the satisfaction of hearing her opinion of it.

"What do you intend to do with it?" she asked, as she handed it back to him.

"I think I will get it printed in one of the papers. I have heard that the editor of *The Times* takes an interest in politics. I guess I'll give him the first show."

Mrs. Plunkey resumed her knitting without comment. Peter took her silence as a hopeful omen, and that night he dreamed of newspaper notoriety, automobiles, and bags of yellow gold.

The next day was clear and bright; and very early Peter bethought himself of transporting his literary production to the editorial office of *The Times*. There was not a track along the smooth, white road, but Peter was not easily discouraged. Shortly after breakfast he was out battling with the snowdrifts, the precious manuscript safely deposited in his inside coat pocket.

It was a distance of six miles to the town, but by the time Peter had reached Mr. Watson's, half a mile from his home, he began to feel a little tired. He called in to get a drink, and Job Watson wondered much what could be the pressing business that brought the ease-loving Peter Plunkey to town over such a road.

"If I were travelling to-day I should go on snowshoes," he said.

"I dare say that would be easier," returned Peter, "but I haven't got any."

"I'll lend you a pair—I have two—and my company into the bargain, if you'll accept of it. I should enjoy a trip to-day."

"That would be first-rate," said

Peter, "I have never walked on snowshoes, but I'm sure I'd like it."

So it was agreed, and Job, after helping Peter to adjust the shoes, put on his own, and off they went.

Job Watson was a man with a large experience of backwoods life, which Peter, a recent immigrant from the old country, had not yet acquired; so Job took pains to teach his friend the right way of managing the shoes. They walked quite slowly at first, and for a while all went well. Peter felt quite elated at his success in the new art, and gaining confidence began to quicken his pace. They were on the summit of a somewhat steep declivity when Peter suggested, "I reckon we can make pretty good time goin' down this hill."

Job assented, of course, but with a twinkle in his eyes. In less than a minute Peter's head and heels had suddenly changed places. The tails of the snowshoes were pointing skyward, and Peter's face and arms were buried out of sight in a snowbank.

"You seem to be in a pretty bad fix," said Job as he hastened to his comrade's side with an offer of assistance.

"No," came in a smothered tone as Peter spluttered and choked in a vain attempt to raise his face out of the snow. "No, whiff! whiff! I'm jest a-reachin' down to get a little green fern down there."

"All right," answered Job, while the twinkle in his eyes extended to the corners of his mouth. "Bring up a specimen for me too, please. My stars!" he added to himself, "that's what I call an enthusiastic botanist!"

Peter, whose pride would not permit him to accept of any assistance, after failing to secure the botanical specimen, managed at length to get himself "right side up with care." Meanwhile Job Watson stood by, taking the utmost satisfaction out of the whole proceeding. After our botanist had removed sundry handfuls of snow from his ears, neck, sleeves and pockets, the two proceeded on their

way. It was not long before a similar accident occurred.

"Do you want any help?" called Job, who was slightly in the advance.

"No thanks," was the answer, "I'm jest examinin' the shape o' this 'ere snowflake. Wonderful curious they are, aren't they?"

"They are indeed, Mr. Plunkey; but wouldn't you see them better if your eyes were not so close?"

They once more resumed their journey, and finally reached the town. Peter went at once to the press-rooms of *The Times*, and with his snowshoes tucked under one arm was ushered into the presence of the editor.

What took place within the walls of that office no one but Peter and the editor ever knew. The facts can only be guessed from what followed.

Betty did not need to be told the result of the experiment. One look at the downcast face of her husband told the whole story. She wisely forbore to ask any embarrassing questions, but gave him a good hot supper without any unnecessary delay. Peter wondered at her unusual gentleness, but her heart was softer than her tongue. Such is often the case.

Peter, junior, said little, but for a few days he was unusually quiet and absent-minded. One day a couple of weeks later he came in, carrying the latest issue of *The Times* and vainly endeavouring to look unconcerned. He handed the paper to his father, who opened it and began to read.

Presently Mr. Plunkey uttered an exclamation of astonishment: "What in the wide world is this? And where did it come from?" Betty left her work, and looking over Peter's shoulder she read the following:

A LOVE IDYLL
By Peter Plunkey

There was no girl in all the town could hold a candle to Betty Brown.

One day I thought I'd take a ride and ask her if she'd be my bride.

We walked beside the foaming brine: I said, "O Betty, will you be mine?"

She answered, "Peter, yours I am," and looked as happy as a clam.

We wandered for an hour or more and gathered shells along the shore, And then I ended up my wooin' by saying, "Betty, I'll be goin'."

I jumps upon my donkey's back and gives the whip a little crack.

Up goes his heels and off I fly. That donkey calmly winks his eye.

I jumped upon his back once more—he bounced me quicker than before.

I dropt my whip and couldn't find it; but Betty says, "Why never mind it.

There is no telling where he put it. If I were you I'd rather foot it."

I says—for I was mighty spunky—"I'll not be beaten by a donkey!"

When next the donkey raised his feet I gripped his ears and kept my seat.

He carried me a mile or so, but not another step he'd go.

Then I jumped off to get a stick, a supple hickory, good and thick.

I said, "You'll learn a thing or two, my friend, 'fore I get done with you."

That mule he turned around and grinned, then off he went just like the wind.

I followed after, but, you see, the mule got home ahead of me.

And while I tramped along the road this is the solemn vow I vowed:

I never more will ride a donkey as long as my name's Peter Plunkey.

"Well, I never! To think you could write poetry like that, Peter!"

Betty was flushed and excited.

"But I never wrote it, Betty."

"You never wrote it! Who did then?"

"I guess Peter Plunkey, junior, knows something about it." At this Peter Plunkey, junior, came forward and pleaded guilty.

"Peter, my boy," his father said, beaming unbounded approval upon his hopeful young son, "I'm proud of you. You'll be rich and famous before long, there's no doubt about it. How much did you get?"

"The editor didn't pay me for it."

"Never paid you nothin'? The villain!"

"He says he doesn't pay for poetry, but he's going to send me the paper right along, and he wants me to write some more. He says if I keep on I'll be driving my own auto some day."

"So you will, my boy, so you will."

THE ROMANCE OF SONG

BY MARIE TALBOT TOURNIER

CERTAIN cherished songs are prominent in our memories and represent different epochs in our careers. The lullabies that mother crooned if heard in long after years will bring back with the vividness of present reality her fair young face and all the associations of childhood.

Oh! the old songs are sweetest,
The songs my mother sung,
To the children in the twilight,
In days when we were young.

There was "Bonnie Annie Laurie"
And "Annie of the Vale";
"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"
And sainted "Lily Dale."

"Down Upon the Swanee River,"
And "Darling Nellie Gray";
"What We Might Have Been Lorena,"
And faithful "Old Dog Tray."

"Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour,
Hear My Plaintive Cry";
"When I can Read My Title Clear,"
And "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye!"

Then come the love ballads, interwoven with that first affair of the heart that leaves such a lasting impression upon us all, for, "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." And, again, the songs of passion that recall the deeper affections that were born after the rubicon of manhood or womanhood had been passed. How often do we sing them softly to ourselves when we are alone, and how our hearts beat with the old warm love that has so long been sleeping, buried under many years and experiences! Even those who seemingly are most cold and commonplace know hours when sweet old

songs echo in the halls of memory and a ray of sunlight illumines for a moment a pictured face upon its walls.

"Though your life be dreary, sad the day
and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old
sweet song."

Among the many songs that are written from decade to decade are some that strike the keynote of human sympathy and are well-nigh deathless. Our grandmother sat at the harpsichord with downcast eyes and sang them to her lover because in language quaint and sweet they expressed the feelings of her heart. And since love is the same old story, they interpret our sentiments as aptly to-day. The majority of these everlasting flowers of music are Scotch and Irish melodies, accompanied by simple and pathetic words. Such are "Robin Adair," "John Anderson, My Jo, John," "Auld Robin Gray," and many more.

So busy are we with our own particular romance, for which we accept these beautiful ballads as an outward and visible sign, we forget, perhaps, to wonder what was the original story of the song itself, what emotion gave it birth in the heart of the singer before his lips gave it utterance. However, there have been those curious enough to inquire of writers the history of their achievements and there are many anecdotes extant on the subject of some of our favourite songs that will doubtless be of interest to all who know and love them.

Of "Robin Adair" both the air and the words have separate and romantic stories. The ballad is sung to the melody of "Eilleen Aroon," which means "Sweet pearl of my heart." This air was written by an Irish knight who loved and was loved by the daughter of a neighbouring chieftain. Her parents had somewhere contracted the bad habit of opposing her wishes, and suffering from a peculiar hallucination of sight common to relatives in general, could see only the perfections of that objectionable "other man." The maiden's chosen lover having gone abroad, they made her believe him untrue and secured her promise to wed the villain who, with parental assistance, "still pursued her." The wedding day arrived, the guests assembled, the unwilling bride entered. The minstrels were ready to give her greeting; among them was a stranger who put himself in her pathway as she crossed the threshold, and began to sing "Eilleen Aroon." When he reached the question, "Wilt thou go with me, Eilleen Aroon?", he raised his eyes to her face and—what woman ever mistook her lover's eyes for those of another man—she managed to whisper that she would go with him. Accordingly, a few minutes later, when the ceremony was about to begin, an unexpected hitch occurred, for the wedding party discovered itself minus the bride. The lovers escaped safely, and were married, and, it is to be hoped like the Fairy Prince and Princess of the story lived happily ever after.

The history of "Robin Adair" is most pathetic; it is a veritable heart-cry, and therein lies its wonderful power.

"Robin Adair" really existed. He was a young Irishman of good family, who, having graduated at the Dublin University, started out to seek his fortune as a physician in London. In those days (along about 1760) if a gentleman were poor he perforce must go afoot, and this the laddie did with

a good heart for the future and a bonnie face and winning way to recommend him for the present. As he trudged cheerfully along singing his favourite song, "Eilleen Aroon," a travelling carriage drawn by fine, prancing horses passed him. A handsome, haughty woman's face looked at him from the window of the equipage, impressed him for a moment and then flashed from his mind as quickly as it had from his eyesight. A few miles farther on, however, it was suddenly recalled to his recollection. He came upon the travelling carriage drawn up to the side of the road and distracted servants running about and crying:

"Madam the Countess! Oh, Madam the Countess is injured!"

The young doctor hastened to the side of his first patient and set her broken limb with such skill and kindness that he earned her lasting gratitude. It was a stroke of great good fortune for Robin: the rest of the journey was not performed on foot through the dust of the highway, but made in the elegant travelling carriage of the Countess. When arrived at their destination, his patroness introduced the young physician to the best London society, and gave him every opportunity to distinguish himself, and become rich.

At this stage of his career he fell in love with the daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, and when it is said that she was the writer and first singer of "Robin Adair" it will be superfluous to state that she returned his affection. Difference of station separated the lovers, but the lady pined to such an extent that her father was compelled to consent to her marriage with her beloved Robin. She had grieved herself so nearly to death, however, that she lived a very little while after she became a wife. Adair became surgeon to George III., and was knighted, but throughout his whole life, in spite of all the honours that came to him, he never forgot nor ceased to wear mourning for the young bride who had loved him so dearly.

It was during the period of their separation that the young Countess set the words of "Robin Adair" to the music of "Eilleen Aroon," which her absent lover had taught her. An intimate friend, who wrote down and preserved the words, tells how pathetic it was to hear the heart-broken girl singing softly to herself, with a far-away dreamy look in her eyes:

"But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair,
But now I never see
Robin Adair,
Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair."

The air of "The Last Rose of Summer," though changed and perfected, is said to have originated with a professional minstrel who, because of much sorrow, lost his mind. The story runs as follows:

A certain minstrel rebuked his chieftain in song for an act of wanton cruelty. His angered lord drove him out of the village, from which he was accompanied in his exile by the lass who loved him. Many years passed, and his friends heard nothing of the lost bard, until one day a boy came running down the village street calling out that the minstrel was approaching. The peasants assembled to give him a cheerful welcome, but when he came up to them they perceived that his mind was distraught. His harp was hanging upon his arm with many of the strings broken, and when requested to play, he at once complied; but whether grave or gay was the tune demanded, he always rendered the same wild and pathetic strain and nothing else. Questions concerning his past received no answer; he never spoke, and, though he dwelt among his old companions until death freed him from his mysterious unhappiness, they could only guess its nature from the weird, sweet music, the consequence of a broken heart and a broken harp. And this wild melody is said to be the one to

which, in a modified form, we sing Moore's "Last Rose of Summer."

"When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones have flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

Moore's songs portray vividly the Irish capacity for loving. In his own words:

"Oh! what was love made for if
'Tis not the same
Through joy and through torment,
Through glory and shame.
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's
In that heart,
I but know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art."

While Moore is the sweetest of the Irish singers, Burns, of course, occupies that place in Scotch music. What song so popular among masculine songsters as the one beginning,

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'."

In the midst of the illness and misfortune that attended his last days on earth, the poet went once to call on a lady friend to whom he was much attached. During a conversation about music he bade her sit down to the piano and play over any tune to which she was partial, and he would write new verses to it. The consequence was this beautiful song, the second verse of which seems to allude to the desert of despair and pain in which he found himself, and to the comfort she was happy enough to be able to afford him by her friendship:

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there."

Of all the lovers who have sung this song to their ladies in the days of long ago, many hearts will respond no more to the magic touch of love,

and many more are beating to the slower measures of:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither:
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

In the ballad "Comin' Thro' the Rye" it has been supposed that Burns had reference to a little stream in the northwest of Ayrshire, called the Rye. Here the lads were said to lie in ambush and kiss the lassies as they waded through the stream, a liberty which they could not conveniently resent, by manual punishment, at least, their hands being employed in holding their petticoats out of the water.

"Among the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame
I dinna choose to tell.
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye."

It is pleasant to know that there really was a "Bonnie Annie Laurie," but disappointing to learn that she discarded in favour of a wealthier suitor the gentleman who so sweetly sang her praises. Mr. William Douglas wrote:

"Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee."

Nevertheless, when the sweet voice informed him that she had no intention of being "a' the world" to him, he did not lie down and die, but promptly married another lady and became the father of a large family. "Bonnie Annie," the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, near Dumfries, Scotland, married a gentleman of title and fortune. Common sense is comfortable, but not romantic.

"Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres. On her fa-

ther's estate was a shepherd named Robin Gray, and for some admirable deed she resolved to immortalise his memory. One day her little sister entered the room, and she said to her:

"I have been writing a ballad and am oppressing my heroine with all sorts of misfortune. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to present her with some new misery in the last four lines. Can you not help me to one?"

"Steal the cow, Sister Ann," was the suggestion, and accordingly the cow was stolen.

The English and American songs are not so quaintly striking, but some of them possess the sympathetic beauty that gives them lasting power over the human heart.

The history of "Ben Bolt" is disappointing. I understand that it was a mechanical production, written for effect and not the consequence of emotion. For my own part, I have never cared for Poe's "Raven" since I learned that it was merely a perfect work of art without soul. The poet himself explains the philosophy of its composition.

"I wished," he said, "to choose the most melancholy topic according to the universal understanding of mankind. Death was obviously the one. Then I inquired of myself 'When is this topic most poetical?' and the answer, also obvious, 'When it allies itself to beauty.' The death then of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetic topic, and the lips best suited to its utterance are those of a lover."

"Ben Bolt" was, I believe, formulated along the same lines, but it was certainly successful in expressing pathos, even if not generated thereby:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice,
Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown:

Who wept with delight when you gave her
 a smile,
 And trembled with fear at your frown?"

I have heard a number of "new women" object to the condition of feminine serfdom here implied; but nothing can alter the pathetic beauty of the little Alice who lies "In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt."

To pass to the more distinctly sentimental ballads that have won popular favour, one of the best known (whether by reason of its own charm or because immortalised by Mr. Swiveller in expressing his regret for the loss of Miss Sophy Wackles) is that called "Oh, No; We Never Mention Her!" It was written by Thomas Haynes Bayly after being rejected by the parents of his first love:

"They tell me she is happy now,
 The gayest of the gay;
 They hint that she forgets me,
 But heed not what they say;
 Like me, perhaps, she struggles
 With each feeling of regret,
 But if she loved as I have loved,
 She never can forget."

People as a general rule are inclined to laugh at the sorrows of very young lovers, and to cheer them by the assurance that they will outgrow their misery. True, no doubt, but not comforting! Have you ever passed a night of such despair as that following the evening your father announced, à propos of the lad who first awoke your young affections: "I will not have that young man calling here again."

You married some one else, you know; but you gave one of your boys your first lover's name; not so much out of affection for the man as for that time when you first discovered the beautiful country of which the poets sing and over which little god Cupid rules. So after all we "never can forget."

A distinctly American song is "The Old Oaken Bucket." It was composed by a New York printer, Samuel Woodworth. The circumstances that

led to its birth are an interesting contrast to its basic principle. Woodworth was drinking in a saloon kept by one Mallory.

"This brandy," said Woodworth, "is superior to any drink on earth."

"Well, I'll bet you," retorted Mallory, "that there's a drink we both thought much more of once upon a time, and it refreshed us quicker. That's the clear, cool water we used to get from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the field on a sultry day."

The sentiment struck the poet, and he wrote:

"The moss-covered bucket I hail as a
 treasure,
 For often at noon, when returned from
 the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite
 pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature
 can yield."

"Robin Adair" expresses the sense of loss more vividly than any other song in the English language. Next to it in strength comes a little modern piece, entitled "Absent":

"Sometimes between long shadows on the
 grass
 The little truant waves of sunlight pass;
 My eyes grow dim with tenderness the
 while,
 Thinking I see thee, thinking I see thee
 smile."

And sometimes in the twilight gloom
 apart
 The tall trees whisper, whisper heart to
 heart.
 From my fond lips the eager answers fall,
 Thinking I hear thee, thinking I hear
 thee call."

Thus echoing from our childhood come the melodies to which our first thoughts and fancies were attuned; then come, more real and vital, the love songs of our later years, songs in which we hear the voices that struck mysterious chords in our hearts and stirred them to music of their own. Although the love-songs familiar to the youth of each bring back a little of the glamour they then expressed, generally in the heart of

each is enshrined one song far dearer than the rest; it becomes part of life itself because "I think of the singer, I think of the song."

But beyond even these melodies, in power to stir, to mould, to move, even to madden mankind, are the martial songs of country. A wonderful thrill is that produced by the swing of such songs as "Rule Britannia" and "The Maple Leaf Forever." The very blood in the veins keeps time to the rhythm.

The writers of such songs, we cannot help but think, must be made of that stern stuff that causes men to be patriotic and nations great. In the case of Alexander Muir, the author of "The Maple Leaf Forever," an anecdote told by Inspector James L. Hughes will explain his character.

Inspector Hughes, believing that the time had come for Mr. Muir to enjoy a well-earned repose and an equally well-earned pension, arranged that the Government should give \$500 a year and the School Board another \$500, thus making a pension of \$1,000 to be given to Mr. Muir upon his retirement. Inspector Hughes then broached the subject to the aged teacher. The offer was at once refused. "Because," said Mr. Muir, "I wish to die in the harness." The next

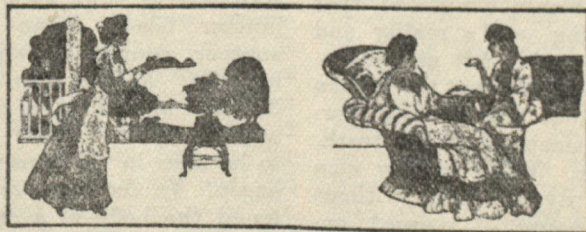
day he fell dead.

Concerning the inspiration which led to the writing of "The Maple Leaf," a very interesting story comes from the same authority as the foregoing.

Mr. Muir was a teacher in Leslieville (now part of Toronto) at the time of the Fenian Raid. He was himself a volunteer during this troublous period, and his heart and imagination were on fire with patriotism. Vague suggestions for a national anthem kept ringing through his mind. One day as he walked through the woods dreaming upon this theme and wondering in exactly what form to express his patriotic thoughts, a maple leaf fell upon his coat sleeve and remained there. As he looked down upon it the inspiration came:

"Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever."

It is a pity the original maple leaf fell from Mr. Muir's coat sleeve and was lost. We should like to preserve it among Canadian relics, and among the precious things to be handed down to future generations in this new land should have remained forever that historical maple leaf.



MANY-ARMED CREATURES OF THE SEA

BY F. M. KELLY

IN many stirring ocean tales of old yesterday, we may read of the *kraken*, that gigantic marine monster evolved from the imaginative stories of the adventurers who at one time went down to the sea in ships and did business in great waters. It was an enormous thing, that *kraken*, resembling nothing smaller than an island as it rested on the surface of the vast deep miles off the coast of Norway, where it was most frequently seen. What a wonderful conception of its strength and size the old illustrators had! They pictured it in the most graphic fashion far out on the wind-swept waste, lifting its long tentacles from the deep and winding them about some luckless ship, inevitably dragging her down, with every gallant soul on board, to destruction. The old-time naturalists believed in it, too. Even Pontoppidan, regarded as very learned in his time, became firmly convinced that the terrible thing was a reality and cited the stories told of it as facts.

Taking it for granted that the *kraken* was a myth, that the ancient mariners had no conception of the truth, the learned Dr. Walsh of our own times (and to my mind not without some little measure of reason) expressed himself as follows when writing of these once very popular superstitions:

"We cannot doubt that the depths of the sea, where vegetables flourish eight hundred feet in length, are also peopled

with monstrous animals, whose organism is adapted to these unknown regions, whence they but rarely emerge. Their very real appearances have formed the basis of the mysterious traditions which for more than two thousand years have been transmitted from generation to generation of mariners, and which have given birth to the fantastic creation of the *kraken* and the sea-serpent."

According to the learned doctor, the sea-serpent and *kraken* stories are probably the result of the occasional appearances on the ocean's surface of some very material monsters which have strayed from their natural haunts in the vast depths. In the Mediterranean it is an indisputable fact that there are cuttle-fish of enormous size. In 1853, a *cephalopod* of huge proportions was found on the shore of Jutland. Some fishermen discovered it, and after being dismembered, it filled several large wheel-barrows. The back part of the mouth of this creature was as large as a medium-sized human head. From the Atlantic, another, equally as large, was taken in 1858. At the time of its capture it was engaged in a mortal combat with a whale. Parts of it are still to be seen in the museum at Copenhagen. In the same ocean, M. Rung found the body of a calamary which he describes as being as large as a tun cask. One of its mandibles was presented to the museum of the College of Surgeons, Paris.

Along the Pacific Coast one often hears the octopus referred to as the

devil-fish. This is wrong, for the devil-fish is not in the same family with the octopus. True, the former has eight arms or tentacles, but has no cup-like suckers whatever, while its body is fish-shaped with a row of sharp spines along the back. It is called the bat or devil-fish, the latter name being most appropriate, for in appearance it is certainly most repelling.

We are fairly well familiar with the octopus and its habits, for it is found in almost every quarter of the globe and as a marine creature comparatively easy to study. It attains its greatest size and exhibits the greatest ferocity in the tropic latitudes. The largest specimens weigh more than a hundred pounds, several taken from the Pacific almost doubling that weight.

A great many stories have been written about this eight-armed thing, but as "truth is stranger than fiction," we have no authentic proofs that the octopus is a man-killer. Small boats have occasionally been attacked by the octopus, but it would seem that those occupying them generally survived to tell the tale. Possibly there were some, however, whose life-calling took them out on troublous waters in little boats who were neither so doughty nor so fortunate.

The writer once talked with an Italian fisherman on the San Francisco waterfront who, according to his own statements, had an exciting experience with one of these unprepossessing denizens of the deep. It was while he and a companion were engaged in overhauling their net out on the bay that the encounter took place. A large specimen had become entangled in the mesh of the net; and as it was being drawn near to the surface a tentacle shot up and coiled about the fisherman's arm. His companion hastened to assist him and succeeded in severing the gelatinous arm with the aid of a heavy sheath-knife. The brute was then despatched. Before the tentacle had been slashed

through the sensation had been a numbing or paralyzing one; and where the suckers had been attached to the man's arm blood was drawn through the skin. Had the octopus not been badly handicapped, the fisherman might have been drowned. Might have been; but it is certain that if it had not been tangled up in the net, the Italian would not have met with the adventure. As he was dragging it out of its element, the thing fought for its life—a rat would do as much.

Prof. Beale, a very distinguished naturalist, was once attacked by a member of the *cephalopoda* family. It was while he was making a collection of shells on one of the Bonin Islands, which lie out in the North Pacific some considerable distance south and east of Japan. Ashore one day, he happened to notice a rock-squid creeping slowly among the beach rocks. The body was very small, but the spread of the tentacles was something like five feet. Anxious to test the strength of the creature, the professor seized one of its tentacles. Small as it was, the squid's hold upon the rocks was almost too much for him; but a supreme effort, accompanied by a quick jerk, caused it to release its grip, but with disastrous results to the naturalist. The moment the squid's tentacles were free, it twisted them with amazing rapidity about the professor's arm and endeavoured to reach his flesh with its parrot-like beak. The demonstration of strength and ferocity was convincing, and the seeker after knowledge yelled for assistance, fortunately being heard by an officer of his vessel who happened to be on the beach at no great distance away. The two tried in every conceivable manner to make the creature let go, but all to no purpose. They had to return to the boat, the officer holding the horrid head of the squid all the way, and only after it was cut into many pieces was the professor released. He lost considerable blood, but had been the aggressor in the first instance.

About Vancouver Island the octopus is by no means a stranger, is rather common, in fact. Though it is repulsive enough in appearance and possibly entitled to all the nasty things said about it in that respect, the writer does not believe it is as ugly in its every-day disposition as it has often been painted. Mud Bay, near Victoria, was at one time a favourite swimming place with men and boys. On two occasions while the writer and brother youngsters were bathing there we saw octopoda in close proximity to us. True, we did not become very familiar with them, nor did we linger for any length of time in the water. It is just possible, however, that there were other occasions on which they were not observed, and when we must have been very near. Now if the octopus were a man-seeker, ever anxious to wind its horrid-looking tentacles about a man-victim, surely there were chances enough for tragedy in the waters of that little bay. On another occasion I saw an octopus with a spread of twenty feet killed not more than a hundred yards from where a number of men and boys were bathing. It was under the bridge on the Gorge Drive. A number of telegraph linemen working on the bridge chanced to see it in the water below and threw several coils of old steel wire on top of it. They reasoned, evidently, that it would tangle itself up in the wire, and as it happened so, they soon killed it with their pike poles.

A splendid place for observing the octopus used to be the old Hudson Bay wharf, Esquimalt Harbour. In years past the writer spent many hours there watching them. The water was very clear, and though they did not move about very much through the day, I acquired a little knowledge, at least, of their life and habits. I believe the octopus is a nocturnal creature, very retiring and secretive during the day. When motionless, it is very hard to distinguish, and even when moving slightly it is so

like its surroundings in colour that it might very often be taken for a species of fungus growing among the tide-swayed plants in the wide garden of Neptune. In form, the body is round, the flesh being of a jelly-like substance, soft to the touch, and is covered with a tough, leathery skin. The eight tentacles are studded along the bottom side with numerous sucking discs, which are reproduced if lost. On some specimens taken as many as three thousand of these discs have been counted. The mouth lies in a position surrounded by the tentacles which convey the food to it and consists of an opening framed by a circular lip, beneath which appears the beak, the longest part being below. The mouth and jaws are supplied with most powerful muscles, enabling it to easily crush the hard shells of crustaceans and molluscs and to tear the bodies of fishes. The tongue seems to be adapted alike for tasting and conducting food to the digestive organs. On one side of the abdomen are two syphons, used for ejecting an inky fluid which it is said to discharge for the purpose of concealing its presence when in danger of molestation. These syphons are also used, it would appear, in sucking and expelling streams of water, thus aiding the creature in its movements from place to place. It has large shining eyes, and is apparently keen-sighted. After the manner of fishes, it produces its young from eggs. In clusters, they resemble bunches of grapes and are a dirty blue-black in colour. It is also phosphorescent and one of the creators of that interesting phenomenon in the sea which is so attractive on moonless nights.

Having read of the ferocity of the octopus, one might be excused for not desiring a close acquaintance with the creature in its own element; but I had no misgivings whatever, knowing something of its real nature, when I set out from Bentick Island with an Indian, bent on witnessing the capture of one. My dusky companion was

supposed to be an expert at the game, and he hummed a little song of anticipation as we paddled the dug-out towards Race Rocks, a short distance off shore. The tide runs by the rocks there very swiftly at times, forming many whirl-pools, some of considerable size, and in this restless stretch of water marine life abounds. Between the rocks and the mainland, the blackfish, slitting the surface with their great dorsals, pass and re-pass, feeding against the tide. Occasionally a pair of old humpbacks, bull and cow, ugliest of the whale kind, roll lazily through. Overhead the sea-birds circle and watch for morsels of food. It is down below, though, among the sea-grasses, on the mossy ledges of the great rocks where the live things are in numbers uncountable. There the urchins and the hedge-hogs cluster in communities, "flocking together like birds of a feather," while various kinds of star-fish lie scattered about on the sea-floor, some with five, some with twelve and some with as many as twenty rays. Great crabs move lazily about; and for all the world like a piece of granite, with nobbed back, from whence it derives its name, the noduled member of the family stirs among the boulders, crawls in its path over low forms of life, part creature, part plant, like the sea-cucumber and disturbs the somnolent hours of the sea-mouse. In and out among the swaying kelp groves dart gaily-coloured fishes, like the red and the black-banded rock-fish. Inquisitive-looking, the wide-mouthed sculpin, scarce exerting its pectoral fins, is seen making a temporary couch where the bottom is of the same hue as its own. Rat-fish nose idly from sea-shelf to sea-shelf; but there is a flitting of all the fish kind when the long wolf-eel approaches, for its maw and heavy teeth are by no means appreciated by the finny inhabitants of the deep. For the moment of its presence there is no movement to denote life; but as it passes out of range a little sea-horse

appears and is seen jumping about. Curious-looking thing, the sea-horse, not unlike a chess-board knight in appearance. From its grotesque antics, it must be the comedian of the water elements, the clown of the sea-ways.

Gazing intently into the depths as we barely kept the canoe in motion, it was all most interesting to me. With eyes more practised than mine, the Indian was the first to detect the object of our search. As he dropped his paddle and picked up the long pole with an iron shoe at its end and bent in shape somewhat to resemble the segment of a circle, I got ready to witness a struggle. I confess to a thrill just then, looked toward the Vancouver shore and wished for a moment that I was back there. From the island, I turned to the rocks and wondered if I could reach them should anything happen. All at once old stories of the sea had trooped back to the memory, and I fancied the slippery tentacles of the octopus coiling about me.

While I harked back to the days of exaggerated adventure, my companion was busy. He chuckled in a guttural manner, too, as he worked, and I soon felt that if he could be jubilant in a quiet way there was no reason for me to fear anything, so I mustered back the units of courage and looked over the side of our craft again. Though he had been most cautious in his preliminary actions, the octopus on the rock below had evidently observed the Indian from the start; for its eyes were intently fixed on the pole moving slowly but surely in its direction. It did not appear to fear the thing, for it made no attempt to get away, no move to conceal itself. When it felt the touch of the curved iron, though, it would be different, there would be a fight, and I forgot my fears altogether in expectation of the battle.

Gradually the iron was forced beneath the body of the octopus; but to my amazement, instead of resist-

ing, it slowly wound its tentacles about the pole and suffered the Indian to draw it to the surface, when, having a club ready to his hand, he dealt it a sharp blow on the head and threw it into the bottom of the canoe with a grunt of satisfaction. I was disappointed, and some of the romance of the sea and the octopus was knocked

out of me forever. There had been no excitement whatever. Next day I was offered a choice piece of the meat by my companion of the day before, but I declined it with thanks. My refusal caused some wonder, for the flesh of the octopus is considered a great delicacy by the natives of the British Columbia coast.

DUSK

By E. M. YEOMAN

Now hushed is all the forestland,
 Serene with holy rest the glades
 Where kingdoms of wan flowers expand,
 And little brooks seek dewy shades,
 Where the rich verdure hides its wealth
 Against the creeping shadows' stealth.
 And in the heavens, splendour-dressed,
 In crimson tints, with gold ornate,
 Gorgeous in pompous purple state,
 A cloud comes wandering from the west,
 Laden with mystic plunder-freight,
 Stol'n from magicians of the skies,
 And spends its treasures lavishly
 In wantonness of revelry,
 And flaunts its glaring purple guise,
 And o'er the wondering heaven strews,
 And bids the sombre Earth behold,
 Its magic smokes of violent hues,
 That flare, and burst to lurid gold.

Float to me from the radiant skies
 Soft violet airs that round me stray,
 Chased with lost forms and vanished eyes,
 Rich with loved faces gone away.
 Oh, Sorrow is abroad, and she
 Hath found some potent witchery
 That, hid in evening's pomp and grace,
 Revives again with subtle art
 The withered memories of the heart,
 And holds me here, in wilderne place,
 Dallying with hands long drawn apart.
 But fleet, ye faces, from my gaze!
 Oh, fleet, ye phantoms, to your skies!
 I would forget dead love and eyes;
 I would forget bright perished days.
 Fleet with your gold and violet blooms,
 And all remembrance of delight!
 "Oh, I would weep in soothing glooms,
 And languish here, alone with night."

THE ROMANCE OF BALNAGOWN

BY W. MACGILL

THE recent complete redistribution of Britain's naval forces has made the Cromarty Firth a chief rendezvous and base for manœuvres and training of her most formidable fleet, the Main Fleet. On a rising ground overlooking the waters of that finest of deep landlocked harbours, where *Dreadnought* and *Indomitable* can be nearer a pier than anywhere else except at Portsmouth, stands the lofty old baronial castle of Balnagown, the ancestral home of Sir Charles Ross. While the ground, beautifully wooded, slopes gradually in front toward the Firth, it falls at the back precipitously to the deep, wooded, picturesque glen of the Balnagown River. Though the site was no doubt originally chosen like those of other mediæval castles, for its possibilities of defence rather than of beauty, yet both are largely combined in this site.

There seems to be no record of the first founding of a castle or residence there—it is lost in the mists of antiquity—and Balnagown vies with Dunvegan for the honour of being the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland. When we first know of Balnagown it was a seat of the Earls of Ross. The first mention of that ancient stock is in the *Landnamabok Saga*, the oldest Norse poem relating to Scotland, and it runs thus: "Helgi, son of Ottar, made war upon Scotland and carried off prisoner Nidbjorga, the daughter of King Bjolan and of Kadliner, daughter of Ganga Rolf." This Rolf was the Ganger—Rollo the Walker—who was too tall to ride—or Ralph the

Rover as he may be freely rendered, tried many descents on British coasts—got many a hot reception and at last passed on to the north of France where he found an easier prey. He there carved out for his Norsemen, or Normans as they began to be called, the duchy of Normandy, and with him began a line of dukes of whom came William the Conqueror. Whether Ganga Rolf took any booty from the Cromarty Firth and other shores of Ross or not, he left behind him his Norse damsel Kadliner as a bride for the Celtic chief. We may suppose her blue-eyed and fair-haired—like most of her race—and of her father's stalwart build. At least she had the will to give her daughter a Norse name. Which may have been all the better for that maiden when along came another Viking, a most unceremonious wooer as gentlemen of the pirate profession are apt to be, but, let us hope, all the likelier to treat her kindly for her Norse name. Her father the Celtic chief was, to his Celt, Gilleoin—to the Norsemen King Bjolan—then to his clan, his family were the O'Beolans—later, the Gille-Anrias—Gillanders—Lendries. Lastly, Ross, from the territory and title was assumed as name by the Balnagown branch when the male line and the title of the original stock of the Earls failed. One of Beolar's successors at a distance of several generations was Ferchard or Farquhar as we now have it. He came to the front early in the thirteenth century, giving timely and powerful aid to King Alexander II. in his enter

prise of subduing the rival power of Donald Bane's sons and of the Earls of Moray. After defeating these, Ferchard caught their leaders, beheaded them, and sent their heads in the grim old savage fashion as a present to the monarch. For this the pleased and grateful Alexander confirmed Ferchard in his wide earldom and admitted him to the ranks of—Chivalry! as a dubbed Knight. In another of Alexander's wars, Ferchard—Macintagart or descendant of the priest, as his by-name went—"Came up and attacked the Gallowegians in the rear, followed them up, and put them to the sword as long as daylight lasted." If he had any qualms of conscience for all this bloodshed he compounded for it in the approved fashion of his time, by founding an abbey at Fearn. There he is said to have died—doubtless in the odour of sanctity—in 1251. Ferchard's grandson, William Earl of Ross, had a pretty chequered career during the War of Independence, kept up first by Wallace and then by Bruce against Edward I. and Edward II. In 1291 the Earl is found doing homage to Edward; then in 1296, along with the Earls of Menteith and Athole, fighting against him, and ravaging the north of England and seizing Dunbar. In a battle there the Earls were defeated and William was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower of London. There he had a spell of high—or deep—thinking and plain living—for his hotel-bill is said to have come to just sixpence a day. In 1303 after seven years of this entertainment the Earl is sent for by Edward—then at Berwick. He has to traverse the length of England, but those were not the days of Flying Scotsman Express, to shoot him through in seven or eight hours. He has to jog it on horseback under a strong escort—sixteen men with twenty-four horses, twenty-four grooms, a marshal and—a cook. For this cavalcade the provision made is recorded day by day in the Exchequer rolls. It varies with the dis-

tricts but, as a specimen, take one day—At Dunstable 8d. worth of bread, three flagons of wine, 6½d. worth of beer, 6d. worth of butcher meat, six hens, one pennyworth of larks (we should like to know how many), 1d. worth of herrings, 2½d. worth of almonds, and 6s. worth of hay for the horses. Same day at Newport Pagnel, 8d. worth of bread, 6d. worth of wine, 15d. worth of beer, 4d. worth of butcher meat, 5½d. worth of pigeons, and 5½d. worth of poultry; 100 eggs, 1½d. worth of herrings, 20d. worth of eels and pickerells, 4d. worth of mustard, 2d. worth of vergus (verjuice), 3d. worth of gingibo, 12d. worth of hay, and 3 shillings worth of oats for the horses, 1½d. worth of lard for the cressets (it was October—days short and some marching by torchlight) and 2d. for hire of beds! It takes them eighteen days to reach Berwick. By the third of February the Earl is set free to go home but meantime, on the sixth of September, he gets from Dunfermline this outfit: gambessoun (coat), aketune (tunic), pissoun and gorger (throat armour), Chapel de fer bacinet (light helmet), pair of jamberis and poleyns (leg and knee pieces), and a colret of iron (neckband). Also he buys from Walter de Rye "a mail coat for his body." Two years after he is fully reconciled to Edward, and appointed Warden north of the Spey. Edward was long-headed as well as long-shanked, for within a year the new-made Warden has a loathly thing to do for his new master—and does it.

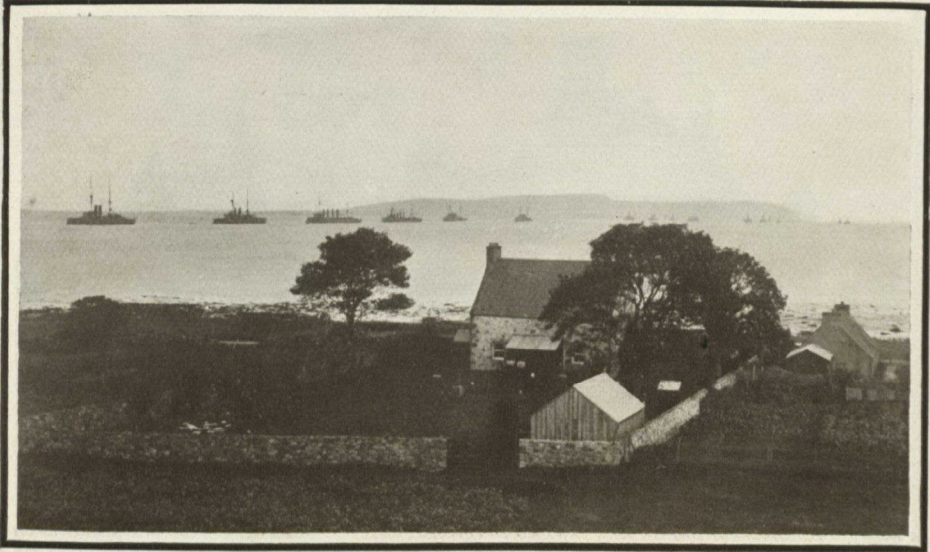
Bruce in his time of distress after the battle of Methuen had to send his wife and daughter and other ladies to the north with a few knights as escort. First they sought refuge at Kildrummie in Aberdeenshire, but even that proving unsafe they went on to the sanctuary of St. Duthac at Tain. On Edward's demand the Earl took them thence by force and delivered them up to the English. Edward sent the knights to immediate execution, imprisoned the Countess of



HOME OF SIR CHARLES ROSS
Balnagown Castle, Ross-shire, Scotland

Buchan in an iron cage hung over the walls of Berwick and exposed to the gaze of passers-by, and consigned the other ladies to a less awful but still rigorous imprisonment. In three years the Earl had again changed sides and supported Bruce, and his son Hugh married Bruce's younger daughter Maud. Later when this Hugh had succeeded as fifth Earl he led his clansmen to the war against Edward III. and Edward Baliol, whom the English were determined to make King of Scotland. Before leaving, Earl Hugh took from the shrine at Tain the historic shirt of St. Duthac and wore it under his armour, relying on its miraculous power to shield him from the weapons of the enemy. In the battle of Halidon-Hill, near Berwick, in February, 1333-4 (that is 1333 in the old reckoning when the year began the first of March, but 1334 in our reckoning when it begins in January), the Earl led the Scottish reserves to an attack on Baliol's own wing of the enemy.

If he took this dangerous post relying on the saintly garment he had a terrible disillusioning, for he was slain in the attack, and the shirt found on his body was sent back to Tain by the English. His son and successor William, by Maud, was, of course, grandson of King Robert the Bruce and nephew of David II. But long before the fatal battle Maud had died and Earl Hugh had married again and had another son, Hugh, and a daughter Euphemia. Euphemia ultimately became queen, as second wife of Robert Stewart, who was son of Bruce's daughter Marjory, and, later, succeeded as King Robert II. Just before leaving for the war Earl Hugh executed two deeds conveying to his second son Hugh the lands of Rarichies on the Moray Firth shore of Easter Ross, and the lands of Philorth, Aberdour, Tyrie and Crimond on the shore of East Aberdeenshire or Buchan. Next, Hugh got from his brother Earl William the lands of Balnagown, Achahanyt and Gorthy

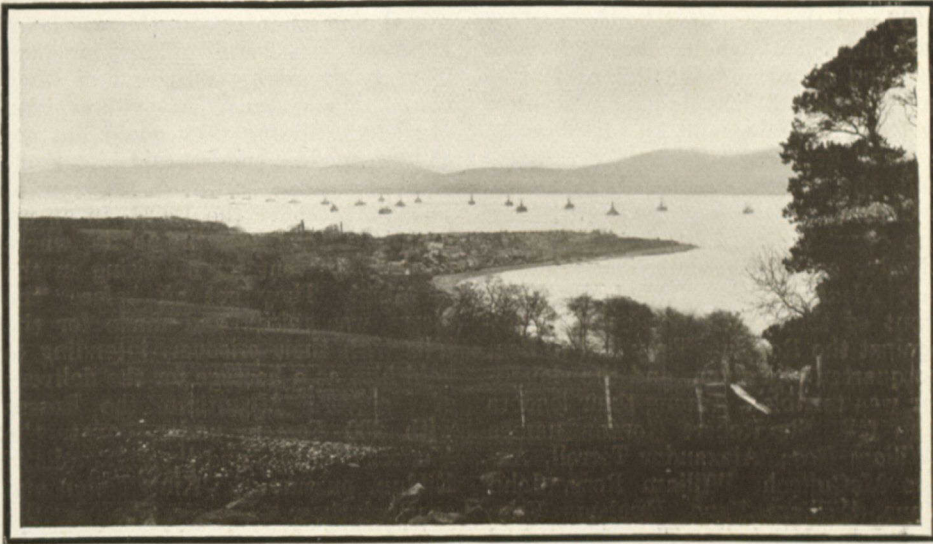


BRITAIN'S WARSHIPS IN THE CROMARTY FIRTH

The nearest ship is the *Dominion*. On the right is the *North Sutor* and the entrance to the Firth, with the *Dreadnought* and *Indomitable* showing faintly against it. Photograph taken from opposite Invergorden

and a right to £4 yearly out of the rents of Tarbat. Thus Hugh became the first of the long separate line of Lairds of Balnagown which has now continued for nearly six centuries. It is a curious instance of the persistence of feudal dues that the £4 payment has gone on for the same period and is at this day regularly made by the Countess of Cromartie to Balnagown. The Aberdeenshire lands were soon exchanged for others in Ross. During the unspeakably wretched time of English invasion and civil war after the great Bruce's death, and while his son David was a minor, Robert Stewart, Balnagown's brother-in-law, acted ably and faithfully as regent and was vigorously backed by the Earl and Hugh of Balnagown. One of his operations was a siege of Perth, then held by the English. The Earl took a leading part, for he headed a body of miners who cut a passage under the walls and drained off the water of the fosse to make the assault easier. This is remarkable as one of the few events of history whose time is fixed to a minute by astronomy. Besiegers

and besieged were paralysed by seeing the sun gradually blackened out, till the merest fraction remained bright. Such an omen seemed likely to lead to the abandonment of the siege. Curiously enough the chief man among the Scots to rise superior to superstition was William Bullock, an ex-priest who had doffed the cassock and donned the habergeon and taken to soldiering. Under his vigorous exhortation the siege was pressed and Perth was won. The time when such an eclipse was visible in its greatest phase at Perth was 1.28 p.m., the seventh of July, 1339. One naturally recalls along with this the noted passage in the *Hellenics* which recites that to Agesilaus and his Spartans, crossing from Phocis into Bœotia just before the great battle of Coroneia, the sun appeared crescent-shaped—a passage which has supplied the key to the chronology of Greek history. In 1346 when King David mustered his forces at Perth for an invasion of England, the Earl of Ross was among them, but meeting at Elcho Monastery with Ronald, Lord of the Isles,



MAIN FLEET AND ATLANTIC FLEET IN CROMARTY FIRTH

Battleships and Armoured Cruisers extending for five miles up, and beyond, barely visible, smaller cruisers, scouts and destroyers extending two miles farther. Balnagown stands at extreme right of opposite shore

with whom he had a feud, slew him. Fearing the King's vengeance, the Earl went off home with all his men, while the men of the Isles, being without a chief, dispersed. After David's expedition ended disastrously in his defeat and capture at Durham, and all through the miserable time of his captivity, the brothers Earl of Ross and Hugh of Balnagown acted faithfully together. In 1366, along with John of Lorn and John, Lord of the Isles, they renounced their allegiance, and refused to contribute to the heavy ransom for David's release and absented themselves from Parliament till 1369. The Earl died in 1371, and Hugh of Balnagown a few months after.

In 1375 William, the next Laird of Balnagown, got from King Robert II., his uncle by marriage, a charter confirming him in possession of Balnagown, which charter is still preserved at the castle. Walter, the next Laird, added to the estates Strathcarron, Strathoykel and the Forest of Free-water by marrying the daughter and heiress of Paul Mactyr, a great cater-

an chief of whom an old chronicle says: "He was a valiant man and caused Caithness to pay him blackmail, nyne scoir of cowes yearly out of Caithness so long as he was able to travel." Mactyr's stronghold was the Dun of Creich, an isolated rock standing out in the upper Dornoch Firth. It has one of those mysterious "vitrified" forts, and a local tradition gives Paul the name of being the inventor of them.

Walter's great-grandson, Alexander, sixth Laird, suffered the greatest disaster in the history of the Rosses. They had then a feud with the MacKays, one of whom, "Angus MacKay, son of Angus Dubh," often raided their lands and herds. At last, however, the Rosses surprised him at Tarbat, shut up him and his men in the church there and burnt them to death in it. His son, John Riabhaich MacKay, was bound by the clan code of honour to take up the feud and avenge him. John, as soon as he was old enough, applied for help to the Earl of Sutherland and got a select company under Robert Suther-

land, the Earl's uncle. This was in 1486 and the combined bands made a raid into Strathoykell, wasting it with fire and sword. Alexander of Balnagown gathered his clansmen at once and met the raiders at Alt na Charrais, a small northern tributary of the Oy-kell, the spot being since called Doir à Chatha, or Grove of the Fight, from the event. The fight was obstinate, bloody, and long undecided, but at last Alexander was killed, and the want of their chief decided the day against the Rosses. They had to flee, no quarter was given, and the slaughter was terrible. Among their leaders who fell, Sir Robert Gordon names William Ross, Alexander Terrell, Angus McCulloch, William Ross, John Vaus, William Vaus, Huchean Vaus and John Mitchell. The victors had great booty, and among them were men of Assint, who instigated John Riabhaich to take Sutherland and his company unawares, cut them all off, appropriate their share of the booty and give out that they had been killed in the fight. But this atrocious proposal was too much even for most of the reiving Caterans. The Sutherlands were warned and on their guard. MacKay saw the scheme was frustrated and slunk off home to Strathnaver. Alexander of Balnagown, who thus fell, had a daughter Isabella, who married George Munro, tenth baron of Fowlis—near Dingwall—but had two illegitimate sons to the Earl of Sutherland. Sutherland had for wife Margaret, daughter of Donald, Lord of the Isles, and great-grand-daughter of William, Earl of Ross, above mentioned. It is related that Margaret was nearly drowned while crossing a ferry. She was got out alive and drawn ashore, but immediately killed, at the instigation of Isabella, it was said. George of Fowlis was killed in a fight as disastrous to his family as Alt na Charrais was afterwards to his father-in-law's.

The story is that Alexander, Lord of Kintail, tried to seize the Earl of Ross, but the plot was discovered and

Kintail's agent, Donald McIver, was seized and shut up in the castle of Dingwall. A band of his kinsmen from Kinlochewe, composed of Macivers, Macleennans, Macaulays, and Macleays, finding they could not get at him, made a sudden raid into Easter Ross. They surprised Balnagown, seized Alexander the Laird, in an arbour in a wood near the castle, where he usually went for an airing in the morning. They got off before the alarm was raised and made for the hills with their prisoner, intending to hold him as a hostage for the delivery of Maciver. Meantime the Rosses with 200 Frasers under Lovat, the Munros of Foulis and the Dingwalls of Kildun, pursued the Kintail men and overtook them "at a place betwixt the heights of Ferindonald and Lochbroom." The fight was bitter and both sides suffered heavily. The Kinlochewe men were almost extirpated, the Dingwalls wholly. Of the Munros, Sir Robert Gordon says: "There were slain eleven Munros of the house of Fowlis that were to succeed one after another so that the succession fell to a child then in his cradle." This was in 1452, and the place was called Bealach nan Brog, because, as was said, the Highlanders bound their shoes on their breasts with their belts to protect themselves from arrows.

A picturesque variant of the story quoted from a MacKenzie MS. makes Euphemia, Countess Dowager of Ross, fall in love with Alexander of Kintail, "a proper and handsome young man," ask him to marry her and on his declining imprison him at Dingwall. Then it makes her bribe or torture his page and get a signet ring which was his agreed warrant for the governor of his castle of Eilean Donan, send it with a false message about a marriage between her and Alexander, and get the castle into her own men's hands. As Euphemia died about 1429 this story must be given up.

The next Alexander of Balnagown was great-grandson of Euphemia. He succeeded in 1528, and was one of



THE OLD COLLEGIATE KIRK OF ST. DUTHIE, TAIN, SCOTLAND
It was built in 1370, and to the left stands the Chapter House, roofless

the most powerful men in Ross and masterful in his ways. In 1553 he invested in a culverin, the eighteen-pounder cannon of those days, and coats of mail. Just then the troubles between the Queen-regent, mother of Mary Queen of Scots, supported by the Catholics on the one side and the Lords of the Congregation, or Reformers, on the other side, were coming to a head. Between 1553 and the calling of the Great Parliament of 1560, which enacted the Reformation, there were many transactions between Alexander and Nicholas Ross, Abbot of Fearn, who granted several of the Abbey lands to the Laird while the Laird made a regular "band" or bond of alliance and protection with the Abbot. Nicholas was also Provost of the great Collegiate Church of Tain, six miles from Balnagown. In its shrine were kept the relics of the patron St Duthac, cased in gold and silver. Saint, relics, and church had a great vogue in the Scotland of the

late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, attracting troops of pilgrims, and King James IV. made no fewer than nineteen pilgrimages thither.

But by 1560 the day of relics and pilgrimages was over. The Reformed doctrines were spreading. At Perth, Cupar and St. Andrew's the mob had smashed images and looted shrines. Clearly Nicholas dared not leave the relics behind him in Tain when he went up to attend the Parliament of 1560 as an Abbot. So he consigned them to the strong custody of Alexander at Balnagown Castle and took a receipt for them. It bound the Laird either to return them on demand or pay 2,000 marks = £1,333 Scots or £111 sterling. That was clearly only their bullion value, nothing for sacred or miraculous properties. Alexander had no faith in miracles, unless such as culverins could work, and Nicholas apparently not much more.

This document is one of a great many recently found at Balnagown



GREAT SEAL OF JAMES VI.

With the legend "Deus Judicium Tuum Regi Da"

and about to be issued in book form by this writer. Another shows that Alexander, like so many other landed proprietors of the time, was intent on grasping as much as he could of the Church lands and property. In the absence of Nicholas, he compelled three canons of the monastery of Fearn to sign a deed conveying to him more of the Abbey lands, on the ground that they had been granted by Nicholas' predecessor. When Nicholas returned, these monks in his presence signed another deed formally revoking their signatures to the former as having been given through fear of their lives. Some years after, having a feud with Innes of Plaids, proprietor of lands near the Moray Firth, Alexander raided these lands in the old Highland style, driving off cattle, sheep and horses, seizing corn and movables even down to "naperie and bedding." Then, as a condition of getting these back, Innes had to agree to give over his lands. But Innes naturally preferred to have a place to keep his movables, so he retained his Tower. Next we find Alexander has "cassin down the fortalice and battailed Tower of Cadboll"—not unlikely with the help of his culverin.

But this brought on the scene another character still more masterful

—the Regent Morton who summoned Alexander before the Parliament in Edinburgh and then shut him up in Edinburgh Castle. Only on signing an agreement to rebuild Cadboll and pay compensation was his tether relaxed so as to allow him a range of one mile around Edinburgh. Within a year he revoked his signature to the agreement on the ground that it was given in fear of his life. He might well be anxious to avoid making acquaintance with Morton's "Maiden," the old Scotch guillotine. Then amid the plots and intrigues that began to shake Morton's power, Alexander seems to have gone off north and defied the Government, till in 1583 letters of fire and sword were sent out against him. His own son George was actually one of those charged to "convocat the lieges" and pursue him. George was in possession of Balnagown but the old man was by no means suppressed. He levied rents of lands belonging to his son. He seized the Chapter house of Tain Church and was putting it to "prophane use as a girnell and larder" till in 1588 an order of the King in Council charged him to "redd himselfe girds and geir therefrae" and give it up to the Presbytery of Tain then lately established. Strangely

enough too, in that same year he was accepted—not elected—as Provost of the burgh of Tain on a letter of appointment from the previous Provost. He died in 1592, and one of his daughters, Katherine, was mixed up in a very strange case. She was second wife of Robert Mhor Munro of Fowlis, and her stepson Robert had married Marjory, daughter of MacKenzie of Kintail. Her brother, George of Balnagown, before mentioned, had married Marion Campbell of Cawdor. It was alleged that Katherine had to do with a nefarious conspiracy to remove Robert Munro younger and Marion Campbell, and clear the way for a marriage between George and Marjory. Several witches, one nicknamed Loskie Loutart, and at least one wizard, nicknamed Damh from Tain, were engaged. One witch made images in butter of the intended victims and took eight shots at them with “elf-arrows.” These were the flint arrow-heads of the stone age often found in the soil but then supposed to be of elfish or infernal origin and power. The superstition was that whatever wound was made in the image would be felt identically by the person represented. Loskie must have been an uncommonly bad shot for she missed every time. Another made a clay image at which, somehow by the rules of this infernal Bisley, twelve shots were allowed, but these also missed. The wizard concocted poison. Robert Munro escaped, but young Lady Balnagown, though not killed, was affected with an incurable disease. For this the gang were tried and Damh was burnt alive. Thirteen years after, when her husband had died and been succeeded by his brother Hector Munro, Katherine was accused and tried at the instance of Hector for the witchcraft and poisoning. The “assize,” or jury, were all Rosses or Munros, and they declared her to be “quyt of the hail poynts of the ditay.” The odd thing is that Hector had himself to stand his trial immediately after for witchcraft. It was

said he had employed a witch to cure him of fever. Her treatment was to take him out in a blanket on a frosty night in January and lay him in a newly-dug grave on the march between his barony and the next so that the fever might be transferred to the other baron who, by the way, happened to be his step-brother. There was a like jury and verdict.

Later, when the Scottish Parliament had broken off its alliance with the English Parliament and had proclaimed Charles II., and the latter made his sudden march into England, David mustered his clan and went south. He fought at Worcester, was taken prisoner, and sent to the Tower by Cromwell. There he died in 1653, and his estates were harried by fines, exactions and quartering of troopers at the castle and leading tenants' houses. David must have been of rather magnificent tastes, if we may judge from the material for a cloak of his shown in an account of 1642: Fine greenish Spanish cloth, lining of fine light greenish vellum and mixed Spanish greenish taffaty, four dozen of silver-plated buttons, one long tail-button with silver head and eye, five quarters French buckram, a fine English deam collar, and a silver and gold borderine belt. His son David, thirteenth of the Balnagown line, was only seventeen when he succeeded, and from the cause stated found the estates deep in debt and disorder. In consideration of this and of his father's services and sufferings, Charles II. granted David a pension of £200 a year. Like other Highland chiefs he had to furnish soldiers to the governments of Charles II. and James II., who used them against the Covenanters of the south. He had not only to furnish but pay them and fit them out and even pay their fines when they got into brawls and were clapped into the Tollbooth by Edinburgh bailies who had no sympathy with Highlanders. He made several journeys to Edinburgh, the expenses of which are recorded. His

usual fare at the inn or lodging there was dishes of broth, tailzies (cuts) of beef, gigots, back ribs, or shoulders of mutton, collops, with herrings, goose or capons for occasional change and great quantities of penny or two-penny ale and bread. His tips to "violers" or "minstrels" show a taste for music and those to masons an interest in architecture. He rebuilt Balnagown Bridge and largely renovated the Castle. A magnificent mantelpiece and fireplace put by him in the old Great Hall is still there, emblazoned with his own and his wife's initials.

In his time and right through the times of William III., Anne and George I. the British navy was supplied with masts from the great pine forests of Strathcarron. He took great interest in the history of his clan and wrote about it. Numbers of old papers have been found which he had looked into, for they are endorsed in his handwriting, "Revised 1692." Among them is one showing that in 1622 a great stretch of Balnagown lands from Edderton northwest was in possession of James, fourth Lord Ross of Halkhead. David would equally have known what was actually within his own lifetime—the fact given in the Register of Retours that Robert, fifth Lord Ross, was in nominal possession—probably in both cases as the security for a loan—of the barony of Balnagown. As will be seen from David's own statement he held himself to be rightful heir, not only to the chieftainship of the Rosses but to the Earldom of Ross, on the failure of the male line of the Earls. Thus he held that when King James III. in 1476, for the treason of John Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, declared the Earldom forfeited, he acted wrongfully in annexing it to the Crown instead of passing it to the next heir, David's ancestor. David thus states his case in a letter of 1707 to William, twelfth Lord Ross of Halkhead:

"I have sent to Mr. Simson and Sir David Forbes a writ laity com to my

hand which does cleir that William Earle of Ross' daughter [David refers to the William mentioned above as brother of Hugh of Balnagown. As he left no son his daughter assumed the title of Countess and her husband that of Earl] was never married to Walter Leslie with her father's consent but expressly contrair thereto and swears to his death never consented far less to give his daughter and Walter Leslie the wholl earldome, as his complaint of great oppression under his seal fully beares. Nevertheless the said Walter Leslie by the King's permission entered the possession of the Earldome after Earle William's death and his grandchild Euphemia being his only child Alexander of Ila com and married her and possessed the Earldome over a hunder yeares and without any legall process annex to the Crown in King James the third tyme anno 1477 or thereby. Greater oppression was never done to a subject as Earle William suffered—his lands in Moray and Buchan was, brevi, manu, taken by the King from him by threats and imprisonment and his daughter given to Walter Leslie without his consent, and after his death his hail Earldom of Ross given to Walter Leslie without his conpredecessors, so if oppression in the anesent tho' tailzied [i.e., entailed] to my nexation be a good ground of dissolution this is manifest next in the year 1537, the 2nd Parliament of James V., 30 Act, the Earldom of Ross particularly was dissolved from the crown and never since annex and now remains at Her Majesty's disposal."

The same question is next found more fully treated in a paper of 1707 endorsed, "Memoriall for My Lord Ross, per Sir D. Dalrymple"—i.e., the then Solicitor-General, grandfather of Lord Hailes, the great judge and "annalist." He recites:

"In the year 1333 Hugh, then Earl of Ross, granted Charter to Hugh his second son, of the lands of Rarichies with another charter of the lands of Philorth to both which charters, William the eldest brother is witness. And the said Earl being killed in the battle of Haledounhill was succeeded by the said William Earl of Ross who made tailzie of his estate and Earldom to the said Hugh Ross of Rarichies his brother, and his heirs male. But after the decease of the said Earl William his daughter notwithstanding of the tailzie assumed the title of Countess of Ross and having married Walter Leslie Thane of Fife was succeeded by Alexander her son, who left only a daughter. And the said daughter being surprised in the Castle of Dingwall

by the Lord of the Isles was carried away and married to him, and he assumed the title of Earl of Ross. Donald of the Isles having thus assumed the title, fell in disgrace with the King for having, contrair to His Majestie's opinion hazarded the battle of Hardlea and having died in his retirement was succeeded by his son Donald of the Isles, who was received into favour upon condition that he should surrender himself prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh for three days and make resignation of his estate in the King's hands, and assurance was given that the estate should be returned to himself and his heirs male. The said Donald having accordingly made resignation and surrendered himself prisoner and having died before expiring of the three days the Earldom of Ross was afterwards annexed to the Crown, with a particular provision not to be annaizied [i.e., alienated] except that it might be given to the King's son. The heirs male constantly continued to petition the Crown and government for asserting their right. But the revenues of that Earldom being constantly gifted to neighbours of great interest and who had advantage of greater favour at Court the right of the said heirs male has hitherto been neglected. David Ross of Balnagown, the heir male of the said Earldom, wanting heirs male of his own body, has tailzied his estate and pretensions of the Earldom of Ross to William Lord Ross and his heirs male which William Lord Ross is also descended of the Earls of Ross, so that in his person is centred the representation of all three families, the Earldom of Ross, the Lord Ross and the Laird of Balnagown—two whereof gives him title to the dignitie and estate of Ross," etc.

One of Lord Ross's ancestors was Robert Ross, Lord of Helmsley in Yorkshire, who was sent by King John of England on a mission to William the Lion King of Scotland, and, it is said, remained in Scotland and married a daughter of that king. Later in the line was Sir John Ross of Halkhead, near Paisley, who in the reign of Robert II. acquired the lands of Melville and who was made Lord Ross about the year 1500. His son John gave his life for his country and fell in the disaster of Flodden Field in 1513. This John's grandson also fought and fell for his country in the equally disastrous battle of Pinkie in 1547.

From Lord Ross, Balnagown and all

rights were passed to his brother, Colonel-General Charles Ross, who as a colonel of dragoons had distinguished himself under William of Orange and Marlborough in the wars against Louis XIV. for the liberty of Europe. He greatly improved the Balnagown Estates, bringing to bear on the work not only his wealth but the administrative ability that had well served two sovereigns. As provost of the neighbouring Burgh of Tain he lifted it also out of debt and difficulty. As member for the shire he made his mark in five Parliaments, was one of the commissioners appointed to investigate the affairs of the South Sea Company when that huge bubble burst, and for his fearless exposure of corruption received the public thanks of Parliament. On his death in 1733 Balnagown passed to his grand-nephew, the Hon. Captain, and later, Colonel, Charles Ross, a gallant young officer who distinguished himself, but lost his life, in the battle of Fontenoy and was celebrated in the following ode by the poet Collins:

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL
CHARLES ROSS IN THE
ACTION AT FONTENOY

While lost to all his former mirth
Britannia's genius bends to earth
And mourns the fatal day,
While stained with blood he strives to
tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of Cheerful May.

The thoughts which musing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend;
Still Fancy to herself unkind
Awakes to grief the softened mind
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheldt's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave
Where'er the youth is laid.
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him whose doom thy virtues grieve
Aerial forms shall sit at eve
And bend the pensive head;
And fallen to save his injured land
Imperial honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed.

The warlike dead of every age
 Who fill the fair recording page
 Shall leave their sainted rest,
 And half-reclining on his spear
 Each wondering chief by turns appear
 To hail the blooming guest.

And Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
 Shall crowd from Cressy's laurelled field
 And gaze with fixed delight;
 Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
 Again they snatch the gleaming steel
 And wish the avenging fight.

But lo! where sunk in deep despair,
 Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
 Impatient Freedom lies!
 Her matted tresses madly spread
 To every sod which wraps the dead
 She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground
 Till notes of triumph bursting round
 Proclaim her reign restored;
 Till William seek the sad retreat
 And, bleeding at her sated feet,
 Present the sacred sword.

If weak to soothe so soft a heart,
 These pictured glories nought impart
 To dry thy constant tear.
 If yet in sorrow's distant eye
 Exposed and pale thou seest him lie
 Wild war insulting near.

Where'er from time thou court'st relief
 The Muse shall still with social grief
 Her gentlest promise keep.
 Even humble Hasting's cottaged vale
 Shall learn the sad repeated tale
 And bid her shepherds weep.

His brother William, also an officer on service, succeeded to Balnagown and, later, to the title of Lord Ross. But he lived to enjoy this title only two months and with him the title and direct male line became extinct. Then Balnagown reverted to the before-mentioned Grizel Ross, daughter of William, twelfth Lord Ross, and sister of the Colonel-General. She had as husband Sir James Lockhart of Carstairs, in Lanark, whose ancestry again was as ancient and notable as hers, going back to the days of David I. in the early twelfth century. All readers of Scott's "Talisman" and his preface to it, know the story of Sir Simon Lockhart, who, after King Robert the Bruce's death, set out with James "the good Lord

Douglas" to fulfil Bruce's dying wish and bury his heart in the Holy Land. But hearing there was war against the Moors in Spain Douglas, in the true spirit of chivalry, turned aside to share in the fighting and was killed. The heart in its casket was returned to Scotland, but Lockhart and a few others of the Scottish knights pressed on, reached Palestine and took part in the fighting against the Saracens. In one battle Lockhart captured an Emir of wealth and importance, whose aged mother came to ransom him. While paying the ransom she let fall an amulet, a pebble inserted in a coin. Lockhart at once insisted on having it also and after much difficulty got it. It was supposed to be of marvellous powers, so that water in which it was dipped would cure fevers. Lockhart after many adventures returned with it to his castle of Lee in Clydesdale, where it has been carefully treasured ever since and known as the "Lee-penny." So strong was the faith in its virtues that the Church expressly exempted it from the general condemnation of charms and till within quite recent times people went with water to dip it in. On the death of Grizel Ross's son, Sir James, in 1760, Balnagown passed to her fourth son, Captain John, who then assumed the name of Ross and inheriting also the title became Sir John Ross. He had a brilliant career. He entered the navy in 1735 at the age of fourteen, and steadily won his way up with the invariable esteem and approval of his superiors, till in 1756 he was appointed to command the *Tartar*, a ship carrying twenty-four nine-pounder guns and a crew of 200, with orders to cruise at the entrance of the channel and protect commerce. In two years he had captured nine French privateers, some of them more heavily armed than the *Tartar* and carrying in all 220 guns and 2,500 men, while the *Tartar* had only five men killed and two wounded. The French then fitted out the *Mélampe*, a frigate of

thirty-six twelve-pounder guns and 300 men, with the object of catching the *Tartar*, which she did, but in the proverbial, not the literal, sense, for at the first meeting the *Tartar*, after an obstinate engagement, captured the *Mélampe*. In gratitude for his effectual protection of their shipping, the merchants of London presented him with a massive silver cup and salver each inscribed:—"Presented by the two Assurance Companies and merchants of London to John Lockhart, Esq., Captain of His Majesty's Ship *Tartar*, for his gallant service in protecting the trade of the nation by takeing many French privateers in the years 1756 and 1757." The merchants of Bristol presented him with a solid gold cup inscribed:—"Presented by the Society of the Merchant Venturers of the City of Bristol to Captain John Lockhart, Commander of His Majesty's Ship *Tartar*, for the important services he rendered to the Trade of that City by ably protecting her merchantmen and Distressing numerous French privateers, 1758." All these, with a model of the *Mélampe*, are preserved at Balnagown. In command of a fifty-gun ship, Captain Ross shared in Admiral Hawke's victory at Quiberon in 1759. After succeeding to Balnagown he spent seventeen years ashore, and in managing and improving the estate he showed the same ability as he had shown at sea. On the renewal of war in 1778 he was put in command of a seventy-four gun ship and was one of the court-martial on Admiral Keppel. Next year he was promoted to be Vice-Admiral, and commanded a division of Rodney's fleet off Cape St. Vincent when they captured from the Spaniards a great fleet of nine seventy-gun ships and twenty-two armed merchantmen and frigates. In 1781

at the great siege of Gibraltar he distinguished himself in the dangerous service of landing supplies for relief of the garrison, under the enemy's fire. His last service was in 1788, in command of the North-Sea Fleet, blockading the Dutch coast, and he died two years afterwards, mourned by the country as a naval hero and by his tenants and neighbours for his generosity and private virtues. His son and successor, Sir Charles Ross, was also a distinguished officer but of the other service, in which he had the rank of Major-General. While in command at Clonmel in 1800, he was selected by the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Cornwallis, for a very difficult and delicate investigation of some political doings among the Devonshire Militia. He was selected "as a general officer in whose discretion, judgment, and good conduct his Excellency has implicit confidence." Lord Cornwallis writes afterwards: "Sir Charles Ross has conducted the whole business with great ability and propriety. I cannot too strongly express my obligation to him."

Among those with whom he formed friendships while on service abroad, and who corresponded with him, were the Orleans Family. His brother James was a captain in the naval service, another brother, Robert, was a colonel of dragoons, and a third, John, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, who fell at the battle of Talavera in 1809. Thus the military tradition of the line has been continued from the older Rosses who were warriors of necessity in wild times, through the later Rosses in the regular forces of their country, right down to the present day, as was shown recently in an article entitled "Our National Arm," which appeared in the September number of this magazine.



THE BELATED WEDDING TRIP

BY HATTIE E. CRAGG

THE pleasant clatter of the knives and forks caused the plump canary in his cage to break into a shrill song, but the rest of the family ate in silence.

Dan'el paused now and then between bites to glance around the room with a more than ordinarily contented expression on his cheerful, honest, gray-whiskered face. Nick, the hired man, attended strictly to his breakfast, and appeared to enjoy it, if one might judge by the smacks of his lips. Maria's forehead, framed in soft tendrils of gray hair, was puckered in a thoughtful frown. She was engaged in solving a weighty problem in diplomacy. How could she discover what was in Dan'el's mind without giving him a suspicion of what was in hers?

She sipped her tea in tiny spoonfuls, carefully rehearsing her speech with little heart-flutterings as to its possible results. Resolutely she took the plunge, looking down at her plate lest her eyes should belie the indifference of her tone.

"What was you countin' on doin' to-day, Dan'el?" she asked, and held her breath while she waited for his answer.

Dan'el laid down his knife and planted his elbows on the table. "Oh, I thought mebbe I'd putter round; scythe the grass an' thistles along the fence-rows an' such like. Feel sort o' off-workish to-day, anyhow. Guess it's because it's my weddin'-day."

He formed a telescope of one rough, sunburnt hand and looked

through it at his wife with an air of critical admiration, at which Nick grinned broadly.

"Pretty bloomin', ain't she, Nick? You'd hardly think she'd been a bride for thirty-five year, would you now?"

"Oh, shut your head, do, if you can't talk nothing but nonsense!"

Disappointment lent an unnatural acidity to Maria's voice.

She still sat at the breakfast table after the men had gone out, idly pouring the dregs of her cup into her saucer and back again. A cloud of tragedy filled the room, even the canary seemed to feel it, but the gloom rested most heavily upon Maria's face.

For many reasons they had taken no wedding-trip, she and Dan'el, when they were married. If there had been no other preventive, the emptiness of young Dan'el's purse, after buying the license and paying the preacher, would have been sufficient. They vowed, however, that sometime, on their wedding anniversary, they would go on a trip "as grand as the next one."

Thrift and hard work lessened the necessity for economy as time went on, but there was always something to prevent the taking of the trip. When the children were little they always seemed to choose that time of year in preference to any other for breaking out in measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, or any other disease of childhood, seasonable or unseasonable. And when they grew up that always seemed a convenient

time for "gettin' married," or "goin' West." As a matter of course, they could not go the year they built the barn or the year they put up the new woodshed.

Once the coast had seemed clear. Maria had gone so far in her preparation as to hire Alvina Spuggit, the "help" of the neighbourhood, to keep horse during her absence. Then the sorrel colt ran into a barbed-wire fence and cut himself up into a Scotch plaid; so, of course, Dan'el thought no more of going that year.

After that the matter ceased to be talked of between them; but to Maria it was one of the blessings which to a certainty lay in the future. Each year she looked forward eagerly to its fulfilment; each year she was disappointed; but never for a moment did she suspect that Dan'el had ceased to think of it altogether.

And now at last, on the thirty-fifth celebration of the day, there was no obstacle in the way. The children had all left the home now, but the hired man was "stiddy-goin' an' dependable," and Jane, one of the married daughters, lived on the farm adjoining and could "slip over to look after things" occasionally.

Maria and her daughter had thoroughly canvassed the situation, and she had no doubt that Dan'el had taken Nick into his confidence. What more was necessary? To discuss the matter openly would be but to tempt Fate.

For weeks Maria had been in a pleasant flutter of excitement. She had sponged and pressed her own and Dan'el's clothes; she had "freshed up" her bonnet; she had swept and cleaned from cellar to garret; she had baked a row of pies reaching the length of the pantry shelf—and still Dan'el said no word.

The morning dawned warm and cloudless. The ordinary objects, the common tasks, took on a roseate tinge, for in a few hours she would be realising the dream of years.

Then—Dan'el had forgotten. He

was only going to putter 'round!

"Oh, it's mean, mean, mean!" Maria's lips trembled, and she tried in vain to choke down the lump in her throat. Slowly she gathered up the dishes and washed them.

"An' I'd die before I'd ask him to go!" she told herself fiercely. "Men-folks have to be coaxed an' reminded a lot, but they might do nice things of their accord once in great while!"

After a time her lips ceased to tremble. She set the dishes down with an emphatic bang and her eyes flashed. Had Dan'el been there he would have said: "The indications p'int to gusty weather."

She wiped the dishes and tidied up the house with the rapidity and neatness born of long practice; then she hurried upstairs. It was only the work of a few minutes to pack into an old-fashioned valise the garments laid out on the spare bed. She put on her best dress and the lace bonnet with the lilac flower. When she came downstairs she took a comprehensive glance around to see that everything was in proper order, then closed the door and walked down the path to the gate.

At the gate she met Dan'el with the scythe over his shoulder.

"Why, Mari', are you goin' down to the post-office? Or over to Jane's? I was thinkin' we might both go over there for tea."

"I ain't goin' down to the post-office, Dan'el, nor yet over to Jane's," said Maria with dignified firmness.

"Well, where in the dingnation are you goin', then?"

"I'm goin' on my weddin'-trip, that's where."

Dan'el stared at her for a moment, while he digested the statement. He was quick of comprehension at times. In a flash he saw it all, and a pang of self-reproach smote him. Maria had held faithfully to the hope of the wedding-trip all these years, and he had forgotten it as if it had never been.

"Where was you thinkin' of goin' to, Mari'?" he asked, to fill in the pause.

"I ain't partic'lar where. I got some saved out of the butter money. I'll give that to the agent at the station an' tell him to give me that much worth of ticket, an' just go wherever it takes me."

There was a note of triumph in Maria's voice.

Dan'el had recovered his poise now.

"A blame good notion, too," he said heartily. "But I guess we don't need to take the butter money. What are you in such a hurry for? It don't take but twenty minutes to walk to the station an' there's more'n an hour yet. Comin' out to call me, was you?"

Maria looked at Dan'el sharply. His face was guileless.

"Dan'el, tell me — hadn't you forgot all about that weddin'-trip?" and again she held her breath as she waited for his answer.

"What? Me forget the weddin'-trip!" he exclaimed, as though in horror at the very thought.

Maria's face softened into its natural creases as she smiled. His answer was far from deceiving her, but it clearly showed that he was striving hard to come up to her expectations of him; and she freely forgave him the shortcoming he was so anxious to conceal.

"Well, go an' get dressed," she said. "Your clothes are all laid out

on the spare bed. I'll wait here for you. It's bad luck to turn back."

Dan'el scrambled into his clothes, stuffed his necktie into his pocket, and came out carrying his coat over his arm and shouting a medley of directions to the bewildered Nick as he went.

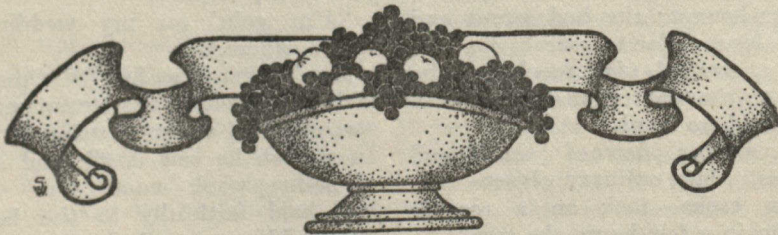
"Hurrah!" he cried gleefully. "Ain't this a great day, though? Worth waitin' thirty-five years for. Gimme the valise, Mari'. I wonder if there'll be anybody else on the train goin' on their weddin'-trip? I bet there won't be any other feller that'll have a better lookin' bride than I've got, anyhow!"

"Oh, get out! Don't be such an ol' fool!" said Maria. But she smiled and slipped her hand through his arm.

Arm in arm they walked along together, their kindly old faces beaming with love and happiness. The grass they trod upon rose buoyantly and nodded with gay friendliness behind them. An inquisitive robin hopped along the fence, taking short flights and alighting again to tilt his head sideways and watch them with his beady little eyes.

Through heavy clouds and in blinding storms they had walked together, in grief and trouble and perplexity. But all these things were behind them now, and time had softened the memory of them. Before them was only a faultless summer day.

The sun shone and the birds sang: they had started on their honeymoon.





SILVER MAPLE



SUGAR MAPLE,
OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM



SOFT RED MAPLE

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM

BY J. MULDREW

NO thoughtful person of the present day can fail to be struck with the increasing interest that is being taken in the trend of modern education. A great deal of attention is being paid to what is called "nature study," and if you ask a dozen professors what nature study means you will probably get as many definitions; but all will be agreed on one point, that, correctly taught, nature study helps children to become close observers, and therein lies its chief value.

It is a lamentable fact that the great majority of our people go through the world having eyes and seeing not, and a few questions on the common objects about us will convince any one of the truthfulness of this statement. It would appear that if any natural object could be familiar to Canadians, old and young, rich and poor, it would be the emblem of our national life: the Maple Leaf. However, among the thousands of school children of our land there are many who do not know the maple when they see it. Of those who know the maples there are many of all ages who are unable to distinguish our national emblem, for assuredly out of our five

native varieties only one is deserving of such distinction, whether viewed from the standpoint of beauty or utility. That one is, of course, the hard or sugar maple, but how seldom do we find its graceful outlines among the representations which appear everywhere in increasing numbers.

Examine a hundred cuts in the catalogues of jewellers, on packages of Canadian goods, including the alleged "Maple Syrup," on articles of native manufacture, on children's exercise books, or wherever they may be found, and you are fortunate if you meet one natural or conventionalised maple leaf along with the ninety-nine counterfeits or appalling guesses.

Nor is this confined to the unthinking or the uneducated. When the Prince and Princess of Wales visited our fair Canada a few years ago they carried home many cherished souvenirs, including one from the ladies of a wealthy city, who might well be taken as representing the culture of our best society. This particular gift took the form of a spray of maple leaves wrought in precious metals, embellished with precious stones, and engraved with exquisite workmanship. The idea was excellent, but if we are to believe the



No. 1



No. 2

illustrations since given to the public, the finished design with *alternate irregularly lobed leaves* represented the European white poplar sometimes erroneously called the silver maple.

Out of a class of students I once asked for a drawing from memory of a spray of maple leaves. Two only out of the fifty drew the leaves correctly, and only a very small proportion showed the leaves as palmately veined. Not long ago I picked up a magazine with a row of maple leaves on the margin of the page. Surprised to find the outline correct, my next thought was, What is the matter with those leaves? A second glance revealed the error. The leaf had a mid-rib and the lines branched alternately to the points of the lobes instead of being distributed from one point, as in a palmately veined leaf. Of the two accompanying illustrations, No. 1 shows the correct leaf. No. 2 shows a correct margin of the leaf, but the veining is wrong. It is so easy to distinguish the correct leaf that, having it once pointed out, no one can fail to notice a counterfeit.

The leaf has five teeth or less on each lobe and the hollows between the lobes, called the sinuses, are

rounded. Few teeth and rounded sinuses distinguish it immediately. The veins run outward to the points of the lobes from the base of the leaf near the stem. When the leaf is so popular a design for stick-pins, brooches, and even souvenir spoons, when it is everywhere apparent on post-cards going to all parts of the world, it seems a great pity we could not have the correct article, which is as easy to have as an incorrect one.

Some may argue, Why be so particular, so long as it is a maple leaf? With equal right, then, I would say you may mutilate the emblem of our Canadian industry, the Beaver. Imagine the dismay if we represented the beaver so badly that it was impossible to tell whether it was a beaver or a bear.

We might take a leaf from the book of our neighbours in this respect. The American child is pretty well informed concerning his own country, sometimes to the exclusion of other countries; and he is patriotic. It would be well worth while to make our children familiar with a correct picture of our national emblem, so that we may not only sing "The Maple Leaf Forever" but be able to distinguish the emblem when we see it.

O CANADA !

(O Canada! Terre de nos aïeux!)

*From the French of Hon. A. B. Routhier**

By JOHN BOYD

O Canada! land of our sires,
Whose brow is bound with glorious bays:
The sword thy valorous hand can wield
And bear the Cross that faith inspires,
What mighty deeds thy past days yield,
An *épopée* of glorious sights;
The faith, thy shield through all thy days,
Shall still protect our homes and rights,
Shall still protect our homes and rights.

By the broad river's giant stream,
Beneath God's ever watchful sight,
Canadians thrive in Hope's bright gleam,
Sprung from a great and noble race,
Cradled by self-denial's hand.
In the new world high Heaven did trace
The pathway of their destiny grand,
And, ever guided by its light,
They'll guard the banner of their land,
They'll guard the banner of their land.

Christ's forerunner, their patron saint,
From him they bear a crown of fire,
Enemies of the tyrant's base restraint
The depths of loyalty their deeds inspire;
And their proud liberty they would keep,
With never ending concord blest,
While by their genius sown deep
Upon our soil the truth shall rest,
Upon our soil the truth shall rest.

Oh, sacred love of altar and of throne:
Thy immortal breath our spirits fire!
Midst other races as we hold
Thy law whose constant sway we own,
May we as brethren all aspire,
With faith's control, while clear shall ring,
As from our sires in days of old,
The conquering cry, "For Christ and King,"
The conquering cry, "For Christ and King."

* While there have been several free translations made of Judge Routhier's famous song, they are almost entirely paraphractical. This is an attempt to supply a faithful translation of the song as a poem. It is, therefore, not a singing version.

TOM MOORE IN CANADA

BY GEORGE HUTCHINSON SMITH

IT was in the year 1803, and when only twenty-four years of age, that Moore the Irish poet received the appointment of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda. Within a month of his notification he sailed for America and in due time reached Norfolk, Virginia, only to find that a long delay must ensue ere he could find a ship ready to bear him to his destination. Whether to wait patiently in this uninteresting place or to change his plans altogether, was now the question. The latter was the course decided upon, and, securing a deputy for his office, he resolved on a tour through the United States and a return home *via* Canada, with the hope of reaching Bermuda another year. Accordingly he went to New York and spent part of April, 1804, in the metropolis of the young Republic; thence to Philadelphia and Baltimore and on to Washington, where he made a stay of considerable length.

The spirit of the Revolution was still strong, and the anti-British sentiment which he everywhere met was anything but pleasant to him. Jefferson was President, and with the private and social life of the Capital Moore was disgusted; and glad must he have been when he reached Buffa'o, and, ferrying across the Niagara River, found himself on British soil.

In his Journals and Correspondence, published in 1853-6 by Earl Russell and comprising eight volumes, Moore has written so much about his tour through Canada that the scant reference thereto by his biographers is

hardly pardonable. At any rate, to trace Tom Moore's footsteps through our country should form for Canadian admirers of Ireland's great lyric poet an interesting chapter in his life.

Of the five great bridges now spanning the beautiful and dangerous Niagara River, and each a triumph of engineering skill, not one at that early date, of course, existed. The first bridge to be built across this river was one at Queenston, and was not completed till 1851. The usual course of travel along the Niagara frontier about 1804 was to take boat, in summer, from Buffalo down the river to Chippewa, or to cross direct to Fort Erie and travel by stage along the river road to Chippewa and to the Falls.

What changes time works upon even a very young country! Such places as Chippewa and Queenston were then among the most important distributing points in Canada West. Warehouses and factories of different kinds and of considerable importance have long since passed away from these once flourishing and prosperous towns.

As the United Empire Loyalists formed their settlements, they were connected by fairly good roads, sometimes constructed by private subscription. Between navigable river points portage roads were built, and, where much merchandise required to be hauled over these ways, tracks with wooden rails and later "strap rails" were laid and horse cars instituted.

The first stage in Upper Canada



COTTAGE AT STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, KNOWN AS "TOM MOORE'S HOUSE"

was established by Mr. Macklem of Chippewa, in 1798. It ran between Fort Erie and Queenston, a most important and much-travelled highway. The distance is twenty-five miles. The stage ran every other day and conveyed passengers for the moderate fare of one dollar. This would naturally be the way taken in Moore's journey down the Niagara. A stop was, of course, made at the Falls, for the great cataract had long before this been one of the cardinal points of attraction to European travellers.

In the "Journals" Moore records the delight this great beauty spot of earth afforded him. Under the Canadian summer sun and clear atmosphere and with the natural surroundings as yet unmolested by the utilitarian age that was to follow as the country advanced, the poet was fairly entranced.

Descending the river by the stage route overlooking the deep gorge, past

the turbulent whirlpool and the noisy rapids and through busy Queenston, with vessels and teams loading and unloading merchandise, Niagara was in due course reached. Here Moore remained for two weeks, thoroughly enjoying the charms, social and scenic, which this thriving and important town afforded.

Moore had not yet reached the height of his fame, but was nevertheless sufficiently recognised as the coming poet of the Irish people to be a marked man wherever he went.

Only a year or two before this, Lt.-Col. Isaac Brock, with his regiment, the 49th, had been sent up from Quebec, and, although a bachelor, Brock's quarters at Fort George were already famous for their hospitality, and the gallant Colonel was the lion of the town, to which so much of the beauty and wealth and bravery of the young country had been attracted. From its geographical position

alone, Newark, or Niagara, made a fair bid to be the leading town of Upper Canada. Of this visit Moore wrote:

"To Colonel Brock of the 49th, who commanded at the Fort (George) I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. In many pleasant days which I passed with him and his brother officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting."

About two miles up the river from Niagara and at the parting of two roads stood a majestic oak tree with its background of forest and facing the magnificent river. To this spot Moore made frequent visits, and here it was he caught the inspiration of that beautiful ballad:

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully
curled

Above the green elms, that a cottage
was near,

And I said if there's peace to be found
in the world

A heart that is humble might hope for
it here.

It was noon, and on flowers that lan-
guished around.

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest and I heard not a
sound

But the woodpecker tapping on the
hollow birch tree.

As long as it remained, that tree
was known as "Moore's Oak."

On leaving Niagara, his course must have been by sailing vessel to Kingston. From Kingston to Montreal the route led by portage and boat down the St. Lawrence and, although through wildly beautiful scenery, the journey was at times arduous and tedious, as one learns from the "Journals," for Moore writes:

"We were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks, that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties."

On nearing Ste. Anne de Bellevue, at the head of the Island of Montreal and near where the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence, the song of the French-

Canadian boatmen suggested one of the best known of Moore's lyrics, and one which from its popularity should give Moore's journey through Canada a more prominent place with his biographers — "The Canadian Boat Song."

The poet gives his own account of its origin:

"Our voyageurs had good voices and sang perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air to which I adapted these stanzas appeared to be a long incoherent story of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins:

*Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers tres-bien montés.*

"The refrain of every verse was:
*A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.*

"I ventured to harmonise this air, and have published it. Without the charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes and feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest composition of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it that does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage."

Moore had evidently been reading Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "General History of the Fur Trade," and indeed in his notes he quotes from that work more than once. The words of his song are supposed to be used by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grande Portage in the fur trading expeditions. At the rapids at Ste. Anne they are obliged to take out part, if not all, of their lading. It is from this spot the *voyageurs* consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island. This church is dedicated to the especial saint of the *voyageurs*. The poem that Moore wrote as an inspiration from this scene follows:

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our hearts keep
 time,
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at Ste. Anne's our parting
 hymn.
 Row, brothers, row! The stream runs
 fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's
 past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to
 curl!
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow! The stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's
 past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon,
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon,
 Saint of Anne's green isle! hear our
 prayers,
 Oh! grant us cool heavens and favour-
 ing airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow! The stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's
 past.

A substantial stone cottage of the

early French-Canadian type stands in the heart of the town of Ste. Anne and is known as "Moore's House." It is frequently represented that Moore "lived" there for some time. It is possible he may have passed a night there. The "Boat Song" was not written till after his return home.

As little in a literary way remains of his Montreal visit, it need not concern us. Doubtless his stay was pleasant. His warm-hearted fellow-countrymen would entertain him with their characteristic hospitality. A few unimportant poetic fragments remain of his St. Lawrence tour; an "Impromptu, after a visit to Miss — of Montreal," and another addressed "To the Lady Charlotte R-wd-n. From the banks of the St. Lawrence" mark his way down the river; thence around by the Gulf to Halifax, where he sounds his parting note ere his departure for home, "To the Boston Frigate. On leaving Halifax for England, October, 1804."



SOME ASPECTS OF A CITY

BY SUZANNE MARNY

I DREAMT that I was wandering in an old part of the lower town. It was a dark winter day. The sky was leaden, the trees and roofs loomed darkly against it, the white of the snow lay in patches on the roof. I came upon an old gray church. In its vicinity were dismal houses. It was adorned with heavy stone carvings. The houses were straight and forbidding.

When I awoke I was so impressed with my dream that I thought I must have seen the church long ago. It must have been one that I had visited and forgotten. But it was only a dream church; I realised that when I was more fully awake.

Then I began to see much beauty in old city smoked churches on leaden days such as I had seen in my dream. How they mount into the dark heavens with the white patches clinging in porches, in roof, in angles, in steeple crevices! How the dark old houses stand below them with their fleece of town-worn snow!

After a day like this I saw the sky clear in a frostier night, and the stars shine in dark blue spaces between the luminous film waving in the heaven above roof and steeple. Lights from the stained glass windows gleamed opalescently on the white ground between the shadows. On winter evenings I began to open a watchful eye.

I saw the light in a cosy house in a well filled street gleam warmly white. The tree at the porch door, misty with

fine nude twigs, stood up to greet a blue-black sky where a guardian star or two was on its beat on celestial roads above the home roof. In less populous ways the lighted houses stood about the snowy fields as if they were in parks of their own, and sometimes huge elms towered above them, and a wide high night with frost scintillating stars made the elms and the houses and fields dwindle to a small earthly settlement for pigmy man.

I began to love the city landscape.

On a bright snowy afternoon what light flows in from the west! The sunlit brick houses flaunt against the blue with their load of snow, and the white lawns reflect the glow against the blue shadows. It is a gaudy, daring colour scheme; the bright Canadian sky, the almost poppy red of the brick walls that face the west, and the mantling white. This aspect has a startling beauty to him who has eyes to see.

In the city spring, wherein winter, grown time-worn and ugly, is lingering, or whereinto summer makes a premature leap, beauty is not everywhere nor ever-present. But suddenly at times you will smell a willow wherein the sap is rising — you will catch a glimpse of frostless April blue. The glistening of buds and a group of humble old houses will in a moment become a picture in the pallid sunshine behind their leafless trees.

And the leafless trees, are they not always most beloved, with their won-

derful and perfectly graceful construction exposed for admiration—the elms and the maples, with their black branches multiplying at different stages, and their infinitesimal arching twigs making feathery effects at their extremities? The chestnuts are homelier in design, but just as dear to me. Their twigs are never feathery, like those of the maple and the elm, but thicker and more knotted and more full of character.

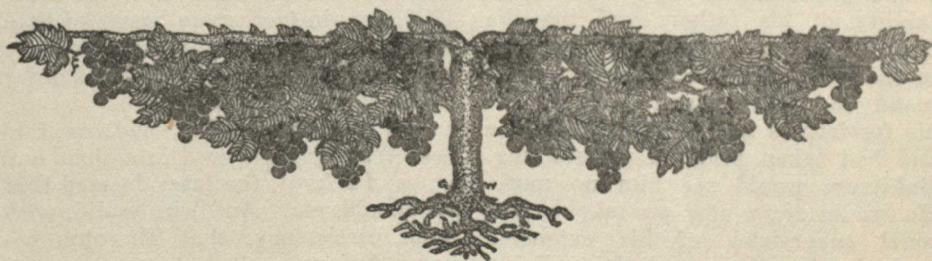
And when the summer comes on apace, then the chestnut is proud; he is short and luxuriant; or taller, more branching and full of character. Give me a chestnut in full leaf before an old house; the sun playing through the leafage, dappling the time-coloured walls, and the tree spreading a greenish shade on the wooden sidewalk. I peer through a chestnut-shaded walk, look upon the sun flecking its shadow, and laugh to think how easily I am pleased.

What lights the street lights make with the trees, what dense shadows are cast, and how exquisitely a maple tree belaces and bepatterns the sidewalk and road! I love to see at night figures moving in the electric light, which lights them in a ghostlier if in a less beautiful way than moonlight. I love to peer beyond the lighted figures to groups on doorsteps in the dense tree-shade. I like to see the groups lurking where the light flecks

with gold the shadow, almost black, of the leaves.

Wandering home in September a little wearied by the abundance of green field and wood, I find something again to please. The leaves in town are scant and yellow-tipped; they are frayed and drooping; a few have given up the ghost and lie flat or curled below the tree. Everything is dimmed and dusty, but the haze and the heat veil the sun to a sullen shining which burnishes the summer-worn dusty objects with a copper glow, gilding the distant rising dust. This coppery veil is no other than the veil of autumn glamour, and the spot must be squalid and strange that it does not beautify.

How warm it is sometimes in the end of October or mayhap in the first week in November. Then suddenly we find that the first snow has come and gone, that we have forgotten the feel of a warm autumn day. Everything is sodden. A few rich brown leaves cling to the oak tree, the vine roots are packed in yellow straw trap-pings, and the bushes without their leaves have dwindled brown and twiggy. Then perhaps a fairy mist rises the scarcer tree or bush branches dark and poignant. The summer house is in the middle distance in the middle mist. Further away in the background the neighbours' red dwellings blush very faint and shy through the white veil.



HIS LAST GAME

BY FRANCIS VON BUHL

"CONFOUND it! I never knew the cards to run so beastly in all my life," muttered Wainwright. "Do you suppose it is because I have vowed that this night will see the last of my poker-playing? You know, Thornton, some savant or philosopher has said that when we make a vow to do a certain thing, fate or some unforeseen force seems to put us to the test. What do you say to that?"

"I say, spare me a dissertation on things esoteric and get into the game. I'll take two cards, and open the pot for ten blues," replied Thornton, with much gusto.

Wainwright dealt the cards, with a sigh of resignation, as if something heavy were hanging over his head—like the hanging sword of Damocles, suspended by a single hair and ready to drop at any moment. At intervals throughout the whole evening of his debauch, the one thing continually uppermost in his somewhat incoherent thoughts was the determination to make this night end his convivial spree, for all time. After this, he would settle down, into the respectability of his father; and he—the last of the Wainwrights—would show to the world that he, too, could command the respect and esteem that his forefathers had deemed their due and had taken pride in maintaining. Baltimore would see him no more. He would from now on take a personal supervision of his extensive lands in the West; and there, living the life of a landed gentleman, he would grow up with the country, that posterity might point to him as a man

who had done things, one who had helped to make the country what it was, rather than one who had spent his heritage in riotous living.

Thornton, however, had no such compunctions as these; not he. Posterity might go and hang on a hickory limb for all he cared. Was not he his father's only heir? And had not Richard Thornton stinted and schemed, squeezed here and grafted there, until he had succeeded in accumulating a million? And what was it all for, if it was not that he—Gordon—might enjoy the fruits thereof? Besides, did not the old man continue to make money? Would he not always make money? Then why not spend it, and thereby prevent a glut of money in the Thornton household? Ha! ha! A good idea; the world could never censure him for keeping money from circulation. Furthermore, had his father not dinned into him, every day for the last ten years, that he was to marry his cousin, Marjorie Bannerman, and have full control of all her money? Marjorie was his father's ward, and was beautiful, too; in fact, more beautiful than any girl of his acquaintance. So, why should a lucky dog like him not enjoy life and have his fling?

The game continued; and, as if to test Wainwright's good intentions and vows of reform, the fates decreed that he should win. And win he did, with such persistency, that Thornton became furious.

The *liqueurs* and tobacco were served by the obsequious waiter with greater celerity and at more frequent

intervals, since each service now brought with it a more substantial tip.

Wainwright drained his glass, and played with more verve and reckless abandon than ever, for it was apparent that luck was with him, no matter how he discarded or drew his cards.

At last Thornton, in desperation, pushed back his chair as he drained his glass. "Wainwright," he growled, **with an oath**, "the devil is surely on your side to-night; but to show you that I am game, and do not fear even his Satanic Majesty, with all his imps of Hades, I'll force my beastly luck to its last notch of endurance, and play you just one more game; and raise the stakes to something worth while. As you know, I am to be married in two months to my cousin, Marjorie Bannerman. The engagement has not, as yet, been announced; nevertheless, it is to take place within that time, although I am free to confess to you, Wainwright, that there is not much love associated with it on either side. I am marrying Marjorie, principally, because in doing so I shall have the control of her money, to spend as I like. And she, poor little fool, is marrying me because she has been led by the old man to believe that she will become a pauper if she refuses. Now, I have seen your ranch in Wyoming, and I know just how fine it is; so I will play you just one more game to-night, and stake you my fiancée's dowry against your ranch. If I win, I shall marry her and go and live upon your ranch—until I get tired of it, of course. And if you win—well, you can do the same if you want to. Hanged if I would want to marry even Marjorie, sweet as she is, without her money."

Although Wainwright had been drinking heavily all the evening, his brain was not in such a state of inebriety that he could not see the incongruity of Thornton's wager. Miss Bannerman's money might become Thornton's when the marriage was consummated; but, until that time, Wainwright would question Thornton's

right to arrogate to himself any part of it.

"It seems to me," replied Wainwright, "that I would be an egregious ass to wager something I possess against something you do not possess. It looks too much like heads you win, tails I lose."

"But I tell you we are going to be married in two months; and the money is sure to be mine then," returned Thornton, heatedly.

"That may all be," said Wainwright; "but, at any rate, the money is not yours now; so how can you wager it?"

"See here," returned Thornton, "if you are afraid I am trying to put up a skin-game on you, I will agree to return to you your ranch, if I win and fail to marry Marjorie Bannerman in two months. Now are you game?"

Wainwright quietly drew a small memorandum book from his pocket and scribbled a few words upon a leaf; then, with a smile, he handed the book across the table to Thornton, as he remarked: "I have just written your proposition down here, Thornton, sign your name to it, and you're on."

With a flourish, the latter signed his name; then called for *liqueurs* and a new deck.

They cut for deal—and Thornton wins.

The moment is one of intense interest. The news has been circulated by the waiters throughout the room, and now the table is surrounded by eager faces, ready to take it all in; and such is the sporting element at Proctor's, that half of the on-lookers have already placed bets among themselves, as to the outcome of the game.

Wainwright receives his cards, and, carefully scrutinising them, discards two and calls for the draw.

Thornton deals Wainwright two cards, and selects the next one for himself.

Since the stakes are already up, it is now simply a matter of laying each hand face upwards upon the table. This being done, Wainwright dis-

covers that his four aces are beaten by Thornton's royal flush. For a moment he sits there, with drawn lips, from which the blood has ceased to flow, while he gazes into the grinning, triumphant and flushed countenance of Thornton. Then, rising, with a fire of reckless abandon in his eyes, he gulps down the *liqueur* at his side and staggers from the room.

*

Two days later, if you had been upon a certain fashionable street in Baltimore you would have seen two Italian girls drawing a street-piano along the pavement; and stopping every few feet, to grind out a popular air. Now it was "Sweetheart Days"; again, it was "Summertime" or others like these, intermingled with such strains as "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

The girls were as unlike as a sunflower and an American Beauty rose. The one passing around with her tambourine, collecting the pennies, was the type of Italian girl seen in the ghetto of any American city. But the other—the one turning the handle of the old street-piano—looked like an Italian goddess. Her raven hair and perfectly moulded features, enhanced by lips the colour of ripe cherries, were enough to ravish the senses of any poet or sculptor; and one could not help but marvel at the incongruity of nature in placing such a flower in so inharmonious an environment. Every now and then a smile would light up her radiant face; while a twinkle would waver in her eyes, as if the girl were enjoying some huge secret which nature had purposefully withheld from other mortals.

Looking at this Italian girl, one were forcibly inclined to the belief that Venus had at last returned from the land of myth; and now, garbed as an Italian peasant girl, stood before us, voluptuous and bewitching, in her apparent lassitude, while she condescendingly drew forth from the piano sweet concords of harmony,

which, with each measure, became more delectable to our senses.

It was easy to determine who drew the crowd and who held it spellbound once it had assembled.

The strains of music were emanating gaily from the piano when Baine Wainwright, immaculate and debonaire, yet still in the last throes of his wild orgy, stopped before the performer. Raising his hat, in exaggerated courtesy, he facetiously offered, "*adios.*"

The girl smiled and coquettishly dropped him a courtesy, as she answered his greeting with "*adios, signor.*" Then, with roguish coquetry, she once more started the piano with the strains of "Mariutch."

Wainwright, in his reckless mood for anything in sight, caught the spirit of the performer; and commenced to sing the song, with all its alluring motions. No actor in vaudeville could have accomplished it better; and when he was through the crowd thundered its applause. It was not every day that the residents and pedestrians could be regaled with the spectacle of a well-groomed man-about-town, singing and dancing to the accompaniment of a street-piano; and the Italian beauty seemed to enjoy it equal to the rest of the onlookers.

The strains of "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" followed; and Wainwright, in a rich baritone voice that showed a judicious cultivation, sang the refrain. Turning to the girl at the piano, he found her standing motionless, with downcast eyes, as if trying to repress some deep emotion. Reaching her side, he whispered, "Look up, Mariutch."

She looked up and said, with a tenderness, not unmixed with apprehension, "Go away, please go away."

Wainwright gazed long and deeply into those shining orbs; and, for the first time, noticed the splendour of her beauty. He stood a moment as if transfixed; then, grasping her wrist, he whispered: "I will never go away—Mariutch—I will never go

away! I am going with you; do you hear?"

"No, no!" she pleaded; "you do not know what you are saying. You must go away."

Again he marvelled at the idiom of her language; then, in stubborn sincerity, he gently drew her hands away from the piano.

She reluctantly released her hold upon the handles, and allowed him to draw the piano to the next block. By this time her sunny humour and nonchalance had returned; and thinking that after this stop her forceful admirer would surely come to his senses and depart, she started the piano resounding through the air once more.

As before, Wainwright's joy flowed in effervescent abundance; and the crowd shouted itself hoarse with its approval.

All that afternoon he followed the Italian girl, singing and dancing to her music, and sometimes collecting the pennies with reckless gaiety. At dusk, wearied out from his exertions, and sobered into a reality of what he had been doing, he found himself entering the Italian district of the city. Here, at the door of one of the tenement houses, the girl turned to him, and once more she tenderly admonished him to depart.

"Not until I tell you this—that I love you," replied Wainwright. "Now if I must go, I shall leave you—a broken man, with my heart forever in your keeping, and my fortune in the hands of a gambler."

Then in a burst of confidence, he told her about his last game: the wager and how he had lost it. Continuing, he said: "But I am not all in yet. I still have some remnant of my fortune left; and what there is I offer you, with my heart and hand. For me, the old life has passed away. I have played my last game, and I have drunk my last drink. Since meeting you I have found a new world—a world that leads to a fountain of ambrosia in the valley of Ar-

cady. I see it through your eyes, my dear one. Come, my queen, marry me and leave this life. I am willing to trust my life, in my intuition, that you were created for me; and that our meeting to-day has only been in accordance with the decrees of our destiny."

Taking encouragement from her silence, he drew her unresistingly into his arms, and felt her return his lingering caress before she broke away from him and in sweet confusion pleaded for him to leave her.

"Tell me, my queen, that you love me," he again whispered, while still holding fast to her hand.

She hung her head, as she murmured, "I—love—you."

He tried once more to take her in his arms, but she eluded him; then sent him into a heaven of rapture by calling him "Baine, dear"; and telling him that if he really and truly loved her and would meet her where they now were in a week, she would promise to marry him.

Wainwright had to be satisfied with this; and when she turned and entered the house, he stood there a moment, bewildered but supremely happy.

*

When Wainwright awoke next morning the events of the preceding day rushed over him with startling intensity. The beauty of his Italian sweetheart flooded his memory; and, in joyous anticipation of the great happiness coming to him, he bounded out of bed with a song on his lips.

He knew that in marrying her, no matter how far above her present station she may seem to him, the world — his world — would frown upon the alliance and laugh him to scorn for his folly. But she had called him "Baine, dear," and had told him that she loved him; so what need he care what the world thought, since he was sure of her all-sufficing love? Even the thought of how he had foolishly wagered his ranch, in a game of cards, and had thereby lost it to

Gordon Thornton, could not disturb his present equanimity.

The next few days seemed to him the longest he had ever endured in his whole life. And although he devoted most of the time to getting his remaining finances in shape for a hurried departure, the days crawled by on leaden feet. But every day has its ending, and, in the evening, one week from the memorable day that began with such foible and folly and ended with such promise, he stood again before the tenement house.

In answer to his summons, an old Italian came to the door and, in broken English, informed him that the young lady he desired to see had left, to return no more. In fact, they had seen nothing more of her since the evening he had followed her home.

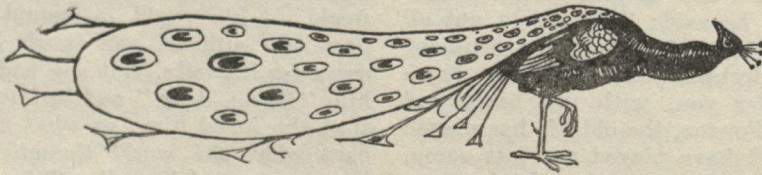
Any further information than this Wainwright was unable to extort from the old man, either by threats or bribery. At last, seeing how futile were his efforts, he turned away, sad and disconsolate. The bottom had suddenly dropped out of the world. The haggard look upon his face showed that he was suffering and suffering intensely. He looked up, and for the first time noticed a brougham, drawn by two well-groomed horses, standing directly opposite to him, across the narrow street—so close, in fact, that the only occupant of the vehicle, a beautiful, and fashionably-gowned girl, must surely have heard his colloquy with the old man.


For a moment Wainwright stood in perplexed meditation, as if uncertain which way to go or what to do, and all the time unaware that the girl across the street was quietly trying to attract his attention. When he did discover the fact he merely shrugged his shoulders and started down the street. He had gone only a few feet, however, when he heard a hurried command quietly given, and the next moment the horses and carriage quickly drew up at the curb, along side of him. He turned again, in weariness and *ennui*, to hear a sweet voice timidly call "Baine, Baine, dear."

With a bound, he was over to the side of the brougham, and grasping the girl fiercely by the wrist, he hoarsely exclaimed, "Who are you?"

With a silvery laugh, she retorted: "A nice way you come to propose to me, sir!" Then, seeing his misery and evident perturbation, she confessed herself to be Marjorie Bannerman, his Italian *inamorata*. Her escapade as an Italian peasant had been the result of her refusing to take a dare from some of her venturesome friends; and had lasted only through the day she had met him.

What Wainwright said, or did, for the rest of the evening can be better imagined than told. But it is safe to predict that the lovers, while enjoying their honeymoon on the Wyoming ranch, had many a laugh at Gordon Thornton's *contretemps*.





Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE removal to England of Canon Welch, for a number of years the rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, will be a serious loss to Canada. Dr. Welch is a gentleman of the highest capacity and culture, and belongs to a type of which we have all too few representatives in Canada. Thoroughly identified with the country in which he had made his home, he wielded from the first a stimulating and refining influence in the widest circles. It is unfortunate perhaps that the alignment of schools of thought in the Anglican Church in Canada is such that, when recently it became necessary to choose a Bishop for the important diocese of Toronto, it was impossible to look for the election of one who, no matter how distinguished, had identified himself prominently, though by no means exclusively, with what may be termed a church party. Had Dr. Welch become Bishop of Toronto we may presume he would have found the sphere of influence opened to him certainly not inferior to any which his abilities have secured him in the old land, and he would have felt compelled to remain in the Dominion. But it was not to be so. There is some compensation for Dr. Welch's return to England to assume the romantically historic title of Vicar of Wakefield in the reflection that he adds to the not too extended list of those who may be said to have gained a thorough knowledge of both this country and that. The more numerous this body of men, the better for both countries and for

the Empire at large, for in its growth lies the hope of permanent understanding and harmony.

*

Mr. Bryce, the British ambassador at Washington, has joined in the never-ending discussion as to the causes making for war, and has spoken wisely as usual. Some recent writers and speakers, shocked at the unscrupulousness of different yellow journals with regard to matters of high and vital import to a nation, have accused the press as a whole of responsibility for war, on the ground that they misrepresent the purposes and sentiments of the other nation concerned and lead each nation to believe itself wholly in the right and the other wholly in the wrong. Obviously this is but a superficial view. Newspapers as a rule are themselves at a moment of national crisis divided in opinion, and represent and urge every shade of a multitude of views. "In every country," said Mr. Bryce speaking the other day at the Lake Mohawk conference on international arbitration, "the newspapers reflect the wishes of the people, and are what the people make them. So if the people wish that the newspapers should show a truly pacific spirit, friendly to other nations, anxious to know in case of an international dispute what the case of the other nation is, then the newspapers will give their readers facts and opinions which will at any rate not hinder peace and not inflame passion. Thus

we come back to the people, that is, to ourselves, the ordinary citizens who are the ultimate masters both of the Government and of the press."

*

To blame the press is an easy and frequent method of avoiding personal responsibility. A national problem of any kind is so tremendous that the individual does not as a rule feel the same sense of responsibility that comes to one in the case of the quite trivial affairs of daily life, such, for instance, as the selection of an office boy or the purchase of a pair of shoes. Then, when things go wrong in these larger affairs, we hasten to blame any but ourselves. The newspapers being everywhere at hand, and being in a sense impersonal, for one rarely thinks of the editor being held personally responsible, bear the brunt of the attack from these irresponsible citizens. National problems, whether as to war, or the tariff, or the conservation of national resources, or industrial peace, or other vital issues, will be more satisfactorily treated when they become matters of real responsibility to the average citizen, and when the citizen learns to mould his daily life on lines that make for ideal conditions. This would be, however, equivalent to the millenium, for which there is grave reason to fear the world is not yet ripe. In the meantime we have to deal with these problems according to our intelligence and with as little of passion as may be; and if each in his sphere weighs words and acts in the light of personal responsibility we shall appreciably improve relations between man and man on the nature of which depend, after all, most other vital problems.

*

A recent sharp interchange of views between the London *Spectator* and the Springfield *Republican* on the international relations of Great Britain, Germany and the United States has attracted considerable attention in

the Canadian press. The *Spectator* had taken strong exception to the declaration of the Springfield *Republican* that in the event of a war between Great Britain and Germany it would be the duty of the United States to remain strictly neutral, the English journal arguing that the United States was vitally interested in seeing that the command of the seas does not pass to Germany. The *Spectator* went on to comment on the alleged ignorance of foreign affairs displayed by American newspapers generally, concerning which criticism it may be said that while it is undoubtedly true so far as the majority of American journals are concerned, it hardly applies to the Springfield *Republican*, which is one of the best edited newspapers in the world. The *Spectator* had urged the point that the United States may safely leave the command of the sea with Britain, because, with Canada as its neighbour, the United States has a perpetual hostage against any abuse of such power with regard to herself. All this does not make it clear that the United States should be other than neutral in the event of an Anglo-German war; to regard the matter from an American point of view, the United States could look to the outcome with equanimity, since in the event of England being victorious, Canada is still a hostage to the United States, while in the event of Germany being victorious, the conqueror would be too busy picking up fragments of the British Empire to concern herself with this continent. What may be regarded as certain is that the United States would not help Germany.

*

Where, perhaps the Springfield *Republican* hardly does justice to the British side of the case is in its suggestion, following a remark that "an Anglo-German conflict could only be less disastrous than one between the members of the English-speaking race," that, "the wonder is that both

English and Germans are not more deeply impressed with the fact." There is little doubt that the enormity of such a disaster is not realised by the British. Even what is perhaps improperly termed the jingo party of Great Britain cannot be charged with worse than a desire by a display of superior strength to avert the threatened war, and it should be a matter for calm discussion whether or not this or some more passive attitude is the wiser course. The necessity for absolute dependence on herself in the last resort is no doubt fully grasped by the British Governmental authorities, and if anything could tend to make more circumspect and cautious their procedure in the existing delicate international situation, it is probably the realisation of this fact.

*

Mr. Lloyd-George's budget proves not less radical than had been expected, and not less than was necessary to make up the heavy deficit caused jointly by old age pensions and extraordinary naval expenditure. Opinion is divided as to whether the budget shows the skill of a great financier or the bungling of a desperate amateur. The field covered by the changes is so vast and the effect so far-reaching that time only will permit of a just verdict. What is quite obvious is that the additional revenue is to be drawn mainly from the wealthy classes and from the liquor trade. In theory at least this seems reasonable, but it is probable that the budget will prove to have antagonised too many interests to strengthen the waning popularity of the Government. An American newspaper contrasts the financial methods of Great Britain and the United States, and admits that in real democracy of method the older country has the advantage. "The new levy in aristocratic and monarchical Britain," remarks the *New York American*, "is in the form of liquor excises on private clubs, a heavy corporation tax, increasing income and

inheritance taxes and automobile taxes. The difference in the tax situation in democratic America and aristocratic Britain is startling."

*

Meantime, unless the Lords throw the budget out and force an immediate election, an unlikely contingency, the British revenue is raised to the high level of nearly £170,000,000, or about \$850,000,000, double the sum of twenty-five years ago; thus meeting all expenditures and continuing annual payments, though less than formerly, in reduction of the national debt. Germany, on the other hand, is in desperate straits financially, unable to find a budget which will meet her heavy deficit of \$125,000,000, and unable to borrow without paying an extravagant rate of interest. Borrowing year after year in any case, to meet recurring deficits, is obviously a ruinous policy, unless the expenditure secures something permanent in the way of assets. Germany is building a national debt as fast as Britain is reducing hers, and starting with a clear sheet in 1870 has already passed the billion-dollar mark, while the British debt is, after some fluctuations, appreciably less than the figure at which it stood a century ago. It would seem that the superior elasticity of the British financial system, added to the vastly greater wealth of the upper and middle classes of Great Britain, will give the latter country an easy victory in the financial struggle, and Germany's financial handicap may compel a suspension of the present excessive expenditures by both nations.

*

The South African colonies have made substantial progress in their federation movement. As previously pointed out in these pages, they have at least refused to increase the difficulties of the new State by dividing the legislative responsibilities. The South African Parliament will be all

powerful in internal affairs. The first draft of the constitution has been submitted to the four uniting States, and carried in all, though not without serious opposition in Natal and Cape Colony and not without some amendments. The proposed use of the proportional system of voting for election to the Assembly was bitterly opposed by Cape Colony, which foresaw that such a method would leave without representation its sparsely settled rural districts. The ordinary mode of election will therefore prevail; the suggestion of proportional voting was perhaps somewhat fanciful in any case. Natal has bargained for and obtained a promise that the representation with which she enters Confederation shall not be lessened. The little Province is in somewhat the position of our own Maritime Provinces and fears that it will be out-distanced in the race for population with the larger States. General Botha will start for England shortly to secure legislation enacting a constitution for South Africa. The Transvaal Premier has throughout the negotiations shown an enlightened and conciliatory attitude, and remembering, with this, that the doughty De Wet also is an ardent advocate of union and has expressed his conviction that under it South Africa will make unexampled progress, it is not difficult to believe that with Confederation South Africa will enter on a larger and happier history. It is a high tribute to British tolerance that the leaders of her former foes are leaders in the new movement for a national life.

*

The name of Arnold Toynbee, the ardent young Oxford scholar and social reformer who passed away prematurely many years ago, is well known in Canada, and is associated with high ideals and noble purpose. A brochure which has just appeared from the pen of Miss Gertrude Toynbee, sister of the Balliol enthusiast, outlining the life of her father, Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S., shows that early

environment, if not hereditary influence, at least contributed to the development of the fine character of the younger Toynbee. Dr. Toynbee was a splendid type of the good citizen, quietly practising an honourable profession, in which he won high distinction, and devoting much of his leisure to reading that kept him in touch with higher scientific thought and practical reform. He was of a quiet, poetic temperament and, consequently, an ardent lover of nature, so that "he delighted," as we read, "in the wide skies over Wimbledon Common and would always leave his dinner if there was a beautiful sunset to be watched there." His reforming zeal was directed by prudence and knowledge, and wisely lay in the direction of the eradication of all that makes for ill-health and in the improvement of the home. In this way, so far back as 1848, Dr. Toynbee became one of the originators and ultimately the Treasurer of the Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the working classes, the object of which would clearly appeal to such sympathies as his. Dr. Toynbee and others wrote leaflets on ventilation, the circulation of the blood, the air we breathe, and kindred subjects, which were published and circulated by the Society. The Society also looked after the preservation of open spaces and foot-paths and reported on unsanitary dwellings, etc. In similar and other ways, after his removal to Wimbledon, Dr. Toynbee continued for many years to discharge such higher duties of citizenship. He lived to see his son eminent and respected, and in the perfect reputation which that son left behind him found doubtless some consolation for his untimely removal. Miss Toynbee's charming sketch will be of particular value to many because of the light it throws on the type of home in which the character of Arnold Toynbee was moulded. The brochure is published by Henry G. Glaisner, Wigmore Street, London, W.



At Five O'clock

OUT OF DOORS.

Just to be out of doors! So still! So green!
 With unbreathed air, illimitable, clean,
 With soft sweet scent of happy growing things.
 The leaves' soft flutter, sound of sudden wings,
 The far, faint hills, the water wide between.

Breast of the great earth-mother! Here we lean
 With no conventions hard to intervene,
 Content, with the contentment Nature brings,
 Just to be out of doors!

And under all the feeling half foreseen
 Of what this lovely world will come to mean
 To all of us when the uncounted strings
 Are keyed aright, and one clear music rings
 In our hearts. Joy universal, keen,
 Just to be out of doors!

—C. P. Gilman.

*

WHEN A GIRL GRADUATES

"SCHOOL Let out!" is the glad cry in the closing days of June. There is one of the solemn sentences announced by parents in which I honestly and firmly believe—"school days are the happiest." They are and the youngsters whose most serious problem is a quadratic equation and whose deepest grief arises from the waywardness of German declensions

should be happy, indeed, ere the evil days come with heart-breaking efforts at baffling the butcher and paying the grocer. The days when we accept our daily bread and a new gown as cheerful matters of fact, with no serious consideration of what shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed, are the very best of all, and we may as well acknowledge it.

The girl who attends the university misses the truly feminine style of graduation enjoyed by the maiden of boarding-school or girls' college traditions. The fluttering white gowns, the bouquets and school-girl airs and graces are somewhat scorned by the student of university ranks. Yet there are few occasions more interesting to a girl than the closing hours of school life, when the fun that has gone looks so glorious and the days ahead so full of sunshine. The solemn exhortations of the speakers regarding the whole duty of woman, the formidable diplomas, signed by the members of the Faculty, and the roses from congratulating friends! There is no more important occasion save that on which the music changes from *Traumerei* to the *Wedding March*, the diploma becomes a marriage certificate, and the simple graduation gown is transformed into a trailing wedding gown with "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls." Here's to the girl graduate,

then, with best wishes that the diploma comes true!

*

IN DEFIANCE OF DIET

SURELY there never was an age more advised as to matters of diet than that in which we live and move and dine. Vegetarians and "carnivorians" have a mutual contempt, while there is hardly a week in which some philosopher of the breakfast table does not tell us that there is poison in the coffee and destruction in the omelette. After all, what is the use of worrying about the microbes and trying to circumvent the bacteria? Of course, we should have only a reasonable number of the latter in the milk and agitate for moderately pure water supply in the cities. But when it comes to diet, why, you never can tell. Some of us thrive on lobster salad and chocolate ice cream, while others languish on whole wheat and hot water, slightly flavoured with milk.

A dear old man, who was mayor of the city of New York in 1877 and who is now eighty-five years of age, has lately confided to a medical journal certain interesting items concerning his diet. The octogenarian, whose name is the Hebrew-Saxon mixture of Smith Ely, declares that his excellent health is due to sweets and pastry. He was brought up with a scant allowance of this food, and, in consequence, when he reached the age of sixteen, he determined to have a feast of saccharine luxuries. The story of his life is enough to make the school-boy green with envy.

"When I found employment down town, with permission to dine as I pleased, I made up for lost time. My regular meal for many months consisted of three or four pieces of bakers' pie. At all periods of my life, the dessert has always been the better part of the meal. I resided for more than twenty years in the neighbourhood of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and during all that period it was my

regular habit, on my way home from clubs and entertainments, to stop at Mallard's and have a *meringue glacé*, followed by a cup of hot chocolate with whipped cream."

Is not that a record of dietary rashness which ought to make our counsellors sit up and worry? Yet, this devourer of sweets, this consumer of caramels has attained unto the good old age of eighty-five, while many a man who lived on breakfast foods and shuddered at sugar has gone to an early grave. Mr. Ely has evidently given no thought to the diet lecturers and has enjoyed *meringue* and other luxuries with a glad heart, while his digestive organs did not dare to utter a protest. In fact, digestion is the greatest tyrant on earth, if you give way to its capricious tantrums. But if you will just go ahead and eat rich fruit cake, ice cream, hot biscuit and mince pie, with strong coffee as accompaniment, the powers that digest will become alarmed and work vigorously to keep up with such daring. There is something quite admirable in Mr. Smith Ely's careless indifference to the diet-mongers and one hopes that he may be spared to eat peanut toffee on his one-hundredth birthday.

Mr. Ely declares that sweets have given him nervous energy to endure the strain of political life in Washington, Albany, and New York. Here is a hint for our magnates in Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg. If Hon. William Pugsley, Sir James Whitney and Hon. R. P. Roblin should discover that political strife is having a detrimental effect on nerves and tissue, let them pass their plates for more pie, or telephone for a five-pound box of the creamiest candy to be found. Evidently Queen Victoria knew what she was about, when she sent our soldiers a box of chocolate with her best wishes. Instead of building more *Dreadnoughts*, England might lay in an extra supply of chocolates for her soldiers and sailors; so that, if the bold, bad Kaiser should make war on the British Em-



MRS. MCCLUNG, THE AUTHOR OF "SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY," TELLING A STORY TO A GROUP OF SMALL MANITOBANS

pire, there would be a splendid reserve force in those brown stores of energy and fortitude.

*

TALES TOLD IN MANITOU

SOME years ago there appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* a story with the curious title, "Sowing Seeds in Danny." The scene of the narrative was a town of Manitoba and the adventures of the theoretical lady who endeavoured to sow the seeds of the love of the true, the beautiful and the elevating in the small son of the "wash lady" found a large circle of interested readers. Since then, the author, Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Manitou, Manitoba, has published a book of Western life, bearing the title of her first story and has made many friends for *Danny*, *Pearlie* and the rest of the people who rendered the annals of the small town a vital chronicle. In our photograph published this month Mrs. McClung is "caught" at her favourite occupation of telling wonderful tales to her children and their small friends. None of the kindergarten stories are half so good

as "the kind that mother used to tell." So, the little group in the Manitou home may be congratulated on having such a splendid teller of tales at their very fireside, as the author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" must prove.

*

THE TIRED WOMAN

SUICIDE is not a particularly pleasant subject; but surely we read of an unusual number this spring among respectable women who were simply tired out or "suffered from poor health." The woman who has never been so weary of the daily grind that a grave seemed a nice, comfortable resting-place is to be envied. It is all very well to hang up hateful little mottoes, such as "Don't Worry," "Be Sunny" and "Do It Now." If I had my way, they would be banished and soothing selections from "The Lotos Eaters" substituted. The truth is, that too many of our Canadian women have all work and no play and the result is physical disaster. The parsons and editors who are warning us against bridge and

cocktails are wasting their paper and pulpit energy. The Canadian women who are alcohol fiends or given to excessive bridge are so few in number that they are hardly worth bothering about and regard these exhortations, if they ever hear or read them, with an amused scorn for the writer or speaker. What the clergy and the editors do need to talk about is the duty of giving the tired woman a rest and a change. Constant toil and drab monotony are enough to drive any woman to the nearest river or the most convenient carbolic acid. Then everyone wonders over the tragedy, an attempt is made to prove that the woman was insane, and some kind friend remarks: "She complained a good deal of feeling tired." As "Lorgnette" remarks on this subject in the *Toronto Globe*:

"The thoroughly healthy mind, even when the body is sick, knows always probably that it wants to live. But all have not this mental solidity, and their interest in the world and the things of the world is not strong enough to struggle against weakness and pain. Even religion is not always enough to hold back the hand from taking the life of its owner. The cases in which this miserable climax comes are only a tiny fraction of the cases of ill-health amongst women."

From ex-President Roosevelt to the humblest preacher who bangs a village pulpit, there is a certain class of masculine adviser that stirs irritation in the feminine heart. The woman who nags ought to be married to the man who advises, and great would be the confusion thereof. This unctuous sort of person takes special joy in declaring that every woman should find all the pleasure of life within the four walls of her home. I wonder if he knows just how grim and crushing those four walls can look, to the woman who is longing for a glimpse of lake or meadows or pine-crowned islands. Every sane and

healthy woman likes work and takes a praiseworthy pride in it. But drudgery is quite another story, and it is that sort of thing which depresses even unto death the woman who has no play, no variety. If advice is to be given, let some of the selfish men, who never dream that looking after the meals and material comfort of a large household is not enough to keep a woman bright and happy, be told of their shortcomings and shown the way of decent appreciation. There may not be a great deal of such selfishness in the community, but no one who has seen the drawn, gray faces of these overworked, oppressed women can wonder that the burden finally becomes too heavy for human nerves and strength and is flung off by wearied hands that open the gateway to—let us hope, a long rest.

*

THE QUINQUENNIAL CONGRESS

THE greatest convention of women workers ever held in Canada should be, as the energetic convener of the press committee remarked, "the best advertisement Canada has ever had." When one considers the ability and influence of the delegates who come from twenty-three countries, representing the best feminine endeavour of their native lands, the impression they make on the Canadian Council is only to be equalled in importance by the impression they carry away of the opportunities and advantages of this land of great lonely spaces. As immigration agents of the best kind, these delegates should prove the most enlightening who have ever visited the Dominion. Women of their intelligence and discrimination will be keenly alive to all the circumstances making for domestic comfort and advancement, and their visit cannot fail to inform thousands of Europeans of the country which holds first mortgage on the Twentieth Century.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

WELL DONE, Anne!

THE New York *Bookman*, referring editorially to "Anne, of Green Gables," the first novel of Miss L. M. Montgomery, a Prince Edward Island girl, says:

"A year or two ago we called attention to the very unusual run of 'The Lady of the Decoration' in the 'best selling lists' at the end of *The Bookman*. A more recent book, which has been showing striking vitality is Miss Montgomery's 'Anne of Green Gables,' which, while it has not appeared often among the six best sellers, has attracted attention by the persistence which which it has been knocking at the door. It is the only book still a contender in the race for popularity. One secret of this success is that it has an appeal both as fiction for adults and as a juvenile."

*

MILD VILLAINY

Katharine Tynan is well known as a writer of somewhat pastoral tales. Her stories may deal with lords and ladies, but high society never interferes with their pastoral character. There may be a villain in the piece, murder may be committed, but the villainy is always quite harmless, and the murdered person is never really dead. In the present story of "Peggy, the Daughter" we have a fine old Irish gentleman, who abducts a gentle Quakeress, hides her in a secret pas-

sage, where she nearly expires of suffocation, shoots one of her pursuers, who almost dies of his wound, and serves a long term in prison through the malice of *Judge*, his enemy. These slight happenings might be expected to add much spice to the tale, but they are all dealt with in so ladylike a manner that the high seasoning is almost unnoticed, and the whole effect is one of the utmost placidity. There is nothing strong about the work, but neither is there anything repellant; its moral tone is healthy, and its language pure. *Sir Pierce* is quite an injured and interesting person, in spite of his high-handed doings, and *Peggy*, his only daughter, is a sweet and good little girl whose proper reward comes along in good time. *Priscilla*, the Quakeress who is run away with, is perhaps the most human character in the book, her devotion to the ideal of her childhood, the gallant *Sir Pierce*, being a piece of woman-nature which is as true as it is strange. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

A POSTHUMOUS ROMANCE

The name of "Ouida" reminds one of those strange exotic novels which once were in the fashion. "Helianthus," her final novel, will hardly add to the fame of the author of "Under Two Flags," although it is a fairly readable romance of the for-

tunes of a young prince in a modern monarchy of Southern Europe, which is cursed with ultra-militarism. The writer becomes incoherently wrathful over electric light, automobiles and other Twentieth Century atrocities which, in her eyes, make for unrighteousness. There is something of the picturesque touch which make Ouida's Italian novels romantically attractive, but the spirit in which the tale is told is weakly vindictive, while the plot itself has little of stirring quality. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

BEFORE THE WAR.

When George W. Cable, capable novelist as he is, undertook to write a story with the scene laid in and around New Orleans and with incidents of the Civil War in the United States, he set himself a rather difficult task. Time and again, attempts have been made to write the "great American novel," and many persons think that whenever that is written it will deal with the great subject of the emancipation of the slaves. Not a few have tried and have failed. Apparently Mr. Cable had in "Kincaid's Battery" no other purpose than to write a novel that would be absorbing on account of his charming love story and scenes of heroism and dramatic interest. To that extent he has at least succeeded, notwithstanding an involved plot. A good picture is given of New Orleans as that city no doubt appeared immediately before the war began. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

A BOOK FOR THE YOUNG

Young people all over the country will be glad to know that a new book has been added to the *Little Colonel* series by Annie Fellows Johnston. This latest volume is entitled "Mary Ware: The *Little Colonel's* Chum". It is well illustrated by Ethelred B. Barry. Before this book appeared many letters were received by the author, asking what happened after

the *Little Colonel* had passed her girlhood, so Mrs. Johnston decided to answer them in the form of a new book, and "Mary Ware" is the result. This story tells what happened to *Betty Joyce*, *Mary Ware*, *Phil Tremont*, and the others. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

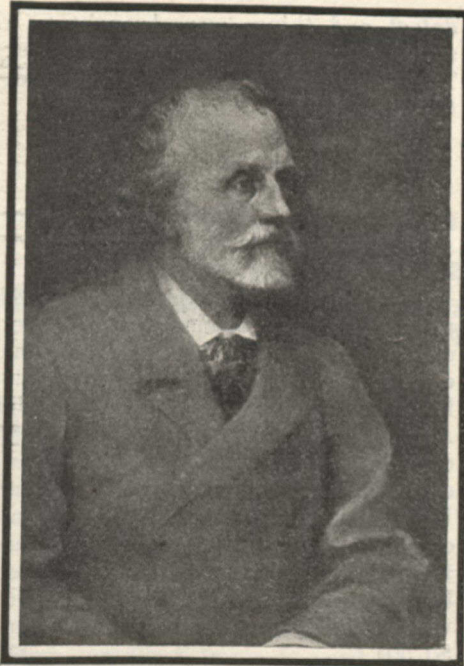
EARLY BOSTON

It is quite true that not to know Boston is not to know the best that the history of the United States can supply. It was doubtless this fact that prompted Miss Mary Caroline Crawford to write "St. Botolph's Town," which is an account of the Boston of colonial days. Education and culture have long distinguished the people of Boston, or at least a number of distinguished persons have given to that city an air of erudition and refinement. That atmosphere has come down from the time of which Miss Crawford writes, and by taking full advantage of it the author has been able to produce a volume of splendid interest. Miss Crawford quite appropriately observes that "to understand America of to-day we must needs know the Boston of our fathers. So only can we be sure that the excrescences of modern government are no essential part of that Christian state of which Winthrop dreamed and for which Vane was glad to die." (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, well illustrated, with reproductions of rare originals, \$2.50).

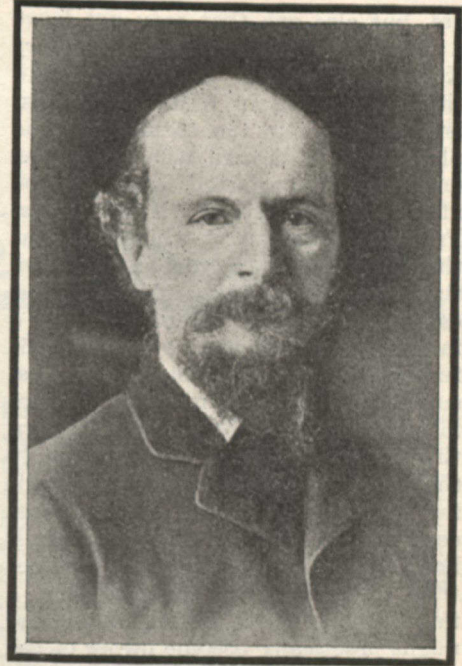
*

A STORY OF DEVON

It is said that the author of "Lorna Doone" once wrote to Mr. Eden Phillpotts in congratulation, saying: "Your novel is as good as a bowl of clotted cream." Higher praise could hardly be given a Devonshire novelist, and in the case of the author of "Children of the Mist" it was richly deserved. The gloom and glory of moor and river are in every chapter of his stories and, if their beauty occasionally makes human interests tame, the reader is not disposed to



CHARLES MEREDITH



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

THE RECENT DEATH OF THESE TWO AUTHORS REMOVES THE LAST OF THE GREAT VICTORIANS

cavil. However, in "The Three Brothers," the latest Phillpotts novel, the primitive human loves and hates are forces to which mountains and waves are secondary. The study of the three men, so deftly differentiated in motive and purpose, is as striking a piece of character analysis as we are likely to receive from any modern novelist. This book contains some of Mr. Phillpotts' most brilliant descriptive work, while the sympathetic treatment of the outstanding characters has a depth seldom sounded by the modern writer. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

The second volume of "Women of All Nations," of which T. Athol Joyce and N. W. Thomas, two well-known authorities, are joint editors, is quite as interesting as the first volume and equally valuable, but one can scarcely refrain from thinking that Canada

might have been more adequately represented. Of course, it must be admitted that as far as types of women go Canada is extremely motley, and it would be almost impossible for a writer or a photographer to find anything in dress or characteristics that would be national and unique. The countries dealt with in this volume are North America, Japan, Korea, China, Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet, Siam and Cambodia, Burma, Assam, North India, South India, Ceylon, Persia, Turkestan, Asia Minor, Turkey and Greece, the Balkan Peninsula, Russia, Austria, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain and Portugal, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, Iceland, Sweden, Norway, and the British Isles. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Half morocco, 15s. net).

*

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND THE TROPICS

A book that may interest its read-

ers, but also one that may not leave a long-lived impression, is Henry Kitchell Webster's latest novel, entitled, "A King in Khaki." Its existence is due to the enthusiasm and plausibility of a man who got option on a certain neglected island. Soon afterwards he formed "The Tropical Products Company," which it was thought would reap great wealth from the soil's fertility. Misjudgment caused the initial attempt to be a failure. Then the promoter died. His responsibility as manager was assumed by the young man who is hero in the story. He set at once to turn the tide of affairs so that ultimately the poorer stockholders would not suffer from their holdings. When success was in sight, a New York millionaire, interested in the scheme, tried to force the manager to issue a false report by which the capitalist might practically become owner of the entire company. The manager refused, and a conflict between them began. The capitalist and his daughter, *Christabel*, visited the island. During their stay many things transpired to feed the narrative. *Christabel* and the manager were brought together under peculiar circumstances and a love affair ensued. Notwithstanding this, the girl championed her father and returned with him to New York. She, however, had implicit faith in the convictions of her lover and in his cause. Accidentally she learned the whereabouts of real treasure before leaving the island, and indirectly placed its use in the hands of the manager. One of the story's pivotal points is the way in which, at the next general meeting of the company in New York, the hero planned to have the overthrow of the capitalist rest entirely in the hands of *Christabel*. The man of wealth yielded to

defeat and things were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

NOTES

—"Peerless Alaska" is the title of an illustrated volume by Charles Hallock, founder of "Forest and Stream." It gives an outline of the physiography, ethnology, natural history, products, economical resources of that country, and therefore is a valuable book to all who are interested in Alaska, such as homesteaders, miners, commercial fishermen, sportsmen, etc. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of the United States Bureau of Education, contributes an introduction, vouching for the book's accuracy and comprehensiveness. (New York: The Broadway Publishing Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

—The May number of *The Studio* contains a sketch of Philip Wilson Steer, President of the New English Art Club, with reproductions of a number of his portraits and landscapes. There is also an article, with reproductions, on the water-colours of M. Jeanès, and a most interesting consideration of western influence on art in Japan, with illustrations of the work of modern Japanese painters. (London: The Studio. 1s. net).

—Mr. Bliss Carman has been invited to write a Champlain memorial poem, which will be read on "Burlington Day," July 8, at the tercentenary exercises on Lake Champlain, which are to be conducted by the Vermont Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission. For a poem of this kind it would be difficult to find a more likely writer than this distinguished Canadian, the author of "Low Tide on Grand Pré."



Within The Sanctum

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, writing under date of May 11, from Broomwood, Bexley Heath, England, makes the following rejoinder to Senator Miller's letter, which appeared in this department of the May number:

"I regret that I am obliged to expose further mis-statements of Senator Miller contained in your April number. The Debates of the Legislature from 1864 to 1867 furnish abundant evidence that he continually opposed me. I see what purports to be a requisition of the electors of Richmond for the first time, but he knows well that he could not have been elected except as a supporter, when every Roman Catholic constituency in the Province supported our party.

"If Mr. McDonnell were living Mr. Miller would not contradict my assertion that he came to me to learn what course I would take if he, Miller, publicly avowed his readiness to have a conference in London to arrange Confederation. I have never seen the report of my evidence in favour of Mr. Miller until I read his version of it in your magazine, but it will be searched in vain to find anything to conflict with Mr. McDonnell's visit. I did discuss the question of Confederation with Mr. Miller before and after the session of 1866, but I found him uniformly hostile previous to the session, and learned from Mr. McDonnell for the first time that he was prepared to support a new conference in London. It is, I submit, impossible

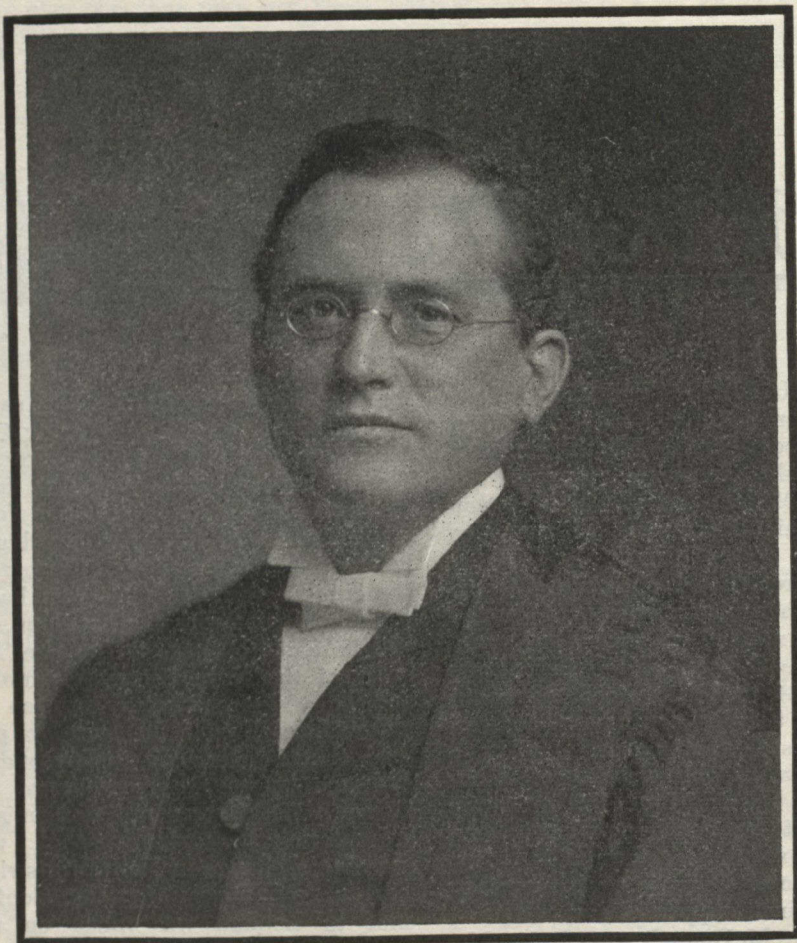
for Mr. Miller to dispute this, as he was actively engaged in opposing Confederation up to the meeting of the House, and presented petitions from his own county on April the fourteenth, which he had sent out shortly before the House met. Let him read the circular written by his own hand, which was sent with the petitions and will be found on page 237 of the 'Debates of the Nova Scotia Assembly,' and he will see what a position he places himself in if he were to pretend that he had any understanding with me before the meeting of the House. He charges me with misrepresentation in saying that I was awaiting a change in New Brunswick, whereas my motion for the Conference in London was made on the tenth of April and the elections in that Province 'did not take place until June or July.' I can dispose of that insinuation by evidence *he* ought to respect, as it is his own. In his speech on April the third he said:

"I will not deny that the extraordinary reaction that has taken place in New Brunswick in regard to Union and the admitted partiality of a large majority of the people of Nova Scotia for the abstract principle coupled with the firm but constitutional pressure of the Imperial authorities afford grounds to apprehend that before very long even the Quebec resolutions may be carried in the Maritime Provinces."

*

THE NEW UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE

Few men are so eminently qualified for an office in the public service as



MR. THOMAS MULVEY, K.C., THE NEW UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE

Mr. Thomas Mulvey, K.C., is for the position of Under Secretary of State at Ottawa. Mr. Mulvey was a successful lawyer before he became, six years ago, Deputy Provincial Secretary of Ontario, a position he occupied, not only with credit but as well with distinction. He remained in that office until invited to go to Ottawa. His splendid capabilities, exceptional judgment, and natural graciousness of manner well befit him for a position of dignity and responsibility. His knowledge of law enabled him to serve the Province of Ontario to good advantage in a number of important in-

stances, and it was because of his zeal and integrity for the welfare of the Province that he was chosen as the one best qualified for the duties of Under Secretary of State for the Dominion. Mr. Mulvey is a native of Toronto, and a graduate of St. Michael's College and the University of Toronto. He took honours throughout his university course, and was gold-medalist in physics. He was graduated at twenty-one, after which he travelled abroad for a year. On his return he began the study of law, and was articled to the late Walter Barwick, K.C., of Moss, Falconbridge

and Barwick, which was the name of this firm at that time. He earned a scholarship at Osgoode Hall, and after being called to the Bar, practised his profession for fourteen years. He had a splendid reputation as an admiralty practitioner and was well known also by his extensive practice in company work. His knowledge in the latter respect will be of much service at Ottawa. He is the draughtsman of the Ontario Companies Act, a piece of legislation that has been highly commended. Mr. Mulvey was one of the founders of *The Canadian Magazine*, and is still a director of the company that publishes it.

*

FIRE EXTINGUISHERS NEEDED

The fatal fire at Halifax the other day demonstrates once more the need of every precaution to prevent fire from once getting a start, and one would think that we are too prone in Canada to disregard the advantages of some reliable fire extinguisher. In England they use extinguishers freely, and some one has invented a dry powder extinguisher called "Kyl-fyre," which seems to be effective indoors, but is used extensively on public conveyances, motor cars and the like.

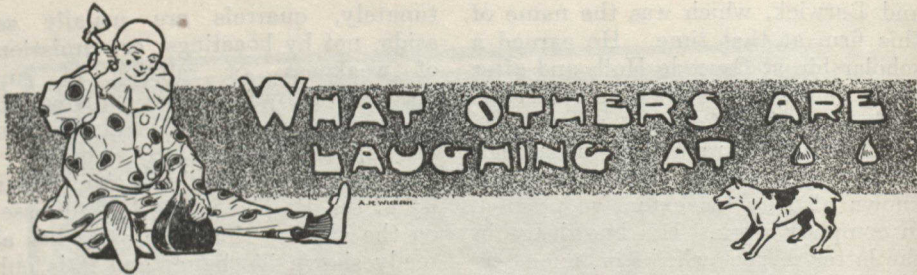
*

THE WAR SCARE

Lord Rosebery's speech to the Imperial Press Conference was bound to arouse comment in Germany. But the Germans should not regard his utterance as an affront, because this distinguished Earl can scarcely be regarded as a jingo, and doubtless his remarks on the warlike aspect of Europe were expressed in the hope of doing something towards continuing peace and averting war. But, unfor-

tunately, quarrels are usually set aside, not by boastings, or admissions of weakness, or rallying of supporters, but by frankness and sincerity and sympathy. Mr. Deakin, of Australia, thinks that by sending a *Dreadnought* to England the solidarity of the Empire would be impressed on the world. Nonsense. He has already shown his hand, and it is only natural for the world to think that he is trying to give an impression of something that does not exist. Would it not be much cheaper and better, and at least worth the experiment, for the Government of Australia to send a message to the Kaiser for the people of Germany, deploring the hostile attitude of England and the warlike preparations of Germany, and expressing the hope that the statesmen of both countries make a determined effort to offset the animosity that the jingoes and a large section of the German and English press seem bound to arouse? For, as sure as the sun shines, if things go on as they have gone of late, war with all its terrible consequences will follow. And nine out of every ten of the poor unfortunates who rally around the standards will not know why they fight. Do we know? Do they know in England? Do they even know in Germany? Somehow it does not seem so very long since England and Russia were on the verge of war. But there was no reason for war then, and there is no reason for conflict with Germany now. But reasons can be easily trumped up, and one that has been advanced already is that we cannot hope for permanent peace until the forces of either England or Germany are shattered. If that reason be true, then let enlistment and conscription begin.

The Editor



A POOR ILLUSTRATION.

Principal—"Johnnie, I'm surprised that your French is so weak. Now, think. *Chapeau*. What is that? What does your father throw up when he's merry?"

Johnnie—"His job, sir."—*Tit-Bits*

*

HE DID HIS BEST.

"Convicted?" exclaimed the prisoner in disgust. "Well, I'm not surprised. My lawyer made a fool of himself."

"I tried to represent you faithfully," remarked the lawyer, mildly.—*Judge*.



MAD AS A HATTER

AUTOCRAT—"I assure you, madam, the effect is charming—most absurd and grotesque."

VICTIM—"Oh, very well, if you're sure it's all that, I'll decide on this one."—*Punch*

HE WON.

Two men were having an argument as to their respective strengths.

"Why," said the first, "every morning before breakfast I get a bucket and pull up ninety gallons from the well."

"That's nothing," retorted the other. "I get a boat every morning and pull up the river."—*Universalist Leader*.

*

FORTUNATE.

Cook—"Taylor was always a fortunate man, but doesn't it seem wonderful that his luck should stay with him to the very last?"

Raleigh—"How was that?"

Cook—"He was operated on for the removal of a pearl which he had accidentally swallowed while eating oysters, and when the pearl was examined it was found to be valuable enough to pay for both the operation and the funeral."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

CORRECT.

"This," said a teacher to her class of arithmeticians, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit, too," said she. "And these are units." And she showed them a ruler, a flower, and an apple. Then she peeled the apple and, holding up the peel, said, "Now, children, what is this?" Silence. "Come, you know what it is," she urged. Little Bill's hand went up slowly. "Well, William," said the teacher. "Pleathe, ma'am, the skin of a unit."—*Christian Register*.



PLAYING THE RACES

—Life

PROGRESS.

"Mister, you're wasting time sketching that old ruined bridge."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; there's a fine new steel bridge just a mile further on."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*

UNRELIABLE DOG.

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious coloured man, "but Ah don't know how soon he's goin' to stop barkin'."—*Success Magazine*.

*

THE THREE AGES.

Report by a young English school-girl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood, and Age": "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."—*Christian Register*.

HER BARGAIN.

He—"Will you share my lot?"

She—"Yes, when you have a house on it that's paid for."—*Judge*.

*

QUOTED FROM A U. S. PROSPERITY SPEECH.

"Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Chairman, that the cotton cloth made in South Carolina annually would make a sheet big enough to cover the entire face of America and Europe and lap over on the toes of Asia? Or, if all the cattle she raises in each year were one cow, she could browse on the tropical vegetation along the equator, while her tail switched icicles off the North Pole, and that her milk could float a shipload of her butter and cheese from Charleston to New York? Or, if all the mules we market each year were one mule, it would consume the entire annual corn crop of North Carolina at one meal, and kick the spots off the sun without swelling its sides or shaking its tail? Or, if the hogs we raise annually were one hog, that animal would dig the Panama Canal in three roots, without grunting, and its squeal would be loud enough to jar the coconuts off the trees along the Canal Zone."—*New York Sun*.

The Merry Muse

NIGHTMARE

(After hearing Paddy Rusky play Op.
xl.)

Meseem'd I wander'd round the jub-
jub trees,
Among cast-iron flowers, a flame-
hued host,
And mid the strident boom of quest-
ing fleas
I walk'd, when lo, the uncompromis-
ing ghost
Of her who did my washing once
came near
And rattled on about my shirts and
things,
Requesting payment with her wonted
leer,
Although I reek'd not of her ques-
tionings.

Yet all the time we talked, I never
heard
Her say one word about my lost
white vest.
I pluck'd a pink-eyed helot of a bird
And then return'd it duly to its nest.
The alarm-clock rioted at break of
day,—
And I have really nothing more to
say.

A. M.

*

NATIONAL ANTHEM

(For use in Canadian theatres.)

The show is over now,
Put on your overcoat,
Likewise your hat,
Take your umbrella too,
And clasp your overshoe;
Now hasten up the aisle—
The show is o'er.

C. L. Armstrong.

PORTUGAL

There's a sunny land called Portugal,
Away across the seas,
Where folks must be peculiar—
For you call them Portuguese.

The men are very stiff and proud;
(Perhaps there are none grander)
They cannot help be dignified—
Each one's a Portugander.

The women must look funny, too,
E'en when they're dressed up
spruce.

Alas! What else could you expect?—
Each one's a Portugoose.

But you would like the boys and
girls,
Or else you're hard to suit,
For they are Portugoslings,
And goslings are so cute!

Donald A. Fraser.

*

THE TOIME FOR LOVE

Whin the moon was the soize av a
cart-wheel,
And as sootherin' soft as cream;
Whin the lough lay strange wid the
night-mist,
And the down was a sea av dream—

Whin the voice av a gurl was music,
And your own, like a linnet's wing,
Was fluttherin' full av the moonlight
And the mad glad fire av Spring—

Och, yon was the toime for lovin',
Those moitherin' bantherin' years
Whin I was a Billy-Go-Fister blade
And the worruld was young, me
dears!

—Arthur Stringer, in *Hampton's
Magazine.*

BOVRIL

is prime beef in a highly concentrated form.

Nothing is more rapidly assimilated than Bovril.

It is a natural food and is therefore preferable to peptonised or chemically treated preparations. It may be used in many simple ways and it provides the means of quickly preparing a variety of very nutritious drinks.

Stir a teaspoonful into a cup of boiling water.

Stir a teaspoonful into a cup of hot milk.

Stir a teaspoonful into a glass of mineral water.

Lightly beat an egg, add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of sugar, then stir in gradually a cup of hot water containing a spoonful of Bovril.

BOVRIL LIMITED,

27 ST. PETER ST., MONTREAL.

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

VACATION TIME

is incomplete without a supply of

Nuyler's

Most
Delicious
Chocolates
and
Bon Bons

Made to Eat—
Not to Keep.

The Girl Question is Easily Solved

Present
Her
with a
Box of

Nuyler's

World
Famed
Candies

"A Man is Known by the Candy He Sends"

Of course
it's

Nuyler's

she wants.

Known the World over for its Purity, Quality, Flavor.

When near our store do not forget our unexcelled
Ice Cream Sodas and other Fountain Drinks.

Our Candies Made on the Premises.

Nuyler's

130-132 Yonge Street,
Toronto, Ont.



DELICATE and DAINTY Summer Wash Fabrics must be handled carefully in the Wash.

☞ It's the Rubbing—not the Wearing—that shortens the Life of most Fabrics and the more Delicate the material—the greater the Harm that Rubbing does. The Wash-Board is the Summer Garment's worst enemy. Why use it?

☞ This Summer try washing those things you really care about in the "PEARLINE WAY"—Without Rubbing—hence without Wear and Tear to the Clothes. PEARLINE Loosens all the Dirt and Rinsing carries it away, leaving your Clothes Fresh—Clean and Sweet Smelling.

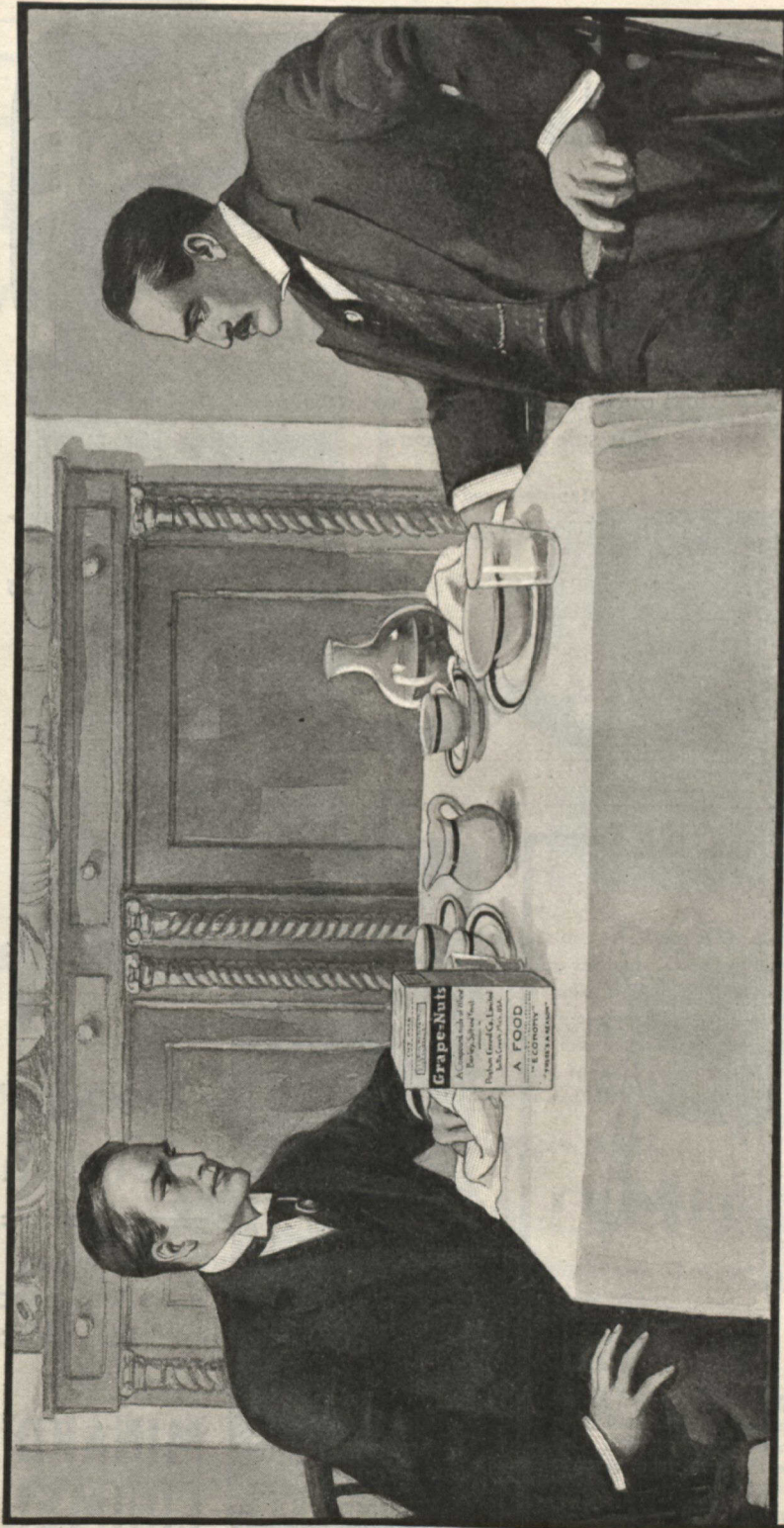
Pearline SAVES AT EVERY POINT
MONEY-TIME-HEALTH-TOO

Quality Cleaning



It is one thing to simply sponge out the spots. It is quite another to thoroughly refresh and liven up the cloth itself, so that it closely approximates a new fabric. The latter is our way. Then, our pressing is done by high-skilled tailors. The garments go back to you looking like new.

R. PARKER & CO.,
Toronto, - Canada
Branches and Agencies in all
parts of Canada



Men of Brains

Know and appreciate
the brain-food strength of

Grape=Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

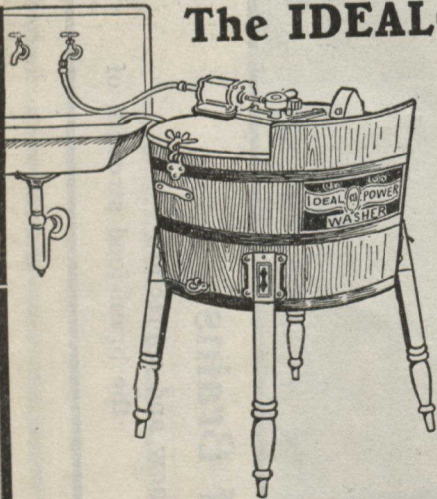
Sold only in 15c. and 25c. blocks.
For sale by all grocers.

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.
Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,
Canada.



The IDEAL



POWER WASHER

THE "Ideal" Power Washer does away with the slavish work of wash day. Water from kitchen tap runs it—does all the washing without help. Call at dealer's and see this great labor saver in operation or write us.

DOWSWELL MFG. CO., Limited
HAMILTON, ONT.

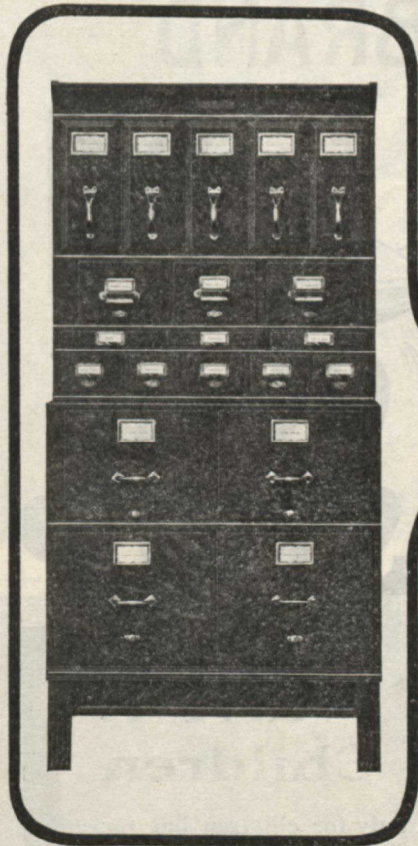


The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**

Office Specialty Saving Systems in Sectional Cabinets meet every Business Need



Buy as you need them, build as you want them. Every section separate but fits perfectly with any number of others when stacked together.



YOU can't run an up-to-date business without proper means of letter filing and record keeping. Office Specialty Saving Systems include specific ways of handling every detail of your business, and leaves you time to give proper attention to larger problems. Our line comprises 117 different sectional Filing Cabinets to suit all kinds of business papers, and are the cleverest, handsomest and most value-for-the-money of any Office Equipment you can buy.

Ask for Catalogue X913

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.
LIMITED

Head Office, 97 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada
Factories, Newmarket, Ont.

BRANCHES:

Halifax, 44 Granville St.
Ottawa, 143 Sparks St.

Montreal, 259 St. James St.
Vancouver, 611 Pender St.

Winnipeg, McDermott Ave., at Albert St.

Resident Representatives:

Quebec; Hamilton, Phone 778; Brandon; Regina, Phone 778; and Calgary, P. O. Box 1148.

CROWN BRAND



CORN SYRUP

**Give It
To Your Children**

"CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is a food not only for children but for everyone—and it is used by everyone.

It is a table delicacy which should be in every home. It is the one thing that satisfies that longing for sweets which all healthy children and most adults have.

Used in the home, it saves trouble in the making up of delicious desserts and other good things to eat.

"CROWN BRAND SYRUP" stands for the highest possible purity in table syrup. It is prepared in a clean, wholesome manner from the very finest ingredients, which develop a delicious flavor as of honey and rich cream.

These are strong reasons why you should insist on having "CROWN BRAND SYRUP."

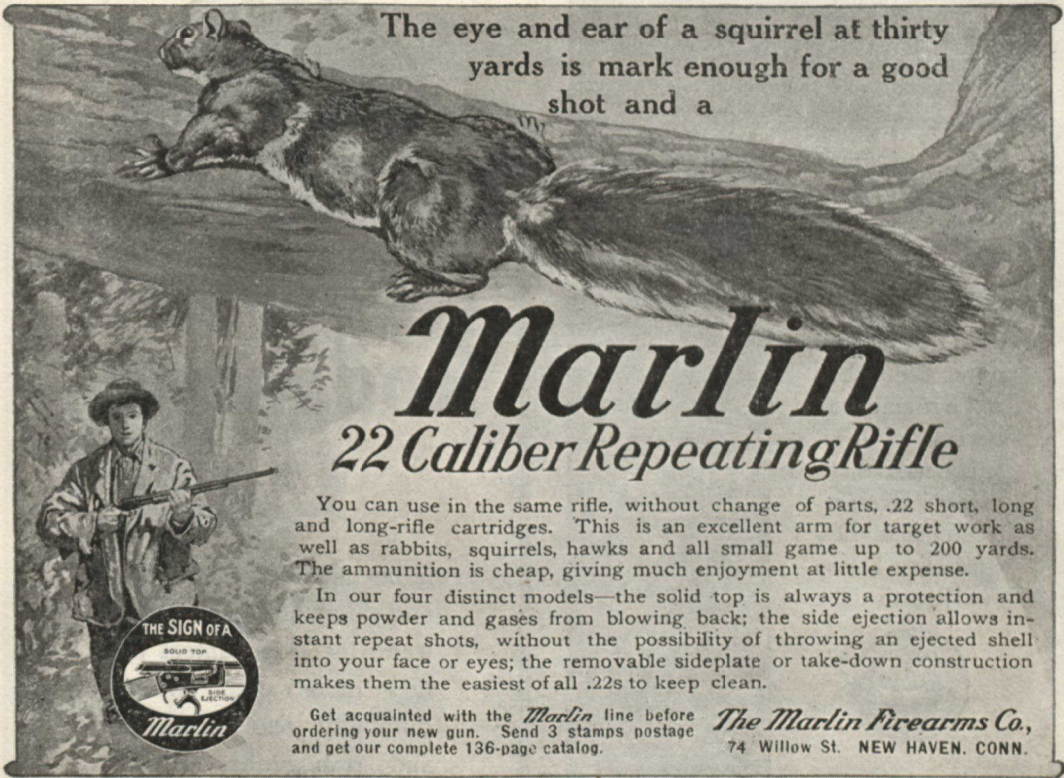
Your dealer has it for you in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited
ESTABLISHED 1858

Works; CARDINAL, Ont. Offices: MONTREAL, TORONTO and BRANTFORD

2-09

The eye and ear of a squirrel at thirty yards is mark enough for a good shot and a



Marlin


22 Caliber Repeating Rifle

You can use in the same rifle, without change of parts, .22 short, long and long-rifle cartridges. This is an excellent arm for target work as well as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all small game up to 200 yards. The ammunition is cheap, giving much enjoyment at little expense.

In our four distinct models—the solid top is always a protection and keeps powder and gases from blowing back; the side ejection allows instant repeat shots, without the possibility of throwing an ejected shell into your face or eyes; the removable sideplate or take-down construction makes them the easiest of all .22s to keep clean.

Get acquainted with the *Marlin* line before ordering your new gun. Send 3 stamps postage and get our complete 136-page catalog.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
74 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.




Barley Purity

The best malting barley in the world is grown in certain favored localities of Western Ontario.

All the barley used in Carling's Ale is grown in these districts, and the best crops are selected each year by Carling's own experts.

Before being used it is put through special machinery which separates all the impure and foreign substances.

Ask for Carling's Ale — accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale That's Always Pure

Everything

in Silverware that is required for the home is manufactured by this Company, both useful and ornamental. Because of their artistic merit they have quickly superseded others. Discriminating buyers realize that this



trademark instantly identifies them as the best, *But* be sure that they *hear* this stamp.

The
Standard Silver
Company, Limited
TORONTO, CANADA



ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

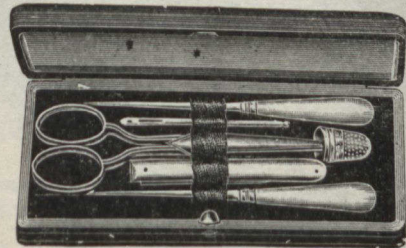


Rodgers Cutlery

is unequalled for economy and durability. The above trade mark guarantees the high quality that ensures durability and economy, and distinguishes RODGERS' CUTLERY from all others.

Ask for 'RODGERS' and look for the trade mark.

Used in the Royal Households.



JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Ltd.

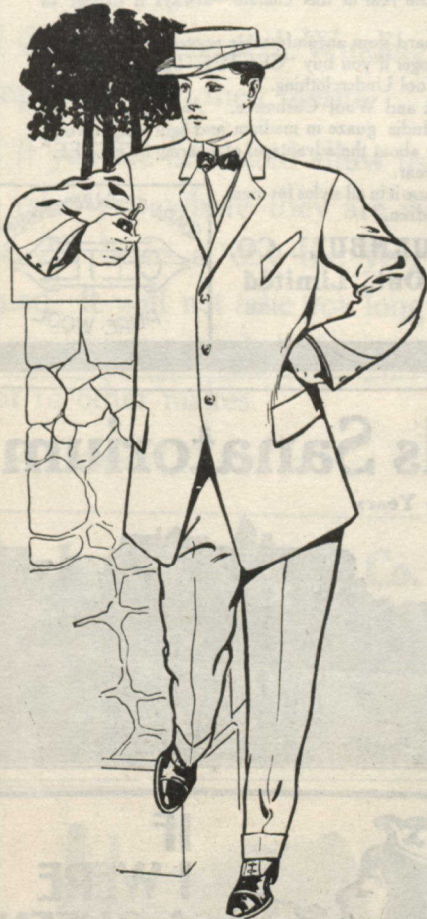
Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENG.

Buy a \$15 Suit in Simpson's Men's Store

HAVE you seen our \$15.00 Suits? Take a look at the blue and black worsteds to-morrow. As a Best Suit you could want no better. We specialize on them. The tailoring is as good and the cloth is such as you get in Custom Suits, costing as much again.

All the light Summer Suits are ready now for those who want them. Prices \$7.50 up. First, we'll describe the Blue and Black Worsteds at \$15.00.



Men's Stiff Hats, in all the correct styles for this season's wear, splendid quality of fur felt in each line, colors black, brown, tan and fawn. Saturday \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Men's Blue and Black Suits, made from pure all-wool English worsteds, a soft, fine twill material, of deep rich navy blue and black shade colors, guaranteed very popular for men's wear, being suitable for dress or business. Made in single and double-breasted style, designed for this season's wear in correct fashion, lined with fine mohair twill lining, tailored in the most careful manner in every respect. Coats are made with patent unbreakable front of shrunk linen duck, haircloth and padding, stayed with linen, a perfect fitting garment, giving the most satisfactory wear and shape retention, \$15.00.

Men's Two-Piece Summer Suits, in smooth finished tropical weight English tweed, medium light grey shade, with greenish invisible stripe. Coats half lined, nicely finished and tailored, \$7.50.

Men's Two-Piece Summer Suits, made from imported English homespuns, assorted greys and mixed colorings. Coat three-quarter lined and finished in the latest style, \$10.00.

Men's Light Grey and Medium Fawn Summer Suits, in fine English worsteds, with colored thread mixtures and quiet stripe effects, single-breasted style, latest cut, fine trimmings. Pants have roll bottoms and side buckles, \$12.00.

Men's Two-Piece Suits, in high-grade imported tropical weight worsteds, assorted greys, fawns and greenish shades, made unlined, fancy cuffs on sleeves, pants have roll bottoms and side buckles, \$15.00.

Men's Wash Vests, a full range of this season's newest designs, in white duck and mercerized effects, with neat polka dot and fancy stripe. Special value, \$1.25.

A NEW HAT—WHAT ABOUT A STRAW?

Men's Soft Hats, latest shapes, fine fur felt colors, pearl grey, slate, fawn, brown, green and black, special at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Men's Straw Hats, all the newest American shapes, in Canton, split sennit, Java, Manilla and fancy braids, best finish, at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 to \$3.00.

Address
Orders to THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
LIMITED

TORONTO
CANADA

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

MADE ENTIRELY FROM THE WOOL OF AUSTRALIAN MERINO SHEEP



Don't Change from Wool to Cotton

Your physician will tell you that you should not wear cotton at any time of the year in this climate—always a danger of serious colds.

You can discard your uncomfortable winter underwear today without danger if you buy "CEETEE" light and medium weight Pure Wool Underclothing.

Made in Silk and Wool Cashmere. Australian Merino Wool and fine India guaze in medium and light weight wools. Ask your dealer about the advantages of wearing "CEETEE" woollen underwear.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children.

The C. TURNBULL CO. of Galt, Ont., Limited

1606



The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

Established Thirty-one Years.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity),

With the Escharotic Method
(without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



ARTISTS COLORS.

No true artist ever risks a poor color on a picture. He buys only

Winsor & Newton's
Oil and Water Colors

because he knows they are the standard throughout the world. They are not dear.

For sale at all Art Stores.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.
Wholesale agents for Canada.

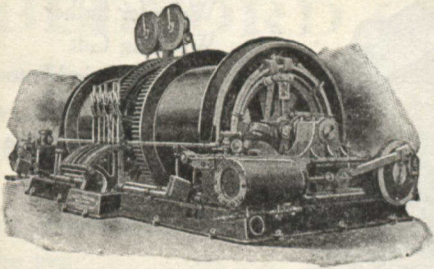


IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they sell

"LADY CHARLOTTE"



☞ Our Hoisting and Winding Engines sell on their merits.

☞ If you are interested allow us to refer you where they are in use 24 hours a day the year round. It will not take you long to decide that our hoist is superior to other makes.

☞ All sizes.

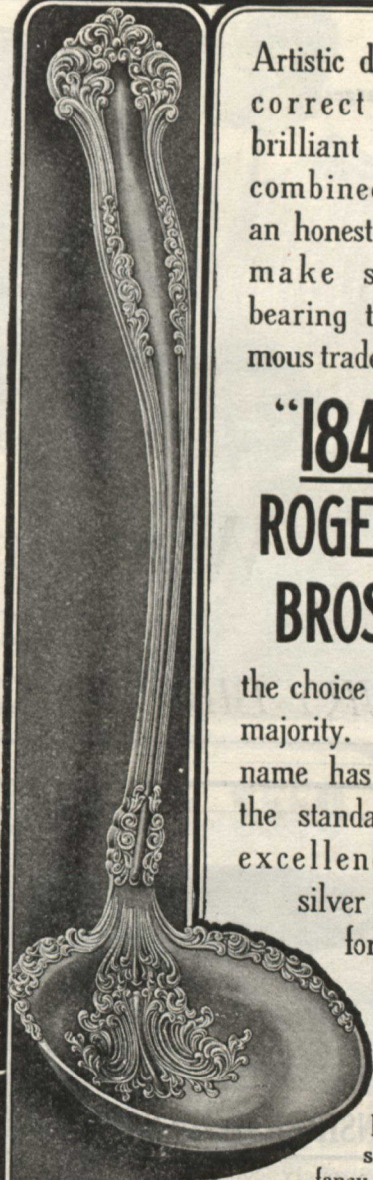
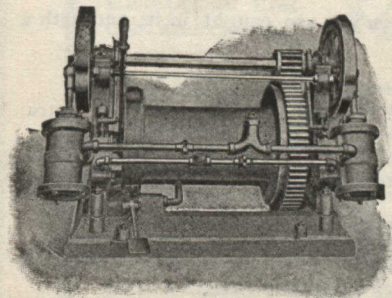
The Jenckes Machine Co.

Limited

Sherbrooke, Montreal, St. Catharines
Cobalt, Vancouver

Works :

Sherbrooke, Que.; St. Catharines, Ont.



Artistic designs, correct style, brilliant finish, combined with an honest value, make silver bearing the famous trade mark

**“1847
ROGERS
BROS.”**

the choice of the majority. This name has been the standard of excellence in silver plate for sixty years.

Forks, knives, spoons, fancy serving

pieces, or complete sets in chests marked “1847 ROGERS BROS.” are sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Let us send you our Catalogue “33” to aid in selection.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Hamilton, Can.

*“Silver
Plate
that
Wears”*

We prepay
express charges
and
guarantee
safe delivery

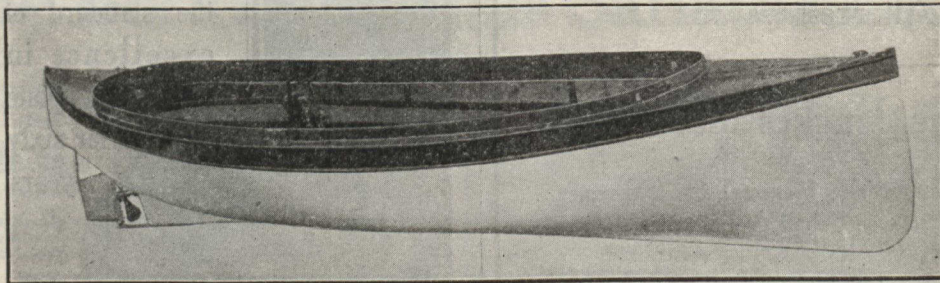


Write for further
Wedding Gift
Suggestions in Minton,
Coalport, Doulton,
Wedgewood Chinas

Wedding China

Haviland Tea Service, with Tray, \$20.00
Green and Gold Decoration

HENRY BIRKS & SONS, Ltd., MONTREAL



CONSIDER WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL IN A LAUNCH

- 1st. Strongly constructed of good material.
- 2nd. To be able to stand a heavy storm and sea, when you are caught in it; and with a GIDLEY Launch you know you are safe.
- 3rd. A Reliable Engine of sufficient power.
- 4th. Comfort.

In addition to the above, if you purchase a GIDLEY Launch you get, without extra cost, a fast, handsomely finished, boat.

The accompanying cut shows the design of our Special 18½ and 21 ft. Launches. These boats are fitted with a 5½ h.p. Engine, Reversible Propellers, complete and ready to run. Speed 9 to 9½ miles.

18½ Ft.	-	-	-	\$325.00, f. o. b. cars our factory.
21 "	-	-	-	\$385.00, " " " "

The reason we can sell this Beautifully Built and Finished Boat at these prices is because these two sizes are built in large quantities, off perfect templets.

H. E. GIDLEY & CO.,

PENETANGUISHENE, ONTARIO.

Write Dept. C. for Catalogue

THIS NEW CASTLE BRAND BEDFORD COLLAR

sets the mark of Fashion on the wearer. More—its deep, snug-fitting points, its well-tailored, correct shape makes the Bedford the most comfortable collar of the year.

The W. G. & R. Shirts for Summer wear are just what the best shirts should be—at moderate, "Canadian-made" prices.

TRADE
W. G. & R. MARK

BERLIN, ONT.



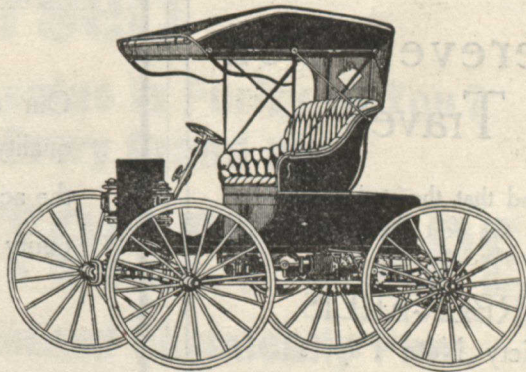
The Bedford
is sold in $\frac{1}{4}$
size,
3 for 50c.

You can get
the Bedford
shape at
2 for 25c.
in our
Elk Brand:
Ask for
"Kerwood"

The Tudhope-McIntyre, \$550

Any man, who can afford a horse and carriage, can afford this Tudhope-McIntyre Motor Carriage.

Because this \$550 Carriage is cheaper than a horse and buggy. Cheaper in first cost and cheaper in upkeep.



It is cheaper to feed gasoline to a Tudhope-McIntyre, than to feed oats to a horse. This \$550. Motor Carriage runs 30 miles on one gallon of gasoline and travels from 3 to 25 miles an hour. 12-14 horse power, double cylinder motor and solid rubber tires will carry you up any hill—over any road—in any kind of weather. Simple and Safe to operate.

Complete with Chapman double ball bearing axles, solid rubber tires, horn, and three lamps—\$550. (Top with roll front, \$30 extra.)

Our new 1909 Catalogue shows this and the other styles of Motor Vehicles we make. Write for copy.

10

THE TUDHOPE-McINTYRE CO. Dept. C. M., ORILLIA, Ont.



Wherever You Travel

you will find that the stationer who is catering to the best classes can supply you with

BARBER-ELLIS
Society Note Papers

Three of the most popular are "French Organdie," "Irish Lawn," and "Shamrock Linen."

THE BARBER & ELLIS CO.

Limited
63-71 Wellington St. West, - TORONTO



"Waiter, Ham—same as yesterday."

"Yessir; that was Matthews Rose Brand."



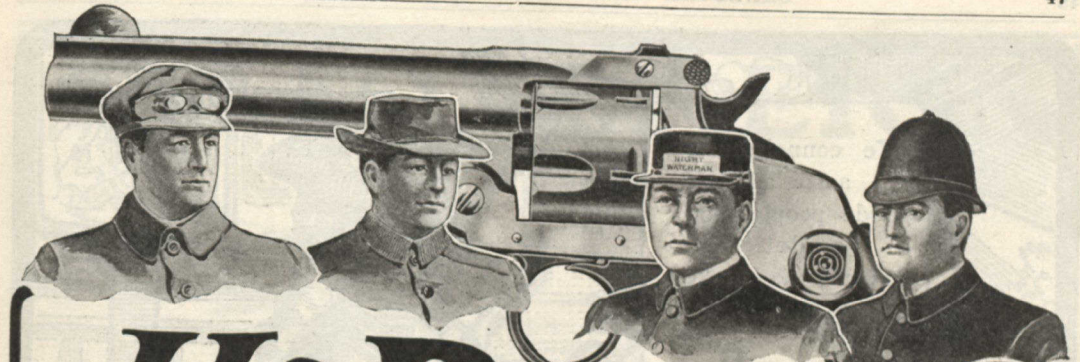
Our aim has always been quality, and our products are the acknowledged standard of purity and all that is **Best.**



Order from your dealer

The GEO. MATTHEWS COMPANY
Limited

Peterborough, Ont. Brantford, Ont. Hull, Que.



H&R ARMS CO

H & R REVOLVERS have proved their accuracy, dependability and superiority in all walks of life—in all parts of the world.

The line is complete in many styles and sizes for both men and women. Sold by all first class dealers.

We especially recommend the H & R "Premier" automatic, double action, 22-calibre, 7-shot, or 32-calibre, 5-shot, 3 inch barrel, finest nickel finish, target grip, \$7.00—4 inch barrel, as illustrated, 50 cents extra.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 520 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct. Look for our name on the barrel and the little target trade-mark on the handle.

We want you to have our beautifully illustrated catalog.

Write for it to-day.

TRADE MARK



Ask Yourself

Of what value is Purity to You?
Every Brand of

EDDY'S TOILET PAPERS

is Guaranteed Chemically Pure.
It's worth considering.

Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For
EDDY'S MATCHES

Ye connoisseurs,
and all ye
goode people fond
of ye delicious
flavour, do make
use of

Lea & Perrins'

Worcestershire Sauce

for all meats,
also
fishes.

H. DOUGLAS & CO. LTD.
Est. 1857
MONTREAL
CANADIAN AGENTS

11A



Established over 50 years

FEARMAN'S

"STAR BRAND" HAMS

The Standard of Epicurean Taste

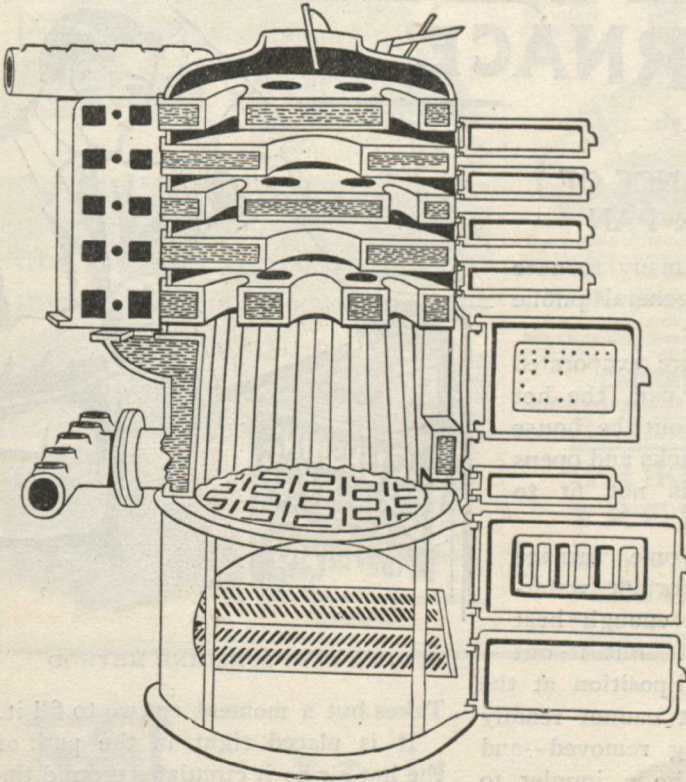
cured and sold by us for over 50
yeras, unsurpassed for flavor and
quality. Try them, boiled or fried,
they will please you.

For sale by all leading grocers.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
Hamilton, Ont.



The SOVEREIGN



**Hot
Water
Boiler**
with the
**Larger
First
Section**

Ten years in advance of any heating apparatus for sale in Canada. Adds 15 to 25 per cent. more than its entire cost to the selling value of any house in which it is installed—and pays for itself as well in the coal it saves.

THE TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office Guelph, Can. Works and Foundries

Branches and Agencies:

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 1088 King St. W., TORONTO

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 340 Pendar St., VANCOUVER

TAYLOR-FORBES CO., 122 Craig St. W., MONTREAL

GENERAL CONTRACTORS' SUPPLY CO., HALIFAX, N.S.

MECHANICS' SUPPLY CO., QUEBEC

H. G. ROGERS, 53½ Dock St., ST. JOHN, N.B.

THE BARNES CO., CALGARY, ALTA.

VULCAN IRON WORKS, Limited, WINNIPEG, MAN.

SUNSHINE FURNACE

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WATER PAN

is not appreciated by many furnace manufacturers or the general public as much as it should be.

Without the moisture evaporated from the water in the pan, the hot air distributed throughout the house is dry and dusty. Cracks and opens up the furniture—it is not fit to breathe into the lungs.

Yet, mind you, some furnace makers place this important water-pan where there is not enough heat to evaporate the water. Put it out of sight in an awkward position at the side or back, where it cannot readily be filled without being removed—and when filled it would take a juggler to replace it without spilling a big share over himself.

Note the convenient location of the large water-pan of the Sunshine—just above the fuel door.



THE EASY SUNSHINE METHOD

Takes but a moment or two to fill it.

It is placed right in the path of the hot air as it circulates around the dome of the furnace. It is impossible for any heated air to pass out of the registers before extracting its due share of moisture from the water-pan. That means you breathe healthful, clarified air, free from dust and dryness.

For the sake of your furniture, your own health and peace of mind, you should decide on the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the Sunshine, write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.



THE AWKWARD COMMON WAY

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

First, the sound principles of typewriter construction which gave world-wide appreciation to the

Smith Premier

TO

And Now, these same original features plus every improvement that twenty years of thought and study could suggest

New Model 10



The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Inc., Syracuse, N.Y.

Interchangeable
Platen-Carriages
Visible writing
Column Finder
Back Spacer and
other features

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL
BEAUTIFIER**

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the Skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them,

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.
PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDDRE SUBTILE
Removes superfluous Hair **Price \$1.00 by Mail**
FRED. T. HOPKINS, Prod'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City

**Get this
FREE
Book**

before you build. Tells why fire-proof metal material is cheaper from first to last—tells why one kind is the cheapest it's safe to buy. No matter what you mean to erect or repair, indoors or out, send for book. Ask nearest office

PEDLAR People of Oshawa
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver



Underwood



DUPLICATORS

With the typewriter in universal use, every business man and every professional man as well, has use for a duplicating machine of some kind, for making easily and quickly a number of fac-simile copies of a typewritten original.

We sell several devices for the purpose: The Hectograph at \$3.50; the Box Neostyle, \$15.00; the Rotary Neostyle, \$35; and the modern Flexotype, which produces 10,000 perfect typewritten letters an hour, at \$250.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED

ADELAIDE STREET EAST

TORONTO

OFFICES IN ALL CANADIAN CITIES.



FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

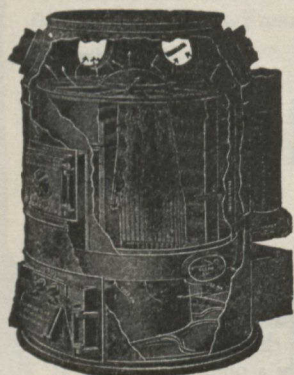


Robinson's Patent Barley

¶ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ¶ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ¶ But insist on having ROBINSON'S

FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



A Little Intelligent Investigation

will prevent disappointment and give years of satisfaction and enjoyment.

The

KELSEY

Warm Air Generator

illustrates this. The KELSEY is the application in practise of the latest accepted theories of heat production, heat distribution, and heat location. It involves the right principle of ventilation. The KELSEY realizes every possible atom of combustion. It practically prevents any loss and distributes the air, when warmed to the right degree of temperature, neither too high nor too low. It keeps the building uniformly warm and the air fresh.

THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited . . . BROCKVILLE, ONT.



**The Reason Why
This Trademark and
This Razor are
"Known the World Over"**

The chief reason is that the "GILLETTE" meets the requirements of every shaver the world over for a quick—simple—easy—comfortable shave.

The best proof that the "GILLETTE" is the highest type of perfection in razors is, that the men of all civilized lands now demand the "GILLETTE" Razor and the "New Process" Blades."

The men of Canada are especially well pleased with the "GILLETTE," and take not a little pride in the fact that it is made by Canadians in the Canadian factory at Montreal.

You can examine the "Gillette" at your Jeweler's or Drug-gist's—at Cutlery or Hardware dealers—or at any Sporting Goods or Departmental Store. Standard sets \$5—for sale everywhere.

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Office and Factory: 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

Beauty and Solid Comfort



do not always go together. You get the combination in our brick fire places, which are artistic and give a room a very cosy appearance. All up-to-date houses have them. Buy a good Buff Milton Brick when you build your house.

Send for Catalogue

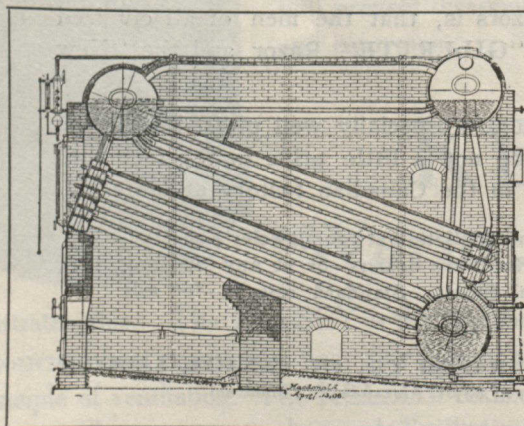
Milton Pressed Brick Company

Limited

TORONTO OFFICE:
75 YONGE STREET

WORKS AND OFFICE:
MILTON - ONTARIO

Robb-Mumford Water Tube Boiler



Free Expansion of Tubes

Perfect Water
Circulation

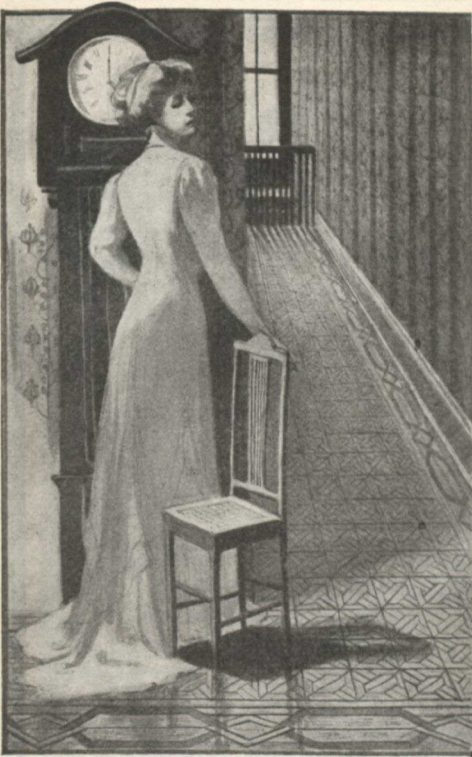
Dry or Superheated
Steam

Half the usual number
of handholes

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, AMHERST, N.S.

District Offices:

709 Power Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager
Traders Bank Building, Toronto, Wm. McKay, Manager
Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, W. F. Porter, Manager
Calgary Block, Calgary, J. F. Porter, Manager



The use of

Hardwood Floors

has become so general they are almost regarded as a necessity. And if properly regarded they are a necessity for any complete house. Their cleanliness, solidity and handsome appearance are universally acknowledged.

¶ We send out on request a very complete Catalogue of designs with Price List from which we allow a liberal discount.

ELLIOTT & SON,
LIMITED

79 King Street West, Toronto

 An illustration of a woman in a long dress and bonnet standing on a dirt path. In the background, a village with several houses and trees is visible. The scene is set in a rural, hilly area.

Ganong's
Chocolates (G.B.)

"EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages.

VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRE

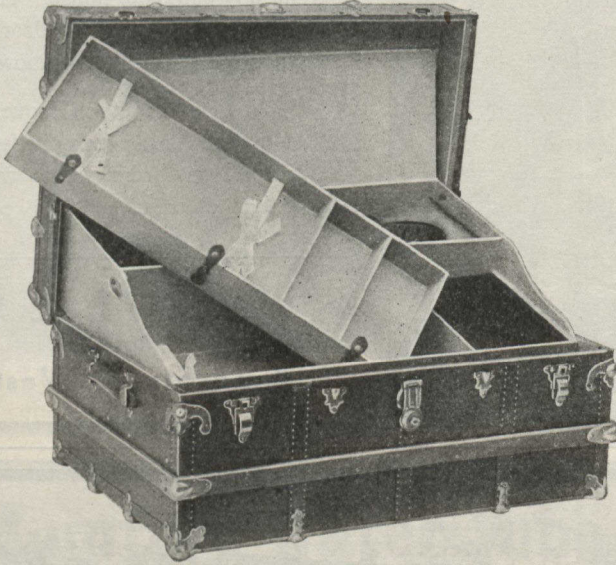
GANONG BROS. LTD. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts
covered with a smooth, rich chocolate

LOOK FOR THE "G.B." STAMP ON THE BOTTOM. IT IS ON EVERY "G.B." CHOCOLATE
GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

A Man's Trunk

With a Place for Everything



This is one of the most popular Trunks we have ever made. It is divided to hold shirts, boots, collars and small articles. Contains silk hat compartment. Body of Trunk is divided for clothes.

Price \$20.00

Catalogue C describes this Trunk and other specialties we make in Traveling Goods. We pay express charges in Ontario.

The **JULIAN SALE**
LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited
105 King Street West, Toronto



The "WAWA"

A new hotel
in the wonderful mountain and
lake country of Canada—1,000 feet above
sea level—every up-to-date comfort in the heart of
the north woods

Norway Point, Lake of Bays "Highlands of Ontario"

Unsurpassed fishing, canoeing, sailing, the finest bathing beaches—while in
this high altitude and pure air, hay fever is unknown.

The "Wawa" is electric lighted throughout, with hot and cold water in
every room, and is supplied with fine mountain spring water. Accommoda-
tions are for 200 guests. Rates are reasonable—and there is good steam-
boat service around the lakes.

Send for the handsome booklet that describes this territory. Free on
application to

J. D. McDONALD, D. P. A.
Union Station, TORONTO

J. QUINLAN
Bonaventure Station, MONTREAL

W. E. DAVIS
Pass. Traffic Manager
Montreal

G. T. BELL
Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager
Montreal

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**



RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

Niagara to the Sea

The grandest trip in America for health and
pleasure. The Thousand Islands, Rapids,
Montreal, Quebec and the famed Saguenay
River, with its stupendous Capes "Trinity"
and "Eternity."

Send 6c. postage for illustrated guide to

THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

*S.S. Kingston, among the
Thousand Islands.*

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamers

WEEKLY SERVICE

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

MONTREAL TO HAVRE & LONDON



MUSIC ROOM, S.S. VIRGINIAN

The St. Lawrence Route

**Shortest, Smoothest, Most Picturesque
Four Days from Land to Land**

The Magnificent Turbine Triple Screw Steamers

VICTORIAN and VIRGINIAN

Absolutely without noise, odour or vibration
A boon to those desiring rest and recreation

New Twin Screw Steamers **CORSICAN, 11,000 tons, and TUNISIAN**

Moderate Rates Polite Attention Cuisine Unexcelled

GLASGOW SERVICE

New Twin Screw Steamers **GRAMPIAN and HESPERIAN**
and One Class Cabin Steamers **IONIAN and PRETORIAN**

Send for Sailings and Rates

THE ALLAN LINE, 77 Yonge St., Toronto, or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.

Charmingly Situated Summer Hotels on the Picturesque Lower St. Lawrence

**Manoir
Richelieu**

Murray Bay
P. Q.



**The
Tadousac**

Tadousac
P. Q.

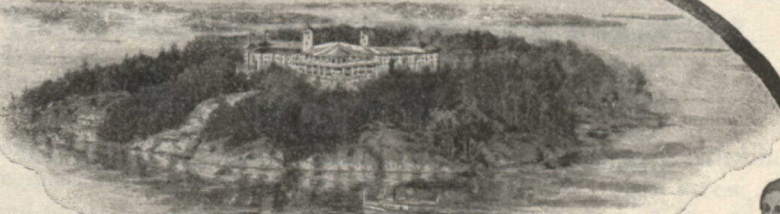
These high-class Summer Hotels are replete with all modern improvements, and the Climate and Scenery at these points are unequalled on the continent.

For further particulars, and copy of "Where the Sea Breezes Mingle with the Pine" apply to

THOMAS HENRY,

Traffic Manager, Montreal

MUSKOKA



Royal Muskoka Hotel - Lake Rosseau

THE ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL

Muskoka Lakes, Canada.

"The Grandest Spot in all America."

LAKES OF BLUE SET WITH ISLES OF EMERALD.

Amid miles of inland lakes are thousands of picturesque islands on which are located over 100 hotels and boarding houses, with prices ranging from \$5 to \$35 per week. The Lakes, 112 MILES FROM TORONTO, are reached by a magnificent train service on three lines, the Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern, and Canadian Pacific Railways. NINE SPLENDID TRAINS ARE RUN SOLID FROM TORONTO to Muskoka Wharf, Bala, Bala Park and Lake Joseph, where steamers carry passengers to their various destinations.

Get illustrated folder giving list of Hotels and other information. Muskoka Lakes Navigation & Hotel Co., Limited, Gravenhurst, Ontario.



Pacific Coast Excursions



Frankly, is there anywhere you would rather go this summer than to the Pacific Coast? Can you imagine a more delightful trip, or one of greater educational value?

In addition to the journey through the western provinces and prairies, the marvellous Rocky Mountain scenery and the attractions of British Columbia, there is this year the **ALASKA - YUKON - PACIFIC EXPOSITION, SEATTLE**, advertised as a new departure in world's fairs, and better, as one that will be completed and in full swing on the opening date, June 1st. Other attractions are

Annual Rose Festival, Portland, Ore., June 7-12.

Northern Baptist Convention, Portland, Ore., June 25-July 2.

International Convention of Epworth League, Seattle, July 7-12.

National Irrigation Congress, Spokane, August 9-14.

Convention Dominion Educational Association; Victoria, B.C. June 1.

The remarkable reduction in rates brings the tour within the reach of persons of most moderate means. The total cost for railway fare, exclusive of side trips, is \$74.10 from Toronto and proportionately low from all Ontario stations; tickets good going May 20 to Sept. 30, return limit Oct. 31. Route is by Canadian Pacific direct line in one or both directions (by upper lake steamer at small extra cost), or choice of U. S. lines in one direction. Canadian Pacific through train service assures a thoroughly satisfactory and comfortable journey.

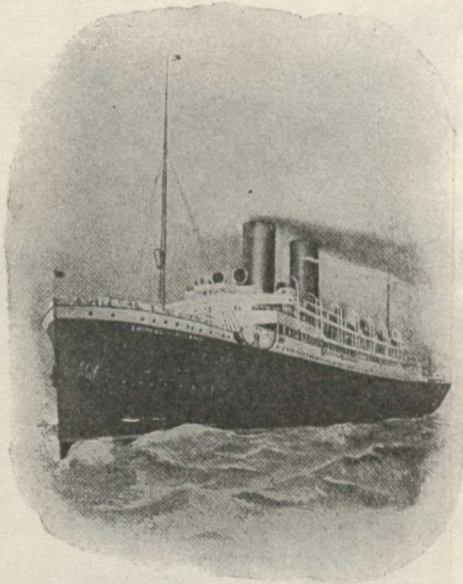


For rates, routes, sleeping car service and full information apply to local C.P.R. ticket agent or write R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINES

THE EMPRESSES

AND 14 OTHER MODERN ATLANTIC LINERS



EMPRESS OF BRITAIN and EMPRESS OF IRELAND

AN OCEAN RECORD is a strong point in favor of a ship; it proves its superiority. Our *Empresses* have made and broken all records between Canada and the Old Land—5 days, 23 hours, dock to dock. Quick, isn't it? Prices very moderate, too.

East	SUMMER SAILINGS	West
June 26 Lake Champlain June 9
July 2 Empress of Ireland June 18
July 10 Lake Manitoba June 23
July 16 Empress of Britain July 2

All vessels equipped with wireless, and all modern appliances for safety and comfort of passengers.

For rates and other information apply to any S. S. and Railway agent

OR TO

S. J. SHARP

West. Pass. Agt.

71 Yonge St., TORONTO

W. G. ANNABLE

Gen. Pass. Agt.

MONTREAL

White Star-Dominion Line

WEEKLY SAILINGS ST. LAWRENCE SEASON

From MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL

FLEET FOR SEASON 1909

The new steamers S. S. "LAURENTIC," of 15,340 tons, triplescrew, combination of turbine and reciprocal engines, also the S. S. "MEGANTIC," twin screw, 15,000 tons. Largest and finest steamers in the St. Lawrence, with accommodation for First, Second and Third Class passengers. The S. S. "CANADA" will also be operated, with accommodation for three classes of passengers.

Moderate Rate Service—One Class Cabin (called Second Class)

To meet the growing demand especially from those engaged in educational work, it has been decided to continue the One Class Cabin Service. The S. S. "DOMINION" and the S. S. "OTTAWA" have been placed on this service, and will meet the demands of those who desire the best that the steamer affords at a moderate rate.

For all information apply to Local Agents or Company's Offices.

MONTREAL, 118 Notre Dame St. West. TORONTO, 41 King St. East. WINNIPEG, 205 McDermot Ave.

Hundreds of Safe
Beaches

Water Agreeable
Temperature

Accommodation
at Reasonable
Rates

in

Quebec,
New Brunswick,
Nova Scotia,
Prince Edward
Island



Write for copy of

"TOURS TO SUMMER HAUNTS"

to

General Passenger Dept.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Moncton, N.B., Canada

Toronto Office: 51 King Street East, King Edward Hotel Block

A Re-Creation of Business Opportunities



The commercial opportunities opened up by the Canadian Northern Railway System are unequalled in the British Empire. In 1897 the Canadian Northern operated 100 miles of railway. It now controls 5,000 miles in the most promising parts of the country. Hundreds of new townsites have been created west of Lake Superior and many new enterprises have been made practicable in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. All these newly developed territories are bristling with business opportunities for the enterprising and they are clearly described from the commercial viewpoint in the new edition of the publication—

A MILE A DAY FOR TWELVE YEARS

a copy of which is free for the asking from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Head Offices, Toronto.

A New Place to Shoot and Fish

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

Temagami

Northern Ontario, Canada

—a new territory now reached by rail—the country of the canoe, the camper's paradise.

Fish for black bass, speckled trout and lake trout—the gamiest fish that swim. Shoot moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during the hunting season.

Bring your camera—the scenery is wild and magnificent.

In this pure, pine-perfumed air, hay fever is unknown.

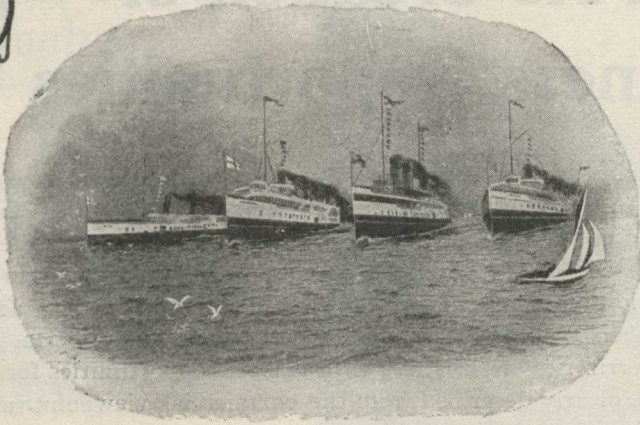
A booklet telling you all about it, handsomely illustrated, sent on application to

J. D. McDONALD,
Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

J. QUINLAN,
Bonaventure Station, Montreal
G. T. BELL, G.P. & T.A., Montreal,
W. E. DAVIS, P.T.M., Montreal.



Niagara Navigation Company



CONNECTING
BUFFALO--NIAGARA FALLS--TORONTO

Six Trips Daily (Except Sunday)

Write for Illustrated Booklet

B. W. FOLGER, Manager, Toronto, Canada

Quebec Steamship Company Limited

River and Gulf of St. Lawrence

Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes

Twin Screw Iron S. S. "Campana," with electric lights, electric bells and all modern comforts.

SAILS FROM MONTREAL ON MONDAY at 4 p.m., 5th and 19th July, 2nd, 16th and 30th August and 13th September, for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Gaspé, Mal Bay, Perce, Grand River, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

NEW YORK FROM QUEBEC

Via the far-famed River Saguenay, calling at Charlottetown and Halifax, S.S. Trinidad, 2,600 tons, sails from Quebec 16th and 30th July, 13th and 27th August, at 5 p.m.

BERMUDA

Summer Excursions, \$20 to \$80, by the Twin Screw S.S. "Bermudian," 5,500 tons. Sailing 7th, 17th and 28th July and every ten days thereafter from New York. Temperature cooled by sea breezes seldom rises above 80 degrees. The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.

A. F. WEBSTER & CO., Corner King and Yonge Streets

THOS. COOK & SON, 35 Adelaide Street East

TICKET AGENTS, TORONTO

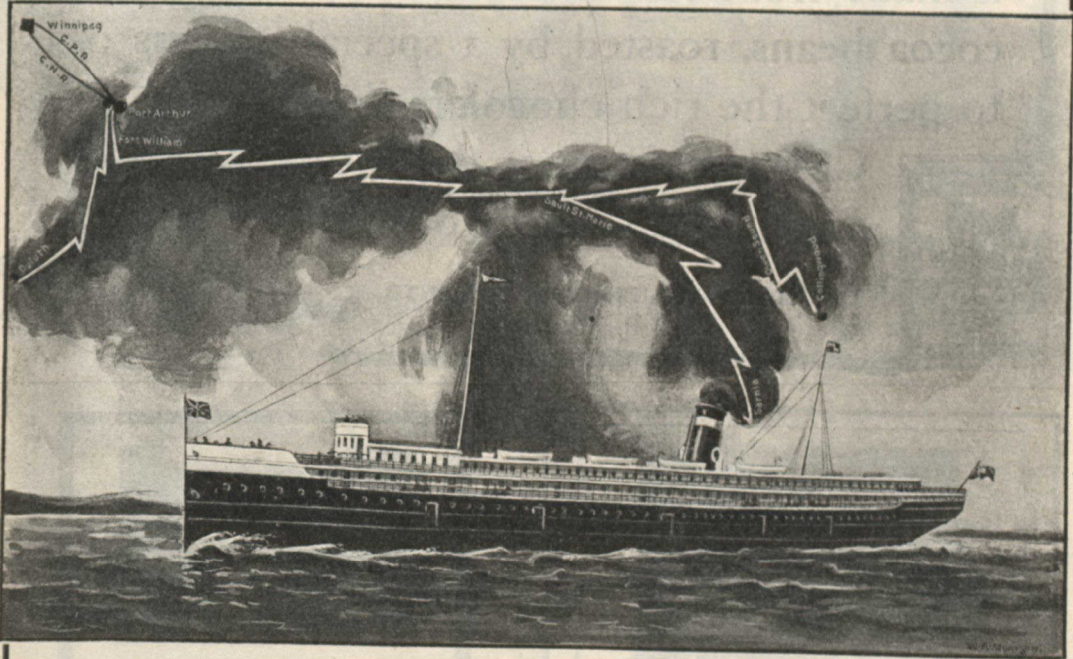
ARTHUR AHEARN, SECRETARY, QUEBEC

The Northern Navigation Co.

of Ontario, Limited

GRAND TRUNK ROUTE

A "Chain Lightning Service" to the North-West
Via the Great Lakes



Magnificent Steamers
Magnificent Distances
Magnificent Scenery

STEAMERS LEAVE SARNIA

Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays



Direct train service Toronto and Detroit to Sarnia Wharf. No transfer. Connections at Port Arthur with Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific Railways. Wednesday and Saturday steamers through to Duluth, connecting with Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways.

TOURS OF GEORGIAN BAY. FOUR TRIPS WEEKLY.
Collingwood and Owen Sound to Mackinac Island.

Tickets and information from all Ry. Agents.

C. H. NICHOLSON, Traffic Mgr., Sarnia, Ont.

Cowan's

"Perfection"

Cocoa

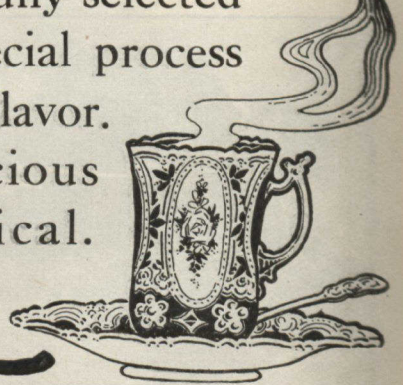
is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor.

Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.



THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO

72



Newcombe Pianos

Built for Music and Built to Endure

Awarded Medals and Awards at many international expositions, including Paris, Chicago, London, England, Jamestown, etc.

"The Finest made in Canada."

Write for Catalogue of designs and prices.

The Newcombe Piano Co., Limited,
129 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto

New City Warerooms: 7 & 7½ Queen St., East, Toronto

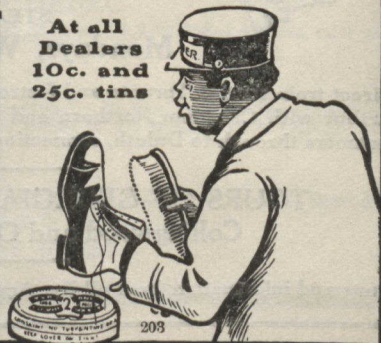
2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

"I tell you, Boss, people are so particular about the Shoe Polish they use that they ask me each night to be sure and use **"2 in 1."**"

It's easier for me, too, and you should see the smile I get in the morning."

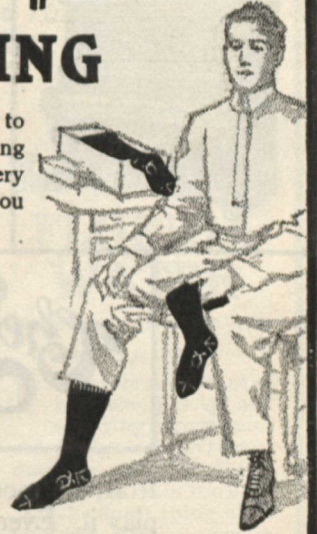
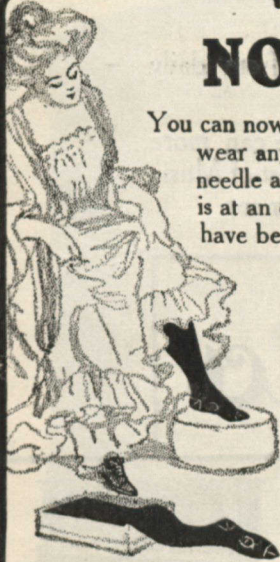
At all
Dealers
10c. and
25c. tins



203

NO MORE DARNING

You can now buy **Guaranteed Hosiery**. No need to wear any more darned hosiery. The day of the darning needle and mending yarn with its perpetual drudgery is at an end. Instead of the ordinary kind which you have been buying just try a box of



NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children, 6 pairs
for \$2.00, guaranteed for 6 months

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for six months.

The reason we can give this guarantee so freely is that all HOLEPROOF HOSIERY is manufactured in our own factory, under careful inspection through all the various processes. Thus we know just exactly the high quality of raw material that is used, and how carefully it is manufactured.

You see **NEVERDARN HOLEPROOF HOSIERY** is not the kind of hosiery that you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn.

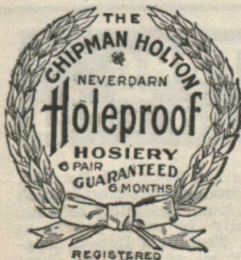
It is made of specially prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian Lisle yarns—the best that money can buy. We could use the cheaper single ply yarn but we couldn't guarantee the hosiery for six months, because the cheaper yarns, being short fibred, are weak—they break and split, and cannot resist washing or wearing.

Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery making it *extraordinarily durable*—but not heavy—and *very soft and easy on the feet*. The heels and toes are *doubly reinforced* so as to resist wear where the wear comes.

Our new process of dyeing renders the Holeproof fabric as *clean, soft, comfortable and strong as undyed* hosiery. The colors are absolutely fast, and positively will not rub off or discolor the feet.

NEVERDARN HOLEPROOF hosiery is the most clean and sanitary you can buy.

It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good.



READ THIS GUARANTEE

If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

This is the guarantee that goes with every box containing six pairs of Holeproof Hosiery. The guarantee means exactly what it says.

HOW TO GET THEM

State size and color, whether black or tan. Only one size in box of Holeproof Hosiery. If your dealer cannot supply you with Holeproof, we will supply you direct. Send \$2.00 money order or bills and dispense with darning drudgery right away—we will send you the hosiery by return mail prepaid.

CHIPMAN-HOLTON KNITTING CO., LIMITED

Kelly St., Hamilton, Can.

FOR CHILDREN

In response to numerous inquiries we are making Girls' and Boys' Stockings in all sizes—of the same quality and under the same form of guarantee for 3 months—sold in boxes containing 3 pairs—\$1 00.



Recreation is essential to every Professional and Business man.

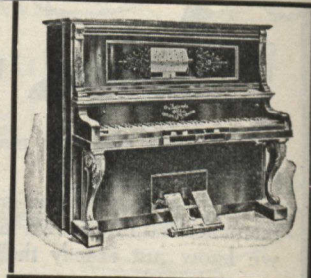
Few things will divert the mind from daily cares more quickly than Music.

There is no method by which one can more readily or effectively produce the best of Music than by using that charming instrument

The Autonola

It is the modern Playerpiano. Anyone can play it. Everyone who uses it appreciates the simplicity with which it can be operated. A handsome instrument.

Send for free Booklet C to the makers.



The BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.
 TORONTO LONDON, ENG. OTTAWA

DRINK, Tobacco and Drug Habits CURED

New System of Treatment. Recently Discovered Remedy that Cures Rapidly and Permanently. Marvellous Results obtained that makes our remedy one of the wonders of Modern Medicine. Patients cured secretly at their own homes against their own will and knowledge. No suffering, no injections, no loss of time, or detention from business, no bad after effects.

FREE!

FREE!

we send by mail, free of charge, our 64 page book, which fully explains our modern system of treatment, of how the Drink, Tobacco and Drug habits can be rapidly overcome and cured. This book is sent in a plain envelope, sealed from observation, so no one can tell what your letter contains. All correspondence absolutely secret and confidential. Address,

DE SILVA INSTITUTE, 55 University St., Montreal, Canada.

Typewriters —Save 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. of the regular selling price of all the standard makes of machines by buying a re-built typewriter—nearly the new machine. Send postal to-day for list, stating make you prefer.

Typewriter Clearing-House of Canada
 71A St. James Street, Montreal

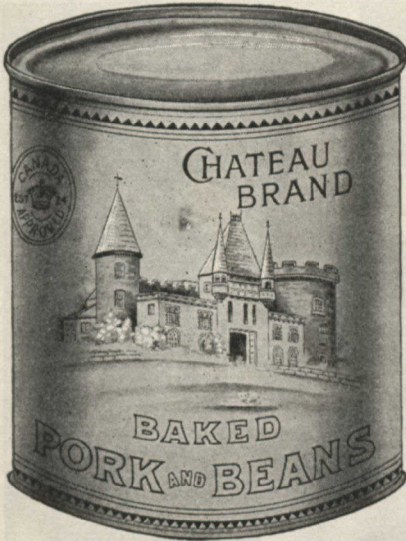
Oshawa Metal Ceilings Fit for the finest building. Cost little enough. Reduce fire-risks. Two thousand designs for stores, halls, warerooms, churches, residences, etc. Write for handsomely illustrated book showing exclusive Pedlar designs.

PEDLAR People of Oshawa
 Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Don't Take A Sea Trip

Without Mothersill's Sea and Train Sick Remedy. It has recently been thoroughly tested on **English and Irish channels** and found absolutely reliable. Recommended editorially by such papers as London Daily Express, New York Herald, Montreal Herald and the Press generally in Great Britain. Write for booklet and press notices. For sale at all first-class druggists. Guaranteed perfectly harmless to the most delicate.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO.
 235 Cleland Bldg., Detroit, Michigan



“Chateau Brand” Pork and Beans are Properly Baked

Many people have the idea that all baked beans are hard to digest.

Home made baked beans and many varieties sold in tins usually are indigestible.

It's impossible to thoroughly bake beans in a home oven because the heat used is not great enough nor even enough.

There's only one way to properly prepare them and that is the method used in preparing Clark's "Chateau Brand."

"Chateau Brand" Baked Beans are baked at a uniformly high temperature, maintained for just the right time.

The result is that "Chateau Brand" Baked Beans are always perfectly cooked.

You'll never say that baked beans are indigestible after you've used "Chateau Brand."

Your grocer has them in 10, 15 and 20c. tins either plain or with Tomato Sauce.

Remember the name "Chateau Brand."

WM. CLARK MFR., MONTREAL.

A Perfume for the Most Refined Taste

A leader amongst leaders.
After being in use for
NEARLY A CENTURY

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE:

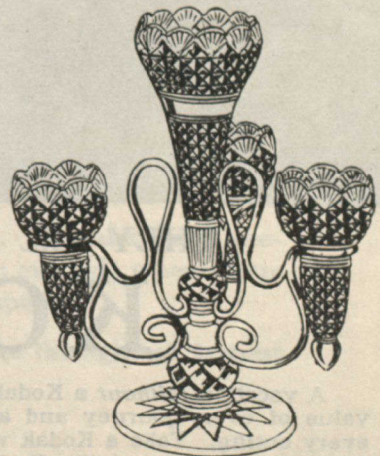
IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!



Glass Table Decorations

CRYSTAL and GOLD



WILLIAM JUNOR

88 West King Street, Toronto



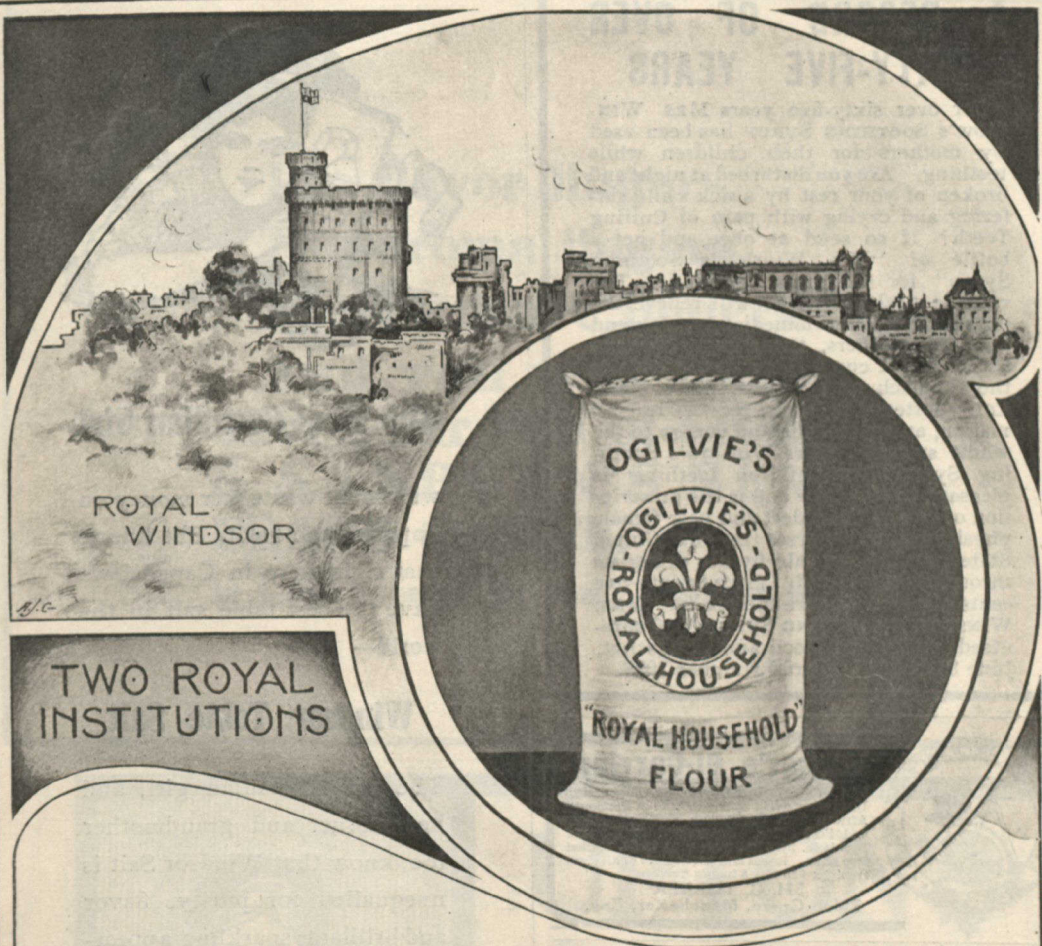
THEY ALL REMEMBERED THE
KODAK

A vacation *without* a Kodak is a vacation wasted. A Kodak doubles the value of every journey and adds to the pleasure, present and future, of every outing. Take a Kodak with you. *Kodaks*, \$5.00 to \$100; *Brownie Cameras*, (*They work like Kodaks*), \$1.00 to \$12.00.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,

TORONTO, CAN.

Catalogues free at the
dealers or by mail.



“Royal Household” Flour

is the whitest and finest flour made. It makes fully one-third more bread to the pound than any soft wheat flour and is more dependable in every respect.

“ROYAL HOUSEHOLD” also makes the lightest, tastiest Cake, Pies and Pastry.

Your grocer can supply you.

OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

A RECORD OF OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

For over sixty-five years **MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it, It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial Number 1098.



Turner's Bi-Carrier

The original Rear Cycle Parcel Carrier. Used exclusively by the C. I. V. in the South African War, the British Territorial Army and Post Office. Guaranteed for 5 years. Size 14 in. by 6 in., with clips to fit, mailed free \$3.00. Prices and particulars of all sizes from 8 x 4 to 19 x 8 inches free.

H. G. TURNER
Eldon Grove, Manchester, Eng.

Seen the FREE Book

about 100-year shingles? Shows how to get most for your money in roofing anything that's worth roofing right. Proves the saving we'll make you. News for you about shingles that last a century. Get a copy. Ask nearest office.

PEDLAR People of Oshawa
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Caribbean Fruit Lands

are very productive. They produce larger net income than any fruit lands known, while their cost of operation is the smallest. We have them in lots to suit, at bed-rock prices. Delightful climate, excellent health conditions and a friendly people. A more charming place for a home cannot be imagined. Free booklets.

The Realty Company, San Pedro Sula, Honduras



The Real Canadian Girl

will never waste her money on imported table salt. She knows that right here in Canada, we have the best table salt in the world—

Windsor Table Salt

The real Canadian girl, and her mother and grandmother too, know that Windsor Salt is unequalled for purity, flavor and brilliant, sparkling appearance.

WINDSOR Table SALT

13

YOU CAN STOP

Your Husband, Son or Friend from **DRINKING**

Write me, and I will tell you the only proven method that will actually stop a man from drinking; either with or without his consent, and without danger to him, or loss of his time. It will **cost you nothing** to try. I have given my advice to hundreds upon hundreds and never heard of a case where it failed. Address **E. Fortin, R. 134, Chicago, Ill., 40 Dearborn Street.** Absolute secrecy promised.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label
for your protection

Wood Rollers Get "Improved," no tacks required. Tin Rollers

**The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger
over your cup of CHASE
& SANBORN'S SEAL
BRAND COFFEE.**

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk. ¹⁰⁰



UPTON'S

Orange Marmalade

Is made from Seville Oranges and granulated sugar, and is guaranteed to be

Absolutely Pure

Order a pail or jar from your grocer today and insist on having

UPTON'S

"It's Pure
That's Sure"



The principle embodied in
the construction of every

Gourlay Piano

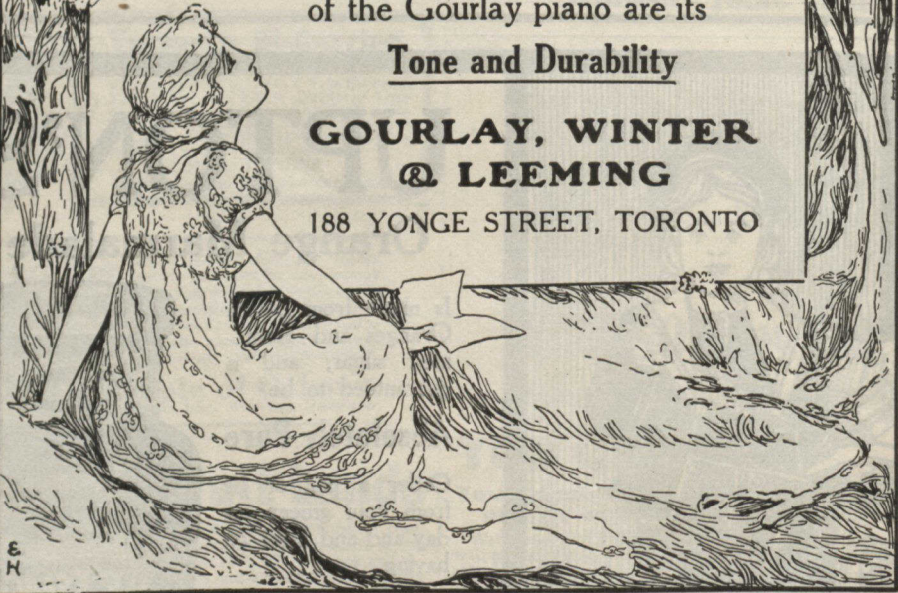
is the manufacture of a piano
producing the richest possible and the
most sympathetic tone, and to so care-
fully supervise every detail of construction
that the tone will last.

The designs are artistic, and other
minor points receive due consideration,
but the secrets of the phenomenal success
of the Gourlay piano are its

Tone and Durability

**GOURLAY, WINTER
& LEEMING**

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO



GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

TORONTO · 188 YONGE ST.

HAMILTON · 66 KING ST. W.

Which Would You Rather Wear in Summer?

Linen or Cotton Underwear, which easily becomes saturated with perspiration, remain damp, feel oppressive, chill the skin and become offensive rapidly.

Or wool, which has been evolved by nature as the most comfortable, healthful and cleanly covering for the warm blooded animals (that's you) in all climates winter and summer alike.

Wool has the property of absorbing and evaporating moisture with extreme rapidity. It does not retain the offensive exhalations of the skin. In this way it keeps the pores healthy, active, and the body in a condition of fitness, coolness and comfort during the most oppressive weather.

The Jaeger System provides absolutely pure undyed woollen underwear of gauze texture and the smartest and most up-to-date styles in shirtings for men, who value health and comfort during business hours in the hot weather.

TRADE MARK



The needs of Ladies and Children are equally well provided for. We shall be pleased to mail catalogue or to show the goods at our own store.

Look for the
JAEGER
Trade Mark

DR. JAEGER
SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM
Co., Limited

316 ST. CATHERINE WEST, MONTREAL
ALSO AT TORONTO & WINNIPEG



Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer

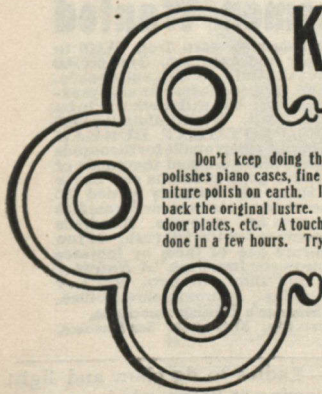
Falling Hair. It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. The first thing to do is to completely destroy these germs. Hall's Hair Renewer does this quickly and completely. Nature does the rest.

Dandruff. Dandruff is also a germ disease. Hall's Hair Renewer completely destroys these germs and removes all dandruff from the scalp. R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N.H.

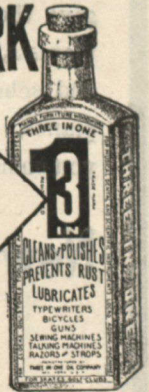
Promotes Growth
An Elegant Dressing

Does not Change the
Color of the Hair

KEY TO EASY HOUSEWORK



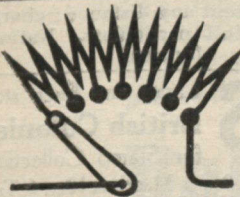
Don't keep doing the same things over day after day. Make your work STAY done. 3-IN-ONE oil cleans and polishes piano cases, fine furniture and all veneered or varnished surfaces, easier, quicker and better than any furniture polish on earth. It gives a bright, lasting finish. Just a little rub occasionally with a soft cloth brings back the original lustre. 3-IN-ONE polishes and KEEPS bright all bathroom fixtures, kitchen furniture, brass railings, door plates, etc. A touch here and there just once in a while keeps everything spick and span—a whole day's work done in a few hours. Try it once.



FREE Write at once for sample bottle and valuable booklet. Both free for name of your dealer. A Library Slip in every package.

50 Broadway **3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY** New York City

ELECTRICITY



THE BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL is the oldest and best school in the world teaching **ELECTRICITY** exclusively. Theoretical and practical course complete

Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors and Electrical instruments. Graduates hold good positions **IN ONE YEAR**

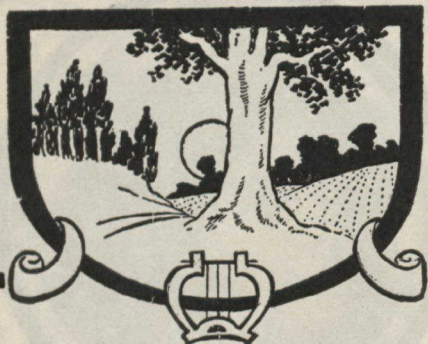
throughout the world. Seventeenth year opens September 22. Apply for free Catalog to

L. DENTON BLISS, Pres't, 82 Takoma Avenue, Washington, D. C.

“GURD’S” Ginger Ale “GURD’S” Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are “THE BEST”

CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - - MONTREAL



Finest Pianos in Canada sold on such purchase terms that every home may own one.

WE want you to know more about the New Scale Williams Pianos—what magnificent instruments they are—and **WHY**. Our free booklets give these facts—tell what famous pianists, teachers, singers, colleges and schools think of these faultless pianos. And they are **FACTS** that you should know about the

New Scale Williams Piano

Let us send the booklets and show you how you may have any style of the New Scale Williams Piano—grand or upright—and pay for it on our new purchase plan. Cut out the coupon and mail to us to-day.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited

OSHAWA, ONT.

21

Please send me free of all cost booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Piano and special easy purchase plan.

Name.....
Address.....
T.C.M.



WINNIPEG

Sign and mail coupon below and receive during the next 365 days free of charge

Handsome Illustrated Statistical and Literary Productions

picturing positive proofs of the **WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT** taking place in Winnipeg and Western Canada and

The Opportunities Open for Capital, Industries and Ambitious Men.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

N.B.—If you want to make more of the future than you have of the past, write in space below specifically lines of business you want information on.

Address—CHAS. F. ROLAND, (Commissioner) WINNIPEG, CANADA



Salesmen Wanted

Traveling Salesmen earn from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year and expenses. Over 600,000 employed in the United States, and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be an expert by mail. We maintain the best **FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU** in the world and receive calls for thousands of Salesmen. Have assisted thousands of men to secure good positions and better salaries. Many who formerly earned \$25 to \$75 a month have since earned from \$100 to \$500 a month and expenses. Hundreds of good openings for the fall rush. If you want to secure one of them or increase your earnings our free book "A Knight of the Grip" will show you how. Write or call for it today. Address nearest office.

Dept. 252 National Salesmen's Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

WANTED —Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid; send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

STAMPS Large and finest stock British Colonials for Stamp Collections.

6 Barbades 10c., 10 Jamaica 8c., 6 Mauritius 10c., 6 Trinidad 9c., 5 Gold Coast 10c., 20 India 10c., 5 Bermuda 10c., 50 different 10c., 200 different \$1.50.

STAMPS BOUGHT FOR CASH

Canadians and British Colonials wanted, for which we pay the highest prices. Send samples and return postage.

ROYAL ALBUM

exclusively for British Colonials. Send for booklet.

COLONIAL STAMP CO. Established 1882

953 E. 53d Street, CHICAGO



FOR CHILDREN

you cannot get a soap **too good** or **too pure** for the use of children and young infants. Much of the chafing and soreness of the skin is due to poisoning by highly scented and colored soaps.

Baby's Own Soap is an absolute necessity in the nursery. Made from carefully refined and fragrant vegetable oils, it gives a rich creamy lather, which preserves the soft, smooth texture of the skin.

Baby's Own Soap

Refuse substitutes—insist on having Baby's Own. 14-09

ALBERT SOAPS LTD., Mfrs. - - MONTREAL.



Club Cocktails
are a
Bottled Delight

*Martini (gin base)
and Manhattan
(whiskey base) are
universal favorites*



A Club Cocktail

After a hot day's work or play, a CLUB COCKTAIL is the most delightful of recuperators. They're not only an ideal cocktail, but a delightfully refreshing, gently stimulating drink. CLUB COCKTAILS entail no fuss or trouble to prepare. Simply strain through cracked ice, and they're ready for instant use.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford

New York

London

Colorings that make Home look Cheerful

THERE are certain Colorings in which *Cheerfulness* is as inherent as it is in certain temperaments.

And, there are other Colorings that seem to have in them the very microbe of depression.

No one could long be cheerful in a room painted *black*, for instance.

And, no one could long resist the cheering, comforting uplift of a log-fire burning brightly in an open grate.

The dreary color of "A gray day" creeps into one's spirits and depresses them, just as surely as the golden-yellow color of a sunshiny day cheers and gladdens.

These subtle *influences* of Color are of much greater importance in making the Home feel cheerful, comfortable and restful, or gloomy and irritating, than we are likely to at first sight suppose.

But, any Home-maker who will thoughtfully read Brightling's new book entitled "Wall-Paper Influence on the Home" is pretty sure to discover a few things on this subject which he would gladly pay many times its price for.

The book, in addition to its chapters on *Color*, covers the Influence of *Design* upon size, width, height, dignity, or cosiness, of a room.

The subjects throughout have been treated in a simple, untechnical way which makes the information easily understood, and ready to apply toward inexpensive and effective decoration of the average home.

Published by the Watson-Foster Co., Ltd. (Ontario St., East, Montreal), and sold *by mail*, Cloth bound, at twenty-five cents per copy, or from your wall paper dealer at same price.

Her "Declaration of Independence"



The "Servant Problem" changes to Servant Sense and Servant Sunshine in the Home where

Shredded Wheat

is known. A knowledge of its nutritive value and its wide culinary uses emancipates the housewife from "food worry" and kitchen drudgery.

With Shredded Wheat Biscuits and blackberries or other fresh fruits in season, a delicious, wholesome and nourishing meal can be prepared in a few minutes by the housekeeper without culinary knowledge or experience—nothing to do but heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; then cover with berries or other fruits, and pour over them milk or cream and sweeten to suit the taste.

More healthful and more nutritious in Summer than heavy meats or soggy pastries.

Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest selected white wheat that grows, in the cleanest, finest, most hygienic food factory in the world.

ALL THE MEAT OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited - - Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

NEW IDEA FURNACES

Burn Coal or Wood Have Large Feed Door

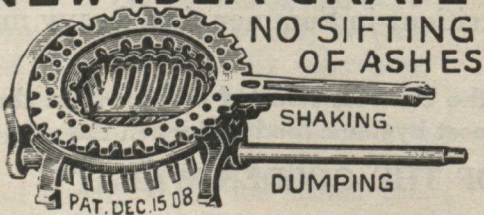
The New Idea Furnace works perfectly with either coal or wood. "Fixing the Fire" is easy owing to the large feed doors. Lots of room for a large shovel, no danger of hitting against the door frame, and you can drop the coal just where you want it, back or front of the firepot as may be needed—any place is easy with the New Idea.

For wood the doors permit of big, rough chunks, the opening being 12 x 15 inches. Wood that can't be burned in a stove or ordinary furnace is just right for the New Idea.

No smoke in the furnace when adding fuel, either coal or wood—our special smoke shield and the New Idea direct draft damper will prevent all that nonsense.

For burning wood a special grate is made. It is easily placed in position through the fire door, and is so fitted that it drops into place and stays there without a single bolt.

NEW IDEA GRATE



NO SIFTING
OF ASHES

SHAKING.

DUMPING

BOTH SHAKES AND DUMPS

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUES.

SEND SIZE OF HOUSE

IF YOU WISH ESTIMATE OF

COST OF FURNACE

INSTALLED READY FOR USE

THE GURNEY TILDEN Co.

HAMILTON LIMITED MONTREAL
WINNIPEG. DEPT. D VANCOUVER



Libby's Food Kits for Campers

Libby's Natural Flavor Food Products are now put up into assortments for campers, and will be shipped direct by prepaid express to any shipping point in the U. S. east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio River upon receipt of price. To points outside of this district add \$1 to cover additional express charges.

Try one of these Libby assortments for your trip. It will give you a delightful change in the regulation camp fare, and you will remember your outing with more pleasure.

\$5 Assortment Contains

- 6 No. 1 Cans Pork and Beans
- 3 No. 1/2 Glasses Sliced Bacon
- 6 No. 1/2 Cans Vienna Sausage
- 3 No. 1/2 Cans Lunch Tongue
- 3 No. 1/2 Cans Corn Beef Hash
- 2 No. 8 Glasses Libby Currant Jelly
- 1 No. 8 Stuffed Queen Olives
- 1 No. 10 Fancy Queen Olives
- 1 Bottle Catsup medium size
- 1 No. 16 Bottle Sweet Mixed Pickles
- 1 No. 16 Bottle Chow Chow
- 1 No. 10 Glass Strawberry Preserves
- 2 Small Jars Orange Marmalade

\$10 Assortment Contains

- 6 No. 1 Cans Pork and Beans
- 6 No. 1/2 Glasses Sliced Bacon
- 6 No. 1/2 Cans Vienna Sausage
- 2 No. 1/4 Cans Potted Ham
- 6 No. 1 Cans Corn Beef Hash
- 6 No. 1/2 Glasses Peerless Dried Beef
- 3 No. 8 Glasses Assorted Jelly
- 3 No. 18 Jars Assorted Preserves
- 3 No. 16 Jars Orange Marmalade
- 2 Bottles Catsup medium size.
- 2 No. 16 Bottles Sweet Mixed Pickles
- 2 No. 10 Bottles Sweet Midget Pickles
- 2 No. 16 Bottles Chow Chow
- 2 No. 16 Bottles Stuffed Queen Olives
- 2 No. 16 Bottles Mammoth Queen Olives
- 1 No. 18 Bottle Sweet Relish

Just the thing for your summer cottage.

Carefully packed in wooden cases ready when you are ready.

Send us express or P. O. Money Order, Bank or Personal Check, naming assortment and destination and kit will be shipped you promptly.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



Permanent, 6% Dividend Paying Stock of a progressive established Loan Company. There is now invested in Canadian Loan Companies \$240,604,737, the safest, therefore, the best form of investment for those who DO NOT speculate. Write for 16th Annual Report. **THE PEOPLE'S BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION, LONDON, ONT.** CHARTERED 1892

The Former Coffee Drinker

wakes in the morning with a clear head and realizes that "coffee bondage" is a thing of the past.

POSTUM

brings comfort and health—

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

HIGHEST IN HONORS

BAKER'S COCOA



Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

50
HIGHEST
AWARDS
IN
EUROPE
AND
AMERICA

A perfect food, preserves health, prolongs life

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

Established 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Branch House:

86 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada

Canada Lancel

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Published by **THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.**
 This is the leading Medical Journal published in the Dominion. Articles by leading physicians appear in every issue, as well as selections from the best English, German and French Journals. Its personal news items are most complete and interesting and keep the physician in touch with the medical fraternity.

THE All-purpose Flour, and superior for every purpose. Highest grade in the world. Purity label guarantees success, or your money back.
"More bread and better bread."
Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited
 Mills at WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON

PURITY FLOUR

MELANYL

BEST MARKING INK FOR ALL LINEN

In one bottle. No Heating or Mixing required. Clean, Indelible and Harmless on any fabric. Used once, used always!

INVENTORS

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Limited