

PAGES

MISSING



IN THE HEART OF THE HOME
PEARS' SOAP

reigns supreme because the mother
knows it is perfectly pure and that
no other soap has answered so well or
proved so beneficial to the skin.

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION

Pears' Lavender Water is the most delicate and perfect toilet water.

"All rights secured."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIII.

CONTENTS, JUNE, 1904.

No. 2

Sunset on the Bay of Fundy.....	FRONTISPIECE
<small>PRINTED IN FOUR COLOURS</small>	
The Building of a Railway.....	HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE..... 97
<small>ILLUSTRATED</small>	
Literary Portraits.....	HALDANE MACFALL..... 105
<small>II—THOMAS HARDY, WITH PORTRAIT</small>	
The Struggle Between Russia and Japan.....	THE EDITOR..... 108
<small>ILLUSTRATED</small>	
The Necklace, Story.....	GUY DE MAUPASSANT..... 113
Diplomat's Sacrifice, Story.....	W. A. FRASER..... 118
By Canoe, Sketch.....	WALTER S. JOHNSON..... 125
Daffodils, Poem.....	HERBERT L. BREWSTER..... 127
Toronto's Great Fire.....	NORMAN PATTERSON..... 128
<small>WITH MAP AND PHOTOGRAPHS</small>	
Incidents at a Great Fire.....	FERGUS KYLE..... 136
<small>DRAWINGS AND PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR</small>	
The Automobile of 1904.....	T. A. RUSSELL..... 141
<small>WITH ILLUSTRATIONS</small>	
Song of Toil, Poem.....	WILLIAM J. FISCHER..... 147
The Fight for North America.....	A. G. BRADLEY..... 148
<small>CHAPTER VI—1756-1757</small>	
The Last Shot, Story.....	MARGUERITE EVANS..... 163
Amusement in Statistics.....	STAMBURY R. TARR..... 167
The Land of Long Days.....	EDWARD F. STRANGE..... 169
From Kobe to Canada, Poem.....	EDWARD A. WICHER..... 171
Current Events Abroad.....	JOHN A. EWAN..... 172
<small>WITH CURRENT CARTOONS</small>	
Woman's Sphere.....	M. MACLEAN HELLIWELL..... 176
<small>ILLUSTRATED</small>	
People and Affairs.....	JOHN A. COOPER..... 180
<small>PARTY FIDELITY—PROHIBITION—WOMEN AND UNIVERSITIES—MORMONISM—IMMIGRATION</small>	
About New Books.....	184
Idle Moments.....	187
Oddities and Curiosities.....	189
<small>ILLUSTRATED</small>	
Canada for the Canadians.....	191

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

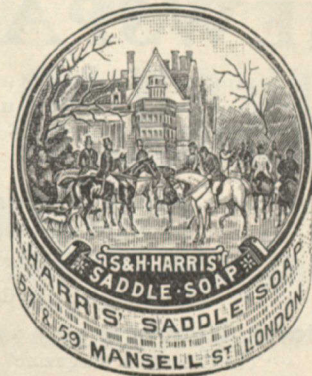
Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to
THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, TRADERS BANK BUILDING, 63 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

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

S. & H. HARRIS'

STABLE REQUISITES

SOLD BY ALL SADDLERS
AND
GENERAL MERCHANTS



HARNESS COMPOSITION—(Waterproof).

JET BLACK OIL—Renews and Preserves.

SADDLE SOAP—Cleans and Renovates.

HARNESS LIQUID—Self-shining.

SADDLE PASTE—Gives a Waterproof Polish.

EBONITE WATERPROOF BLACKING

For Boots and Shoes—Requires no Brushing.

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

THE GREAT DIGESTER

The A1 SAUCE

Excellent with "FISH, FLESH OR FOWL"

Sole Manufacturers—**BRAND & CO., Ltd.**, Mayfair, London, Eng.

Agent for Canada—**I. S. WOTHERSPOON**, 204 Board of Trade Bldgs., MONTREAL

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

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S
Regd **Parola**

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING.

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

AT ALL SEASONS.

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

INVALUABLE
during the Winter for
Preserving
THE SKIN

from the effects of
FROST, COLD WINDS
and **HARD WATER.**

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR IT, AND ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

NEWSPAPER OPINION

The opinion of Canadian newspapers on a subject is not necessarily conclusive, but when they are almost unanimous in a particular judgment, there is great probability that it is correct. Some of their recent comment upon THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is as follows:

Vancouver News Advertiser:

"It is worthy of note that 'The Canadian Magazine,' our only national monthly publication of long standing and importance, which but a short time ago was read by perhaps five thousand people, is to-day read by twenty-five thousand. Here is practical proof of a growing national Canadian spirit in literature."

St. John Globe:

"'The Canadian Magazine' is steadily aiming at being actively Canadian, as well as literary."

Montreal Gazette:

In referring at length to the April issue it says: "A really rich number."

Toronto News:

"Mr. T. G. Marquis's account of the life and art of Mr. Paul Wickson is the opening article in 'The Canadian Magazine' for May, a most admirable number, for the preparation of which the editor is indeed to be congratulated."

Montreal Witness:

"'The Canadian Magazine' fills a place in our national life which grows with its continued existence. The prominence of historical matter in its contents ensures it the attention of an important class of readers. Representative Canadian poetry, too, finds here a natural place to appear before an appreciative audience."

Maritime Merchant:

"The monthly visit of 'The Canadian Magazine' reminds us that Canadian literature, as well as Canadian industry, requires the loyal support of Canadians. It reminds us also that the work of the man who publishes a magazine in this country just now is the work of a literary pioneer. And pioneering is hard."

Toronto Globe:

"'The Canadian Magazine' steadily progresses, both in appearance and in intellectual flavour. While maintaining its distinctively Canadian character in a large proportion of its subjects, it shows itself to be a citizen of the world of letters by going abroad for matters of interest. The first of a series of Maupassant stories, translated for Harper Bros., and published under arrangements with that firm, illustrates this side of the Magazine. The list of contributors to the May number affords promise of a rich feast within—William Wilfrid Campbell, Theodore Roberts, H. F. Gadsby, T. G. Marquis, Isabel E. Mackay, James L. Hughes."

British Canadian Review (London, Eng.):

"'The Canadian Magazine' for April contains its usual features, which makes this representative magazine appeal to all classes of readers throughout the Dominion and to those in this country who desire to keep in touch with our premier Colony. The illustrations in this number are very good. We have another instalment of Mr. Bradley's 'The Fight for North America,' containing several reproductions of old pictures and maps. In addition to some excellent fiction, there are useful articles on 'Wheat Growing in Canada' and on 'Soil Utilization' by experts on these subjects. It is noteworthy how largely the advertisement pages of this magazine are patronized by British firms, which shows that the value of the Canadian market is at last beginning to be appreciated."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TORONTO, CANADA

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

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

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

LIMITED

BELFAST, IRELAND

and 156 to 170 Regent Street, London, W.

Telegraphic Address: ("LINEN, BELFAST.")

IRISH LINEN AND DAMASK MANUFACTURERS

AND FURNISHERS TO

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

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE
COURTS OF EUROPE.



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

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World,

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

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

IRISH LINENS: Real Irish Linen Sheetings, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard; Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 6c. per yard; Surplice Linen, 14c. per yard. Dusters from 78c.; Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 17c. per yard. Beautiful Dress Linens, all new shades, from 12c. per yard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland

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

[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM]

**B.
B.
B.****BIGGEST,
BUSIEST,
BEST,****I.
O.
F.**Such is the Independent Order of Foresters
among the Fraternal Societies.READ THE RECORD OF THE WORK OF THIS ORDER
FOR THE YEAR 1903

Paid to Widows, Orphans and Disabled Brethren . . .	\$1,658,108.92
Paid in Sick and Funeral Benefits	\$192,163.71
Increase in Membership during year	= = 14,123
Increase of Assets during year	\$1,234,237.27
Percentage Increase in Insurance at risk, during the year	= = 4.97%
Percentage Increase in Assets during the year	= = 19.75%
Death Rate per 1,000, being .14 less than in 1902 . . .	= = = 6.46
Benefits already Paid by the Order to Beneficiaries over	\$16,000,000.00
Accumulated Funds 1st January, 1904	\$7,453,000.00
Increase since 1st January, 1903	\$1,234,236.97

For further information respecting the I. O. F. apply to any officer or member.

HEAD OFFICE—TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO, CANADA

OFFICE FOR EUROPE—24 Charing Cross, LONDON, ENGLAND

OFFICE FOR UNITED STATES—415 Stevens Building, DETROIT, MICH.

HON. DR. ORONHYATEKHA, S. C. R.

TORONTO

JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, S. S.,

TORONTO

FOR SUMMER WEAR

Egerton Burnett's
Royal  **Serges**
REGISTERED TRADE MARK



The "EGERTON."
 No. 217. From \$7.70.
 Skirt only from \$3.05.
 Leather Waist Belt extra.

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

Prices from 28 cents to
 \$3.04 per Yard.

**New Tweeds,
 Dress Fabrics,
 Flannels,
 Linens, Cottons,
 Scotch Winceys,
 Etc.**



Coat and Trousers.]
 No. 10A.
 From \$6.85.

Ladies' Costumes from \$6.40; Skirts [from ~~2.50~~ \$2.50;
 Girls' Dresses from \$2.20; Gentlemen's Suits from \$8.55;
 and Boys' Suits from \$2.60, to measure.

Any Length Sold. Special Rates for Canada, Etc.

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

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.

R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND

CARRERAS' CELEBRATED



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

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

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

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

HIGHEST AWARD AND PRIZE MEDAL,
Philadelphia Exhibition, 1876.

Oakey's Silversmiths' Soap
For Cleaning Plate.

Oakey's Emery Cloth
Glass Paper, Black Lead.

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

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

Oakey's "Wellington" Black Lead.

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

Oakey's Goods Sold Everywhere.
By Ironmongers, Grocers, Oilmen, Brushmak-
ers, Druggists, etc.

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

Representative in Canada:

JOHN FORMAN,
560 Craig Street, - Montreal.

"GRAND PRIX," PARIS, 1900
The highest possible Award

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
Of Highest Quality, and Having Greatest
Durability are Therefore **CHEAPEST** **PENS**

AGENTS FOR
LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
LIMITED



BY SPECIAL WARRANT PURVEYORS TO THE KING AND
EMPEROR OF INDIA

CELEBRATED OILMAN'S STORES

John J. M. Bult

(Dress and Frock Coat Specialist)

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

CASH TAILOR

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

SOME SPECIALTIES:

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

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

Also Underclothing for Colonial wear made to measure.



Hamilton's Irish Homespuns

make the finest and smartest shooting suits and costumes.

Correct for ladies and gentlemen.
Guaranteed hand-woven and hand-spun from pure wool only.

From 4s cents. yard.
Also made up. Fit and smartness guaranteed. Moderate charges for tailoring. Patterns free on application.

The White House, Desk 16
Portrush, Ireland.

The Best Buying Provinces in Canada

Are Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. The people demand the best goods, are willing to and do pay for them. Is not this trade worth looking after? This year 200,000 new possible buyers of your goods will arrive in the country. Will the retail merchant sell him what YOU manufacture?

THE **COMMERCIAL**
ESTABLISHED 1882
THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL, COMMERCIAL &
GENERAL TRADE NEWSPAPER OF THE GREAT WEST.

of Winnipeg, the only newspaper of its class in the West, and the recognized authority on Western trade and progress, can put you in touch with probable buyers. The Commercial certainly has a very much larger circulation among the business community of the vast region lying between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast than any other paper in Canada, daily, weekly or monthly. It reaches its readers some days in advance of, and carries more bona fide advertising than any other similar commercial paper. Our advertisers our best references.

Twenty-three Years Building Up Circulation

MARY JOHNSTON'S
GREAT NEW NOVEL
**SIR
MORTIMER**
IS PUBLISHED

Readers of "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" will welcome the distinct advance which Miss Johnston, already a master-hand in fiction, has made over her previous successes.

Cloth, Illustrated, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges, \$1.50

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Limited
62 Front Street West, TORONTO, CANADA

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

A SPLENDID ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS

There are magazines published for children, for boys, for men and for women, but the

GIRL'S OWN PAPER

is the only magazine that caters particularly to growing girls. It is finely illustrated and interesting throughout. Sample copies sent on receipt of price.



\$1.20 Per Year 10 Cents Per Number

The Girl's Own Paper has a splendid collection of fiction by the best writers of the day; besides scores of articles on matters in which girls are always interested—music, art, fashions, housework, play, school-life—everything that appeals to wholesome, healthy-minded young womanhood.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto
CANADIAN PUBLISHERS

READY MAY 25th

Canadian Copyright Edition

THE CROSSING

BY

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," etc.

A VIGOROUS story of the times when North and South Carolina were on the frontier, and the Cumberland Mountains the western wall of the new nation. A thoroughly American novel in its portrayal of a spirit which extended that country's boundaries west to the Mississippi in the face of hostile Indians and the diplomacy of three great European nations.

Pioneer life and the courageous part that women played in it, the adventurous life of the backwoodsman and scout, were never pictured with stronger interest than in the chapters which tell how Davy and Polly Ann made their way across the mountains to join the little force which was advancing on Kaskaskia under the leadership of George Rogers Clark.

In point of historical time these scenes follow those in which Richard Carvel played his part.

Coloured Illustrations

CLOTH ONLY, \$1.50

Each of these Novels is Selling in its 5th Hundred Thousand

Richard Carvel The Crisis

"in breadth of canvas, massing of dramatic effect, depth of feeling and rare wholesomeness of spirit, has seldom, if ever, been surpassed by an American romance."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

"is a charming love story, and never loses its interest. . . . The intense political bitterness, the intense patriotism of both parties are shown understandingly."

—*Evening Telegraph, Phila.*

EACH, CLOTH, \$1.25; PAPER, 75c.

THE COPP, CLARK CO., Limited, Publishers
TORONTO

The Newest Books

A Handbook of Modern Japan

By Ernest W. Clement. With over 60 illustrations from photographs, map, and an appendix literally crammed with exact information, statistics, etc. Cloth, \$1.40 net.

By the Fireside

By Charles Wagner. Author of "The Simple Life," "The Better Way," etc. Cloth, \$1.00.

This book is another "Simple Life." In its plea for the preservation of the home and family ties it has the same direct, straightforward appeal. The first edition of "By the Fireside" is larger than the whole sales of many a popular novel.

Municipal Trading in Great Britain

By William Richmond Smith. Cloth, 8vo, net \$1.25.

This is a most recent and one of the most valuable contributions to the important subject of municipal ownership.

Working With the Hands

By Booker T. Washington. Author of "Up from Slavery," "Character Building," etc. Cloth, \$1.50.

History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia

By Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I. Large 8vo, cloth, illustrated, with map. \$2.50

Man's Place in the Universe

By Alfred Russell Wallace.
Cloth, \$2.50 net.

The Moth Book

By Dr. W. J. Holland. With 48 extraordinary color plates and 300 text cuts. Cloth, \$4.00 net.

The Mystery of Miriam

By J. Wesley Johnston. Author of "Dwellers in Gotham," "The Riddle of Life." Cloth, \$1.25.

Deacon Lysander

By Sarah P. McL. Greene. Author of "Vesty of the Basins." Cloth, \$1.00.

Cap'n Eri

A Story of the Coast. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated in colors. Cloth, \$1.25.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Cloth, \$1.25.

My Friend Prospero

By Henry Harland. Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

29 to 33 Richmond St.
West

Toronto



Position Unrivalled in
LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE
**LANGHAM
HOTEL**

Portland Place and
Regent St., W.

Modern Appointments.
Moderate Tariff.

A GIFT FROM ENGLAND.

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

Lace Cover given free with Illustrated Catalogue.

Most complete List of Lace Goods issued. DIRECT FROM LOOMS.

LACE CURTAINS
SWISS CURTAINS
MADRAS MUSLINS
LACES, BLOUSES

COLLARETTES
LOOM HOSIERY
HOUSEHOLD LINENS
ROLLER BLINDS

POPULAR PARCEL, \$6.30, Carriage Free. Contains 1 pair Drawing-room Curtains, rich design, 4 yards long, 2 yards wide; 2 pairs ALIKE Dining-room Curtains, artistic design from Point Lace, 60 inches wide, 3 1-2 yards long; 1 pair Art Bedroom Curtains, 3 yards 50 inches; 1 pair Brise Brise Curtains; 1 Table Centre; 1 Set of Duchesse Toilet Covers, one 45 inches long, five smaller. Ecu if desired. Customers throughout the Empire testify to the marvellous value and durability. Prize Medals Toronto, Chicago. On receipt of P. O. O. for \$6.30, the above lot sent per return Mail direct to your address in Canada by Parcel Post well packed in Oilcloth.

COLONIALS should send for our Buyer's Guide and General Shipping List. Import your own goods direct and save 50 per cent. Gentlemen's and Youths' Tailoring, Boots, Shoes, etc. Ladies' Tailor-Made Costumes, Corsets, etc. Furnishing Draperies, Furniture of all descriptions, etc. Enquiries of all kinds carefully dealt with and estimates given. Price Lists only can be obtained from the Office of this Magazine, but if you wish to have the Free Gift included send direct to **S. PEACH & SONS, Curtain Manufacturers, Box 664, Nottingham, England.** Established 1857.

DESIGNING by the best English Artists for Commercial purposes. Rough Sketches FREE. The MERCANTILE PRESS, 190 Ebury Street, S.W. London, England.

SCHOOL OF MINING

AFFILIATED TO QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED:

1. Four Years' Course for a Degree (B. Sc.)
- and 2. Three Years' Course for a Diploma.

- (a) Mining Engineering
- (b) Chemistry and Mineralogy
- (c) Mineralogy and Geology
- (d) Chemical Engineering
- (e) Civil Engineering
- (f) Mechanical Engineering
- (g) Electrical Engineering
- (h) Biology and Public Health

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

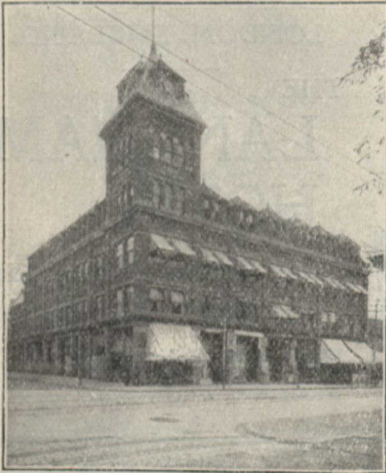
Transacting Business

It is impossible to go through life without some business transactions. To simplify such matters and make them profitable you should have a Business Education such as given at the

*NORTHERN
Business College*

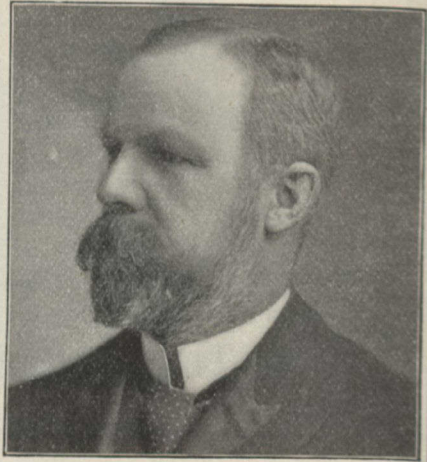
C. A. FLEMING, Principal, - Owen Sound.
Spring term begins April 4th, 1904.

THE SCHOOL



THE COLLEGE BUILDING

THE MAN



PRIN. W. H. SHAW

From this
SCHOOL

under the
direction of

THIS MAN

more than

**Twelve
Hundred**

young men and
women go out
each year well
trained to en-
gage in Business
Pursuits.

Thorough Work, Excellent Courses, Fine Equipment and Competent Teachers have been combined in the management of this School for the production of good results for its large and growing patronage. Upon these it has won its national reputation as The Business Training School of the Dominion.

Always Open No Vacations Enter Any Time

**SPECIAL SUMMER TERM
FROM JULY 4th.**

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS—

**CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
TORONTO, CANADA**

W. H. SHAW, - - - PRINCIPAL.



**Ontario School
of
Practical Science
Toronto**

Established 1878

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

DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION—

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

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

A. T. LAING, Registrar

The Bishop Strachan School

WYKEHAM HALL
College Street, TORONTO
 THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR
 A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
 FULL MATRICULATION COURSE
 For Calendar apply to
MISS ACRES, Lady Principal



BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL GROUNDS

The Parkdale Church School

151 Dunn Avenue, TORONTO
 FULL MATRICULATION COURSE
 KINDERGARTEN FOR GIRLS AND BOYS
 For Calendar apply to
MISS MIDDLETON, Lady Principal



St. Margaret's College, TORONTO

A Boarding and Day School for Girls

Full Academic Department

- " Musical "
- " Art "
- " Domestic Science "
- " Elocution "
- " Physical Culture "

Only teachers of the highest academic and professional standing employed.

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



St. Monica's

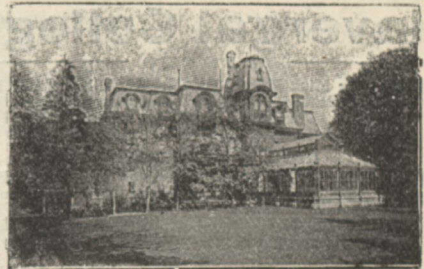
RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
 170 Bloor Street West, Toronto

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

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

For Prospectus apply to

MISS PHILLPOTTS
 Lady Principal



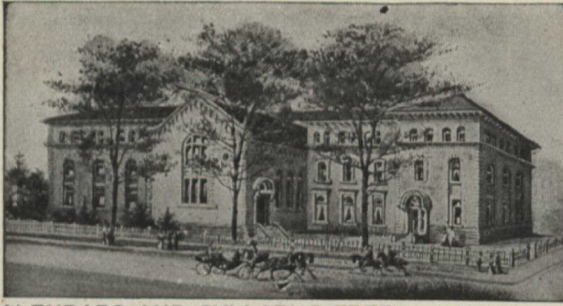
BRANKSOME HALL

A High-class Residential and Day School for Girls

102 BLOOR ST. EAST, - TORONTO

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

For circular, apply to Miss Scott.



Toronto Conservatory of Music

COLLEGE
STREET

SIR JOHN A. BOYD, K.C.M.G.,
President.

DR. EDWARD FISHER,
Musical Director.

Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities.

EXAMINATIONS

June 14th to 17th

CALENDARS AND SYLLABUS FREE

School of Literature and Expression. Mrs. Inez Nicholson-Cutter, Principal.



PROPOSED UPPER SCHOOL BUILDING

RIDLEY COLLEGE, ST. CATHARINES, ONT. Upper School—Boys prepared for the Universities and for business. Lower School—A fine new building, under charge of H. G. Williams, Esq., B.A., Vice-Principal. For Calendar, etc., apply to **REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., Principal.**

Havergal College

TORONTO

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

Heads of Departments:

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

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

HEALTH—Miss Nainby, Cambridge and South Kensington Certificates.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Kindergarten is attached to the School.

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



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Residential and Day School for Boys.

TORONTO

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

Upper and Lower School. Separate Junior Residence conducted on the House Plan. Boys prepared for Universities and Business. College Year, 1902-1903, most successful—200 pupils in attendance.



“Glen Mawr”

RESIDENTIAL AND
DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

651 SPADINA AVENUE TORONTO

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

MISS VEALS, PRINCIPAL.

Trinity College School, Port Hope

HEAD MASTER

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, MA., LL.D.,
St. John's College, Cambridge.

ASSISTANT MASTERS

W. H. NIGHTINGALE, ESQ., B.A.,
Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

H. J. H. PETRY, ESQ., M.A., D.C.L.,
Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

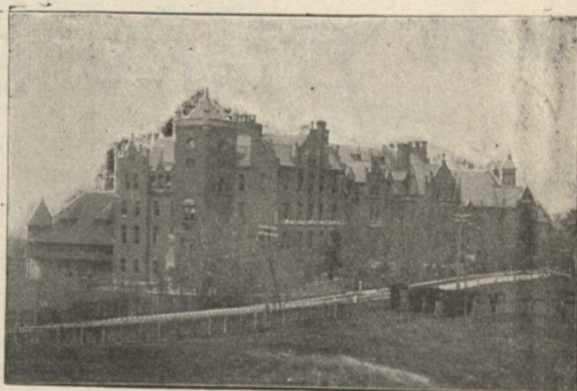
F. J. A. MORRIS, ESQ., B.A.,
Balliol College, Oxford.

REV. W. R. HIBBARD, M.A.,
Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

REV. F. J. SAWERS, M.A.,
Trinity University, Toronto.

S. L. MILLER, ESQ., B.A., Toronto University.

H. P. BOYLE, ESQ., B.A.,
Bishop's College, Lennoxville.



Ontario Ladies' College

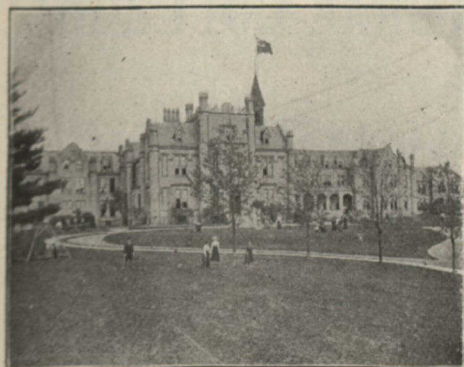
and Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art,

WHITBY, ONT.

Ideal home life in a beautiful castle, modelled after one
of the palatial homes of English aristocracy.

The latest and best equipment in every department,
backed up by the *largest and strongest staff of specialists* to be
found in any similar college in Canada. Sufficiently near the
city to enjoy its *advantages in concerts, etc.*, and yet away from
its distractions, in an atmosphere and environment *most con-
ducive to mental, moral and physical stamina.* Send for new
illustrated calendar to

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



WESTBOURNE SCHOOL for GIRLS

340 Bloor Street West
TORONTO - CANADA

A residential and day school, well appointed, well
managed and convenient. Students prepared for
University and Departmental Examinations. Special-
ists in each department. Affiliated with the
Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward
Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles,
R. C. A., Art Director; Miss M. Parsons, in charge
of Domestic Science Department. For announce-
ment and information, address the Principals,

MISS M. CULLETTE, B.A.

MISS S. E. DALLAS, Mus. Bac.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

ACADEMIC YEAR 1904-05

Collegiate Residence

may be enjoyed next term by all Students
in Arts of the University of Toronto who
secure rooms now in

Trinity College

The new Calendar is now ready. Application for Rooms in College next Term
are now being received.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

REV. DR. MACKLEM, - Trinity College, Toronto

The ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH,

Through the MACDONALD INSTITUTE

Provides thorough courses in

Nature Study, Domestic Science and Manual Training

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

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

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

For further information address

G. C. CREELMAN, B.S.A., or
President of the College, Guelph, Ont.

W. H. MULDREW, B.A., D. Paed.,
Dean of Institute, Guelph, Ont.

F. BRIGDEN, PROP. GEO. BRIGDEN, MGR. F. M. BRIGDEN, O.S.A.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

**THE
 TORONTO
 ENGRAVING
 Co.**

92 BAY ST.
 PHONE 2893.

DESIGNERS &
 ENGRAVERS
 BY ALL
 PROCESSES

Bank of Hamilton

Board of Directors

HON. WM. GIESON J. TURNBULL
 President Vice-President

John Proctor Geo. Roach A. B. Lee (Toronto)
 J. S. Hendrie, M.L.A. Geo. Rutherford

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

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

HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON, ONT.

Branches

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

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

Correspondence Solicited



After the Fire

is too late to insure the burned building. Even those most anxious for business will not insure your house if it smells of smoke; and no company insures the lives of sick men. All intelligent people realize the advantages of life insurance, and those who are insured fully appreciate its benefits. You, no doubt, intend to take out a policy some day; but now may be your only opportunity; the future may find you uninsurable. Would it not be wise, therefore, to communicate with the

North American Life

at once, while you are yet in good health? It is a company with a splendid record and of unexcelled financial strength.

HOME OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.

JOHN L. BLAIKIE, President.
L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director.
W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

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

DIRECTORS

R. H. WARDEN, D.D., PRESIDENT.
D. E. THOMSON, K.C.

S. J. MOORE, Esq., VICE-PRESIDENT.
HIS HONOR MR. W. MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.
THOS. BRADSHAW, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO

W. D. ROSS, GENERAL MANAGER.

BRANCHES

BRIGDEN
BROCKVILLE
BRUSSELS

EAST TORONTO
MILTON
PETROLIA

PICTON
STREETSVILLE
SUTTON WEST
WELLINGTON

IN TORONTO—7 and 9 KING STREET EAST
CORNER COLLEGE AND BATHURST STREETS
CORNER DUNDAS AND ARTHUR STREETS
CORNER QUEEN AND McCAUL STREETS

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED

Savings Bank Department at all Branches

INTEREST AT HIGHEST RATES ALLOWED—ADDED TWICE A YEAR

THE

London Life Insurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, CANADA

Invested Assets over \$1,350,000.00

POPULAR PLANS LIBERAL TERMS
EXCELLENT PROFIT RESULTS

These are a few of many advantages afforded by the above Company.

Splendid opening for a few more competent agents to take charge of new territory which will shortly be opened.

For fuller particulars apply to the Head Office.

EDWARD E. REID, A.I.A. J. G. RICHTER,
Asst. Mgr. and Actuary. Gen. Manager.
GEORGE McBROOM, Supt. of Agencies.

FOUR PER CENT.

If you have \$500 or upwards to invest for a fixed period of from one to five years, why do so at less than four per cent.? We allow that rate. Interest paid half-yearly.

NATIONAL TRUST
COMPANY, LIMITED

22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

2 IMPORTANT POINTS

PROTECTION

For Your Family

INVESTMENT

For Yourself

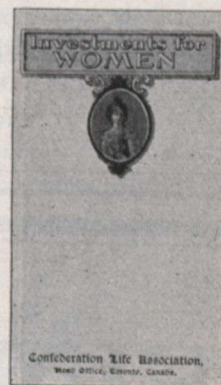
Have You Secured These ?



YOU CAN FIND OUT

HOW TO DO IT

By sending for the interesting set of Pamphlets issued by the



Confederation Life Association

POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL APPROVED PLANS

W. H. BEATTY, ESQ.
President

W. D. MATTHEWS, ESQ.

FRED'K WYLD, ESQ.

Vice-Presidents

W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director

HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO, CANADA

Deposit Your Savings

with the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, Toronto Street, Toronto.

Why?

Because its exceptional strength will relieve you from all anxiety as to the safety of your money.

It has a fully paid Capital and Rest amounting to \$7,750,000.00, only equalled by three of Canada's strongest financial institutions, and more than double those of any Loan Company. Its invested Funds amount to \$23,300,000.00.

Deposit by Mail

If you do not reside in Toronto it is no reason why your savings should not be protected by our great strength. You can just as conveniently deposit by mail. Write to-day for our Booklet, "SAVING MONEY BY MAIL"

THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE
HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets	- - - -	\$2,763,960 70
Surplus to Policyholders	- - - -	1,052,760 70
Paid to Policyholders in 1903	- -	204,018 49

Most Desirable Policy Contracts

DAVID DEXTER
President and Managing Director

J. K. McCUTCHEON
Superintendent of Agencies

Cheerful Reading for Mutual Policyholders

The late Hon. D. McDonald said: "It was not right that the property of widows and orphans should be taxed for the benefit of Stockholders who were really of no advantage to the Policyholders."

From the Government Abstract of Life Insurance for 1903, just published, we learn that there are eleven Canadian Stock Companies and one Mutual, reporting to the Insurance Department at Ottawa for that year.

The Report shows that the eleven Stock Companies paid in Cash dividends to their Policyholders in 1903 the sum of \$386,010.28, and to their Stockholders \$200,787.11, in all \$586,797.39.

Examining these figures, it will be seen that over ONE-THIRD of the whole went into the pockets of their Stockholders, leaving LESS THAN TWO-THIRDS for their Policyholders; while in

The Mutual Life OF CANADA

the only Canadian Life Company conducting its business on the Mutual system, EVERY DOLLAR of its Cash dividends was paid to its Policyholders; and it will be further seen that *the sum thus distributed by this Company in 1903 was relatively much larger than paid by any of its Canadian competitors for that year.*

ROBERT MELVIN,
PRESIDENT
GEO. WEGENAST, MANAGER

A. HOSKIN, K.C.,
HON. JUSTICE BRITTON, } VICE-PRESIDENTS
W. H. RIDDELL, SECRETARY

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid-up Capital, \$8,700,000 Rest, \$3,000,000

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO

HON. GEORGE A. COX, President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, Assistant General Manager

B. E. WALKER, General Manager

LONDON (ENGLAND) OFFICE—60 Lombard Street, E.C.

S. CAMERON ALEXANDER, Manager

NEW YORK AGENCY—16 Exchange Place

WM. GRAY AND H. B. WALKER, AGENTS

103 Branches throughout Canada, including the following—

Calgary	Halifax	Medicine Hat	Portage la Prairie	St. John	Vancouver
Dawson	Hamilton	Montreal	Prince Albert	Sydney	Victoria
Edmonton	London	Ottawa	Regina	Toronto	Winnipeg

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

A Savings Bank Department is open at every branch.
Deposits of \$1 and upwards received and Interest allowed at current rates.

BANKING BY MAIL

Deposits may be made and withdrawn by Mail. Out-of-town Accounts receive every attention.

RECORD FOR 1903

Policies issued and taken '03, \$4,278,850

Policies issued and taken '02, 3,098,450

INCREASE 38% \$1,180,400

Business in force Dec. 31, '03, \$18,023,639

Business in force Dec. 31, '02, 15,289,547

INCREASE 18% \$2,734,092

Interest Earned '03 - - - \$110,428

Interest Earned '02 - - - 84,676

INCREASE 30% \$25,752

Surplus to Policy Holders '03 \$473,963

Surplus to Policy Holders '02 226,508

INCREASE 109% \$247,455

AVERAGE INTEREST EARNED 7%

The GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office—Winnipeg

Branch Offices

TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN
VANCOUVER CALGARY

1903

The most successful year in the history of

The Northern Life Assurance Co.

Insurance Written..... \$1,092,750 00
" in Force..... 3,607,346 00

Cash Income..... \$131,526 90

An Increase of..... 21,504 35

Total Assets..... \$407,219 23

An Increase of..... 75,174 52

Government Reserve..... \$241,639 32

An Increase of..... 64,347 63

Death Claims..... \$10,385 00

A Decrease of..... 2,315 00

Expenses..... \$48,477 45

A Decrease of..... 6,105 02

**YOU WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE IF YOU TAKE
OUT A POLICY IN THE NORTHERN LIFE**

HEAD OFFICE, JOHN MILNE,
LONDON, ONT. Managing Director.

The Northern Life has some good Districts
open for live, energetic Agents.

THE FREDERICK HOTELS, LIMITED

**HOTEL
GREAT CENTRAL**

LONDON
Eng.



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

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

Cables: Centellare, London.

"A Temple of Luxury."

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

Luxury · Comfort · Economy

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

**THE FAVORITE
CANADIAN
RENDEZVOUS**

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

Cables: Hotel Russell, London.



The Latest of the Sumptuous Hotel Palaces of Modern London.

**HOTEL
RUSSELL LONDON**

WESTERN CANADA

Produces the Most Remarkable Yields of GRAIN, ROOTS and VEGETABLES

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



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. T. R. PRESTON,

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

W. D. SCOTT,

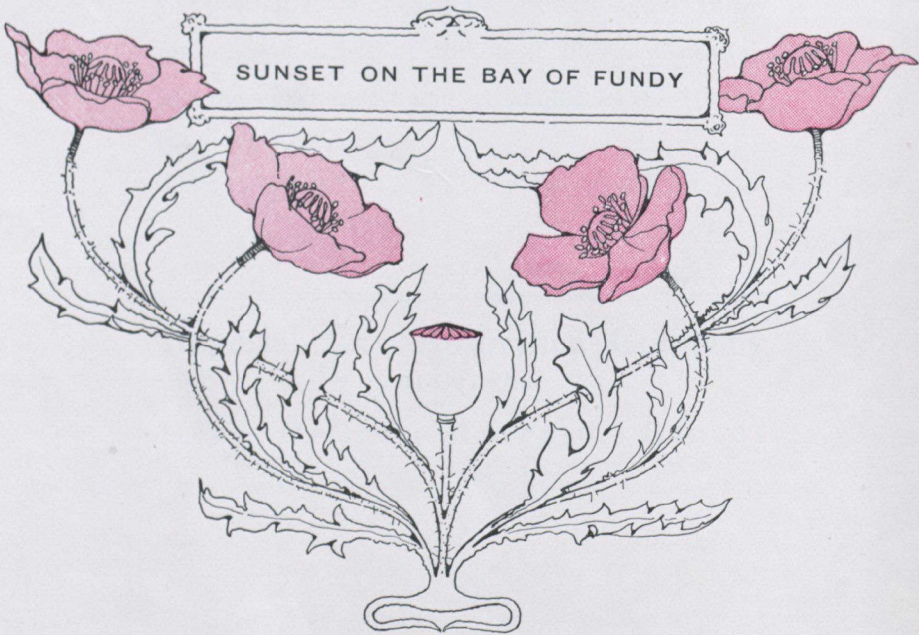
Superintendent of Immigration,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

Protection and Investment

LIFE assurance is an absolute necessity to every person, either as a protection for dependents or as a provision for old age. Probably you have someone dependent on you for support. Have you provided for a continuance of that support in the event of your death? At the same time are you putting something by for your old age? Write for full particulars of the most liberal protection and the safest investment, combined in the "Ideal Contract" of the

Imperial Life Assurance Company
of Canada

Head Office : Toronto, Canada



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII

TORONTO, JUNE, 1904

No. 2

THE BUILDING OF A RAILWAY

By HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE



GREATEST of all factors in a country's development are its railway systems, and the building of a railway through unopened tracts should be a matter for national congratulation. To scattered inhabitants of a hitherto forsaken region it means much, to many individual concerns it means more, but to the nation it means most of all, in the opening up of new mineral wealth, in new settlements, increased population and additional revenues.

Miles and miles of unbroken wilderness perhaps, the country stretches away, a lonesome land of spruce and balsam and little lakes studded with islet clumps, and jagged mountains of rock piling into the sky. For centuries it has lain in its primitive grandeur, its resources unknown and its solitude broken only by the voices of its own wild habitants. Then one day a little party of white men, in legging boots and accompanied by Indian guides, forces its way into the depths. Each day they move here and there up the rocky heights, down into the swamp land, through dense forest growths; each night their camp-fire glows like a coal upon the edge of some little lake, its ruddy flickerings trailing out over the water into shifting shadow fantasies. And the wild things creep down the forest aisles to peer out of the enclosing gloom and wonder, while away in the crowded cities the newspapers have announced that the recon-

naissance for a new railway is being taken, that engineers are already in the field exploring for a route.

To locate the very best route through a vast tract of unknown country is a task that demands a thorough knowledge of the work. A very necessary part of the locating engineer's equipment are the climbing irons with which he ascends into the tree-tops to take frequent observations of the panorama spreading around him—hills and valleys; ridges, slopes and levels; watersheds, river basins and lakes. He must avoid boggy places and ever keep in mind maximum gradients and probable difficulties of construction. He may become separated from his guide if he is not careful, and lose his way, unless he knows that insects lodge under the bark on the south side of tree-trunks, that the north side of an exposed boulder is damp and mossy and that the north star is in line with the front of the Great Dipper; in other words, he must know enough woodcraft to be at home in the wild. Railway location depends greatly upon the financial and political limitations of the promoters, whose aims must govern the locating engineer in his explorations quite as much as topographical considerations.

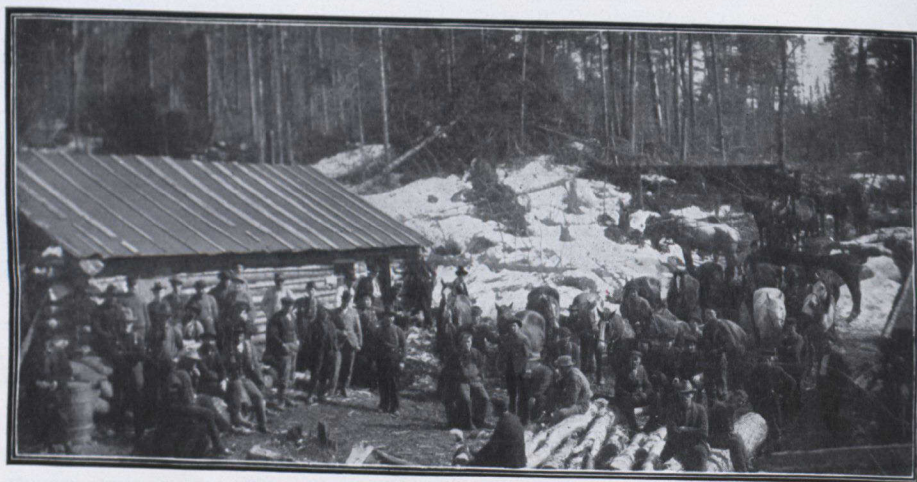
As a class and as individuals civil engineers are remarkable. Men who are not afraid to be swallowed up from their friends for months at a time, to camp out in all kinds of weather, to wash in creeks, drink swamp water

and live on crackers and cold pork ; men who can walk all day with packs on their backs through tangles of virgin jungle and who can watch a black-fly take a bite and go off up a stump to eat it, without swearing more than might be forgiven—such men as these are surely not of the commonalty. But it is the Chief Engineer who is the man of qualities. His versatility is only equalled by his common sense and executive ability. If asked the meaning of "Can't" he could only stare ; the word is not in his vocabulary. He generally has a back like a hired man and shakes hands with a grip. Upon

mendations, the road is ready for opening up.

The system is one of contracts and sub-contracts. Contractors who have secured work direct from the Company sub-let to other contractors, who in turn may sub-let to "station-men." The latter contract for work on perhaps half-a-dozen "stations" of six hundred feet each.

Almost the first step is the making of a "tote road," which is always a big item of expense in railway construction. It is a rough waggon-trail, cleared and blazed through the forest parallel to the route, to facilitate the



A TYPICAL RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION CAMP IN NORTHERN CANADA

him devolves the responsibility of building the road: placing surveyors in the field, draughting plans and estimates, constructing bridges, boring tunnels, fixing terminals and doing many other things equally exacting.

Many survey parties are in the field at the same time—engineers, axemen, tapemen, cooks; with transits, levels, aneroid barometers and camp paraphernalia. "Trial lines" are run zig-zag along the reconnaissance line to discover more definitely just where the railway can be built to best advantage and at minimum cost. When a full report has been handed in with the Chief Engineer's estimates and recom-

mendations of supplies to the various construction camps. Once the railway is built, the tote road has served its purpose and is abandoned.

The work rapidly settles into definite shape. Gangs of navvies—Swedes, Finns, Italians, French and English—are at the points from which operations commence, ready to fall to work with pick and shovel. Axemen hew the Company's right-of-way through the tamarack growths, and behind them the air is filled with the loud "Gee!" "Whoa-Haw!" "Back you!" of the teamsters who are clearing the ground. The earth is ploughed up and loosened for the shovellers, hauled away in



AN HISTORIC EVENT IN CANADIAN RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

The driving of the golden spike to signalize the completion of the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific across the Continent. This occurred on November 7th, 1885, in British Columbia. The Hon. D. A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) drove the spike, while behind him stood Mr. (Sir William) Van Horne and Mr. (Sir) Sanford Fleming.



A STEAM SHOVEL WILL LOAD A TRAIN OF FLAT CARS IN A FEW MINUTES

carts or spread and levelled into embankment layers. Here and there along the route construction camps are building, and one or two little saw-mills spring into being.

The boom of dynamite blasts among the hills, and an incessant clink-clink of drills are sounds which may be heard wherever railway construction is in progress. The road does not stop for such a small thing as a wall of rock. A few blasting charges will tear a passage-way through, and this is cleared of the broken rock debris with the aid of cranes erected at the sides of the cutting.

It sometimes happens that rock formation is such that the slopes of a deep cut through it would be liable to slips, in which case a tunnel is necessary. Shafts are first sunk to ascertain the nature of the ground. A line is drawn accurately upon the surface above the tunnel's axis, and through this line working shafts are sunk at intervals to the roof of the tunnel. The excavated rock and earth is taken out at both ends and up the shafts. The tunnel is generally safe without arch supports when it runs through unstratified rock; but in stratified rock, where slabs may work loose at any time, a sustaining arch under the roof is an essential. The drainage is built along the axis underneath the track ballasting.

Across marshy places and small streams the road is carried by means of wooden trestles. Owing to the liability of the piles decaying, a trestle over boggy ground is resorted to only as a temporary expedient to sustain the rails at the proper level until the sand and gravel, with which the trestle is subsequently filled in, has settled firmly about the piles and stringers into a substantial embankment support. Permanent trestles across streams



BALLASTING A BIT OF NEWLY-LAID TRACK. AN UNLOADING PLOUGH IS CARRIED ON THE REAR CAR. A CABLE CONNECTS IT WITH ENGINE. BY IT A TRAIN IS UNLOADED IN A FEW SECONDS. THE T. AND N. O. RAILWAY.—PHOTO BY PARK, BRANTFORD

are erected on masonry foundations or on foundations of piles sunk through the river-bed. The piles are some-



THE FIRST BREAK INTO A ROCKY HILL

times driven down deep and a platform foundation built on top of them, but frequently they are left far enough above ground to themselves become the frame supports. Their tops are



THE CUTTING COMPLETED AND THE RAILS LAID, AWAITING THE BALLAST

sawed off level and horizontal beams or "caps" bolted on or mortised to receive tenons. The uprights are braced diagonally. Several different methods are followed in trestle building, dependent entirely upon local conditions.

The driving apparatus in a pile-driving machine consists of a weight block enclosed in two upright guide shafts. This ram is hauled up the shaft by hand or steam and falls back on the head of the pile. Pile-driving

has been done also by exploding powder charges in a metal cap affixed to the top of the pile. By means of this about thirty-five blows can be struck every minute with a driving force of five to ten feet.

In forming the roadbed and providing the drainage necessary to good tracking, great care is exercised. The bed is given a rounding slope from the centre and a thorough system of ditching. Ditches are also dug along the upper sides of rock-cuts, a short



THE BEGINNING OF THE TRESTLE WORK

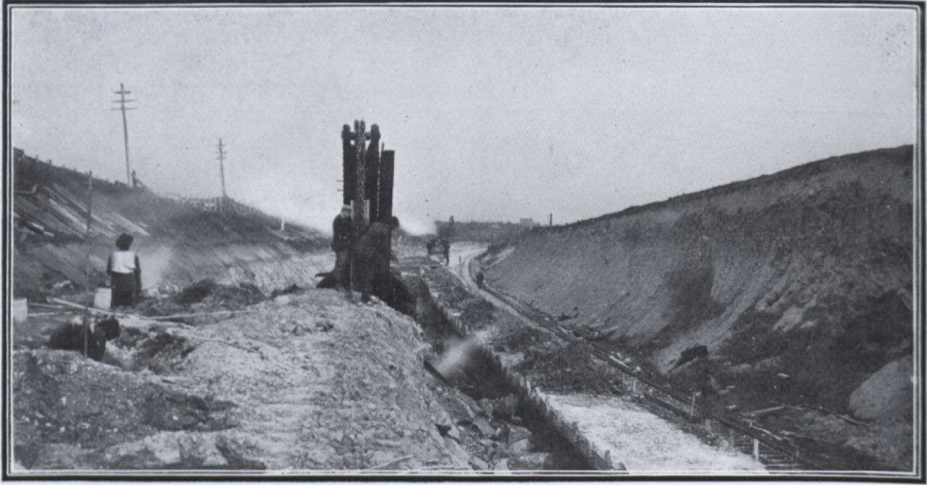
distance back from the slope, to catch the water and carry it free of the cutting.

With the commencement of track laying, the new railway begins to take



PILES FOR TRESTLE WORK

definite shape. Sawmills have been busy turning out cross-ties which lie scattered and piled all along the finished



STRAIGHTENING AND DOUBLE TRACKING THE MAIN LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK JUST EAST OF TORONTO. THE LARGE STEAM SHOVEL IS MAKING THE SECOND CUT THROUGH "HOG'S BACK," WHILE THE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE BORING HOLES IN THE ROCK PREPARATORY TO BLASTING

roadway. They are quickly laid in place and workmen swarm about the heavy steel rails alongside. These are picked up with lifting irons, carried into position, rapidly spiked, and the great disjointed serpent that has been straggling its length of wood and metal down the vista between the forest walls, slowly wriggles out of the ditch and settles into parallels of steel. The rapidity with which track can be laid is greatly increased where a track-laying machine is used, the rate of advance being about a mile per day.

In building the curves, care is taken to elevate the outer rail. The height of this elevation depends upon the sharpness of the curve; for, as the centrifugal force will drive the wheels of a railway carriage towards the outside rail, so the elevation of the latter will bring into play a gravity force counteracting towards the inside rail. It is this elevation that allows a train to speed around a curve without danger of leaping the rails.

The gauge generally adopted gives the track a width of four feet, eight and one-half inches. Although there are arguments in favor of narrow-gauge railroads, yet these are over-balanced

by the inconvenience that would result from the adoption of a narrower gauge than is in general use, rendering impossible the handling of other lines' cars.

When the track is down, ballasting is in order and a very important factor it is in good construction work. Upon the ballasting depends the elasticity of the roadbed. It supports the ties on all sides, keeps the track in line, carries off rainwater and, by drainage, lessens the action of frost. Gravel is in most general use in this country; coarse, clean gravel drains well and is easily surfaced. Heavy sand is also used but is dusty in summer, which is not good for rolling stock. Just how much ballast is to be laid on the roadbed will be determined by the Company's finances. The depth will probably average fourteen inches. Ballast pits are opened up along the route and the road ballasted by trainloads. The track is first lined and surfaced with a light "lift" of the coarsest material to hand before the ballast trains can be allowed to run at any speed over the new track. If they do not go slowly when the track is lying without ballast support, rails will



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "HOG'S BACK" CUT ON GRAND TRUNK, SHOWING THE CUTTING AS IT APPEARED AFTER BEING LOWERED 22 FEET, AND PREVIOUS TO THE FINAL CUT OF THE SHOVEL. THE CUT IS WIDE ON ACCOUNT OF THE DOUBLE TRACK

bend, angle bars crack and the track shift out of line. A second "lift" is tamped and packed around the ties and supports until the track is solid; a single loose tie will, under traffic, work a hole in the ballast, making a lodging-place for water which will soon undermine the rail and cause the track to sag. The final lift of ballasting is of finer material and is laid on for finishing purposes.

In a ballast pit, the feature of interest is the steam shovel which loads the sand and gravel on to the flat-cars. In mechanism it is like a dredge, and is built upon trucks of its own, so that it can be easily moved from place to place. The scoop is driven by steam; and the swinging gear is operated by chains and cogs. The shovel is ranged alongside the pit embankment and the empty cars run slowly past it by means of a cable attached to a horse-power sweep.

The last car of a ballast train carries an unloading plough attached to the engine by means of a wire cable running over the tops of the flat-cars. The plough is dragged from end to end of the train, and is capable of emptying fifteen cars in less than four minutes.

Life in the construction camps is

much the same as that of the lumbermen. The living room is a long shanty with bunks ranging around the walls, and connected with this by a roofed passageway is the cook-house, the domain of the cook and his assistant, where the immense iron oven is always hot and the long plank tables are spread with great quantities of food. It is invariably a hungry lot that "wash up" for supper after work is over for the day.

An idea seems to be prevalent among many people that things are carried on in the roughest of rough styles up in the woods. While this may be true in some instances, it is not so within the precincts of a well-ordered construction camp. When the "cookee" pounds the gong, or blows the horn, or shouts, as the case may be, there is no wild stampede into the cook-house, though certainly the summons to eat is promptly obeyed. Each man quietly steps over the long bench with the sapling legs, and sits down in front of the nearest tin pannican and iron knife and fork. He helps himself, but he does not grab. There are no cries of: "Sling up the punk, Bill," or "Toss over them murphies," or "Here, you, give's the cow." That sort of thing



"RIVER ROUGE FILL" ON GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM, 17 MILES EAST OF TORONTO. THE HARD PAN OUT OF HOG'S BACK CUT WAS USED TO RAISE THIS BIT OF TRACK TWENTY FEET. IT IS RAISED STEADILY FOOT BY FOOT, CONSTRUCTION AND OTHER TRAINS PASSING OVER IT ALMOST AS USUAL.

is not tolerated, for with a hundred or more famished men kicking up a clamour, the cook and the cookee would simply be driven out of their wits. As it is, they are kept continually on the go to replenish the table.

Pork and beans is a fixture on the bill of fare; it is a diet that has yet to be improved upon where men are working hard in the open air. Pork and beans for breakfast, beans and pork for dinner, both for tea—always hot and wholesome and sustaining; those beans, a meal for an epicure if he is hungry! Then there are soups and stews and good wheaten bread, and pies and German doughnuts, and boilers of steaming tea and coffee, with

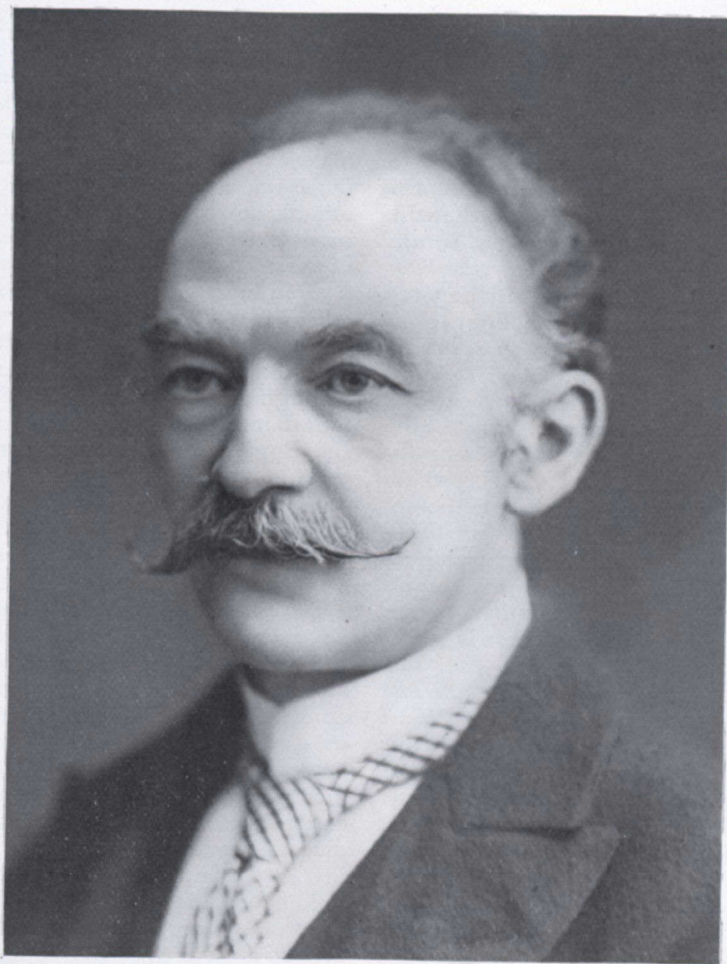
real evaporated cream to go with it. After supper the men smoke pipes, chat for awhile, turn in and sleep soundly, get up early and go to work again.

So the days pass, the weeks pass, the winter passes, the summer comes and the heat and the flies, but steadily on creeps the new railway until at last comes the gala day. This is the day which the promoters have had in mind since the government charts and maps were first examined—the day when the first train, bedecked with flags, makes the initial run and the new road stands complete, a monument to national prosperity and another step in the development of public interests.



A THIRD VIEW OF
"HOG'S BACK"

STEAM SHOVEL
HALF WAY THROUGH
ON FINAL CUT



THOMAS HARDY

PHOTO BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

LITERARY PORTRAITS*

By HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "*The Masterfolk*," etc.

II.—THOMAS HARDY

THROUGH dreamy, sincere eyes, the large soul of Thomas Hardy looks out upon a sad world for which his great heart aches with an infinite pity. He sees the immortals for ever making sport of all poor

human things here below. He sighs to think how small a thing is the heroism of the greatest amongst us—nay, even their loftiest ambitions—compared to the vastness of the huge universe of which this earth is but a little trifling star. When all man's

* Copyrighted in Great Britain and the United States.

endeavour is summed up, what a poor basketful of insignificance it is, set down at the foot of the mountains of time! He sighs at the cruelty of nature that can order so hard a road for the poor wounded feet of man to travel—the poor worn with toil, the rich harassed with discontent, the wise unable to attain more than the scraps of wisdom.

Seeing the world through the grey glasses of pessimism, the light goes out of his heaven. He flinches from the brutality of life—the hawk striking down the linnets, tearing to pieces its exquisite design—the wolf flying at the throat of the lamb—the ferret's crafty attack on the timid hare. Everywhere life taking life. No refuge from the unending struggle. Success in life—what is it but the tale of other hearts broken? What is the rich man's palace but the sign of other homes made desolate? Everywhere is strife, pursuit, sorrow, suffering—the rich trampling down the poor. At the end of all life's striving—the grave! What is commerce but the getting the better of one's neighbour? At every hand the strong overthrowing the weak.

Behind Hardy's kindly, ready laugh, behind his grim sense of humour, behind his demure manner and frank gaze, we feel this constant dogged effort to set aside the veil that hides the mystery of life. His large humanity, his love of every created thing, reels from the cruelty of nature, shrinks in horror from the fact of the creation of so exquisite a thing as Life to be destroyed in so horrible a thing as Death.

And it is, perhaps, in his depiction of the agony of the burden that is the destiny of the world's most beautifully created thing, Woman, that the largest sense of his humanity cries out. It is for this brutality of all brutalities that he seems to be most heavily sorrowful. In a series of superb studies of women, of the unsophisticated women of rural life, the country town, and the village, he insists on the tragic burden of their womanhood.

Everywhere he sees sorrow and pain.

The very intellect that raises man above the brute, what does it do to bring happiness to poor, stumbling, blundering man? It but dangles hopes and ambitions and joys as lures before his eyes to decoy him into struggling for them, and, in the strife, to push others down. The intellect, man's boast over the brute—it is the crown of thorns! It cannot give happiness, it often brings madness, it is swallowed in the grave of time.

This conviction of the cruelty of nature and of life Hardy has expressed through a series of novels of country life that place him supreme amongst the English masters of the prose pastoral. It may, at first sight, seem strange that the voice of the countryside, finding tongue through the genius of Hardy, should compel our minds to dwell on the cruelty of nature. We are accustomed to think of the country as giving us the healthy strong man, the vigorous race. But it is a strange fact that it is not in the towns but amongst the rural folk that melancholy most dwells, and madness finds its largest prey; just as it is a strange fact that the greatest landscape painter of the world was born and bred in the dingy house of a narrow London street; just as we find that the Irish, a merry folk by repute, are at heart amongst the saddest people in the world. There broods always over the country, even in its most beautiful landscapes, a sense of sadness, the hint of a sigh, such as one rarely feels in the toil-worn streets of cities.

The life of the fields is nearer to nature—toil is on a heavier ground—labour is lower, more tedious—longer in yielding its results. The day is more lonely. Death is more insistent, more known, oftener seen, nearer when it comes, hides itself less from the gaze. In London how rarely we realise that anyone is dying! In a village, death brings a solemn dignity and a hush to the smallest cottage—the coming of death sets every tongue a-gossip.

It is through the personality of Thomas Hardy, and in and by his fine

novels, that we feel the pathos and the quaint humour of the country side; it is in his pictures of life that we are made to feel not only that the life of the village is as romantic as the life of the stately homes that dominate the village, but we are shyly shown that the lord who lives in pomp and circumstance in the stately home passes into the handsome tomb as the villager passes into his simple grave, all in the selfsame God's-acre; and the obliterating earth, and the wind and the rain blot out in time the very record of their virtues in stone, as they wear away the simple tombstones of the poor, and all are in time forgotten.

It is remarkable that it is in England's great pastoral poem, Grey's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," that we find the greatest pessimistic poem of the English language—pessimistic as the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

As alleviation for the sadness of life, the Eastern genius of Omar Khayyam found wine and a book, a loaf and the love of a girl. The pessimism of the mediæval Church found it in the hope of a future state of bliss. Hardy finds in it a vast pity for all suffering things. The life beyond the drawn curtain of death is beyond his ken—beyond his guessing. He is filled with a wide pity and a generous charity for every suffering thing upon this earth; and in his desire to mitigate all suffering, Hardy finds that which makes for the beautifying of life.

The pessimistic genius can never be so stimulating to a vigorous life for mankind as the optimistic genius; nor its impulse so forward urging towards fuller existence and the emancipation of the race. It is the man that believes the Designer to have made a glorious world, the man that looks upon life as a splendid wayfaring, who lifts the world upon his shoulders. The most supremely noble pessimist (and Hardy is near the throne) can at best but sit at the hearth of his sad world and pile up the fire in the hope to mitigate the biting frost for others; but the optimist holds the sun to the

earth, and his very joyousness sets the world a-singing.

Born some sixty-three years ago, in his beloved Wessex, that is the background to his pastoral tragedies and comedies, Thomas Hardy was schooled in the art of architecture—indeed, threatened to reach early distinction in the building of churches—but the building of prose was making a more urgent call upon his temperament. At thirty-one he discarded bricks and stone, and some toying with verse, to make his first and most unpromising essay in fiction with a sensational story of the kind then in vogue. At thirty-two, however, with "Under the Greenwood Tree," he entered, haltingly enough, to be sure, into his kingdom, and first uttered the voice of the supreme English master of the pastoral novel. But it was not until his thirty-fourth year that "Far From the Madding Crowd" noised abroad the fact that a genius had arrived amongst us. In his thirty-eighth year came the sublime, the deepest and the most perfect of his tragedies, "The Return of the Native."

With his fifty-first year he completely changed his manner, and gave us the realistic "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and, four years later, "Jude the Obscure." The supremacy of sheer beauty of artistry had now given place to the domination of the spirit of humanity, of righteous indignation, and of the vast pity which has always stirred his genius. These two books were violently attacked for what is called their "realism," by which the critic and the public generally seem to mean such a treatment of sex as is not the ordinary romantic conception of it in fiction.

As a matter of fact, powerful and great as "Tess" is, some colour was lent to the charge by the tendency on Hardy's part to exaggerate his chief literary defect in these two novels—a defect which is the marked characteristic of the realistic movement—a habit of over-elaborate detail, and of wandering away into unessential descriptions and side-issues from the path of his plot. But the truth was that Hardy

had joined the younger men in a supreme effort to break from the cramping convention into which the novel had fallen—for the nineties saw a general movement in letters to break away from the "rose-water" school. "Tess," striking the first strong blow, was bitterly assailed, and had to bear the brunt of the attack. Meredith says somewhere: "Nature will force her way, and if you try to stifle her by drowning she comes up, not the fairest

part of her uppermost." In "Jude the Obscure" there is a suspicion of this unseemliness. But the attack on Hardy was childish. His style, limpid and pure, was never more masterly than in these books; his drawing of character was never more subtle nor more sure. And, to rank immortal, it is on its creation of character that the novel must finally stand at the bar of judgment. Hardy rests to-day secure of his bays.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN

By THE EDITOR



JAPAN regards the independence of Korea as absolutely essential to her own repose and security. Japan also believes that the indefinite occupation of Manchuria by Russia would be a continual menace to the

Korean Empire. Hence the present struggle between that Empire and Russia.

For three hundred years Russia has been steadily pushing her way eastward from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific coast. During the last fifty years she has secured much Chinese territory. In 1857 Britain and France quarrelled with China, invaded her territory and occupied Peking. Russia used her influence to assist China in securing a settlement and have the invading armies withdrawn, subsequently obtaining for her services a large portion of territory just north of the Amur River. To protect this territory she built Vladivostock, which she thought would be a satisfactory Pacific Ocean port. In 1891, with the present Emperor as the guiding spirit of the undertaking, she began to build the Trans-Siberian Railway from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock. Experience soon showed that this port was not satisfactory because it was ice-bound several months of the year. Investigation also proved that the Railway could not be profitably run through Russian territory north of the Amur River.



NICHOLAS II—THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

Having arrived at this point Russian diplomacy began to look for a

more southerly and more direct route from Lake Baikal to Vladivostock across Manchuria, and for a new ocean terminus farther south where Russian ships might enter all the year round. A Russian Ukase of December 23rd, 1896, authorized the formation of the Eastern China Railway Company, consisting exclusively of Russian and Chinese shareholders. The line which this railway follows starts at Kaidalovo on the Trans-Siberian Railway, 440 miles east of Lake Baikal, and strikes southeasterly across Manchuria to Kharbin. Here it bifurcates, one branch extending to Vladivostock and a second to Port Arthur. This was the first step in the new movement.

This movement was not made without the opposition of Japan. In 1894 she declared war against China, ostensibly over Korea. The Japanese captured Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula, and marched on Pekin. At this point the European Powers intervened and a treaty of peace was negotiated. By it China recognized the full and complete independence of Korea, and agreed to pay Japan an indemnity of \$100,000,000 and to cede to her the Liaotung Peninsula. It was a great victory for Japan. But the wily Li Hung Chang, who had charge of the negotiations, had previously arranged with Russia that Japan should be prevented from permanently occupying the Liaotung Peninsula. Accordingly, a few days after the treaty was signed, Russia, Germany and France protested against the Japanese occupation of that territory. This was a sad blow to Japanese hopes. To hold what the treaty gave her she must have fought the three great Powers, an impossibility for her at that time. Accordingly, she surrendered what she had so valorously won, and decided to await the turn of events.

Soon afterwards, German activity in North China was used by Russia as a reason for occupying the Liaotung Peninsula and fortifying Port Arthur.



MUTSUHITO—EMPEROR OF JAPAN, 1867-1904

This happened in the last month of 1897. Thus at the beginning of 1898 Japan found herself face to face with her rival in the Yellow Sea. Nor has diplomacy nor international event served to drive Russia back one foot from what she then obtained. The more recent troubles with China failed to shake Russia's hold on Manchurian territory, or to induce her to withdraw any of her troops from that portion of the Chinese Empire.

When it became evident that Russia intended to hold Manchuria at all costs, Japan prepared for eventualities. Her already strong army was strengthened, and her already large navy was enlarged. The lesson of fifty years of Russian advance was too strong to be ignored—Turkestan, Amur, Saghalien, Manchuria, Port Arthur were among the signposts. There must be a struggle, a fight to the bitter end, or else Japan should forever remain a small island Empire.

In July of last year, Japan invited Russia to confer upon the subject of securing a friendly adjustment of all questions relating to Manchuria and Korea. Japan probably knew that an agreement was unlikely, but nevertheless she resolved to try direct diplomacy. In August the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg presented to the Russian Government a basis of agreement in which both countries were to guarantee the independence and integrity of China and Korea and to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in both these countries.

Russia positively refused to consider Manchuria as outside her sphere of action, or to agree that all nations should have equal opportunities of commerce and industry in that district. She had built a railway across it, she had fortified Port Arthur, she had the right to maintain troops there for the preservation of order; these rights she would not surrender for "the open door." So far as Korea was concerned, Russia agreed that Japan had some rights there but claimed some herself. She wanted a neutral zone in Northern Korea which would be left open for both nations. Japan had an experience of neutral zones and joint occupation in Saghalien and knew quite well what such an arrangement would mean.

Negotiations were continued at Tokio and the Russian Ambassador there went so far as to settle upon certain concessions which Russia might make. In October, these concessions were forwarded to St. Petersburg for confirmation. No answer was received until December, and then the concessions were refused. Japan then presented another modified note and waited for an answer until early in the second month of the present year. On February 5th, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg presented a note to the Russian Government severing diplomatic relations between the two Governments. On the night of February 8th the Japanese fleet attacked Port Arthur.

It will thus be seen that the present

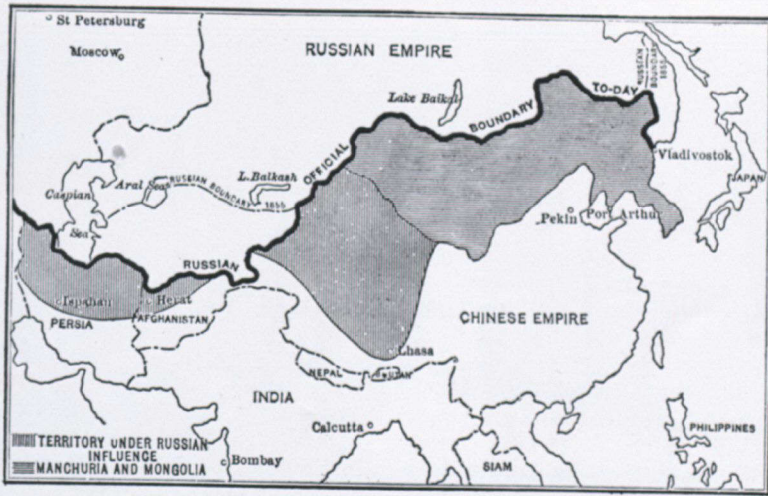
war is not an accidental event. It is the result of fifty years of Russian aggression in the East, of fifty years of Russian determination to be a power on the Pacific. By playing the part of friend to China whenever that great hulking aggregation of individuals got into trouble, she has gradually acquired possession of Northern China which she has crossed with railways and guarded with fortifications, armies and fleets. A few years more and Korea would have come under her sway. Then Japan would have had Russian guns pointed across almost the whole of her territory. When that stage was reached, what could forty-five millions of people hope to hold against one hundred and fifty millions, if the latter chose to be aggressive?

Unfortunately for Russian designs and ambitions, Japan has suddenly become a modern nation. Before 1850 the Japs were forbidden by their rulers either to leave the country or to have intercourse with foreigners. In the twinkling of an eye this exclusion policy was changed. In 1867, Mutsuhito, the present progressive Emperor, came to the throne with new ideas. He was determined to introduce Western civilization: constitutional government, representative institutions, equality before the law, impartial administration of justice, a broad system of education, modern industrial methods and a progressive army and navy. In fifty years Japan has been transformed from a position similar to that in which China is still content, to that occupied by such countries as France, Germany, England and the United States. Young Japs were sent out to all the modern nations to learn what was best in the government, institutions and civilization of each, and to bring back their information to Japan. Educationists, administrators, engineers, lawyers and other teachers were imported from all over the world to help in the transformation. The great families voluntarily surrendered their hereditary estates and privileges, and so far as possible social and political equality was introduced. The

system of agriculture was improved; the export of silk was developed until it now amounts to \$31,000,000 a year; the coal mines were operated on improved plans so that 9,000,000 tons were produced in 1901; the camphor trade of Formosa was developed; the export of tea was enlarged; a national university was founded; cotton mills were built and railways were constructed. Japan became a Western nation and now she is fighting to show that she must hereafter be recognized as

has increased from 74,000,000 to 150,000,000.

Neither Korea nor China are fit to stand against the Russian advance. Korea has an area of 82,000 square miles, a little more than the Province of Manitoba, or about one-third of the Province of Ontario. Its population, it is true, is about 17,000,000, or three times as large as that of Canada, but that population is composed of ignorant and unprogressive farmers. It has always been disputed territory,



MAP SHOWING THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN ASIA DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS. THE DISTRICT JUST ABOVE VLADIVOSTOCK WAS SECURED FROM CHINA IN 1855

one of the seven or eight great nations of the world.

If Japan had not wakened up, no one could doubt that she would eventually have been swallowed up, as China is likely to be. The history of the last fifty years shows that at least one-quarter of the Chinese Empire has passed under other flags, most of it to Russia. All the district north of Afghanistan and east of the Caspian Sea has passed under Russian sway; Amur and Maritime, north of the Amur River, were recently Chinese territory; Manchuria and the Liaotung Peninsula are still nominally Chinese territory, but really part of the Russian Empire. In fifty years the population of Russia

and alternately governed by China and Japan, and its people are not organized to withstand aggression.

Nor is China in a much better state. Patriotism and efficient government are unknown qualities. While other nations have been relying on military prowess and their own strong arm, China has been depending upon the belief that their Emperor is the Vicar of Heaven, the sole mediator between God and man. Mysterious reverence is the tie that has held this great Empire together since the time when the Roman legions of Titus were camped around the Holy City, seventy years after the birth of Christ; from the time when Egypt and Mesopotamia were

the dominant powers of the Eastern Mediterranean. The Emperor is also the father of the nation, and all his children honour and reverence him. Only this and the efficiency of Chinese diplomacy have held that Empire together so long. Li Hung Chang and the present Empress are the greatest modern representatives of this diplomacy—types of the whole nation. Li Hung Chang's diplomacy has already been referred to. The Empress is "an illiterate profligate, an ignorant and unscrupulous concubine, whom fortune

an ally and the United States a friend of the Japanese. It is to Japan that Western civilization looks to preserve the open door on the Pacific Coast. With the downfall of Japan, would come the downfall of British, German, French and American trade in the Orient. Hence the Western world hopes that Japan will win.

Even though the struggle be a short one, it must be expensive. The Spanish-American War was not prolonged but it cost the United States more than \$350,000,000. The South African



THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP POBIEDA

Damaged by a Japanese mine on April 13th, at the time when the Petropavlovsk was sunk

made mother of a puppet Emperor." Yet she wields a wonderful power at home and among the diplomats of other nations. Moreover, the Chinese are born traders and artisans. In their business qualities they resemble the Jews. Even when China falls they will be the merchants and artisans of the earth. The toilers in Europe and America have in them the great competitor of the future. As fighters and governors they are not competent to stand against the Slav for a moment.

The helplessness of Korea and China but increases the difficulties of Japan. It also indicates why Great Britain is

Campaign would rank only as a second-rate war but the cost to Great Britain was \$1,200,000,000. If the war lasts for any great length of time each Empire will find it difficult to finance an undertaking which may easily cost \$1,000,000 per day. The public debt of Russia stands to-day at about \$4,250,000,000 and it is difficult to see how this can be greatly increased in spite of the enormous size of the country. Of this huge quantity of floating securities France holds more than \$1,400,000,000 and France has been the great market for Russian securities. The remainder is held in

Germany, Holland, Belgium or at home. Whether these countries would be inclined to increase their holdings in order to protect what they now have remains to be seen. Japan's debt is only about \$300,000,000 and by far the greater part of it is in domestic loans. It is one of the smallest of national debts and on a per capita basis is less than that of any other great nation. What financing Japan has done in the outside world has been done in England. At the present time the Anglo-Saxon money markets are somewhat

overloaded and further Japanese flotations would be somewhat difficult. As a preparation for this War she has succeeded in floating at home a loan for \$50,000,000 and the enthusiasm of the people would probably ensure further success of the same kind if it were needed. Nevertheless Russia has undoubtedly greater resources for the raising of money and will be best able to finance an extended war. Japan will not fight long—the Liaotung Peninsula and Korea would probably satisfy her.

THE NECKLACE*

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



HE was one of those pretty and charming girls who are sometimes, as if by a mistake of destiny, born in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of being known, understood, loved, wedded by any rich and distinguished man; and she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as though she had really fallen from her proper station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank; and beauty, grace and charm act instead of family birth. Natural fineness, instinct for what is elegant, suppleness of wit, are the marks of aristocracy, and make from women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

She suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all the delicacies and all the luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, from the wretched look of the walls, from the worn-out chairs, from the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank

would never have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her regrets which were despairing, and distracted dreams. She thought of the silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, lit by tall bronze candelabra, and of the two great footmen in knee breeches who sleep in the big arm-chairs, made drowsy by the heavy warmth of the hot-air stove. She thought of the long salons fitted up with ancient silk, of the delicate furniture carrying priceless curiosities, and of the coquettish, perfumed boudoirs made for talks at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner before the round table, covered with a table-cloth three days' old, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup-tureen and declared with an enchanted air: "Ah, the good *pot-au-feu!* I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry which peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the

*Copyright in the United States by Harper & Brothers.

midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvelous plates, and of the whispered galantries which you listen to with a sphinx-like smile, while you are eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would so have liked to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former school-mate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go and see any more, because she suffered so much when she came back.

But one evening her husband returned home with a triumphant air, and holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She tore the paper sharply, and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the honour of M. and Mme. Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had awful trouble to get it. Everyone wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye, and she said impatiently:

"And what do you want me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

"Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped distracted, seeing that

his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes towards the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

But, by a violent effort, she had conquered her grief, and she replied, with a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress, and therefore I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was in despair. He resumed:

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could use on other occasions; something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally, she replied, hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He had grown a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun to treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks down there of a Sunday. But he said:

"All right. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty dress."

The day of the ball drew near, and Mme. Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you've been so queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I should look like distress. I should almost rather not go at all."

He resumed:

"You might wear natural flowers. It's very stylish at this time of the year."

For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

But her husband cried:

"How stupid you are! Go look up your friend Mme. Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're quite thick enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy:

"It's true. I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress. Mme. Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel-box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross, gold and precious stones of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why yes. Look! I don't know what you like."

All of a sudden she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds; and her heart began to beat with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked dress and remained lost in ecstasy at the sight of herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anguish:

"Can you lend me that, only that?"

"Why yes, certainly."

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than them all, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavoured to be introduced. All the

attachés of the Cabinet wanted to waltz with her. She was remarked by the Minister himself.

She danced with intoxication, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all, in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud happiness composed of all this homage, of all this admiration, of all these awakened desires, and of that sense of complete victory which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She went away about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a little deserted ante-room, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a very good time.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps which he had brought, modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wanted to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will go and call a cab."

But she did not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were in the street they did not find a carriage; and they began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen whom they saw passing by at a distance.

They went down towards the Seine, in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient noctambulant coupes which, exactly as if they were ashamed to show their misery during the day, are never seen round Paris until after nightfall.

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and once more, sadly, they climbed up homeward. All was ended, for her. And as to him, he reflected that he must be at the Ministry at ten o'clock.

She removed the wraps which covered her shoulders, before the glass, so as once more to see herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck!

Her husband, already half-undressed, demanded:

"What is the matter with you?"

She turned madly towards him:

"I have—I have—I've lost Mme. Forestier's necklace."

He stood up distracted.

"What!—How!—Impossible!"

And they looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere. They did not find it.

He asked:

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?"

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab?"

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you, didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked thunderstruck at one another. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route which we have taken, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought.

Her husband came back about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to Police Headquarters, to the newspaper offices, to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least suspicion of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn around."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of the week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and they went to the jeweller whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, sick both of them with chagrin and with anguish.

They found in a shop at the Palais Royal a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly like the one they looked for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they found the other one before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers, and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature, without even knowing if he could meet it; and, frightened by the pains yet to come, by the black misery which was about to fall upon him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and of all the mortal tortures which he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, putting down upon the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel took back the necklace, Mme. Forestier said to her, with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner, I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her

friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Mme. Loisel for a thief?

Mme. Loisel now knew the horrible existence of the needy. She took her part, moreover, all on a sudden, with heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her rosy nails on the greasy pots and pans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts, and the dish-cloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiter, the grocer, the butcher, her basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, defending her miserable money sou by sou.

Each month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked in the evening making a fair copy of some tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything with the rates of usury, and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Mme. Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households, strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew, and red hands, she talked loud while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window, and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so feted.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? How life is strange and changeful! How little a thing is

needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But, one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysees to refresh herself from the labours of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Mme. Loisel felt moved. Was she going to speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she was going to tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good-day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain goodwife, did not recognize her at all and stammered:

"But—Madame!—I do not know—You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough, since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace which you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another just like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Mme. Forestier had stopped.

"You say you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it then? They were very like." And she smiled with a joy which was proud and naive at once.

Mme. Forestier, strongly moved, took her two hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth at most five hundred francs!"

DIPLOMAT'S SACRIFICE

A RACING STORY

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.



AM "Jim," a cab horse. In the stables I am known as No. 17.

It seems queer, this London world, with its cockney slang—queer to me, for I was born in Australia twelve years ago. Bli' me!—there, you see, that's Larrikin; it will out—but it was different out *there*.

I was a prince, had royal blood in my veins; but still I didn't learn to write or anything till I came to London and got into the night school for cab horses. That's why I never told this story before.

I was two years old when Trainer Southall came down from Calcutta and bought me, and three other colts that could gallop a bit, from White—bought me to race in India. It was after I had made a big name in Calcutta that they sent me to England. But I never did much good here, and one day I was sold to the man who put me between the shafts of a hansom.

Southall had been in stables since he was a little boy, and knew all about us. He said I had sloping shoulders, was short-coupled in the back, long underneath, and well down in the hocks, had great quarters, a thin, bony head, and ears like silk. I didn't understand it all then, for I was only a colt, and had spent more time in the paddock than in the stable; but I knew he was praising me, and when he put his hand under my chin, and leaned his head against mine, I patted his cheek with my nose.

He laughed, and swore he would have me if I cost him a thousand guineas. He stuck his thumb under my upper lip, and, looking at my teeth, said, "Bless us! he's only a babe; but he's a whoppin' big 'un—nearly sixteen hands."

Well, he took me away to Calcutta. The trip on the boat was horrible—I don't want to talk about it. I hope no children of mine ever have to go through that; but they won't, for they are all in India now.

In India they kept me till I was four years old, before I was started in a race. Of course I galloped with the other horses that were in the stable.

Southall used to do all sorts of funny things with me. When he knew people would be looking at these stable gallops, he put a heavy saddle with two stuns of lead in it on my back, so that I could not beat the other horses.

The people said I was no good; but Southall would laugh, and tickle me in the ribs, and say, "You're no good, my big buck; you're no good, d'ye hear? But, my word, you'll win the Viceroy's Cup in a walk."

The first race I ran was down at Hyderabad. It was the Nizam's Cup; and Southall, and my owner, and little Abbot banked their money on my chances in a way that made me nervous. How they knew I could beat Table Top I don't understand—but I did.

Such an uproar there was. I heard Southall tell the jockey, "Jim," to get away in the lead; so that every time the other horses started I jumped as quick as I could. After we had gone a half-mile Jim pulled me back and kept me behind Table Top until near the finish. When he let go of my head I shot past the other horse as though he were walking.

They threw a big blanket over me when they took the light saddle off my back after the race. Then I was led down to the stall and scraped with a steel band, and rubbed with straw until I was dry.

My word, but they made a lot of me. The ladies patted my neck,

and the trainer said he wished I could drink a bottle of champagne with him. That was the way with those boys; when they won they drank champagne and played poker all night, and bullied everybody as though they were kings.

It was five weeks between the Hyderabad races and the Viceroy's Cup, and I heard my master tell the trainer that I should not be started again before that race.

Going down to Calcutta I caught cold in the train. Southall put a big felt pad on my chest when he put me in the box car, and I got very hot and wet from the perspiration. As I was moving a little the pad caught in a nail and was pulled to one side. I could not put it back; the night air struck cold on my wet skin, and in the morning I was coughing.

When Southall saw me he cried. "My poor boy!" he said; "here's the greatest certainty in the world gone wrong."

My owner and all of them had bet a small fortune on me for the Viceroy's Cup, and they were more solicitous about my health than if I had been the only son in my master's family.

My master had a daughter, Miss Jess. I liked her better than anybody, better even than Southall. Before I was in what they called "hard training" she used to bring me lumps of sugar, little pieces of salt, and sometimes a carrot. She was always scratching my ear, or rubbing my nose with her little hand, or doing something to show that we were friends.

"You are a gentleman, Diplomat," she would say, and would pull my mustache or pinch my arm.

After I got back to Calcutta from Hyderabad she came to the stable one morning, and took my breath away by saying: "My poor boy, you're sick; I'm sorry. It's a shame; they were careless—somebody was. But I don't feel as badly as I ought to over it, Dip, for I want another horse to win the Cup; but you don't know anything about that," she added, flicking at my nose with the feathery end of a carrot top.

Then she dragged my head to one side and laid her cheek against mine. I felt something wet trickle down my nose, and when she lifted her sweet face I saw that her eyes were blurred. I couldn't understand it at all; but I had horse sense enough to know that she was sorry for me. Besides, I had heard Southall say that nobody could understand a woman's way.

My cold got better; but the fever went down my legs. After a gallop on the hard, dry race-track my limbs would swell up, and I would go quite lame. The *putties* (bandages) they put on me did some good, but the tendons would swell and get sore. Southall was in despair. He played the hose on my shins after each gallop, and rubbed at them until he nearly took the skin off. But still the legs kept weak.

About this time I learned why Miss Jess didn't want me to win the Viceroy's Cup.

One morning, after a gallop on the course, I was waiting for the string to go home when I saw a horse I had known in Australia. He was in the stall next mine. It was Sting. We had been in the same paddock over there.

"What are you running in?" I asked him. "I didn't know you were in the country."

"The Trials and the Viceroy's Cup," he responded.

One of the other fellows entered in the Viceroy's Cup, Robin Hood, was on my right, and when Sting said this, Robin, who was seventeen hands high, gave a snort, and exclaimed, "What! a little sawed-off runt like you expect to beat all the long legs over a mile-and-a-quarter? My word, but you *have* got a fair-sized gall."

"No," answered Sting; "I don't expect to win, but my master, Captain Thornton, thinks I can."

"Well, you *can't*!" snapped Robin. "Diplomat here will give you a stun over that distance."

"Don't mind him," I said, speaking to the little horse. "Tell me what is the matter."

First Water had been travelling about in a circle in front of the stalls, led by a syce. The latter stopped to talk to the boy who was putting the putties on my legs, and the big chestnut heard Robin Hood sneer at little Sting.

"You big lob, you! why don't you leave the little man alone? You're seventeen hands high, and your thigh is as big as my neck, but you never won a race in your life—not since you came to India, anyway. Everybody knows what's the matter with you, too. You're fast enough, but when any of us squeeze you, you just quit. You funk it, and my trainer says he wouldn't have you as a gift—your heart's in the wrong place, he says."

This made Robin furious, for he was a bad-tempered brute, and he lashed out a vicious kick at First Water.

"What did Sting do in the Cau'field Cup, at home in Australia?" continued First Water. "Didn't we all pocket the little chap, and keep him there for a mile—and then, when we rounded the corner for home, he got through and made hacks of us, winning by as far as he pleased? Don't mind that big soft mushroom, Sting. We're glad to see you out from Australia. Did Teddy Weeks bring you over? You'll find the ground hard and dry here, and the heat'll crack your hoofs and burn your liver. My hoof is split so that I have got to wear a big all-round shoe on it."

Then the syce led First Water away, and a stable boy came to take Robin Hood for a spin.

When we were alone Sting commenced to talk.

"You were only a youngster when you left Australia, Dip," he said; "how have you gone on? I heard my master, the captain, telling people that you were favourite for the Viceroy's Cup, and that you were the only horse he was afraid of. And look here, Dip, I'll tell you a secret, for you'll not give it away, will you? The captain's awfully fond of your master's daughter, Miss Jess—I've seen them together and I've heard them talk. I've heard a lot of things; they think I don't

understand, and the syce only knows the pagan language they have got here, so they talk.

"Last night the captain said to me: 'You've got to win the Cup, old man, for if you don't I'll make a mess of it. Besides, you'd like to have Jess for a mistress, wouldn't you?' And one morning your mistress, Miss Jess, came to me on the course, and, rubbing her soft little hand down my neck, said: 'You must be a brave little horse, and win the Cup for your master.' Dull spurs! but I laughed out at this—it was too funny. For my master, to be sure!—there I was to run and win, not the Cup alone, but a small fortune in bets, so that the captain could have your mistress, Dip. Do you see now what is bothering me?"

I nodded slowly for this had set me thinking. This was why Miss Jess had been unable to fret more over my illness.

"Well, you'll just have to win," I said to him. "You won three times in Australia, and ought to be good enough to beat these other fellows who should be running as qualified hunters. I'm sure I hope you do, for if my mistress will be happy through your winning that will please me."

"Yes, I won the Cau'field, Dip, but the getting through the crowd was just a little too much for me. When I gallop more than a mile now I get a pain in my side."

"That's what Robin Hood says," I ejaculated. "He says he gets a pain in his side; but we all laugh at him, and think it's because he's soft and cuts it."

"No, Dip, it's not that. You'll find his heart has been strained once, same as mine—has had to do too much. By Saint Gladiateur! when you're galloping there—the other fellows knocking you about, shoving you against the rail, and carrying you wide on the outside of the turns, or closing in on you in a pocket, and the dust is that thick you're breathing mud instead of pure air, so that the pipes leading to your lungs are all choked up, and a boy on your back, who doesn't know anything but to try and get in front,

sticks the sharp steel into your flank, or hits you with a rawhide whip, what's a fellow to do? It's awful! but if a fellow's got any blood in him, any of the king's blood, he's got to make another try—just a wee bit more. That's what I did at Cau'field, and I got through, but something snapped. Everybody was saying that I'd won easy; but I didn't. I had an awful pain, but I just managed to stay in front, for the others were dead beat, too. That's why I get a pain when I gallop more than a mile. That's why my owner in Australia sold me. He said I'd turned lazy; but he didn't tell Captain Thornton. And now my master and your mistress are risking all their happiness on my winning the Cup."

I shuddered at this, for it was all new to me. The only race I had started in was the Nizam's Cup, and my jockey had used neither whip nor spur; had just kept me back a little with the bit, for I wanted to show them all how fast I could run; I liked it.

"I wish I could tell my master," sighed Sting. "He thinks I'm all right. A vet looked at me when I landed, and said I was sound as a bell. These men are such fools—sometimes."

Just then Sting's trainer came and ordered the syce to bring him out; the jockey, Archie, got up on his back, and they went on the course for a gallop.

"Who's that fellow?" said a big bay horse, Table Top, as we stood for a few minutes close together in the paddock.

"That's little Sting," I replied.

"Oh, I know," he answered; "Son of Grandmaster. Grandmaster was always blowing about his father, Gladiateur, who won the English Derby. He was a Frenchman, was Gladiateur, and that's why they boasted so much. We'll see what the breed can do out in this blazing hot climate."

It seemed to me they all had a pick on Sting because he was small, and my heart warmed towards the little fellow. As the days wore on I began

to have doubts about being able to win myself. My legs got so bad that I had to give up galloping on the hard course. They gave me frightful long walks, and swam me for hours in a big pond to keep my muscles hard. This eased my legs, but it took away my appetite, and I always left part of the oats in the feed-box.

This made the trainer pull a long face; but he was *so* kind. He gave me raw eggs, and sorted the hay all over, picking out the best for me. He was a dear chap.

My owner was a pompous man, and when he came to the stables everybody jumped about as though they were going to lose their heads.

One day Southall said to him, "The horse is losing flesh, sir; he won't eat, and I'm afraid he'll break down before the race."

My master flew into a rage, and cursed everybody. He swore that somebody must have drugged me. Miss Jess was with him, and she broke in with, "Why, papa, nobody would do that; besides, Dip knows as much as a man—he wouldn't eat it. Why don't you do with him as the doctors did with me when I was run down, give him stout or something to drink."

Everybody laughed at this, even the father, who was so angry; but the trainer said, "My word, sir, that's a good idea; let me try it."

They had to do something, so the master consented, for he knew that trainers often gave whisky to horses who were a bit soft, when they were going to run a hard race. After that I had three quart bottles of beer twice a day. It was a funny way to train a horse, the knowing ones said—swim him, and feed him on beer; but I felt better.

We were a sorry lot, the whole of us. Sting had a weak heart; so had Robin Hood, as I could see now; First Water had a split hoof, liable to go at any minute; Table Top was so big and lazy they couldn't get him down to condition; Jack-in-the-Green had a splint; and I fancy all of the others had something the matter.

I kept thinking it over, and one day when I was out for a walk I met Sting coming home from the course. "Look here, little man," I said, "I'd like to see you win that Cup on account of my mistress."

"I can't beat you," answered the chestnut; "you're young, and fast, and sound."

"I'm not sound," I added; "but I think I can beat all the others. Do you think you are fast enough to do them up?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, simply; "if this pain doesn't choke me off I can beat them all, because I did it in Australia."

Then I did an awful thing, gentlemen; I turned traitor to my master. Even as I write it, it seems there is no excuse. But now I am only a cab horse in London and have no reputation to keep up, so it doesn't matter.

To Sting I said: "In the race, dash to the front with me just as we turn into the straight. I'll keep a place ready for you next the rail on the inside. As we turn the corner I'll bore out wide and close the others off. You rush up in my place and win. If you *can't* win, I *will*; for I have speed enough to gallop over these cart-horses. I'll teach those big lubbers not to despise a horse just because he's small."

"That won't be right," suggested Sting; but I could see him prick his small, silken ears eagerly, and his big eyes glistened with delight. I gulped down something at this, for I had never done anything mean before, and answered:

"I know it's not right, but my mistress will be happy if you win."

"Well," said Sting, "I suppose we have a right to arrange races among ourselves sometimes as well as the men have. Only the other day I heard a conversation between some of your people and the Nawab of Ballygunge. They advised him to buy me if I won the Trial Stakes. This race, you know, is a few days before the Viceroy's Cup. Then they talked among themselves, and I know that if they buy me I am

to be run so as to allow you to win, for they've got a pile of money on you. But all the same I wouldn't do this if it wasn't for your mistress; for man's code of morals wouldn't do for us horses—it's not good enough."

Thinking over what I was going to do made me morose; I couldn't bear to rub the trainer's cheek with my nose any more. He said the beer was giving me a vicious temper, making me sullen, and, that as soon as the race was over, he'd make me take the pledge—he'd shut off my beer.

I knew they'd be furious with me if Sting won—all but Miss Jess.

Well, Sting won the Trials quite handily, and the Nawab of Ballygunge tried to buy him, but his owner refused point blank. He swore he'd stick to the little horse if it broke him. Sting told me about this conversation, for he'd heard it; we both admired the captain's pluck, and it made us a little easier in our minds over doing him a good turn.

The only man I felt really sorry for was the trainer, Southall. If I could only have told him to back Sting. I tried every way I could think of. I pretended to be very lame, and refused to take even the beer, thinking that he would become frightened and hedge on Sting. But he put the liquor in a strong soda-water bottle, and, opening my mouth, held my head high and poured it down my throat. I was forced to swallow it; so that failed. He got mad and said, "Damn you! you don't want to win, I believe." Wasn't it odd?

Then came the day of the Viceroy's Cup. Well I remember it; it was the day after Christmas, the 26th December. Early in the morning Miss Jess came to see me, riding on a black-legged bay Arab horse.

"Well, Dip," she said, flicking a fly off my rump with her riding whip, "I wish I could bribe you to let Sting win. Father doesn't need all the money he's going to land; but you're such an honest old chap I'm afraid you wouldn't lose the race even for me."

Then she slipped into my mouth a

little square of white sugar she had hidden in the palm of her glove. I had to laugh at the syce; he saw the Missie Baba fumbling for the piece of sugar, and turned his head discreetly away, pretending to be looking for my brush. Everybody let Miss Jess have her own way it seemed.

"That *is* a bribe," I said to myself, "to lose the Viceroy's Cup for a lump of sugar," and I made up my mind to take all the whip and spur Jockey Jim could give me, rather than show a nose in front of the captain's horse at the finish.

My! there was a crowd of people at the races. It was like Melbourne Cup day on a small scale. I had a host of friends, for I was the favourite. The story of the beer and the swimming had got out, however, and a great many had backed Sting to win, especially since the Trial Stakes.

As we walked around in a circle in the paddock before going out for the race, I manœuvred to get close behind Sting to speak to him.

"Don't forget," I said, "at the turn into the straight, just before we leave the old race stand, I'll be in the lead on the inside—come through next the rails; I'll pull out and carry them all wide."

The little horse switched his long bronze tail caressingly across my neck, and looked gratefully at me over his shoulder.

"How did you feel after the trials?" I asked.

"I had a pain in my side," he answered, laconically; "but I don't feel it now."

Plucky little chap, I thought. They say his grandfather, Gladiateur, was just like that, brave as a lion.

Then a cornet sounded the signal for the jockeys to mount. Archie swung up on to Sting's broad back, and Jim pressed his long, slim legs down my sides. How Jim would hate to miss riding the winner of the Viceroy's Cup. I felt sorry for him.

Captain Thornton led his bonnie horse out through the crowd and on to the course.

As I passed the end of the seats in the stand I saw Miss Jess. She didn't see me; her eyes were following my chum, Sting, and perhaps the man who was leading him. They had taken our wraps off, of course, and I could see that Sting outclassed us all in point of thoroughbred beauty. I wasn't jealous, for I knew that he was as plucky as he was good to look upon.

It was a mile and a quarter to go, so none of us bothered much at the start—we knew we'd have enough of it before we got to the finishing post. I knew the starter wouldn't send us off until I, the favourite, was in a good place; so as soon as I saw Sting had the best of the start, I broke away. The flags fell, both of them, and we rushed along.

When we were standing, there didn't seem to be much wind, but as we tore through it, it roared in our ears and snapped and crackled at the jockeys' colours, like the sound of the lashing of whips. Archie was sitting quietly on the little chestnut, and Jim had taken a gentle pull at my teeth with the bit. On the back of the course, after we'd gone half-a-mile, two of our mates commenced to creep up on the outside. I could see that Sting had his eye on them, and so had Archie. Neither of us paid any attention to them. We could pass that pair whenever we wished.

Rounding the turn toward the old stand, half-a-mile from the finish, Robin Hood showed his nose close to my shoulder. I galloped a little faster, up on the inside of Sting. I knew if Robin Hood got in front his big, clumsy bulk might bar the road for the little horse's rush home.

Gradually as we came opposite the old stand, I worked my way on the inside past Sting.

"Keep close behind," I gasped, as we raced nose and nose past the old stand.

Neither of our riders had moved in the saddle yet. They were good generals, both of them; they knew that so far we two were playing the game for keeps.

Gradually I drew away from the little horse. I heard his rider, Archie, speak to him coaxingly once, but the little fellow did not respond; he had faith in me.

Just at the corner of the straight there was a mad scramble for places. Robin Hood's big thundering hoofs were pounding the course to dust at my side. I could feel Sting's hot breath on my quarters, and knew that his nose was pushing close up for the place I had promised him.

Table Top, Robin Hood, and First Water came with a rush on the outside; whips cracking, colours snapping in the wind, and a hurricane of sand being thrown up by the eager, crunching hoofs. That was where the race was to be settled they knew; if they could not swing into the stretch well in line with me, they were done for.

Suddenly I swerved to the left. With an oath Jim put all his strength on my right rein. Further out I bored, until I bumped up against Robin Hood. The scramble was fendish.

Then the golden nozzle of my little friend showed on my right. I could hear Archie chirruping eagerly to the gallant horse. Next he was clear of them, and galloping a length in front of me, still on the inside close to the rails. Jim jabbed his sharp spurs into my flanks as I straightened out for home, but I paid no attention to that—I did not blame him.

Up the straight we raced like that—Sting's powerful hoofs driving the hot earth into our faces.

As we neared the stand I could hear the roar of voices; it was like the sound of the waves beating against the ship I crossed the ocean in. I kept

my head just in front of Robin Hood; I could hear his rider cracking at the big horse's great sides with the whip.

Nose and nose, Robin Hood and I raced; slowly we were drawing up on Sting; inch by inch we gained on him. I thought of swerving again on Robin Hood, but Table Top was on my right now—his head lapped on my shoulder; I had to take care of them both. It was terrible.

Sting was gradually coming back to us. Would it all be thrown away? He had not far to go; surely he would last out long enough to win.

I saw him falter—Archie's whip went in the air; the gallant little horse swerved, pitched forward, and suddenly disappeared as we drove by him in our mad rush. The hot blood mounted to my brain—it was all Robin Hood's fault. *He* should not win, anyway.

The bit was loose in my mouth; there was no restraining pull. I shot forward as I had in the finish for the Nizam's Cup, a length ahead of Robin Hood.

When I pulled up and walked back, I saw a big crowd on the course. They were standing about Sting. I looked at the seat where Miss Jess had sat when I went out. Her face was buried in her handkerchief, and I wished that I had dropped instead of my gallant chum.

It was all thrown away, for Sting was dead—a dozen lengths from the finish. The vet said he had broken his heart. Game to the last—the Gladiateur blood.

I couldn't count at that time, but there was more than one heart broken—three I think.



BY CANOE

By WALTER S. JOHNSON

THERE have been, and there are still, thank heaven, certain unsophisticated folk whom we call conservative.

They are persons often of an old school, or trained amid conditions less complex than those which now obtain. Upstart schemes they abhor—that make of beauty, leisure, nerves, a continued sacrifice to time and speed. Old ways and things, old times and books and friends they love, because these appeal rather to the heart than to the head; they are a habit of life not easily put off, not a wearisome approximation to progress and fashion. They move slowly, read slowly—live slowly, in a confident endeavour to glean, as they live, carefully and thoroughly, all those quiet pleasures which, hidden along the by-paths of life, are revealed only to them. The treasures of the great world road had long ago been lost in garish undistinctive light, and its travellers too often confuse its pleasures and its pains.

Hazlitt, with his staff, and Ruskin, with his coach, are truly conservative. For there are three, and only three, ways of travelling, by coach, by foot, by canoe. Coaching and walking are peculiar to the more thickly populated countries, for both depend on good roads and on decent and frequent hostels. But in a new land where towns and villages are far apart, roads poor, and the cosy continental inn unknown, we are thrown back upon a less conventional, still more delightful means of locomotion. The holiday spent in the canoe is the ideal holiday. Drawing us away from our constant surroundings and from civilization to forests unmeasured and unblazed, and streams untraversed, it involves a primitive kind of life, and therefore very simple. Surpassing even the letter of the law, the canoeist can, whensoever the spirit moves him, take up at once his convey-

ance, shelter, bed and carry-all,—and walk.

To hie away from the roar of the great city and the inexorable pressure of its life, ending the journey beside some peaceful lake cradled among primeval hills and forests, is a pleasure indeed. One cannot but feel a thrill of freedom and exultation in coming thus into touch with nature in her wild simplicity. It is an opportunity for idealists to get back, if only for a short time, to simple, immemorial means of life, to experience its actualities, its positive needs. To early realize these needs means happiness, on the personal side at least. Nature does her part lavishly. These autumn days are hers—days flushed with beauty, grace and splendour, filling the mind with images of loveliness which, remembered with “a recollected love,” may be treasured through the coming years. Hills with their masses of colour flung together regardless of laws of art, banks of green picked out with intertwining wreaths of reddest vine leaves, gradations of maples with golden, brown and etiolated leaves, sumachs glowing with a deep rich wine-coloured red, pines dark and sombre, birches wan and leafless—the whole overspread by a pale blue sky flecked with clouds which cause wave after wave of succeeding light and shade, and bathed in the glow of an afternoon sun—these are nature’s appeal to you to be joyous. This health-giving pleasure of closer contact with nature, which is so abidingly ours, opens to the student of books and life a world of fresh thought and experience.

Stealing along dusky banks under old-time elms and maples which have nodded over many a war-party of Braves, over *coureurs de bois*, zealous Jesuit eager to save souls, or Frenchman aspiring to the conquest of a continent, we may be not of this present

time or circumstance, but *voyageurs* of an age and time more remote, of an age of boundless aspiration, faith and enterprise. We may be the trapper tracked by malignant foe, or relentless Brave hunting down the enemies of his race. We may live in imagination and in fact a life which, save to the devotee of canoe and wild, has faded forever into the past.

The impressions of a childhood spent in the country become bedimmed after long years of city life. "Shades of the prison-house" have closed about us. But the distinctive calls and flight of birds are eagerly heard or recognized anew, never now to be forgotten, for they are indelible by reason of an awakened and maturer interest. The infinite voices of solitude, the sifted silence of vast forests, have a new and graver import, carry a weightier message to the heart. Our knowledge of life is deeper now than then. We are not in a passive, receptive state merely; but learning, comparing past and present experience, filling in the lacunæ left by a one-sided life. To hear for the first time in years the whip-poor-will, some still night, thrash out its plaintive lonely call across some little cove, is like the striking on the ear of some rich voice from the past, flooding the mind with memories long since thick-blurred, but startled now into intense life as the bow awakes the strings—the memory of youthful pleasures and expeditions, older loves and losses, of hopes long since realized, forgotten, shattered. It is a voice from out the silence, from out the darkness renewing the past. Just as dream life is often more interesting than waking life, so this life of the woods, far removed from the conditions of ordinary existence, yet presents by subtle, often very illusory reflexes of thought, a more interesting side of the life we have left behind. This rustic life, scarce refined into simplicity, ever invites a new point of view: many an essay on social reform is conceived in the woods.

What pleasure can equal that of paddling along streams and lakes

amid forests unknown to canoe or hunter, or woodsman; of disturbing a repose so ancient, so stupendous! The giant awakes from his mighty sleep: by countless indications he expresses it. His thousand sentinels tremble and quiver and lisp with their myriad lips the message of your profanation; his attendant beasts draw back deeper into his shaggy folds; his birds both great and small—the emblem of his freedom and his choir by night and day—jar with discordant notes of surprise and mistrust. The giant never more may sleep; unending wakefulness must end in decrepitude at last, and no forest voice in all its purity be heard.

And those long days of paddling under alternating shade of passing cloud or friendly slope, or fully exposed to wind and sun; drawing slowly up to points whose sentinel trees beckon to you for miles, only to pass you on to the next, far descried in the distance; slipping over shallows, past picturesque groups of cattle massed on sloping plaques of green, and trees ramparted by cloud on blue; rousing great cranes which sail deridingly near you and away across the intervening wood to settle among the reeds of the stream's next bend (often enough indicating your general direction)—days of joyous expansive life, of myriad impressions of fancy, colour, shape!

Noon brings satiety of exertion for the time; hunger, importunate, demands a stop. This is the lazy interval of the canoeing day—it is the seductive Lotus-land of ease, of toil forgotten because much has been accomplished, and time or end presses not; of sweet languor so soft that sleep would deaden it into forgetfulness, but which the day-dream heightens into phantasy of whimsical, toying, far-faring thought. Will those summer flies, with forward-steady droning flight, never move on? Poised there, wings humming into haze, moving neither forward nor backward—are they lost souls straining ever thus on some bootless quest? Alas, no!

One moves, the spell is broken. The tired, heated wings cease throbbing; down, down it drops, hopeless, lost—still down and down—till with a hissing switch of a foot and a wing in your nostril it soars again to the Empyrean. Lying here, on this neck of land, gazing down the lake into the distance we have come, and forward into the unaccomplished distance—if it could be always noon, and the sun always shine, bees hum, birds thrill, fish jump; with canoe glistening in the sun and imaged in the water—sign of isolation and a link with past and future—an age would scarce suffice for our resting here—why ever depart?

But rich as is noon in dreamy rest, evening and night have a rarer suggestive power of gorgeous, or it may be sombre colour, of dumb intensity of mood. Cooled and refreshed by an evening breeze we paddle on and on, through water glowing like heaped-up diverse gems, into the ardent west. The hither side of hills take on a sable tinge, their crown of daffodil succeeds to sky of sapphire, star-pierced, the

waters deepen to inky black and the hills to lapis-lazuli: and night holds universal sway. It is as though the great Master-dramatist, whose puppets we are, were using us as dummy pieces in this scene of his composition. For it reminds us strangely of some play-scene of marvellous creation and league-wide range. Dim knolls and tree-clumps stand like towers, square-buttressed, deserted, shadowy with age and lichen and decay. It is the enchantress Night at work, as she has been since ever the world began, enriching the imagination with intimations of an alien time chaotic or pacific, or presenting to man "gigantesques" of his handiwork.

All nature's children of the day are asleep. We lie down to rest, the air heavy with the fresh odour of pines and rustling with undefined night voices whose undertone is the rhythmic beat of waves. The senses grow more acute, the ear is flooded with pulsations unperceived before; with at last a sense of perfect peace, the overflow, and of an encompassing harmony, and—we are in oblivion. •

DAFFODILS

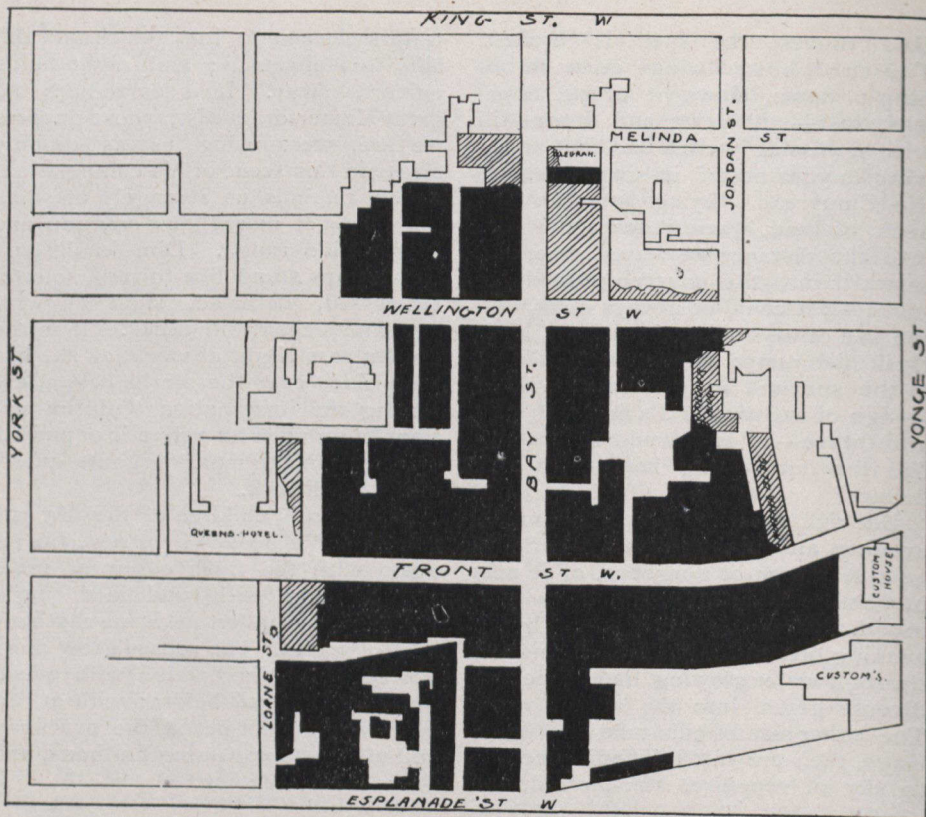
BY HERBERT L. BREWSTER

WHAT matter that the evening air is crispy yet, and chill,
 What matter that the rim of snow still lies athwart the hill,
 There are cadences of promise in the free-song of the rill;
 And the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

The germs of balm and blessing that were sleeping 'neath the snow
 Are coming forth in triumph where the swift March breezes go,
 And hearts that love the sunny skies are bounding now to know
 That the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

We think of hazy hill-tops in a maze of summer light,
 And dream of violets by the stream, and pearly dews of night;
 Since Spring's caress has broken down the thrall of Winter's might,
 And the daffodils are blooming in the lane.

Oh! the Northern ways are weary, and the Northern nights are long,
 When the world is wrapped in whiteness, and the woods have lost their song;
 But the heart-beats of a fairer time are pulsing full and strong
 When the daffodils are blooming in the lane.



MAP OF THE DISTRICT BURNED—ESPLANADE ST. IS PRACTICALLY THE WATERFRONT—YORK, BAY AND YONGE STS. RUN NORTH. THE WHITE SPOT IN CENTRE BLACK BLOCK ABOVE WELLINGTON ST. SHOWS WHERE THE FIRE STARTED

TORONTO'S GREAT FIRE

By *NORMAN PATTERSON*

TORONTO has had several large fires during the seventy years of her civic history, but the conflagration which occurred on the night of April 19th was the largest and most disastrous. The loss will amount to about fourteen millions of dollars, of which eight millions must be borne by forty insurance companies and six millions by the three hundred and fifty business firms involved. The total premiums collected by fire insurance companies doing business in Canada last year was about eleven million dollars, so that this fire makes

it quite clear that the insurance business of 1904 will show a large deficit. The largest annual loss total ever paid out in this country was in 1877, when it amounted to eight and a half millions of dollars. The loss in this Toronto fire will alone exceed the losses of that record Canadian year. It is only by a full realization of the force of such a comparison, that one may get a correct and reasonable idea of the magnitude of this great disaster.

By recalling previous Canadian fires, it is possible to further emphasize this view-point. On June 20th, 1877, the great fire in St. John, N.B., destroyed

1612 dwelling houses and 615 business places, and made the fire losses of that year exceptional. The next greatest loss was in 1900, the year of the Ottawa-Hull fire, when the total losses paid the companies for the year were \$7,774,000. The insurance losses paid in each of these two great fires will, added together, no more than equal the losses to be paid now in Toronto.

The St. John fire began at half-past two in the afternoon in a boiler-shop in the suburb of Portland. Close by there was an extensive rookery of old wooden buildings and soon an extensive conflagration had been developed. A violent north-west wind was blowing. The fire swept down upon the doomed city and in a few hours the entire business portion had been reduced to a mass of ruins, as well as the better class of dwelling-houses to the south and south-east. Public buildings, houses of business, hotels, printing offices, churches and theatres were involved in a common ruin with the residences of the middle-class and the humbler dwellings of the workingman. Thirteen thousand people were homeless that night in St. John, and \$27,000,000 of property was represented by a vast mass of ashes, charred embers, and a dreary waste of ruins. The Toronto fire cannot be compared



A UNITED STATES SILVER DOLLAR AND A CANADIAN QUARTER—THE ONLY OBJECT WHICH CAME OUT OF BUNTIN, REID & CO.'S VAULT. BOOKS, TIN BOXES, ETC., WERE TOTALLY CONSUMED.

with that calamity for monetary loss or individual suffering.

It was about half-past ten in the morning of April 26th, 1900, that a lamp was upset in a humble dwelling in the City of Hull, and the great fire started. As in St. John, a strong gale was blowing, but from the north-east. By twelve o'clock, the fire had swept over a great area of small dwellings in Hull and the Eddy factories were threatened on that side of the river, while the lumber yards on the Ottawa side were in danger. When it was all



THE FIRE AS IT APPEARED AT ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—FROM YORK ST. BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.—PHOTO BY D. J. HOWELL



SOME OF THE EIGHTY BUILDINGS DESTROYED—FRONT ST., NORTH SIDE

over, there was a blazed path across both cities five miles long and a mile wide, from the public buildings of Hull across the industrial portions of both cities, and through a fine residential portion of the city of Ottawa, ending only at the bluff which divides the lower town from the upper town. Fifteen thousand people were homeless and fifteen million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The Toronto fire cannot compete with that conflagration for individual suffering, although it equals it in monetary loss.

In St. John not one-fifth of the loss was covered by insurance; in Ottawa not much more than one-fourth; in Toronto fully two-thirds of the destruction will be made up by the insurance companies. In St. John, thirteen thousand people and in Ottawa fifteen thousand were homeless; in Toronto, no homes were destroyed. These two notable differences explain why there has been no necessity for public subscription nor outside assistance for the fire-sufferers in Toronto. The losers were business men who are well able to look after themselves, to rebuild the solid warehouses and large factories

which were destroyed. Here and there is a firm who may find the balance between assets and liabilities swept away in the loss, and its members will, of necessity, begin their business lives over again. Here and there, a firm will find themselves without any records of their business, for many vaults and safes proved unequal to the fierce heat, and they will be so hampered by the loss that they cannot find heart to start in once more. There will be a few individuals whose insurance was not what it should have been, and they will be forced to compromise with their creditors and seek new vocations. The majority of the sufferers will be enabled to meet the disaster bravely, and to re-establish themselves on the old or on new sites. There has been mental suffering, sorrow, and anguish, but it is not the kind of sorrow that lasts, nor the anguish which keeps men long dismayed.

The district burned was the pride of the city, and some of the buildings were built since the latest wave of prosperity swept over the country. The beautiful buildings of Brown Brothers, The Copp, Clark Co., Dignum



BAY STREET BEFORE THE FIRE—THE CITY HALL IN THE DISTANCE

& Monypenny, The Gillett Co., Westwood, Currie, and others, were recent structures of the modern type. None

of the buildings were very old. Most of them were brick, many of them with handsome stone facing. The corners



BAY STREET AFTER THE FIRE.—PHOTO BY GOOCH

of Bay and Wellington and of Bay and Front Streets were the centres of the wholesale district, and more wealth was gathered upon the few blocks destroyed than on any other blocks in the city where there are not public buildings. The total number of buildings burned was about eighty.

The burned district is bounded on

shaft of the Currie building. He ran to Front Street and turned in an alarm. A citizen who had seen it about the same time ran to King Street and did the same. The policeman did not run fast enough, and he missed fame by a few seconds. The citizen won. Yet it was a sad night for both policemen and citizens.

The fire should have been confined to the Currie building, but the water pressure was low and the building across the lane had unprotected windows. Besides, the general who is supposed to direct the Toronto firemen so far forgot himself as to do some scouting which should have been done by a ranker; the result was that he lost his way in one of the buildings, and slid down a waterpipe to safety and a broken leg. The army that fought the fire that night, fought it without its general, although perhaps the subordinates were just as good men. Finding itself unimpeded by the brigade, the fire leaped into the adjoining building to the east



CORNER OF BAY AND WELLINGTON STS.—WATER TOWER AT WORK

the south by the Bay, on the west by Lorne Street, on the east by Yonge Street and on the north by Melinda. All the buildings in that district did not become a mass of crumbling walls and twisted girders, but most of them did. A police constable had just received the passbook from the man he was relieving at the corner of Bay and Wellington Streets at eight o'clock when he saw flames shooting up the elevator

and then into the next. By this time it looked as if it would be a dangerous fire. Some people began to prophesy that it would jump across Wellington Street and eat up some of the buildings on the south side. It did and Brown Bros.' building was soon ablaze. Other buildings around the original seat of fire caught, and in a short time the conflagration was beyond control. Fanned by a fierce



BROCK'S

ROLPH, SMITH & CO.

BROWN BROS.

SOUTH SIDE OF WELLINGTON STREET, WEST OF BAY

north-west wind, the flames raced south and east. They jumped from roof-top to roof-top. They reached from window to window across 66-foot streets. It went up Bay a bit and down Bay Street a considerable distance — to the railway tracks in fact. Before all the buildings on Wellington Street and Bay had caught, the blaze was eating up magnificent warehouses on both sides of Front Street, directly south of where the fire started. It was beyond control, and only dynamite liberally



THE MINERVA BUILDING WHICH BARRED THE PROGRESS OF THE FIRE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF FRONT STREET, NEAR YONGE



THE FIRE SWEEPED UP BAY ST. TO SOME LOW BUILDINGS NEXT TO THE TORONTO ENGRAVING CO. THESE LOW BUILDINGS ENABLED THE FIREMEN TO STOP THE NORTHWARD PROGRESS AT THIS POINT

used could have stayed its advance southward. The Mayor telephoned to surrounding cities, even to Buffalo, and soon assistance was on its way. The fire had been raging five hours when the Hamilton and Buffalo men arrived, but they were of great assistance for the home brigade were tiring in their valorous if discouraging work.

In the meantime the retreat of the fire northward had been checked at the *Telegram* and Toronto Engraving Co. buildings on Bay Street. Its progress westward was never serious because a favourable wind and open spaces saved the buildings on Wellington Street and the Queen's Hotel on Front Street. It had gone south as far as it could go—to the railway tracks and the Bay. The battle-ground lay to the east. From one o'clock until four the surging crowds of spectators speculated as to where the eastward limit would be. Would it be Yonge Street or the Market? Good buildings, water curtains and brave firemen checked it on Wellington Street

before it had got half way from Bay to Yonge. On Front Street they were less successful. On the north side it swept along from building to building, roof to roof, window to window, cornice to cornice, sign to sign, until the huge Minerva Mfg. Co. building was reached. On the south side it licked up a score of closely-built warehouses until it reached the little strip of land which enables the Customs and Examining Warehouse to stand in their solitary grandeur. Here the fight was made, and the Minerva building and the Customs House mark the last trench of the great battle. Apparently satisfied with its playful frolic, the fire-fiend sat down upon the great area he had conquered and silently, sullenly, yet all unyieldingly, lulled himself to sleep. As the early morning broke, the weary firemen and the threatened merchants breathed sighs of relief, while the other citizens discussed and mourned the destruction which had come to the Queen City. A few heart-broken, discouraged men went home to talk over



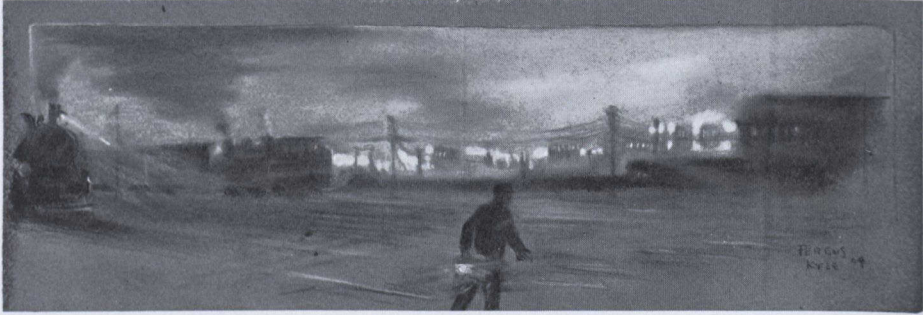
DYNAMITING THE DANGEROUS WALLS AFTER THE FIRE—PHOTO TAKEN AT INSTANT OF THE EXPLOSION

their losses, only to return in a few hours with renewed courage to seek new offices, give orders for new machinery and to plan the rebuilding which will not be completed for, at least, two years.

The conflagration presents the same lessons that go unheeded by the public year after year—the lessons of faulty construction by the individual owner who builds his house upon the sand, of municipal neglect, of postponed precaution. To the lack of water pressure and an unorganized fire brigade may be assigned the spreading of the flames, but unprotected openings opposing each other, well-holes, wooden cornices, skylights, narrow lanes, overhead wires, all played their part in aiding the destruction. The manner in which Brock's and Kilgour's sprinklered buildings resisted the furious heat was strong evidence of the value of these equipments; two build-

ings in such a seething mass were of little avail, but they gave a breathing spell for the fighters, and one of them stopped the progress east on Wellington. The mercantile section of a great city, containing its millions of money value, should be constructed of fire-resisting materials only, and each building should be equipped with an approved automatic extinguishing apparatus.

Some valuable discussion has taken place since the fire concerning the fire-fighting system of Toronto. The pressure of the water in the mains in the burned district varies from 60 to 90 pounds to the square inch. In Buffalo, in the similar district it is 150 pounds; this is maintained by a special main, running up Washington Street, the water for which is pumped by a fire-tug carrying strong pumping engines. There is nothing of this kind in Toronto, or in any other Canadian city.



THE SCENE ALONG THE ESPLANADE

INCIDENTS AT A GREAT FIRE

WITH DRAWINGS AND SNAP-SHOTS BY THE AUTHOR

By *FERGUS KYLE*



CERTAINLY in the minds of the staring thousands who drifted about from one view-point to another, and feasted their eyes upon the sights of that wild night in Toronto, no impression, from amongst all that vivid spectacle, will remain deeper than that ever-recurring glimpse of an atom of a man walking about there in the midst of unquenchable fury. Watching the fire from the side was like standing beside a river in flood, so straight and swift swept the current of flame. There were wonderful pictures on every side, inspiring sights unnumbered; but always, as the onlooker crowded in to a new loophole of vision, his gaze found the same focus.

From a distance, where the mass of humanity was held in check across the roadway, one looked away through an aven-

ue of brick and stone fronts, one side brilliantly lighted, the other obscure in a dull gray; past the poles and sign boards standing out in black silhouette or glinting from their golden lettering; across the bare wet pavement where the hose ran in serpentine curves from the sputtering hydrant near by; and there, a block away, under the furious flash that swept from a hundred yards back straight over his head, was the man in the rubber clothing whom the people along the rope pay to look after these things for

them, doing his regular work in the midst of a huge furnace. Not to stand on the outside with a long poker and rake the coals over so as to dissipate their strength; his business was to don a broad helmet and clumsy clothing, and to walk with heavy foot-gear right in among the embers; to choose from

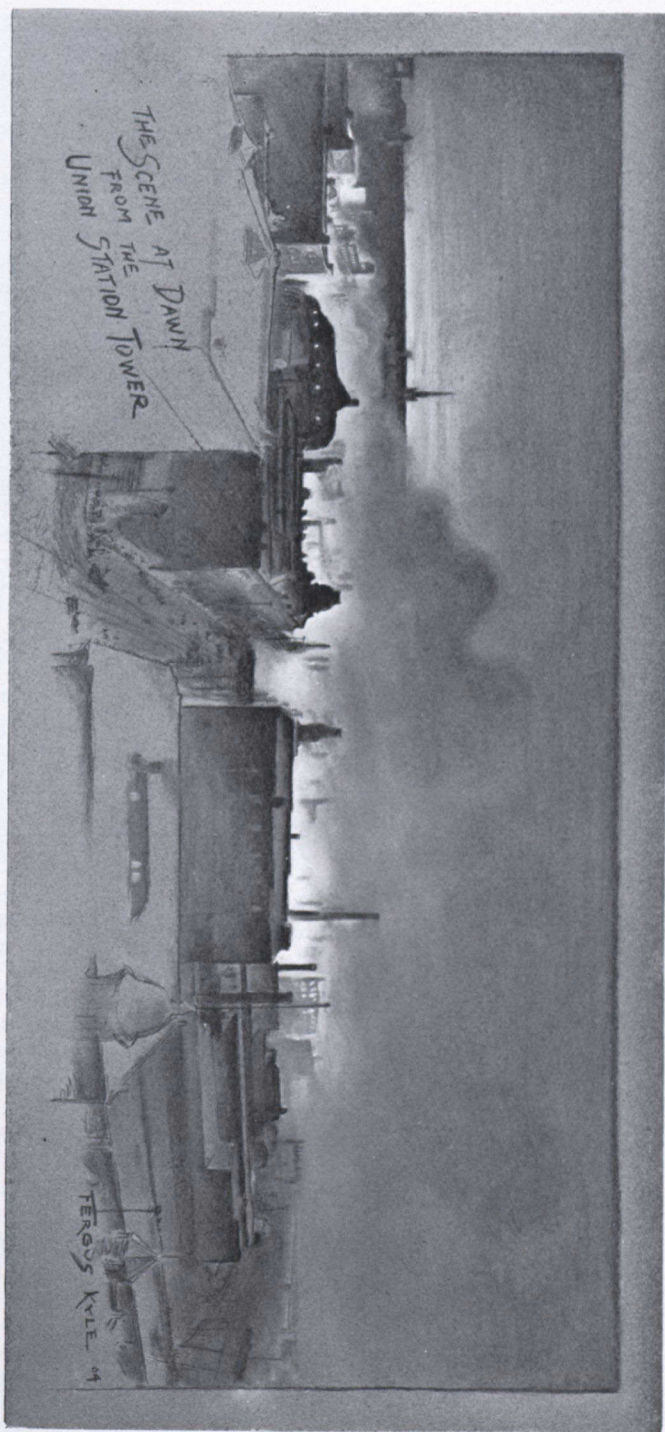


OLD CRONIES

among the huge chunks of fuel one small piece upon which it seemed his work would be not entirely wasted, and to stay there with his miniature axes and thread of hose until the glowing mass crumbled and settled down upon the spot.

The people on the ropes see him away off there, one moment shut in by heavy, suffocating smoke; the next clear cut in a sudden glare, as the keen wind sweeps round a corner, bearing with it pieces of burning wood, lengths of tin roofing from the cornices above, and spray that makes the helmet shine like polished metal. They hear the roar and crackle and the curious unexplainable sounds, and feel the heat even at that distance, and some of them wonder whether the fireman thinks of his babies at home as he does his day's work there—or if he tries not to think of them. There was widely expressed thankfulness that no lives had been wasted in that disheartening sweep of fire.

Half way down Bay street, below





Wellington, when the fire was raging through the block behind them, sending showers of sparks and ashes down into the street, stood a couple of old cronies that have been through many a like experience—the team of horses belonging to the old “Boustead” fire engine. It was an off moment for them, and until their driver would come running to get them to move the engine from under some dangerous wall, or to hustle it around into a more advantageous position in front of the fire, they stood there alone in the smoky half-light without the slightest nervousness. Nothing of the fiery steed about them, barring their occupation; just two heavy, sensible old customers with only an occasional intelligent turn of the head, the distinguishing look of the fire horse, to tell that they understood or cared anything at all about it. Had there been an animal-study man among the two or three individuals who picked their way past there among the puddles and dangling wires, he would have heard the off-horse mutter, after a scrutiny of the surroundings over his mate’s shoulder, “Billy, me boy, this is going to be an all-night job. What do you say if we take a nap while we have the chance?”

There were other equines engaged

in tiresome work that night; old general-purpose day labourers that could ill afford the loss of a night’s rest. Some of the bank clerks, who at one stage of the fire were looking for a waggon to move some valuables, tell of a couple of boys, the son of an expressman and a “pardner,” who had “swiped out” the horse unbeknownst to the “old man,” and at three-thirty in the morning had gathered together the sum of thirty-six dollars, most of it at the expense of the four-footed bread-winner, whom they urged to the limit of his public-spirited endurance.

His Majesty’s Royal Mails are put to such curious uses at times, and the loyal servants of His Majesty and the people, the letter-handlers, are so accustomed to straightening out tangles and seeing that everything posted goes, that it was not astonishing, perhaps, or even amusing, to find the postman whose route lay in the burned district conscientiously peering into the box at the corner of Bay and Front streets on the second morning after the wreck, hoping like a patriot that no one had been absent-minded beggar enough (that was not exactly the expression he used) to put anything in there.

The activities of the picturesque telegraph linemen were the subject of much admiring comment on the two days following the big event. While the ruins were still smoking these fellows were heaving the newly-shaved poles up with their long pikes, dropping them into the holes from which the old roots of ruined timber had been expeditiously extracted.

There was an urgent call for experts to open the safes and vaults, and the local company, as well as those from elsewhere, had men at work as soon as the temperature of the bricks would permit. These “safe-crackers,” as the irreverent workmen called them, were from among the most skilful of those engaged in lock-making, and where one of them was engaged he was al-



THE LINEMEN AT WORK

ways sure of an audience. "Let us know when you get to the stuff, old man; we'll keep an eye on the cops," and other pleasantries were fired at him. When the oven was opened, and, as in most cases, the batch was found to be not overdone, the waiting clerks busied themselves with passing out the books and papers, knocking and blowing the dust from them, at the same time sadly damaging their patent leathers in the mess underfoot, and keeping one eye open for additional contributions to the scrap heap from the crumbling projections overhead.

■

With the fall of the wall next to the Customs House buildings, the destroying passion of the fire was withstood. The stone walls and their austere isolation were an invulnerable combination, and in the doubtful places of proximity the ordinary resources of the protective system were a sufficient defence.

Here was a scene that included about all there is to be seen at a fire. There was the all-pervading glare, there were fierce

tongues of flame, clouds of smoke and flying embers, the roar and crackle, the hum of the engines, bustling fire-fighters splashing about, in and out; tottering walls, a flight for life, and—the saving of the adjoining property. Inside that big warehouse the fire was making a thorough job of it, as could be plainly seen through the two windows, the only light spots in that immense expanse of black wall. At its foot, in the jog of the lane, three or four firemen were directing the force of a branch against susceptible portions of the rear wing of the Receiving House, whilst every minute or so a figure emerged from or disappeared around the bend of that dark tunnel, on business for the men engaged upon the roof or in the interior of the building upon which this hose was playing. It became a certainty that something must happen there soon. Everything behind the wall must have been eaten out long ago. There was a cry as a large part of the end fell down into the passage, and the men with the hose stumbled back a pace or two; but, as the freed flames reached across again, they turned their stream upward once more and stayed there. The people watched; they wondered if a wall fell inward or outward. Then the policeman who had undertaken to guard those fellows' lives uttered his strong cry. The

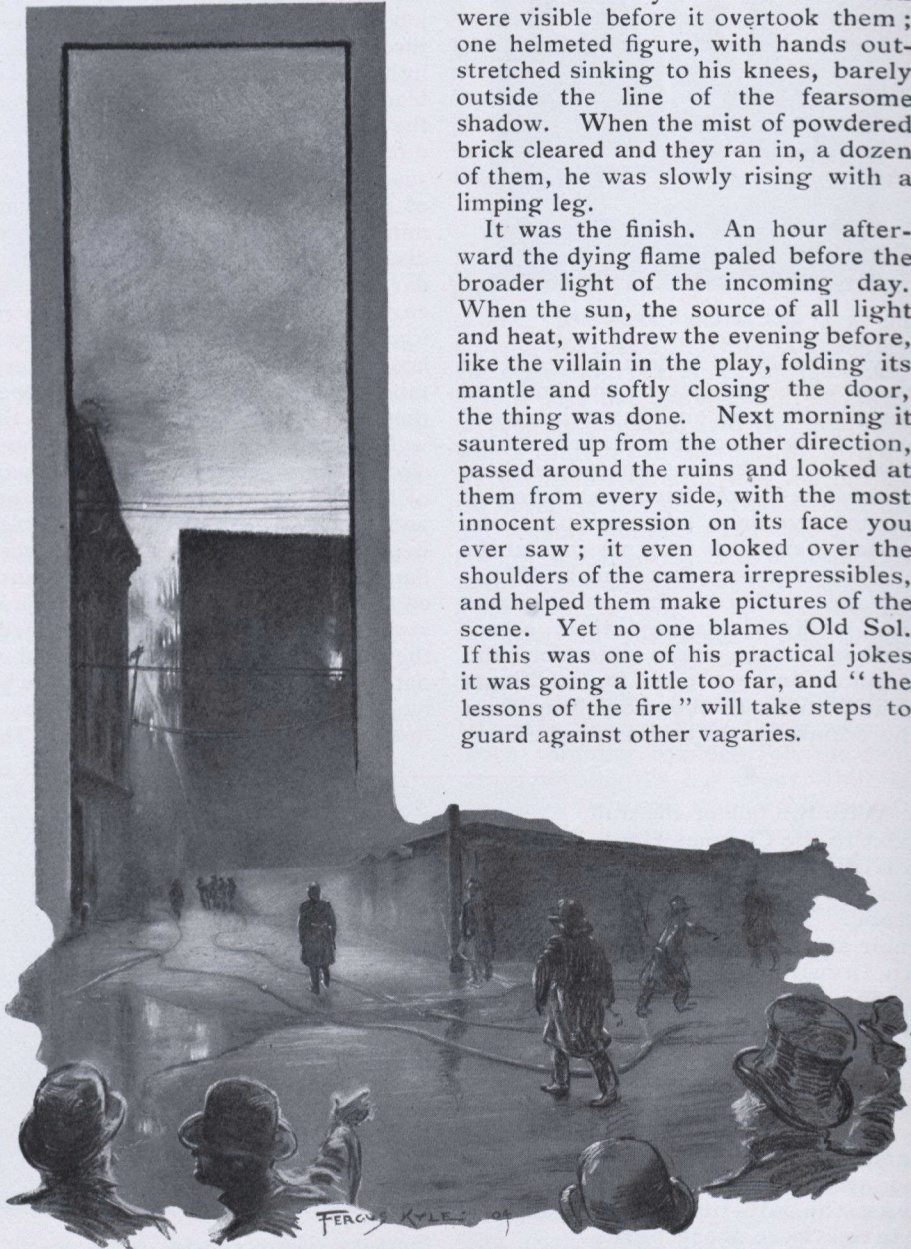


OPENING THE VAULTS

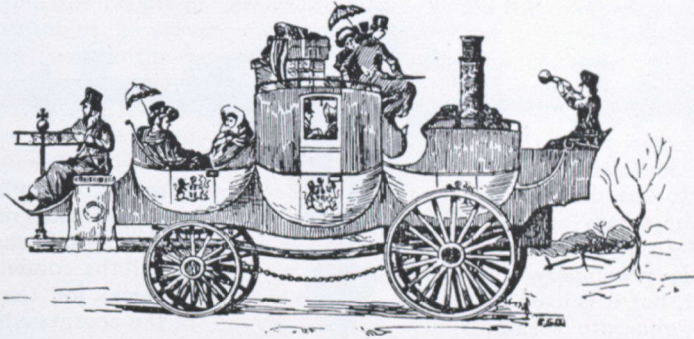
remaining end bricks had clattered out ; with them slid down some heavy crosspiece, the farther end first, burning fiercely with the additional draught, and the big flat wall was drawing out from its position, bulging a little and

gathering speed. The hose was writhing on the ground as the men sped from the spot. There was a heavy sound like the launching of a big vessel and the belching wave was exactly similar ; with this difference, that it was of a sickly orange colour, and the shadowy forms of four men were visible before it overtook them ; one helmeted figure, with hands outstretched sinking to his knees, barely outside the line of the fearsome shadow. When the mist of powdered brick cleared and they ran in, a dozen of them, he was slowly rising with a limping leg.

It was the finish. An hour afterward the dying flame paled before the broader light of the incoming day. When the sun, the source of all light and heat, withdrew the evening before, like the villain in the play, folding its mantle and softly closing the door, the thing was done. Next morning it sauntered up from the other direction, passed around the ruins and looked at them from every side, with the most innocent expression on its face you ever saw ; it even looked over the shoulders of the camera irrepressibles, and helped them make pictures of the scene. Yet no one blames Old Sol. If this was one of his practical jokes it was going a little too far, and " the lessons of the fire " will take steps to guard against other vagaries.



THE FIGHT FOR THE CUSTOMS RECEIVING HOUSE



JAMES' COACH (1829), THE FIRST REALLY PRACTICABLE STEAM CARRIAGE BUILT

THE AUTOMOBILE OF 1904

By T. A. RUSSELL



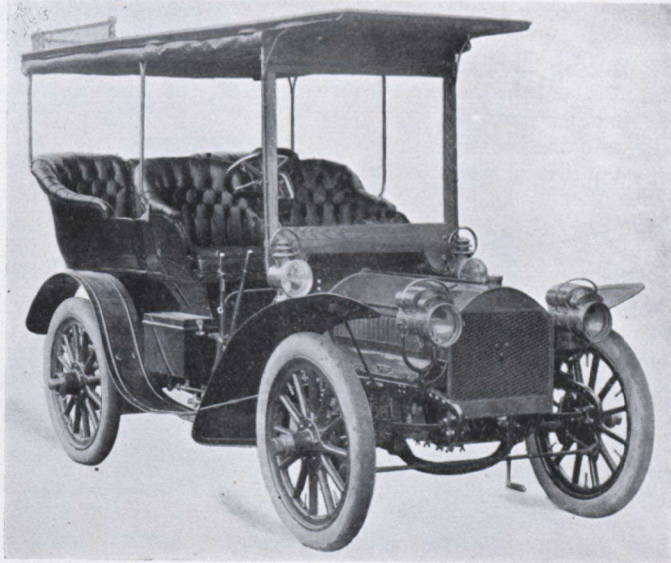
GEVOLUTION, not revolution, may be said to be the feature of the progress of the automobile industry in 1904.

The student of the automobile finds the carriage of 1904 superior in almost every detail to its predecessor of the last two or three years, although few new principles of construction have been applied. This season's vehicle surpasses its ancestors, not by some new invention applied, but by the application of the same principles along the lines which the experience of manufacturers, inventors and operators have found to be most satisfactory. The result is a greater uniformity of type in all vehicles, both in appearance and in mechanical construction. There are fewer freaks, and fewer carriages

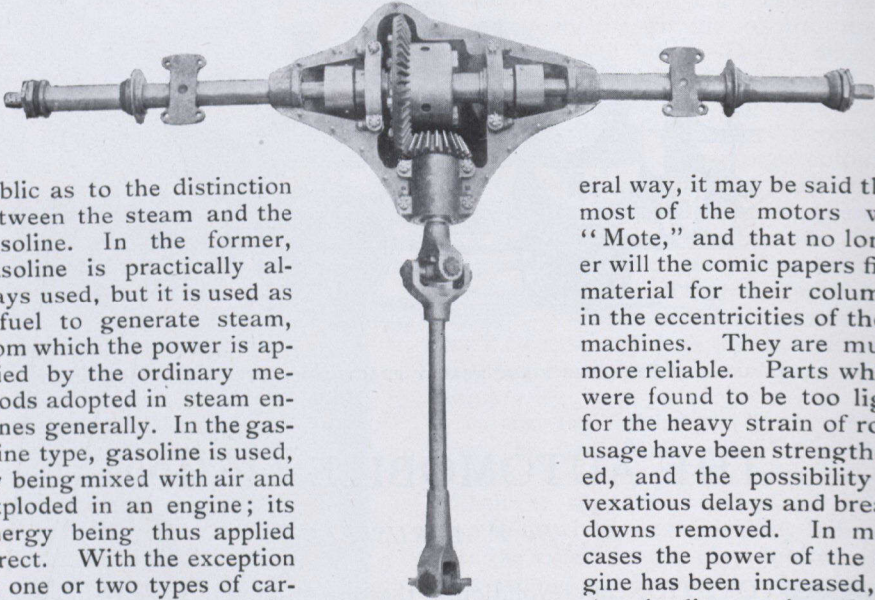
that are absolutely poor than ever before.

TYPES

Some three years ago the field seemed to be fairly equally divided between the steam, the gasoline and the electric carriages. Some confusion may arise in the minds of the general



A TYPE OF TOURING CAR FITTED WITH A 24 H.P., 4 CYLINDER MOTOR

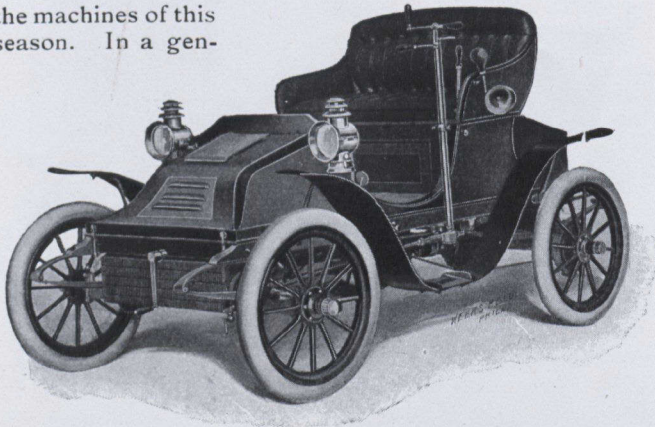


SHOWING HOW
THE SHAFT DRIVE
AND REAR AXLE
ARE WORKED
TOGETHER

public as to the distinction between the steam and the gasoline. In the former, gasoline is practically always used, but it is used as a fuel to generate steam, from which the power is applied by the ordinary methods adopted in steam engines generally. In the gasoline type, gasoline is used, by being mixed with air and exploded in an engine; its energy being thus applied direct. With the exception of one or two types of carriage, the steam automobile has not held its own, and has given way to the gasoline, which has at the present time by far the largest sale, although the electric carriage is a feature of the automobile market, and still remains easily the ideal carriage for city use.

GASOLINE MACHINES

Turning then to the gasoline automobile. Many marked improvements have been made in the machines of this season. In a gen-



TYPE OF A RUNABOUT CAR FITTED WITH A DOUBLE
CYLINDER ENGINE

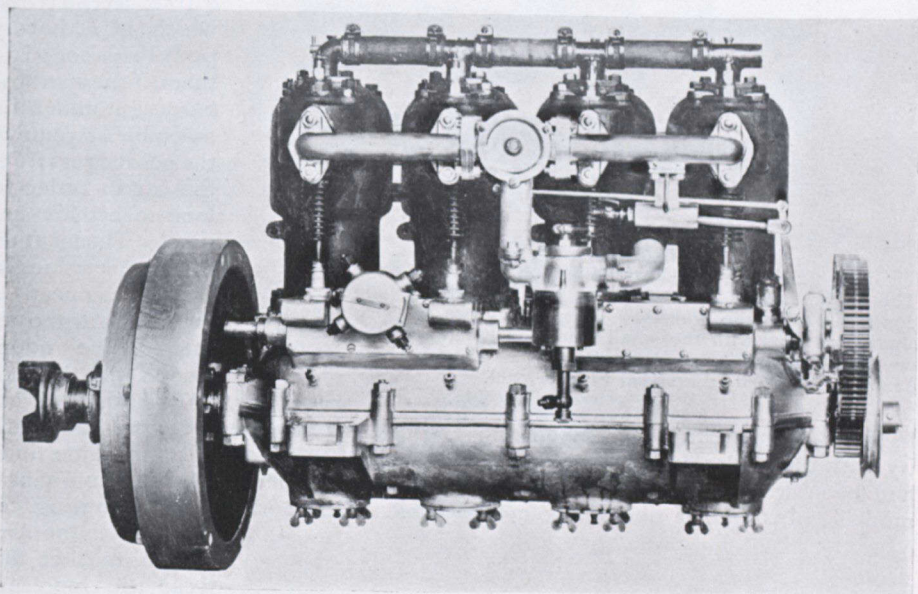
eral way, it may be said that most of the motors will "Mote," and that no longer will the comic papers find material for their columns in the eccentricities of these machines. They are much more reliable. Parts which were found to be too light for the heavy strain of road usage have been strengthened, and the possibility of vexatious delays and breakdowns removed. In most cases the power of the engine has been increased, so that the dismounting of passengers on a steep or sandy hill is no longer a necessity. But, perhaps, most marked of all are the improvements which have been brought

about in the reduction of noise, and the elimination of the vibration, which was a feature of the first carriages. The enthusiastic automobilist, who deserts his business to ride his machine, or to haunt the repair shops and showrooms of the automobile dealers, perhaps

cares little whether his machine makes as much noise as a locomotive, or shakes and rattles as viciously as it chooses, so long as it has power to pass all others on the road; but with the general outside public and the people of refinement and taste, the case is different. They were not interested in a noisy carriage which frightened all horseflesh from the

road, nor in a vehicle which shook with all the vibration of the moving mechanism beneath; and so the designers and makers for 1904 have sought to produce a carriage in which noise as far as possible is eliminated, and from which all possible vibration of machinery is removed. Those who view the up-to-date models for 1904, will see how well in many cases this has been accomplished.

bile of the runabout class had what is known as a single-cylinder engine, that is one chamber into which the mixture of air and gasoline was drawn to be compressed by the piston rod, and exploded. This year, in the medium-priced carriages, there is a marked tendency to use two-cylinder engines; that is two chambers similar to the one described above, situated opposite one another, the result being



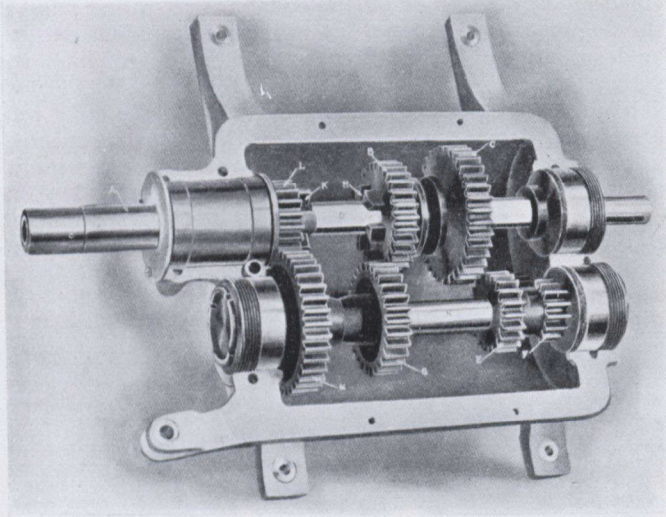
A FOUR-CYLINDER ENGINE FOR AN AUTOMOBILE—24 HORSE POWER

THE ENGINE

To show how these features have been brought about requires a review of the vital points of the automobile. The engine is essentially the heart of the machine. In it great improvements have been made; where possible weight has been reduced by machining down all unnecessary metal, and in the higher grade machines by the substitution of aluminum castings for iron. The bearings of the main shafts and the pistons have been increased and thereby strengthened. The design of the engine has been to a very considerable extent altered and improved. A year ago, practically every automo-

that when an explosion is taking place in one chamber, the foul gases are being driven out of the other, and vice versa. In this way it is unnecessary to have such a big, heavy explosion to obtain the same power; and, consequently, the two-cylinder machines obtain greater power, with a very material reduction of both noise and vibration.

The engines above described are the type now used in the runabout classes of automobiles. Until this year they were also used in the touring cars, and larger vehicles as well, but the New York Show, in January last, showed that material advance had been made

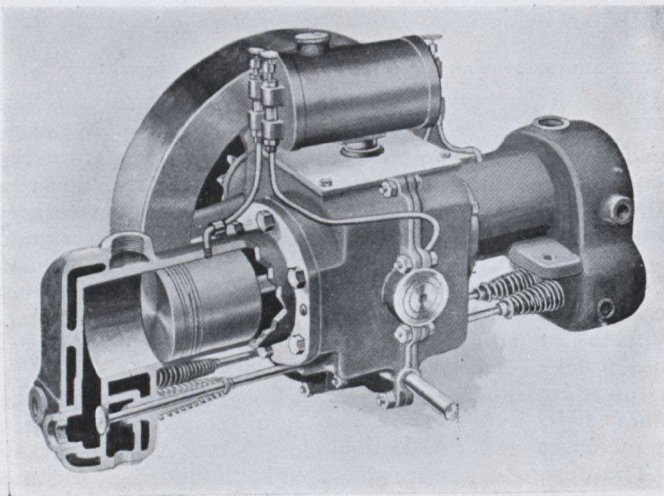


THE SLIDE GEAR TRANSMISSION

For increasing or decreasing the speed of an automobile. The short shaft is driven by the engine and the longer shaft is connected with the wheels. When the large wheel on the long shaft is meshed with the small wheel on the other shaft, the slow or "hill-climbing" speed results; when either of the other two gears are meshed, the speed is increased.

in these cars to bring them in conformity with the styles and structure which had been worked out of the French models. Instead of one or two-cylin-

der engines has rendered possible wide variations of speed, and, at the same time, material reduction of noise and vibration. Hence the leading touring car models on the American market this year are representative of the very highest type of automobile construction.



EXAMPLE OF A DOUBLE-OPPOSED CYLINDER GASOLINE ENGINE

The power is increased, and the vibration off-set by this method

der engines being situated under the body, the larger class are mostly equipped with three or four vertical cylinders situated in the front of the carriage. This is a practical necessity in a large touring car, as the parts require attention, which it is hardly possible to give them, if the operator has to get under the machine or remove the passengers from the car in order to look over his engine. The location of these engines in front has been a marked improvement. The adoption of the three or four-cylinder engines has rendered possible wide variations of speed, and, at the same time, material reduction of noise and vibration. Hence the leading touring car models on the American market this year are representative of the very highest type of automobile construction.

THE TRANSMISSION

By the transmission is meant the mechanism, of whatever description it may be, which transmits the power from the engine to the rear axle for driving the carriage. In this transmission must be provided attachments for changing the speed, so that at the one

time in climbing a hill, the engine will be allowed to run at its full speed, but the gears be so reduced that the wheels will be moving somewhat slowly and the maximum of power applied. In the same way arrangements have to be made for higher speed under favourable conditions, and for reverse or backing up as well.

The runabout carriages are mostly equipped with what is known as a planetary system of transmission, and having generally two speeds forward and one for reverse. The touring cars are usually equipped with a sliding gear transmission, usually with a range of three speeds forward and one reverse. Its general plan is seen in the illustrations. Both of these systems of transmission for the season of 1904 show improvement in the way of strengthening the bearings, improving the lubrication, and reducing the noise.

The control of the machines has been improved, most of them adopting the wheel steer device for steering, which gives the maximum power to the operator with the minimum of effort. Levers have been simplified, so that a very few minutes' instruction will enable the ordinary person to operate his own carriage.

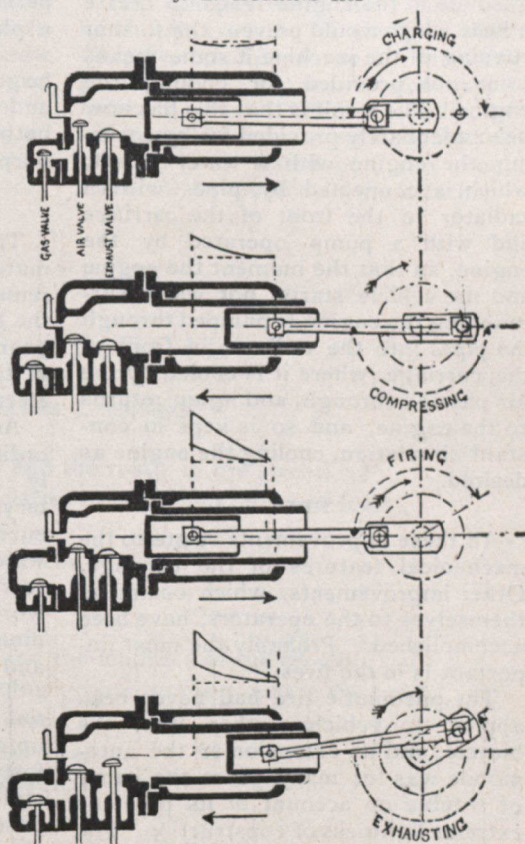
The speed of the vehicles is controlled in three ways. First, by the transmission gear above described; second, by the throttle which regulates the amount of air and gasoline admitted to the combustion chamber; and third, by the timing device which regulates the rapidity of the explosion. All these are usually conveniently situated on or near the steering wheel.

THE LUBRICATION

Lubrication is one of the important features of an automobile. Lack of oil will not only cause temporary heating,

and, consequently, stoppage of the machine, but very often serious damage to it. Formerly it was left to the operator to turn on the oil when he started his machine. Frequently he forgot to do so, with the consequent

FROM "SELF-PROPELLED VEHICLES" BY
J. E. HOMANS 1902



THE CYCLE OF A FOUR CYCLE GAS ENGINE

Note the three valves, one letting in gas, one air, and the third releasing the exhaust. The position of these valves varies in each part of the revolution. The first outward stroke of the piston draws in gas and air. The back stroke compresses it. It is then exploded and the second outward stroke follows. The second back stroke drives out the resulting gases.

result of over-heating and damage. Most of the improved 1904 models have automatic oilers, which start the oiling when the machine starts, and stop when the machine stops, thus eliminating trouble in this direction.

Frequently sight feed oilers are used in conjunction with the automatic attachment, so that the operator can see if anything is preventing the proper lubrication of the parts.

COOLING

The constant explosion of air and gasoline in the engine tends to create a heat which would prevent the further running of the machine if some means were not provided for cooling the engine. The result is that this has now been adequately provided for by covering the engine with a water jacket, which is connected by pipes with a radiator to the front of the carriage and with a pump operated by the engine, so that the moment the engine and the vehicle starts, hot water surrounding the engine is pumped through the pipes into the radiator in front of the carriage, where it is cooled by the air passing through, and again returns to the engine, and so is kept in constant circulation, cooling the engine as desired.

TIRES

All these improvements relate to the mechanical features of the carriage. Other improvements, which commend themselves to the operators, have been accomplished. Probably the most important is in the tires.

The pneumatic tire had never been applied to vehicles other than the bicycle, and its extension to the automobile was for many years the cause of trouble on account of its previous extreme lightness of construction. The tires have been so improved now that practically no more trouble should be given by an automobile tire than by a bicycle tire.

GENERAL STYLE

The body of the automobile has been improved both in appearance and in comfort. In appearance it has got away from the horseless look, and now stands as a type of its own as an automobile and not a horseless carriage. The seats have been made roomier, the upholstery improved, canopy tops and other devices for protec-

tion from the weather added, so that the comfort of the passenger is catered to in every detail.

The gasoline automobile is not yet perfect any more than the bicycle or the top buggy, or any other article of human contrivance is perfect, but this season sees it far beyond the experimental stage, sees it placed on a plane of reliability and excellence, where it will commend itself to that large public which requires a safe and speedy means of transportation, both for pleasure and for business purposes.

THE ELECTRIC CARRIAGE

The electric carriage has been materially improved for 1904. Some remarks which apply to the design of the body, strengthening of the running gear, improvement of the tires, etc., of the gasoline carriage, apply to the electric.

An electric carriage, outside of an ordinary vehicle, contains practically two elements, a storage battery, and, a motor transforming the energy of the battery into motion, which is in turn transmitted to the rear axle of the carriage. In other words, an electric carriage is an ordinary buggy with a storage battery, and an electric motor added.

The storage battery shows substantial improvement this year. It is made up of a number of cells from twenty to forty in number, depending on the style of carriage. Each cell is composed of a hard rubber jar, in which are placed a number of positive and negative plates, separated from each other by either wood or rubber separators, the spaces being filled with a liquid known as "Electrolyte." The positive plates for these cells are connected together with the negative of the other cells, and the whole complete connected with the motor.

The battery upon which Mr. Edison has been working departs from the present type of construction entirely. The jars, instead of being of hard rubber, are of iron and nickel. The plates instead of being formed of lead and lead

oxides, of iron and nickel. The electrolyte used, instead of being of an acid solution, is an alkali. Great advantages are claimed for this battery in the way of durability and increased mileage. At present its objections are the low voltage of the cells requiring 50 per cent. more cells than a lead battery, consequently more room in a carriage, and, secondly, the higher cost. Some of these difficulties may be overcome in another season, but for this year the Edison battery is not a commercial proposition in Canada, at least. Meantime, however, the improvements in the present type of stor-

age battery are such as to justify a largely increased sale of electric carriages for city use. They are absolutely noiseless in running, free from vibration, and are so simple in operation that a child can drive them. With a radius of 35 or 40 miles, they are the ideal city carriage.

The changes which have been outlined are the kind of changes which will give confidence to an intending purchaser. They are not new experiments to get at different results, but are improvements on methods and appliances well tested out, and should therefore be reliable in the extreme.

SONG OF TOIL

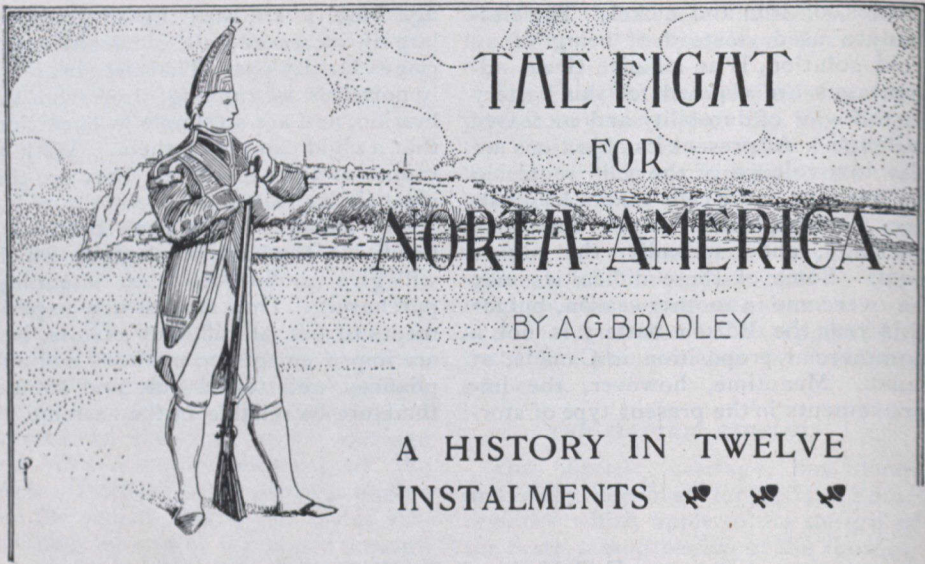
BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER

O LISTEN to the bustle and the rustle in the street!
 List to the click and clatter of ambitious, hurried feet!
 O hear the steady voices
 While fresh young life rejoices
 In the raging, battle heat!

O how I love the gladness and the madness of the crowd,
 That blinding, winding, finding goes a-hunting, where the loud
 Incessant, rhythmic laughter
 Fills bright hearts with the after
 Peace, so free and love-endowed!

How like a mighty ocean is the motion of the tide
 Of human beings, gaily, daily passing down the wide
 Paths of hopes undiscovered,
 Where sickly Pain oft hovered,
 And where sorrow knelt and sighed!

O heart of mine! the rattle and the battle in the street
 Fills thee with courage, proudly—loudly, while thy forces beat
 Against its casement dreary!
 Ah! life it is not weary
 When the toil is glad and sweet!



CHAPTER VI.—DIFFICULTIES IN FORMING A MINISTRY—PITT SUCCEEDS TO POWER—FRENCH ATTACK REPULSED ON LAKE GEORGE—ANOTHER BRITISH FORCE SAILS—LOUDON'S FUTILE EXPEDITION AGAINST LOUISBOURG—THE FRENCH CAPTURE FORT WILLIAM HENRY—THE MASSACRE BY THE INDIANS—1756-1757.

DURING the past autumn the dead weight of Newcastle's blighting hand had been lifted from British policy. His very friends could no longer be either bribed or flattered into his service, so with a groan of anguish like that of a miser parting with his hoard, the venerable intriguer and pettiest of Prime Ministers at last resigned. But it was no easy matter at that moment to form a fresh Ministry. The personal likes and dislikes of the king, his natural attachment to Hanover, and the mutual antipathies of potential ministers made a strong Government impossible, and even a compromise most difficult. Pitt was already recognized as not only the most popular but as the most brilliant of the group. But Pitt was most unacceptable to the king, whose knowledge of English was anything but profound, while his love of brevity in the discussion of business was notorious, and the Great Commoner had a habit of treating him in his closet to flights of oratory which were not only unintelli-

gible to his Majesty but insupportable to his practical, drill-sergeant type of mind. Lord Temple was another unwelcome counsellor. His civility the king found only less offensive than his remonstrances, which at times he declared took the form of downright insolence.

The result of the lengthy and precarious confusion which followed the resignation of Newcastle, was the rise of Pitt to supreme power, a power so gloriously used as to make the epoch marked by it one of the most memorable in the annals of Britain. A notable feature, too, of the moment was the partnership of Newcastle with the man who had so mercilessly lashed him and so utterly despised him. Nothing but the greatness of the one and the insignificance of the other made such a combination possible. So Newcastle returned to office, but on the sole condition of abjuring all connection with great affairs, and of confining himself wholly to the dirty work of politics, which he loved, and which

possessed at that time an importance not very easy nowadays to fully realize. Pitt had now a free hand, but when that happy consummation was reached it was past midsummer, and he could exercise but little influence on the year's operations which had been already planned. He had succeeded, however, in the face of some opposition, in raising the first of those Highland regiments which from that day to this have been such a conspicuous feature in our line of battle. Fifty-two thousand men had been voted in the recent Session of Parliament for the Army, and forty-five thousand for the Navy; while the militia had not been neglected. Eight thousand men were ordered to reinforce Loudon in America, and, adopting that general's very dubious advice, Louisbourg, with Quebec to follow in the event of success, was made the somewhat premature object of the main attack. It was an ill fate for France that the moment which saw the advent of Pitt to power in the councils of Britain almost coincided with the withdrawal from her own of the men who had been the chief support of her Canadian policy. Such forces as she had thrown into Canada were of excellent quality, and in Montcalm at least she possessed by very far the ablest soldier on the American continent at that time, while in her colonists she had a willing and efficient militia. Through the past winter of 1756-57, little could be ascertained in Canada about the intentions of the British. The bare rumour of a threatened attack on Quebec, would cramp Montcalm's movements and prevent him from fully concentrating his strength in an attack on Albany and the flourishing settlements of the Hudson. The tardy fashion in which news crossed the ocean in those days is hard to realize, and Quebec particularly, seated on its throne of snow and cut off from the Atlantic by endless leagues of ice and vast areas of frozen forests, awaited each recurring spring, in a state of more or less uncertainty, what fate might be in store for it at the bursting of the leaf.

Vaudreuil wrote to his Government upon every opportunity long letters in praise of himself and his Canadians, and in depreciation of Montcalm and his regulars. Montcalm also wrote home, touching with good-natured contempt on Vaudreuil as an amiable man without a will of his own, and the victim of designing creatures. He speaks of the Canadians as useful behind breastworks or in the woods, but of no account for a front attack. Like every other European visitor of that day, he remarks on their inordinate vanity and boastfulness, "believing themselves to be the first nation on earth."

Vaudreuil confides to the French minister that one Canadian is worth three soldiers from old France, though the latter, he condescends to admit, are good in their ways, and it is significant he presses for more of them! His figures, when applied to the facts of a campaign, might almost be reversed without being very wide of the truth. He had a tolerably consistent plan of multiplying the enemy in every engagement by two, and their losses by three or four. Montcalm's victories, too, were all due to Vaudreuil's initiative and support; his reverses to neglect of Vaudreuil's advice. By this time, however, the French Government had probably begun to pigeon-hole the voluminous documents that emanated from Quebec. The Governor's childish vanity and hopeless inability to speak the truth did little harm. He had his uses, being amazingly energetic and really patriotic, while extolling everything Canadian at the expense of France was perhaps just now a fault on the right side. When it came to severe fighting, however, Montcalm generally took his own line, and it signified very little if the Governor filled sheets of paper claiming the credit of it, if credit were earned, and sent them to a remote Minister of Marine, who probably never broke the seal. If Montcalm had a fault, it was perhaps his temper, which seems to have been quick. Like Braddock, he, no doubt, had infinite provocation.

But the silence of this winter on Lake George was not to be broken only by the howling of wolves in the Adirondack Mountains and the roar of falling trees in the snow-laden forests. The outposts who guarded the temporary frontier of the two nations at Ticonderoga and Fort William Henry, respectively, amused themselves from time to time, and not unprofitably, in scouting for prisoners, whose information was highly prized, and failing this, for scalps. One really serious attempt on the British fort was made in March. It seems to have been designed by Vaudreuil, and was placed, moreover, under command of his brother Rigaud, which sufficiently accounted in the eyes of the old French party for its comparative failure. Nor did he trust to the few hundred men who were wintering at the front for his enterprise, but pushed forward from Montreal a force that raised the attacking party to 1,600 men—regulars, redskins, and Canadians. They stayed some time at Ticonderoga making scaling ladders, and with these upon their shoulders they traversed the lake on the ice and crept close to the British fort on the night of March the eighteenth, to the entire surprise of the garrison. Major Eyre was in command with less than four hundred effective men. The British garrisons in all these cheerless, wintry stations made the most of anniversaries. Major Knox, in his day-to-day journal of dreary banishment among the Acadian forests, gives amusing accounts of the strenuous efforts at festivals which the feasts of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, to say nothing of birthdays, called forth among the soldiers. At Fort William Henry the Irish saint had been done full justice to the day before in copious libations of rum, and the gallant colonial rangers, having as yet no Fourth of July to their credit, patronized indiscriminately the festal days of their British brothers in arms.

The French were just a day too late to gain what advantages might have accrued from any laxity after such fes-

tivities, and were received in the darkness by a shower of grape and round-shot from the garrison, who had heard the sounds of their approach while yet upon the ice. Vaudreuil had not only given his brother the command, but had put his notorious predilections into practice and pinned his faith on his favourite Canadians and Indians. Admirable in defence and in the woods, they now showed their incapacity for a front attack on ramparts manned by determined men. Two hundred and seventy-four regulars of the 44th regiment and 72 rangers kept this force of 1,600 men at bay for five days. They were offered lenient terms of surrender, and at the same time virtually assured of massacre by the Indians in the event of refusal. But these gallant men, though neither well found nor very well protected, refused the overture with scorn. It is significant, too, that these soldiers were the remains of one of Braddock's broken regiments, while the most active of Rigaud's officers in attack was Dumas, the hero of that fatal field. This time the tables were turned, and the French many fell back before the British few, not, however, before they had succeeded in burning the detached outbuildings round the fort and a considerable number of sloops, batteaux and whale boats that lay ready or in course of construction for the operations of the coming season. On March 24th the whole French force disappeared down the lake amid a blinding snowstorm, having cost their Government fifty thousand *livres*, and inflicted a loss equal to perhaps a tenth of that amount. Eyre and his brave garrison marched out with their numerous sick a few days later, and were duly replaced by five companies of the 35th, under Monroe, whose name is indelibly associated with the more memorable events that in the coming summer made the spot famous in history for all time to come.

It was in this same month of March, 1757, that the gallant Knox commenced, as a lieutenant, that invaluable journal which he closed four years later as a major at the fall of Montreal. He

was now at Athenry in charge of a detachment of the 43rd regiment, whose headquarters were in Galway. They were ordered to Cork, as part of the force of 8,000 men which Parliament had recently voted for Loudon's support. Six other regiments from various Irish stations were gathering at the western seaport, namely, the second battalion of the 1st Royals, a thousand strong, together with the 17th, 27th, 28th, 46th, and the 55th, each mustering some seven hundred effective men. By the end of March they were all collected, and lay awaiting the fleet from England that was to convey them to America, their actual destination—namely, Halifax—being not yet made known. Cork, at the present day, does not suggest itself as the port most likely to treat an Imperial armament destined for foreign service with special enthusiasm or an excess of practical sympathy. But Knox, who was a Scotsman, cannot express sufficient admiration for its attitude during the six or seven weeks in which the city swarmed with soldiers and sailors. It was one of cordial good-will and generous effort. There were neither the riots nor brawls common in his experience to the influx of a large force into a big town. Instead of raising the price of necessaries and lodgings on the poor soldier, under such great demand, as was the common custom, the citizens gave him of their best at the lowest prices, while large subscriptions were raised for the support of the women and children he left behind him. One is accustomed to think a somewhat brutal indifference in matters of this sort was characteristic of the Hogarthian period, and Knox's account of Cork at a trying period is pleasant reading. There were no meetings, such as we now see, to vote success to the scalping knives of the Shewanoes and Pottawattamies. Even if the blessings of free speech had been then sufficiently developed, the native sense of humour was still too strong to have tolerated in the alderman of the day such doleful exhibitions of clumsy malice. Sym-

pathy with France, as a Catholic power, and indeed, for more solid reasons, might reasonably have been looked for in Cork at such a time, but Knox at least tells us of no such discordant notes. On April 25th the expected fleet of warships and transports appeared off the Old Head of Kinsale, and on the following day anchored in Cork harbour. There were fifteen battleships carrying nearly a thousand guns, and fifty transports, averaging some two hundred and fifty tons apiece, for conveying the troops, besides numerous other craft laden with stores, siege guns, and ammunition. It may be worth noting, too, that a hospital ship of five hundred tons accompanied the fleet. The force embarked was in all something under six thousand men.

It required about six transports to carry a regiment, giving, therefore, something over a hundred men, besides officers and a few women and children, to every vessel, while each one carried a pennon to distinguish the regiment it was helping to convey. The Admiral in command was Holborne, with Commodore Holmes as second. The long delay in reaching Cork had been caused by adverse winds, and it was this, in great part, and not mere official dilatoriness, as is sometimes said, that proved the eventual failure of the enterprise. French fleets, it is true, had got out promptly and were already across. But they were unhampered by convoys, nor does it follow that the conditions of sailing from the Bay of Biscay were always suitable to getting out of the Solent.

It was the eighth of May when the British fleet, numbering upwards of a hundred ships, with their white sails filled by a favouring wind, swarmed out into the open sea. Here three more battleships and a frigate put in an appearance, owing to a report that a large French fleet intended to intercept Holborne, and there was good ground for the rumour.

Knox gives us a vivid picture of life on one of these small transports a hundred and fifty years ago. They soon experienced bad weather, and

their ship was separated from the fleet more than once, though they succeeded in finding it again. When a fortnight out, however, they lost it altogether, and were left henceforward to their own devices. What those of the skipper were likely to be soon became unmistakable. Indeed, Knox and his companions had shrewd suspicions that, if this worthy mariner had not actually contrived their isolation, he was in no way depressed by it. On their urgent demands and with some reluctance he opened his secret orders, which proved Halifax to be their destination, as was generally suspected. The course he proceeded to steer, however, struck even infantry officers as having a strangely southern bias about it for the coast of Nova Scotia. It was more than suspected that he had letters of marque, for privateering was just then immensely profitable. The skipper's cabin, too, bristled with cutlasses and firearms; the ship mounted seven guns, and with a force of a hundred soldiers besides his crew on board, the temptation to get into the track of merchant vessels and engage in a little profitable diversion seems to have proved altogether too strong.

They sighted several ships, and each time the decks were cleared for action, but in every case a closer inspection proved the hoped-for prize or suspected enemy to be a neutral or a friend. One really humorous encounter is related. A Massachusetts privateer approached our bellicose transport in threatening fashion, the only sign of her nationality being the apparently convincing one of the white uniforms and pointed hats worn by French soldiers, plainly discernible upon her decks. Having cleared for an encounter that looked remarkably unpromising for Knox and his friends, the true nationality of the stranger was disclosed, and the mystery of the French uniforms was solved by means of a speaking trumpet. They belonged, in fact, to a number of French prisoners whom the Yankee had captured with a French ship. She, on her part, had made precisely the same

mistake in regard to the British transport. It seems to have been an economical custom of that day to make the soldiers wear their uniforms inside-out on board ship, and those of the 43rd having white linings, it gave them all the appearance, at a distance, of French troops. On their mutual errors being discovered, the officers politely asked the captain of the privateer to dinner, but the amenities were extended even to the ships themselves, which got so fast locked together that for a short time they were in a somewhat serious predicament. The Yankee skipper, says Knox, went down on his knees upon the deck and called aloud to Heaven, while his British confrere jumped into the rigging and soundly cursed both crews at the top of his voice till they had effected a separation—much the surest method, according to our diarist, of getting the job done. Another little incident is, I think, worth relating. Though Divine service was punctiliously performed on the deck of the transport, the first mate was accustomed to introduce a most scandalous novelty into the ritual. No one, we are told, was louder or more devout in the responses than this excellent man; but the ship had to be sailed, and he had to sail her. In the usual course of business, therefore, it became necessary for him to lift his eyes from his devotions and from time to time shout directions to the sailors on duty. These he gave with no mitigation whatever of his week-day phraseology, returning in the most imperturbable fashion after each discharge to his responses. It was not easy, says Knox, for the soldiers to preserve their decorum, particularly if one of the mate's eloquent broadsides was intermingled with the responses of the latter half of the Litany. Fogs and icebergs, whales, dolphins and "gram-puses," and all the wonders of the deep, were encountered and duly chronicled by this observant soldier, till on June 30th they slipped into Halifax harbour the first of all the fleet. There they found Loudon with

his troops just landed from New York by Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, and hastened on shore to give him such news as they could—which was little enough—of the armament he was so anxiously awaiting.

Loudon, of a truth, whatever his shortcomings, had passed a most unpleasant winter. The sense of failure rested upon him as upon the whole British interest in America. There was even more soreness than usual, too, between the army and the colonists, the trouble this time lying in the much-vexed question of quarters. Seeing that Loudon and his soldiers were employed in the immediate interests of the colonies, it was not unreasonable to expect their people to show some concern for the comfort of their defenders. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were naturally selected by the commander-in-chief for the winter quarters of his army. But the first of these cities showed much backwardness in providing shelter, while the two last were still more inhospitable and provided none at all till they were forced to by threats of coercion. Loudon swore that, if New York would not house the troops he had placed there, he would compel them to accommodate double the number. The men were suffering and sickening for lack of shelter, and the fierce Northern winter was already upon them. The Assembly at length gave in as regards the men, but held out in the matter of the officers. Loudon responded by sending half a dozen of the latter to the house of a prominent townsman, with a threat of sending twelve if he declined to receive them. These amenities were not conducive to good feeling, and there were probably faults on both sides. The old English constitutional dislike of soldiers and a standing army was in the blood of the colonists, and the comparatively rigid habits of life made them dread the easy notions of the British soldier of all ranks. Still, without the British soldier the colonists would have been helplessly exposed at this time, both in person and estate, to their active enemies, and had some

cause to be grateful. True, the performances of the army had not so far been brilliant, but such organization and initiative as had been shown was due in the main to British soldiers and British money. The colonial militia, according to Loudon, had an airy way of simplifying difficult operations, and talked glibly of "taking Ticonderoga" or "marching to Canada." The tendency to inflated talk is part of the atmosphere of new countries, it is almost natural to their life. Any one who has lived in them nowadays can well fancy the discourse that was often heard around the camp-fires of New England regiments or in blockhouses on the frontiers of Virginia. But the colonies had so far shown no capacity for united effort, and without co-operation, and perhaps even with it, Montcalm, with his veterans and his mobile Canadians would have swept the country from end to end. At any rate, the refusal to find shelter for their defenders was singularly churlish. Philadelphia hastened with joy to make the dispute another cause of wrangle with their much-harried Governor, Hamilton, whose duty it was to assist Loudon in finding quarters for His Majesty's troops. Philadelphia, however, was finally settled very much after the fashion of New York. Another cause of annoyance at this time was the persistence with which provisions of all sorts were secretly sold to Canada. In this the Dutch of the Upper Hudson were the worst offenders. The greed of their traders had been a fruitful source of trouble with the friendly Indians, and now they were active in supplying—though by no means alone in doing so—those sinews of war which Canada needed much more than arms and troops, so dismally had she failed in the primary objects of colonial enterprise.

On Loudon, however, falls the onus of having recommended for this season the Louisbourg scheme. It was not its immediate failure which redounds to his discredit so much as the tactics which left the northern colonies in the gravest peril, and the western frontiers

of the others still reeking with Indian ravage. General Webb, with Monroe, a brave Scotch colonel, under him, had been left with three or four thousand, for the most part raw troops, to hold the frontier against the able Montcalm and the whole power of Canada, while the great effort of the year, occupying a powerful army and a powerful fleet, spent itself on the shores of Nova Scotia, and never even saw the first object of its attack. The important conflict of the season was reserved for the remnant Loudon had left behind him, and resulted in inevitable disaster. For while he was occupying a force of nearly ten thousand regular troops in sham fights, and cultivating vegetables where Halifax now spreads its streets and wharves, Fort William Henry succumbed to Montcalm under circumstances of such horror that its capture has rung down the ages in reams of prose and verse.

Montcalm, too, in Canada, had his winter troubles. His officers, for one thing, were continually falling victims to the charms of the Canadian ladies, which seem, according to all contemporary accounts, to have been more adapted for husband catching than for intellectual edification. What chiefly annoyed him was that most of these girls were comparatively dowerless, a sufficiently grievous sin in the eyes of a Frenchman who was also the temporary father of a large military family. Vaudreuil, it seems, secretly encouraged these matches, not merely to spite Montcalm, but with an eye to possible settlers for his beloved Canada. Gambling, too, was a passion with the wealthy clique who lived by plundering the country, and the impecunious young nobles who swarmed in Montcalm's French regiments took to the sport like ducks to water in the monotony of their ice-bound quarters at Quebec and Montreal. Balls, dinners, and receptions, though on a limited scale, and attended by more or less the same circle of guests, went merrily on. Montcalm entertained freely, to the detriment of his already encumbered estate and his ten chil-

dren, not so much from inclination, apparently, as from a sense of duty. In his letters to his wife and mother he jokes about his growing debts, and alludes with humorous despair to the capture by British ships of certain table luxuries consigned to him by their loving hands. Nor did the French soldiers and the Canadians outside the small social circles of the capital coalesce much better than did the British regulars with their colonial allies. Indeed, such jealousies were, aye and still are, inevitable, though greatly softened and modified by altered conditions. No intelligent colonist, or Englishman who has lived in colonies, would regard this statement as anything but a familiar truism. The difficulty of the home-staying, or even globe-trotting Briton, is to realize the colonial's point of view, or that Englishmen and colonial-born Englishmen, as a class, are apt to jar upon each till time and intercourse have rubbed off the angles, which, by the way, they sometimes fail to do. The exuberant and splendid loyalty of our colonies, at this moment above all, obscures these smaller matters. They are not questions for high politics, or public speeches, but of everyday life. One would call them unimportant, but for the fact that they have been the unsuspected cause of much that is not unimportant. How much greater, then, in most respects, must have been the lack of sympathy in these old days between the average individual of either stock.

As the spring advanced, Loudon had concentrated all his troops at New York in preparation for their removal to Halifax. His information from England had been scanty, but his immediate business was to get to Nova Scotia and there await the reinforcements he had been told to count upon. But if his home news had been vague, he knew of a certainty that three strong French squadrons, with Louisbourg as their ultimate destination, were already on the coast, while he had only Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, with a weak squadron, to serve as es-

cort to his own transports. In brief, if a French fleet caught him in the open sea, he was ruined. Secrecy was now Loudon's only chance, so he laid an embargo on the shipping of all colonial ports, with a view to preventing news of his movements getting abroad. This movement was necessary, but naturally irritating. He then lingered on, hoping for tidings of Holborne's fleet, but none came. To move without such a security seemed, as in fact it was, a prodigious risk. But in the meanwhile May had passed away and June had half gone. His sailors were freely deserting in order to join privateers, whose profits just now were proving an irresistible temptation, and he made a curious effort to recover some of these deserters by drawing a cordon of bayonets round the whole town, and concentrating to a centre. Loudon and the admiral at length made up their minds they must risk both their men and their ships, and on June 20th they sailed out of New York harbour. Fortune, however, favoured them, the French never guessing how great a prize lay within their grasp, and by the 30th of the month they were safe in Halifax, and in time enough to receive Holborne and his still more tardy flotilla, which arrived on July 9th.

Loudon had now some eleven thousand men, nearly all regular troops. He was greeted by the news that there were assembled behind the formidable ramparts and batteries of Louisbourg seven thousand French soldiers, two-thirds of whom were regulars, in addition to some fifteen hundred Indians; while in the almost land-locked harbour lay twenty-two ships of the line and three frigates, carrying nearly fourteen hundred guns. Louisbourg stood alone amid the fogs of the northern seas, upon Cape Breton, which, as I have said, was an almost barren island, just severed by a narrow channel from the unsettled regions of Nova Scotia. It was a great naval station, however, as well as an important town for the period, and was of vital import to the French.

It was garrisoned direct from France, and was practically out of touch with Montcalm and Canada. Later on we shall be before its walls, and have much to say about it, so will here content ourselves with remarking that these same fortifications, with seven thousand men behind them, and an overpowering fleet outside, were adjudged by Loudon and a council of war to be impregnable to the force at their disposal. So the general, after having spent six weeks at Halifax, re-embarked on August 16, with seven of his regular battalions and his provincials, and sailed for New York, leaving the 27th, 28th, 43rd and 46th regiments to garrison Nova Scotia.

Those that he took back with him were the 17th, 22nd, 42nd, 44th, 48th, 55th, and two battalions of the newly raised Royal Americans. Loudon, in short, performed upon the ocean a very similar manœuvre to that executed, according to the familiar rhyme, by the "noble Duke of York" upon the hill. He carried his force, that is to say, to Nova Scotia, and brought it back again without even firing a shot or seeing an enemy. The French fleet, by its promptness in crossing the Atlantic, had saved the situation; while the British Government, by its dilatoriness, due in part to weather, had been the chief sinner. Loudon, though devoid of genius, can hardly be blamed for this fiasco. His crime was rather in initiating an expedition which stripped the colonies of their chief military strength and left vital points exposed. He received his punishment before he reached New York, for while still on the sea news was brought out to him that Fort William Henry had fallen. Great ridicule has been cast on Loudon for his Louisbourg failure. A colonial wag had already likened him to the figure of St. George upon a tavern sign—always in a hurry, but never getting forward. He had certainly no genius for war, and was a depressing, unenterprising person, but neither the delay at New York nor at Halifax was his fault. At the latter place, in order to occupy the large body of troops

there collected, he exercised them continually in drills and sham fights—an admirable method, one might well suppose, for improving their discipline and keeping them away from rum and out of mischief. He also occupied them in the planting of vegetables, with a view more especially to the prospective sick and wounded; and seeing that the lack of these very things was a common cause of scurvy and an indirect one of drunkenness, it is not easy to understand the jibes and taunts cast in Loudon's teeth for employing the leisure of his none too well disciplined army in these useful and profitable pursuits. General Hopson, who brought out the division from England, was second in command to Loudon at this time. Lord Charles Hay was third, the same officer who made the famous request at Fontenoy that the French Guards should fire first. He must have possessed some vein of eccentricity, for he made himself so conspicuous for open ridicule of Loudon's "sham fights and cabbage planting"—in which he declared the nation's money was squandered—that he was placed under arrest, but died before his trial. With this same division, too, there came to America another titled officer whose character was also out of the common run, though of a loftier and very different type, and, in like manner, was doomed to an early death. This was the young Lord Howe, of whom we shall hear anon.

Nor was it only failure in a military sense that marked this Nova Scotia enterprise, but the naval force engaged in it met with something more than failure, though, like the army, it exchanged no shot with the enemy. For Holborne, being reinforced on the departure of Loudon, sailed up to Louisbourg and challenged the French fleet to come out and fight him. La Motte, the admiral, felt no call to take such unprofitable risks, nor was it his duty. So Holborne, like Loudon, proceeded to sail home again. But he was not so fortunate as the general, for a hurricane struck him off that iron-bound and desolate coast and drove him with

irresistible fury against its cruel, surf-lashed headlands. One ship, with nearly all its crew, foundered on the rocks; the rest were saved within an ace of destruction by a timely change of wind. Eleven lost all their masts, others all their cannon; and the cripples found their way eventually, as best they could, into the various North American harbours, La Motte, happily for them, remaining in ignorance of their plight.

When Montcalm discovered that Loudon was really withdrawing the larger and the better part of his army from the continent, his joy was hardly greater than his surprise, for he could now strike with his whole forces at the feeble garrisons on the New York frontier. He recognized, of course, that an attack on Quebec was the ultimate intention of the Louisbourg force, but Louisbourg was not an Oswego or a William Henry—it was an embattled town of the first class, strongly garrisoned; and no enemy would dare to move up the St. Lawrence and leave it uncaptured in his rear. If Quebec should, peradventure, be threatened in the autumn Montcalm could fall back to Lake Champlain in ample time for its protection. He might, indeed, have been pardoned for deeming it more probable that he and his Frenchmen would be descending the Hudson on New York enriched with the plunder of Albany. But Montcalm, too, like Loudon, had to eat his heart out waiting for an Atlantic fleet. It was not men, however, that the French commander waited for, but stores and provisions, whose scarcity was the perennial curse of Canadian military enterprise. Nor was it in this case lack of human foresight or a prevalence of western winds that kept Montcalm impotently chafing till the close of spring, but the inevitable ice-floes that impede navigation on the St. Lawrence. Throughout the whole winter Indians had been gathering at Montreal from all parts of the west and northwest, eating French bullocks and drinking French brandy till their hosts—especially the reg-

ular officers among them—seriously doubted if their tomahawks were worth the price in money and annoyance paid for them. Unlike the semi-civilized and so-called Christian Indians of the east, these others were all heathens, all cannibals, all naked, and armed only with bow and arrow; though, for that matter, in the days of muzzle-loaders used at short ranges in the forest, the silent, rapidly fired arrow was not to be despised. The story of Oswego and the fame of Montcalm had spread to the farthest west. The painted and be-feathered orators from the shores of Lake Superior and the prairies of the Illinois professed surprise at the pale-faced hero's scanty inches. They expected to find the head of so great a warrior buried in the clouds, but with true Indian breeding they hastened to declare that his stature was quite atoned for by the lightning of his eye. Montcalm was terribly bored by the endless ceremonies necessary for retaining their regard. He had no natural turn for Indian diplomacy, like Johnson, but endured it from a sense of duty with heroic fortitude, and proved, in fact, a remarkable success. Bougainville took some of the physical labour off his hands, and humorously relates how he sung the war song in solo fashion for an indefinite period, repeating in endless monotone that he would "trample the English under his feet." The Mission Indians, too, under the influence of their priests, were gathering in full strength. The orgies of these so-called Christians were as wild as if they had never so much as set eyes upon the cross. They went clad, it is true, but they dyed their clothes instead of their naked bodies, while their faces grinned hideously through thick layers of red and yellow and green paint, smeared on with grease and soot. All alike wore the tufted scalp-lock on their shaven heads, decorated with nodding plumes of feathers; while heavy rings dragged their ears down on to their shoulders. A gorget encircled their neck, and a profusely ornamented belt their waist, whence hung the toma-

hawk and the scalping knife. The chief entertainment at their feasts may be described as boasting competitions, in which one performer at a time, striding up and down the line with a gory bullock's head in his hand, exhausted the whole Indian vocabulary in describing the feats of valour he had performed, and would perform again. It is probable that the boastful language of the Canadians, which so much amused the French officers, was a sort of unconscious imitation of the Indian habit. Indeed, its influence was not confined to Canada, but coloured the eloquence of the Alleghany borderer for several generations, and perhaps is not yet dead!

The store-ships arrived in due course from France, but it was the middle of July before Montcalm had collected all his forces, Indians, regulars and Canadians, amounting to nearly 8,000 men, at Fort Carillon, better known in history as Ticonderoga. Preparations for the coming attack on Fort William Henry and the British frontier had been proceeding here this long time, and the scene, in this romantic solitude of lake, mountain, and forest, was a busy one. Since the melting of the ice in April, Lake Champlain had been alive with fleets of boats and bateaux and canoes, carrying men and material of all sorts to the narrows down which the waters of Lake George came leaping in a succession of shallow rapids. This channel was some six miles in length, a mile only at either end being navigable. The rapid portion of the river took a wide bend, and a road was cut through the woods in a straight line from the deep water which flowed into Lake Champlain at one end, to that which gave access to Lake George upon the other. Across this rough three-mile *portage* the entire material, boats included, for the operation on the upper lake, had to be laboriously carried.

By the end of July everything was complete, and the whole flotilla was launched upon Lake George ready for a start. Unwary scouting parties from the English forts had been al-

ready captured. Scalps and prisoners had stimulated the zeal of the Indians, among whom no less than forty different tribes were represented. From the far regions of Michillimackinac and the still remoter shores of Lake Superior; from the oak and chestnut forests beyond Lake Erie, where the finest farms of the fattest province of Canada now thrive among a network of railways; from the deep prairie lands of Michigan and Illinois came bands of howling and painted pagans to "trample the English under their feet," to drink their rum, plunder their settlements, and hang their scalps around their belts, or nail them on their wigwam posts. Independent bands, too, from the neighbouring and professedly neutral Six Nations were there, and even from the harried borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia some warriors, red to the shoulder in British blood, came to seek fresh fields of spoil. To mention Hurons, Ojibways and Ottawas, Iowas, Wineba-goes and Algonquins would be naming but a few of them, while the Abenakis, Micmacs, and the Mission Indians were there to the full limit of their fighting strength.

On the shores of Lake George, however, before the final departure, Montcalm had to submit to one more solemn function, and address, with simulated passion, the mass of hideous and painted humanity that he was obliged to call his children; and, after all, if he had but known it, he had far better, upon this occasion, have been without a single man of them. He explained to them his plans, which was only reasonable, and then launched out into those astoundingly mendacious periods which, according to the code of the time, were looked upon as entirely venial. He said how pleased he was to see them—which in a sense was true enough—and then proceeded to inform them how he and his soldiers had been especially sent by the great king, Onantio, to protect and defend them against the English. When his voice gave out and his stock of backwoods rhetoric was exhausted, he

presented his savage allies with an enormous belt of wampum, and possessed his soul in patience while their chiefs replied in high-flown and ambiguous metaphor, amid the solemn gruntings of the gaudy assemblage. Another whole day was consumed by the savages in propitiating their several deities, the Mission Indians going in whole bodies to confession, the unconverted warriors hanging dead dogs and old leggings on trees and "making medicine," according to each man's special fancy. The last day of July saw the surface of Lake George ruffled by the splash of thousands of oar-blades and hundreds of Indian paddles. Two hundred and fifty boats were there, carrying five thousand men, and swarms of savages in bark canoes glided in the van. The cream of French Canadian chivalry was here, and famous regiments from old France, with officers and men now hardened by American campaigning, flushed with former victory, and conscious many of them, that war here meant something more than a great and bloody game. The battalions of La Sarre, Guienne and Languedoc, La Reine, Bearne and Royal Roussillon were all with Montcalm, and only as yet in the second of those five years of war and hardship which were to close, for them, at least, in a defeat only less glorious than victory. Provisions for some weeks had been shipped; and heavy siege guns, mounted on platforms slung between boats lashed together, brought up the rear of this motley armament. Montcalm had not boat accommodation for his whole army. So Lévis, with Indian guides and twenty-five hundred men, was detailed to push his way, as best he could, through the trackless forest that overhung the western shores of the Lake. At a spot some twenty miles on, and eight short of Fort William Henry, he was to display three-fires as a signal of his whereabouts. The movement was successful, the British scouts having been all killed or captured, and it was not till Montcalm's whole force, by land and water, had arrived within two

miles of the English fort that their approach was discovered.

Nearly all the available force for resisting the French lay in the two forts at either end of the fourteen-mile carrying-place, between the lake and the Hudson river. General Webb, now commanding in America, was in Fort Edward at the latter point; while Colonel Monroe was in charge of Fort William Henry, where there were some two thousand five hundred men of various corps, namely, six hundred of the 35th, eight hundred of a Massachusetts regiment, with some rangers, and five hundred militia from the Jerseys and New York. Webb on this very day, the second of August, had reinforced Monroe to the limit of his ability, having no more than sixteen hundred indifferent troops now left with him, and a weak garrison or two on the river route to Albany. Fort Edward, too, might be attacked simultaneously with William Henry, and that by another route, namely, the long stretch of water running from Champlain southwards and parallel to Lake George, known as Wood Creek.

Fort William Henry lay close upon the shore of Lake George. It was square in shape, with corner bastions, and walls of hewn logs laid as cribs and filled in with heavy gravel, impregnable to rifle fire or small artillery, but a poor defence against heavy cannon. There was not room for the whole force within the fort, and a great part of the provincial troops were intrenched on some rising ground six hundred yards away with marshes upon either side. Montcalm was able at once to cut off the whole position from either retreat or succour, by sending de Lévis round behind it with three thousand men to occupy the road and only route to Fort Edward, where a famous partizan leader, La Corne, with a portion of the Indians, soon after joined him. Montcalm now proceeded to examine the fort, and came to the conclusion it was impregnable to ordinary assault. He prepared, therefore, to reduce it by regular siege, an apparently easy matter with his heavy

guns and large forces, which numbered in all something like eight thousand men. As a preliminary, however, he sent the faithful Bougainville to offer Monroe terms for surrender. He pointed out that help was impossible, which was quite true; that his own numbers were overpowering and his guns to match; above all, that a large part of his Indians had come from the wild west, and that when the surrender came—which was inevitable within a few days—and blood had been shed, he might be unable to restrain their diabolical ferocity. Monroe briefly replied that it was his duty to hold the fort, and he should do his utmost to maintain himself. Montcalm then opened his lines across the southwestern corner of the lake at a range of 600 yards. Hundreds of men worked in the trenches night and day under a fire from the fort that, after the first few hours, could do them but little damage. The Indians proved refractory and of little use. Montcalm wanted them to scout southwards towards Fort Edward and the Hudson, but they were sore at heart because they had not been consulted as to the operations, and the greater part of them hung about behind the lines, or lolled in their canoes or fired futile shots at the fort. Monroe, in the meantime, was sending eager messages to Webb for help, and Webb has been blamed for not responding. His previous record has, perhaps, made his critics unfair. He could not help Monroe, for his weak force alone barred the way to Albany, and to detach a portion of it would have been to sacrifice that portion either to the strong forces of de Lévis in the woods, or at the almost inevitable surrender of Fort William Henry.

In three days the best of Montcalm's forty guns were in position, and in two more were advanced to within 200 yards of the fort, whose ramparts were flying in fragments before their fierce discharges. Two sorties were tried, both from the fort and the intrenched camp beyond, but were easily repulsed. Webb might have done

something in this way, but messengers could no longer get through to Fort Edward and arrange for simultaneous action. Smallpox, too, had broken out in the garrison, and was spreading rapidly. Monroe seems to have had some vague hope that provisions, the chronic difficulty with all French Canadian armies, might fail the besiegers, for in that wilderness every ounce of food had to be carried. But Montcalm had this time made special efforts, and, moreover, had the good luck to capture 150 head of cattle belonging to the garrison.

Bougainville was again sent to propose terms, and conducted blindfold into the fort, but again the brave Monroe, though he was shown an intercepted letter to himself from Webb to the effect that assistance was hopeless, refused to treat. Another twenty-four hours, however, saw such warm work that a council of war was called, and the white flag was at length raised upon the walls.

For the whole French artillery was now intrenched at close range. Many of the English guns had burst, and only about half a dozen were fit for service, while their ammunition was nearly exhausted; so Colonel Young, commanding a detachment of Royal Americans, or 60th, then newly raised, was sent to arrange terms of capitulation.

The garrison were at Montcalm's mercy; they had no alternatives but death or surrender, and there were many women among them. It was agreed that the troops should march out with the honours of war, all ranks retaining their personal effects. Everything else in the fort was to be given up. Prisoners of war in actual fact they could not be, for food was much too scarce in Canada for Montcalm to indulge in such luxuries; indeed, the people themselves were, at that very moment, on something like half rations. The British were to be escorted to Fort Edward, and remain on parole till an equal number of French prisoners should be delivered safely at Ticonderoga, each batch of the latter

as they came in setting free from their obligations an equivalent number of the British. In recognition of the bravery of the defence, the garrison were to take with them a single gun, a six-pounder. The loss had been inconsiderable—some hundred and twenty men on the British and half as many on the French side. It was understood, however, that these articles could not be signed until the savages had given their consent. This, however, they were induced to do, and both sides proceeded forthwith to put them into execution.

The fort was evacuated at mid-day on the 9th, when the garrison, together with the women and children, marched out to the intrenched camp, which was, of course, included in the surrender, a French regiment being detailed to secure them against interference on the part of the Indians. De Bourlamaque, entering the fort with a party of regulars, set a guard over the ammunition and stores. Everything else was abandoned to the Indians, who gave an earnest of what was coming by instantly murdering a dozen or more sick men, who had been left according to the articles of agreement in Montcalm's charge. There was not much plunder in the fort itself, so the intrenched camp, where all the British were huddled without arms save the bayonets of the 35th, soon swarmed with bloodthirsty demons, baulked of what they regarded as their lawful prey, and with hands twitching viciously at their tomahawks. Numbers of Canadians, whose morals in warfare were little higher than those of the savages, mingled with the now excited throng, and showed unmistakable sympathy with its temper. There was great confusion throughout the whole afternoon, the Indians jostling and insulting the prisoners, and making attempts from time to time to wrest their personal baggage out of their hands. The liquor was either under guard or destroyed, else no efforts of Montcalm and his officers, which individually were considerable, could have prevented a general massacre before night.

But these efforts of the French officers, though sincere enough, were not intelligently directed, nor were they backed at the right moment by proper force. The whole business, in fact, was grossly mismanaged. Canadian militia were stationed at some points as a protection to the prisoners, though the Canadian militiaman looked on plunder or scalps as the rightful price to pay for Indian assistance, and was by no means averse to taking a hand in it himself. The restraint which Montcalm had exercised over the Indians at the capture of Oswego in the preceding year was regarded by all Canadians, from the Governor downwards, as a pernicious European prejudice. Mercy and pity had no place in backwoods warfare, and it is only fair to say that the New England rangers often paid the savage and the Canadian back in their own coin. But the responsibility on Montcalm was very great, and his failure to estimate its gravity is a lasting stain on his memory. Bougainville writes that his chief himself used every effort and made urgent appeals to the Canadian officers who had personal influence with the savages to avert the threatened catastrophe. It would have been far better if he had promptly called up his 3,000 French troops with fixed bayonets, who would have overawed with ease any attempted outbreak of the Indians. On this means of protection, however, he drew most slenderly, and seems to have contented himself with appeals to Canadians and interpreters, many of whom would have been inclined to look on a general massacre as something rather of a diversion than otherwise.

The afternoon and night of the 9th were passed anxiously enough by the two thousand British of all ranks, besides the women and children, within the intrenchment. They were to march in the morning, and as soon as the escort of 300 regulars, an absurdly weak one, seeing the temper of the savages, should arrive. Seventeen wounded men lying in a hut under care of a surgeon were the first victims.

The Indians brushing aside the sentries, dragged the wretched men from their beds, and butchered them within a few yards of a group of Canadian officers, who did not trouble even to remonstrate. As the defenceless column of prisoners began to move, the savages fell to indiscriminate plundering. The men strenuously resisted this attempt to rob them of their personal effects. Monroe protested loudly that the terms of the capitulation were broken and appealed to the French officers of the escort which was drawn up close by. The latter seem to have been cowed by the turmoil around them, and had not even the presence of mind to send for support to the army which lay a few hundred yards off. All they did was to urge the British to give up their property for the sake of peace, and to get away as fast as possible. Many indignantly refused this mean advice. Others followed it, and a certain amount of rum from private canteens thus found its way down the throats of the yelling savages and made them still more uncontrollable. No sooner had the column got clear of the intrenchments, and started upon the forest road to Fort Edward, than all restraint was thrown off, and the Indians fell upon the rear, stripping both men and officers to their very shirts, and instantly tomahawking those who showed resistance. The war whoop was now raised—by the pet converts of the Canadian priesthood from Penobscot it is said—when the rear of the column, rushing forward upon those in front, a scene of horror ensued that has been described by many pens. Women and children were dragged from the crowd; some were tomahawked, others carried off as prisoners to the woods. Their shrieks and cries, mingled with the hideous yells of the Indians and the shouts and curses of the impotent British, made an unforgettable scene. Montcalm and the French officers threw themselves among the savages now half drunk with rum or blood, and did all that men armed only with authority and not backed by force, as

they should have been, could do. The small French escort in the meantime looked on helplessly, the crowd of Canadians approvingly, as the scene of blood and plunder and outrage continued.

At length the exertions of Montcalm and Lévis, Bourlamaque and other French officers, had some effect; but it was only by promising payment for the captives seized by the Indians that some sort of order was restored. The precise number of both sexes thus butchered under the eyes of the French, while unarmed, captives of war, is a matter of dispute. Lévis counted fifty corpses on the field, while sick and wounded men to half that number had been murdered in their beds, and numbers more dragged off into the woods. It seems probable that a hundred would be a fair estimate of those slain.

Over six hundred were made captives by the savages, and it required the utmost exertions on Montcalm's part, with a considerable outlay of money, to recover about half of them. The Indians would not give up the remainder on any terms, and eventually took them to Montreal, where Vaudreuil, who, in his character of Canadian, looked with much toleration on Indian outrage, had to pay for the amusement this time with large sums out of his scant treasury by way of ransom.

There is absolutely nothing to be said in defence of the French in this affair. That they did not dare to run the risk of offending and alienating their Indians is, of course, the explanation, though surely no extenuation of such ignoble conduct. It is one of the worst stains upon the annals of their arms in America. They would have been bound by humanity only in the storming of a fort, but after a formal capitulation, they were bound not merely by humanity, but by the most elementary rule of military honour, and it is satisfactory to think that they paid dearly for it. The British Government, as a matter of course, repudiated their part of the contract,


and not a French prisoner was sent to Montreal, nor was the parole of the garrison taken any account of. The memory of the massacre drove many a bayonet home in the coming years of British success that might otherwise have been stayed in mercy, and many a Canadian sued in vain for his life at the hands of the New England Ranger who might formerly have been spared. *Remember Fort William Henry* became a terrible war cry in many a battle and in many a bloody backwoods skirmish. The French knew it well and felt that it added a fresh terror to defeat. The first impulse of a disarmed or captured Canadian was to protest by voice and gesture that he had not been present at that accursed scene.

The growing scarcity of food in Canada saved the forts on the Hudson and, probably, the flourishing town of Albany itself, from being captured and sacked by the French. Word was sent that it was of the first necessity, that the now ripening harvest should be gathered, and there were not men to do it. So the French turned their attention to the destruction of the British forts and all its dependent buildings. Great bonfires were made of the logs forming the ramparts, and into them were cast those bodies of the dead which had not been buried. As a fortress the place ceased to exist. Great armaments, some of them as luckless as the garrison of 1757, were yet to camp on its ashes, and again to break the silence of the forests with the din of war. But for the present solitude reigned over the devoted spot; the sounds of human life gave way once more to the weird cry of the loon and the splash of the summer-duck upon the lake, the boom of the bull-frog in the marsh, the drumming of the ruffed grouse on the hill. The waves of conflict fell back for a brief space, and left the charred logs and fire scorched stonework, and the trampled, stump-strewn cornfields of William Henry, as the sum total of a year's success and failure.

THE LAST SHOT

By MARGUERITE EVANS

"There is a remedy for every wrong, and a satisfaction for every soul."
—Emerson's *Immortality*.

F you won't shoot that ram, I will; but I'll be durned if I thought you was such a coward."

"A what!" and the handsome, stern-faced Englishman's steely-blue eyes flashed with a dangerous light.

"A coward! Ain't my articulation plain enough?" replied the other, a rough, old, sour-dough miner. "There ain't a blamed thing wrong with that English kid but just pure homesickness, an' there ain't no cure for that but just 'git home.' I kin set a broken lim', an' I kin pull a man through a bad case of fever; but when it comes to homesickness I either put my hand in my pocket an' yank them out enough spots to take them home, or I turn my head the other way, an' just let them die. Many a big, strong fellow I've seen just pine away an' die from that very thing."

The Englishman had pushed his chair into the shadow, and shaded his face with his hand; but the observant Yankee saw tears trickling through the browned and hardened but still shapely fingers, and he pursued the subject, not because he was anxious to do so, but because the need was so urgent.

"We're so dead broke we haven't money enough between us to buy a plug of tobacco, an' we can't git a cent of credit. You can't cable to the kid's mother for money, an' if your Englishy pride would let you there wouldn't be time to wait to git it, for the kid's dyin' in there; anyone with half an eye kin see that. He ain't got no appetite, an' he can't sleep; an' he just lies there starin' out of them big, hollow eyes of his at the trail over the mountain; an' I know durned well what he's thinkin'. I'm a hardened old sinner, goodness knows, but many's the night the tears roll down these grizzled cheeks of mine to hear that kid cryin'

for his mother when he thinks we're asleep. He's got to be sent home to England inside a week, or there will be a corpse in this shack that will haunt it while there's one log left on another."

"Granted," returned the Englishman icily, "still, what has the ram to do with it?"

"Damn you! you know well enough; the last time I was over at the town I met a young fellow from the east who asked me if I ever saw any Mountain Sheep out this way. Said he wanted a ram's head with good big horns in the very worst way to send down East. Said he knew they were scarce now an' hard to git, an' that he would give two hundred for an extra large one. My opinion is that the tenderfoot wants to let on he shot the animal himself; but I suppose it's none of my funeral."

"Well?" queried the Englishman, brusquely.

"I lied like a lord, said I hadn't seen any rams for years; they were gittin' mighty scarce. But, great hickory! if I'd told him that we had a pet ram here that you had raised; that it had come back to you for a few weeks spring and fall for the last fifteen years, an' was here now, an' could be shot just as easy as rollin' off a log, wouldn't that young easterner have been up here on the jump?"

"If you had told him that," said the Englishman coldly, "I should have killed you."

The Yankee chuckled, and unconcernedly cut some tobacco and filled his pipe. The Englishman rose abruptly and went outside, where the short winter day was dying.

Below him lay a dark, undulating line where oak and cedar had made their last stand in the upward march; nearer, the spectral ranks of the stunted firs showed the outposts of forest

advance. Above him dazzling white peaks cut strange, solemn shapes, like silver cameos on a ground of indigo sky. The sunset glory streamed up almost to the zenith, lighting and glorifying peak after peak with flames of gold and amethyst and faintest opaline green. Later, the vivid orange of the afterglow burned with a transient splendour, as the dying smile of a day that is going to its eternal rest, and all the mountain world around him was one vast evening primrose of palest gold sprinkled with star dust.

Then the golden glow faded, and all the wintry world in its glittering livery of ice lay white and cold and still, wrapped in peace as profound as that which reigned in the primeval ages.

For a long, long time the man stood with folded arms, gazing with eyes which seeing did not see, at the ever changing panorama, as memory unlocked her gates, and left him free to wander in the realms of the past, and among very different scenes.

Solemn, mysterious, tremendous was the picture before him; but memory showed him a very different one, in the foreground of which was a beautiful, dark-eyed woman, the one love of his life, and in the background an old English castle with ivied towers and battlements, ancient trees, and a green turf soft as velvet beneath the feet.

Back over the winding trail among the mountains, back over the weary miles of railway-spanned prairie, back over the rolling blue waves stretched the land of "might have been."

Surely he had been pursued by a malignant fate! The old castle which should have been his, the woman who should have been his, the boy who should have been his, the unstained name which should have been his; home, love, country, wealth, freedom even, all lost, and lost through another's deep-dyed villainy.

And now! an illiterate Yankee miner had dared to call him to his face a coward because he refused to shoot a noble animal which loved him, trusted him; and all for what? To save the life of a puling, homesick brat, the son

of the man whose treachery had taken from him all the sweetness, all the joy of life. And yet! the boy had his mother's eyes.

Slowly, drearily, hopelessly, three leaden-footed days and nights dragged themselves by, and still both men were waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up," and still the boy, wasted to a shadow, lay listlessly on his rude couch, gazing with hungry eyes at the narrow trail, which wound itself like a mighty, sinuous serpent around the steep mountain passes, and vanished in the distance like the ghost of a buried hope; and still the ram, secure in the friendship which he had proved so long, came and went at his own sweet will. Now bounding from boulder to boulder, barely touching the rocks with his padded toes; now browsing off dainty tit-bits on the mountain-side, and now lying at the door of his friend's shack, gazing with kindly, golden-brown eyes in their faces as they came and went.

But!—On the morning of the fourth day the end came. The boy must be roused by being told that he could at once start for home, or he would never rally from the stupor into which he had fallen during the night. Both men realized that.

Outside, in the glad, free air, the ram, quivering in the fulness of his life and happiness, was leaping from boulder to boulder, every movement the perfection of the poetry of motion. Inside, the boy lay motionless, scarcely breathing, gazing with dull, unseeing eyes at the blank wall, and refusing to touch the food which with great care had been provided for him.

One or the other must die, but which?

Was it chance, or was it the "destiny that shapes our ends" that made Yankee at that moment sing in his high, cracked falsetto, "And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay me down and dee?" Who can say? But it decided the Englishman's course. To "dee" for his Annie Laurie, that were easy, for what was life but a burden which he would fain lay down? But to betray

the trust which a noble animal reposed in him—that was a very different thing! Still he would do it!

“Go up to town, Yankee, and bring back they ounge fellow you spoke of,” he said. “I must see my thirty pieces of silver before I make a Judas of myself. Go, for heaven’s sake go! What are you waiting for?” he continued, as the other lingered.

“I’ll do it, if you like,” replied Yankee, hesitatingly, pointing significantly from his rifle to the ram.

“I don’t like! damn you!” roared the Englishman, “I’ll ask no man to do my dirty work for me.”

It has been said by someone that each human soul is dowered with an inherent adaptability to its environment, and no weight is ever imposed upon it which cannot by heroic effort be sustained; and the Englishman had found it so.

Falsely accused, and unjustly condemned, he had fled like a hunted beast from the land which had given him birth; and, hounded by the blind zeal of the officers of the law, had sought refuge in the loneliest retreat in the loneliest region of the Rocky Mountains, and had, like the eagle, built for himself a nest on the face of a cliff.

Humanity had turned its back upon him, but the unaccusing world of Nature, with the glory of its ever changing days, and the soothing witchery of its solemn nights, had ministered healing to his wounded spirit for a time.

Then, the beauty and the awful loneliness had palled upon him, and the terrible monotony of his life had become unbearable; and one bright June day, as he watched a mountain sheep grazing contentedly with her lamb skipping about, and wagging its tail by her side, the contrast between the full, satisfied life of the beast and the empty, unsatisfied life of the man had smitten him with bitter, unreasonable anger. “Why,” he questioned fiercely, “should an animal have something of its own to love and care for when I, a human creature, have nothing?” And, with a pure savage desire to destroy the happiness he could not share, he had raised his rifle and fired.

The shot sped with all too fatal sureness, and without even a quiver the sheep lay dead.

When too late he cursed himself for his brutal cruelty and, kneeling beside his victim, wept over the ruin he had wrought, while the poor little lambkin, knowing no fear, had bleated pitifully over the body of its dead mother.

Filled with remorse he had carried it to his shack and fed it with milk from his own cup, and wrapped it at night in softest furs, and the little thing had grown and flourished, and filled his life at a time when, for want of some living thing to love, reason was tottering on her throne.

True to his animal instincts, the ram had, in the course of time, sought out his own kind, but he had always come back, fearing no evil, and now! he was to be offered a sacrifice on the altar of an old sentiment. And yet! the boy had his mother’s eyes!

The hours had worn on. It was high noon now. Yankee would soon be back. Yes! even now, through the mountain stillness, he could hear the rattle of the waggon over the rocky road. There were voices, too! Then there was no hope, for the young easterner was there—and the ram must die!

But he would give him a chance for his life, and God grant he would take it! He should fire three shots. The first two should just miss him, no more; the third and last should not miss, if the ram still remained within range.

The rumbling of the waggon came nearer, the voices became more distinct, and inside the shack the boy moaned feebly.

The ram was browsing happily, not fifty yards away. The Englishman took steady aim, and fired. The ball grazed the grass under the ram’s nose. He looked up for a moment in surprise, and went on feeding, while the mountains mockingly took up the echo of the report, and tossed it back and forth, and back and forth, as skilful players toss a tennis ball.

The waggon and voices came nearer and nearer. Heavens! how fast that fool of a Yankee was driving! The

boy moaned still more feebly, and again the despairing, desperate Englishman fired. The ball knocked the stone from below the ram's fore foot; but he did not run away. Instead, he turned his brown eyes in startled questioning on his friend.

Great drops of sweat stood on the Englishman's forehead, and his heart thumped like a sledge hammer, but his hand was steady. And—the boy had his mother's eyes!

In another minute the waggon would be there, for Yankee, curse him, was driving like Jehu! He must get it over while he was alone. Yet, great heavens! how could he do it? How kill in cold blood the friend of fourteen years, the preserver of his reason? But! the boy had his mother's eyes! His finger is on the trigger, it is half snapped, when an unearthly yell from Yankee causes him to drop his rifle, and "The Last Shot" goes harmlessly speeding down the mountain side.

"Great hickory! thank your stars you haint done it! Oh great hickory! I say! I never was so glad about anything in all my durned life! Here's the kid's mother!"

The ram with glad bounds came down close to his friend, and laid his head against his arm; and, with dazed unbelieving eyes, the Englishman gazed at the beautiful apparition in the waggon beside the uncouth, gesticulating, tear-begrimed Yankee.

"Aren't you going to assist me to get out, or must I jump?" asked the sweetest voice, belonging to the sweetest lips, in the world.

Then his inherent English pride and breeding reasserted itself, and with his old-time courtesy he assisted the lady to alight, and in his old-time tones, without a trace of his recent emotion, said: "You are just in time, Lady Hinton. I was afraid that youngster of yours wasn't going to pull through; but with such a nurse, and such medicine, he can't do otherwise than get well at once." He led her to the door of the shack and left her.

"For all the durned coolness and

high mightyness, in this earthly sphere, give me a dogoned Englishman!" soliloquized Yankee a few hours later, as with his arm around the ram's large curved horns he lay in the sun on the mountain side. "You'd have thought he had seen that woman every day for the last ten years, he was so durned cool and polite. Sat at the head of that durned table, without a cloth or a durned thing on it but the dishes an' the grub, as unconcerned as if it was loaded with china, an' flowers an' silver, an' had a flunkey behind each chair. But!" with a wicked grin, "I fixed him, didn't I, Rammie? I made his little cake of high mightyness dough, durned if I didn't, old Rammie! I don't believe in flyin' in the face of Providence, an' what else would it have been if I hadn't improved my opportunities this mornin' in that long drive I had with my Lady, to tell her how much store he set by her kid for her sake, an' how he was goin' to shoot you, old Rammie, an' sell your head to get money to send her kid home to her. Catch him tellin' her a durned thing about that! Even if he had fired that last shot at you, and killed you, old chappie, he'd have let on it was just because he wanted to, an' never hinted that it broke his heart to do it.

"But I fixed it up! Durned if I didn't, old Rammie. He is heir to an earldom, an' his innocence has been proved, she said; an' I never let on that he had been so durned close; he had never told me what he was accused of, but since he didn't do it, an' didn't shoot you, old Rammie, it doesn't matter"; and the ram blinked his eyes as if to say: "Them is my sentiments too."

"I rubbed it in well; what a desperate store he must set by her when he was willin' to fire the very last shot at you, old chappie; an' if she don't take him back with her, an' marry him, an' leave you an' me monarchs of all we survey here, old Ram, I'm no judge of dark-eyed widders—an' it's me that knows how they play the devil with a man, Rammie."

But subsequent events showed that Yankee was no false prophet.

AMUSEMENT IN STATISTICS

By STAMBURY R. TARR



HE preparation of mortality statistics is not primarily an amusing occupation. But even tombstones have contributed their quota to the world's fund of humour. So it is not inconceivable that a mortality investigation should give rise to occasions for smiling or even for hearty laughter. Data was collected recently from the leading life insurance companies of Canada and the United States, for a specialized mortality investigation by the Actuarial Society of America. This necessarily involved the reading of thousands of old application papers, and from some of these the following material has been culled.

Frequently the reports of private friends, sent in connection with the applications, contain amusing comments. One acquaintance writes in the following candid manner of an applicant: "Fairly temperate—takes an occasional bust." Asked whether a friend was active or sedentary, another writes: "Both—he rides a bicycle."

But among the private reports perhaps the most noteworthy is the following: "He is an extraordinary man for eating potatoes, but his other habits are good. He is a born teetotaler."

One of the company's agents, in reporting to head office upon an applicant who happens to be his own son, makes this reply to the question as to whether he is acquainted with the person proposed. "Very intimately—as I am in a measure responsible for his appearance on this sublunary spheroid." Questioned as to an applicant's habits, a conscientious agent states: "Temperate, though since his return from Germany he seems to think that a pipe with four feet of stem is the right thing." One of the company's representatives, himself evidently pos-

sessed of poetic tastes, reports that a certain applicant's reason for taking out a policy is that "the youth dreams this will be an *assurance* more grateful to his mistress than "a woeful ballad made to her eyebrow."

One of the questions on the report form to be filled out by the agent reads as follows: "Is there anything in his manner, conversation or appearance which indicates ill health, irregular habits, etc.?" A comprehensive answer supplied by one agent declares: "He can take a standing jump of 5 ft. 7 in.—his manner is good—his conversation modest, though I have heard him swear when he lost a bass."

A somewhat precarious state of domestic bliss is thus described by a medical examiner, in reply to a question as to the applicant's habits: "Said to be somewhat wild at one time. Is now married and living steadily. He lives with his mother—or mother with him. It is hard to say which—but the mother has the means."

Upon enquiry from head office as to the cause of an applicant decreasing in weight from 162 to 150 pounds, the local medico replies: "Mr. A. informs me that the only way he can account for loss in weight is that last July he was selling oil for one dollar and twenty cents per barrel, which had a fattening effect on his system; while at the present time he gets only eighty-five cents for same commodity." The "fattening effect" of petroleum has seldom been more forcefully illustrated even in the advertisements of patent emulsions.

It is, however, the statement of applicants themselves that prove of most interest. It is not surprising to find that the man who states his father is "in good health, aged 70, and alive," is an Irishman, though another who declares his mother to be "in fair

health and not deceased," is English.

Another surprising piece of information is conveyed in the statement that "Five children died in infancy, three being boys; the rest were girls." The emphasis of the man who affirms "I am single—not married," must carry conviction to every reader. Paternal pride glows strong in this statement by a fond father: "I have one child; he is in good health, and a perfect little devil!"

That one applicant "left the family at the age of ten in a huff," is not remarkable—every boy has done that more than once. But in this case, unlike the generality, Johnny did not turn up at supper time, nor ever again, and, in consequence, no information is now given as to ages of parents at death. A somewhat noteworthy family it must be of whom one of the members says: "My brothers and sisters are both whole and half brothers and sisters."

In another family circle the "grand maternal parents are still living," while one less favoured man doesn't know "whether there ever were any near relatives or not." Recognizing the bearing of heredity in deciding upon applications, one intending insurer emphasizes the fact that "although my own mother died young my step-mother is alive and in good health." Another is less impressed with the importance of ancestral longevity, and complains in writing, "If it is absolutely necessary to answer all these questions—which requires a person to have a knowledge of his forefathers from Adam down—please cancel my application."

An applicant of over sixty remarks concerning his mother that she is living at the age of about one hundred years, "health being good, but not very active." One can imagine the carefulness with which the medical directors would feel compelled to examine into the application of a man whose mother ceased doing housework after a mere century of mundane existence.

Statements with regard to the cause of relatives' deaths are sometimes so oddly put that the reader forgets the pathos underlying them. A pathetic enough series of facts is told in a vivid but rather an unusual way by one applicant in this manner: "My brother fell down a well and was drowned; was brought back to life again; lived seven months, took a fever, and died."

Those who may doubt that the capacity for intense passion has survived to these prosaic days will be interested in the statement of one applicant that his brother died at the age of twenty-three, of no particular disease, but of a broken heart from being disappointed in love."

A rather complicated state of affairs it must have been which led to death "from inflammation induced by swallowing knife, fork and spoon." The applicant who states that his father "took cold and died, as judge of a horse race," undoubtedly does so as proudly as if he "died as a scholar and gentleman." Credulity is somewhat stretched in reading of a mother who "died at the age of 5," but on referring to a supplementary memo. it is found that the omission of a mere zero has made a perceptible difference. One parent "had a leg taken off which healed up, but fell from a chair and never got out of bed after"—altogether a somewhat complex case to diagnose if paralleled by the difficulty in analyzing the sentence itself. Little less complex is the culinary achievement of the man who "took a mixture of onions, buckwheat and milk of his own compounding, which resulted in an illness."

A whole novel *in parvo* is to be found in the following legal statement, found within the outer envelope containing the insurance papers of the applicant:

"I, John Dash, of the Town of Dashford, the assured under policy No. 00000, granted by the Blank Life Assurance Company, do by this instrument revoke the benefits intended

to be conferred by declaration, dated 3rd August, 189 , endorsed upon said policy, upon Miss Jane Nemo, my then intended wife, she having since married Another ; and do divert the entire benefit of the said policy wholly to myself, my executors, administrators or assigns."

Could a more up-to-date revenge than this be imagined? The possibilities of thrilling romance are by no means exhausted when everyday life contains so moving an instance of what a desperate lover can do. To contemplate the fate in store for the said Another "must give us pause."

But the finding of more or less amusing statements, such as those

mentioned, is only one incident in a task which in other ways constantly reminds those engaged in it that they are dealing with the records of individual lives—each of them with its own world of interests, its own strivings, its own joys and sorrows.

Sometimes in the bare statement of family history the collator of facts instinctively sees between the lines glimpses of individual or family pathos and suffering—some closet skeleton that seldom sees the light of day, a tragedy even that forces upon him the realization that everyday life is made up of the same elements from which dramatists evolve their most moving creations.

THE LAND OF LONG DAYS*

By EDWARD F. STRANGE

ONCE upon a time in the Land of Long Days, it happened that all the people were grown up, and so there were no children.

Then the men said: "Now there is no one to wake us up when we fall asleep after meals, or to ask us questions that we cannot answer."

And also the women told each other that at last they should have peace, for there would be no children to scold and things would keep clean.

So they were all glad and set about their work with cheerfulness and a good temper.

But because the King was very old and very wise he said nothing.

Now the first trouble came this way. The men went far afield in the morning to work and by noon were faint and hungry; but no one brought food as of old, so some had to waste their time and labour in fetching it for the others. And that was a cause of sorrow and wrath, and the oldest of them went to the King and complained.

The King thought the matter over

in silence for three days and nights; then he sent for the messengers and said: "Take by lot one from every ten of you, and let him serve the others; and he shall be called a child by the law."

Again there arose strife among the women, for they wearied of talking to each other while the men were at work and when the spinning was done; and they grew sour and spiteful and slovenly in their attire, having no need to set a good example. And again the messengers came to the King.

This time he debated with the Queen for six days and nights, and sent for the messengers, and said:

"Take by lot one woman from every five—seeing that there is need of many—and let her follow the example of her elders, and do as she is bidden without question; and give her toys, and let her be a child by law."

In that land also there were many wise men by reason of the days being so long; and they also came unto the King sadly, for they said that wisdom

* By permission of *The Outlook* of London, Eng.

was now of no account, since there was no one to be taught.

At this the King's heart became heavy with sorrow, for the wise men of his land were very wise. Twelve nights and days did he ponder, and then called them to him and said:

"Lo! you are my people, and I am King; therefore must I help you as I may. I will become as a child for you, and you shall teach me, and I will learn, so that you be content!"

But all that the King did was of no avail, and the cry of the people became sadder and sadder.

One day a poor man stood in the King's gate and spoke aloud.

"O King," said he, "I am but a poor man and in pain with toil; yet if a child's hand were laid on my brow I should be well."

And the King said, "What of thy law-child?"

But the man answered—sadly, for he had forgotten how to laugh—"O King, she is older than I, and her hand is not as the hand of a child." And thereat he went away, for he loved the King.

And many things like this befell daily.

Once the King walked alone in his courtyard trying to think. But or ever he saw the end of his thoughts the song of a starling on the roof brake in upon them and scattered them. At last in bitterness the King cried out:

"O starling, why dost thou mock me?—thou hast thy little ones, but we are a barren nation and our hearts are breaking."

But it seemed to the King as he spoke that the song of the starling was this:

Help cometh for thee
From the tears of a little child.

And he hastened forth and gathered his ambassadors together with gold and silver and rich presents, and bade them go far into the next country to the King thereof, bearing a message:

"To our cousin, greeting and good health. We are old and would fain

hear the voice of a child before we die. Send, therefore, one unto us for a little space."

Then the ambassadors went on their journey and laid this message before the King of the next country. He, thinking to do well, straightway called for his eldest daughter, and clothed her in her robes of State, and sent her forth with the ambassadors to greet his neighbour. And the embassy set out and made haste to return.

As they came near to the palace the news of the coming of a child spread through the country, and all the people hastened together to see her. But when they saw the rich robes of State and the proud face of the Princess some wept and some were angry, for they said:

"This is naught but a law-child from the next kingdom!"

And also the Princess looking about her saw some of the law-children, men and women of all ages, at their games and duties. At first she wondered and then laughed aloud in scorn.

"O King," she cried, "are thy people mad? for I see men of many years playing with toys, and grown women also." And she laughed in the King's face.

The King's anger rose in his countenance, but for courtesy's sake he treated the Princess with due ceremony.

But on the next day, at the hour of audience, the labourer stood again in the Hall, and cried to the King to ease him of his pain.

Then the King turned to the Princess—and the Queen also—and entreated her to lay her hand on the man's brow that he might be cured.

But the Princess turned aside. "Not so," said she, "diamonds touch not clay lest they be soiled."

Again was the King wroth: and this time he called together the ambassadors again and sent her back with them to her own land, saying:

"This thy daughter is verily a Princess, but I have need of a child. Send now one, or I will come with my armies and destroy thee."

At this the other was much per-

plexed, for he feared to give offence. But his Chamberlain bethought himself and said:

“There is a cripple child that playeth about the gate of the Palace, and hath not father nor mother. Let my lord send her just as she is, and perchance the king of the South will be appeased.”

So that was done with all speed, and the embassy returned home again bringing the cripple child.

This time, however, the people took no heed, having been saddened before. And the cripple came unto the King without notice and stood beside him in the Hall of Audience.

And again the labourer knelt before the King, but ere he could speak the child looked upon him and saw his sorrow. And she placed her hand on

his brow, weeping for love of the unknown man whose countenance was so sad.

Then the man stood up straight before the King and thanked him, for he was healed and his face shone with happiness.

And a glad cry rang throughout the land like the sound of sweet music, and behold in every house was heard the laughter of children and tears of women whose hearts were filled with joy. Everywhere the children came trooping by thousands, and their faces were shining like gold and their eyes like diamonds.

And instead of a cripple there stood before the King the most beautiful child that ever was seen.

This is the end of the story.



FROM KOBE TO CANADA

BY EDWARD A. WICHER

THE black smoke traileth o'er the heavens low-bow'd,
 The leaden waters silent part and close
 Where moveth from the harbour's smooth repose
 The *Empress of Japan*, serene and proud,
 Toward *Kii channel, where the currents crowd,
 Toward the fierce Pacific just beyond,
 Where heave the myriad leagues of dark despond,
 Toward the light that breaketh through the cloud,
 Toward the land that gave me life and light,
 And hope and love and every perfect good.
 Land of the North, land of ascending might,
 Dear homeland, land of God's own fatherhood,
 Far homeland. How the exile's heart is sore!
 I look and long. When shall I see thee more?

*Pronounced Kee.

Current Events Abroad.

WE are the spectators of one of these great revolutions which influence the world for all time. A race towards whom the white man was loftily inclined to assume the position of arbiter and destiny-provider has suddenly shown that it is fully his equal both on land and sea. It may be a rude and barbaric standard, but it remains a fact, that the nation which is ready to enforce its views with men and guns must be admitted among the first rank of the nations. The Yankee captains, who, fifty years ago, used to set out with a single ship and deliver ultimatums at Yeddo, may earnestly hope that these incidents are forgotten. Nations which are disposed to hold the Japanese as an Ishmaelitic race, who may be excluded at the ports of entry or refused equality

of rights with other peoples, will have to revise their rule of conduct towards these competent, efficient and indomitable little men of the East. Thanks to the firmness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada has steadily refused to exclude them from our shores. With customary prevision the Canadian Premier has noted the rise of these neighbours of ours on the Pacific, has sent commissioners to study their wants and their commerce, and last year made a point of making a special display of Canadian products and manufactures at the first great international exhibition held in Japan. To it he also sent Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture. While making these approaches he has been careful to veto all British Columbia legislation intended to exclude the Japanese from Canada. Far better to let them in hospitably than have them breaking in with their torpedo boats. As a result of all this Canada and Japan are on the most friendly terms, and Mr. Nossé, the Japanese Consul at Ottawa, is no doubt able to report to his emperor that the Japanese cause has nowhere warmer partisans than among our people.



RUSSIA: "My mines are working great. Now if I could only get a Japanese ship over one of them!"

—Detroit News.

Naturally enough those who concern themselves with the signs of the times are asking whence this "arrival" of the Japanese race leads. The significance of it is not confined to the people of Japan. Is there not a possibility of a similar evolution among the four hundred millions on the Asian mainland? Not only

will they have the example, but they may even welcome the leadership and initiative of Japan. That there are hundreds of thousands of men in the Chinese Empire capable of being turned into as good soldiers as those which bayoneted the brave Russians on the Yalu can scarcely be questioned. The people of the Chinese Empire are not of one race, and therefore they cannot be spoken of as possessing uniform characteristics. The Mongol of the north with his friendliness towards strangers, his talkativeness and love of showing off, is surely the very stuff of which soldiers are made, whatever the silent, suspicious, secretive Chinese of the south may be. Whether the Chinese like it or not, and whether Europeans like it or not, Japan inevitably assumes the leadership of the East. China will be forced to turn to her in any moment of perplexity or danger, and her island neighbour will accept the responsibility with all its risks and vista of possibilities.



Is there anything to be deplored in this? We of the English races are only concerned that China shall not be dismembered, shall open her doors and shall preserve order throughout her borders. In these aims Japan sympathizes. Japan has flourished because Western progressiveness and efficiency have become her ideal. Her influence will be thrown in the direction of making them the ideal of China also. Just how difficult it may be to bring about such a change we, in our ignorance of what is behind those oblique eyes, can only vaguely guess. Fifty years



FRANCE AND RUSSIA

FRANCE: "Oh give me, oh give me my millions back again."—*Nebelspalter*.

ago when Britain, Holland and the United States were threatening and coaxing Japan to open her doors, no one could have guessed the transmutations which now we see. While the influence of Japan will undoubtedly be cast against the pretensions of nations intruding on Chinese territory, it will also just as surely be employed against Boxer uprisings, brigandage, exclusiveness, retroaction and retrogression.

TIBET'S DILEMMA



"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER," ETC.

RUSSIAN: "You leave her alone; she is mine, and mine only and wholly!"

INDIAN JOHN BULL: "That remains to be seen!"

—*Hindi Punch*

THE BRITISH BUDGET



THE RECKONING

MR. BULL: "You're a charming companion, my dear Arthur; but I really don't think I can let you order the dinner again."

—Punch

An Asian Monroe doctrine may be proclaimed, by which the status quo will not be disturbed, but which will forbid fresh aggressions or the enlargement of the existing European footholds on the Asian coast.

The consummateness of Japanese strategy and the superhuman courage with which it is being carried out, has challenged the admiration of the world. The only points which one would be inclined to question is the policy which entailed on thousands of men the exhausting marches from Seoul to Ping-yang over the execrable Korean roads. The ice-bound state of the

coast, the necessity of impressing the Koreans, the bad effects of inaction, might all be put forward as reasons for this decimating march. They will hardly be felt to be sufficient, and if the troops were those of a European power in command of the sea this useless expenditure of flesh and blood would have been much condemned. The retort can of course be made that whatever the trials of the march may have been, the troops were able to send the enemy to the right about when the testing-day arrived. The sea operations before Port Arthur, the timeliness of the arrival of the army landed at Pitsewo, the immediate subsequent isolation of Port Arthur, the persistency of Gen. Kuroki's divisions in the pursuit of Gen. Sassulitch's

beaten army, all show the almost dæmonic courage and energy of the new people. The spirit of self-sacrifice exhibited in blocking the entrance to the harbour at Port Arthur is unexampled, unless it can be paralleled among Mahommedan peoples, who see the nymphs of Paradise beckoning to the heroes who die for the faith on bloody battlefields.

How is it going to end? People will have difficulty in believing that a mighty military power like Russia can be overwhelmed by an antagonist so much inferior in population, wealth and resources. Indeed, we all realize

that there must be some earth-shaking conflicts before any acknowledgment of defeat could be wrung from the proud and arrogant Muscovite. It can scarcely be held even by the friends of Russia that her business has been managed well. Fallen human nature is too apt to enjoy the humiliation of that pride which goeth before a fall. During the negotiations Japan was treated with the easy superciliousness that would have been accorded to the representatives of some of the wandering Tartar tribes that have successively been brought into the Russian system in the march across Asia. Contemptuous delay and immovable and resistless ponderosity were expected to impress and subdue the little people. But to the giant's evident surprise and dismay he finds his pigmy antagonist angered by the one and not intimidated by the other. Since the opening of hostilities, we have had from the Russian side a great deal of bluster and a great deal of bounce about signing treaties at Tokio; from the other not a word, but an amazing lot of deeds. The situation suggests several images in nature—a great blundering, lumbering buffalo with an up-to-date wolf alternately at his heels and at his head; or a puffed-up whale spouting and blowing while an acrobatic sword-fish whips his bony rapier into him every few seconds.



Unquestionably the main Russian troops will be forced to retire on Harbin. It is quite unlikely that the Japanese will follow them there, unless it turns out that the tales of Russia's strength in effective troops have been as much exaggerated as everything else. If Russia can assemble half a million men there within the next few weeks it would be folly to go up against them. Japan's game then is to choose an impregnable position at some convenient place between Harbin and Port Arthur, and invite her enemy

to come and see her. She can afford to wait now much better than Russia can. The latter will have Port Arthur and its starving garrison, battered every once in a while by a hostile fleet in the offing, on her nerves. She will have moreover a disillusionized and murmuring Asia in her rear, the very stomachs of her army in daily dependence that no unfriendly hand will blow up a bridge or culvert along the 500 miles of railway that traverses the soil of those that hate her. The position is a desperate one, from which only the mightiest efforts which a country has ever put forth can rescue her. Has she the financial resources to meet such a crisis? That is a matter of much doubt. In view of it all I will venture to predict that should her generals score anything that looked like a rehabilitation of Russian prowess, France would soon be conveniently on hand with offers of mediation.



The visit of the King and Queen to Ireland has been cordially received by the people. The feeling between the two countries is undoubtedly better than it has been for years. There is more promise in that fact for the ultimate attainment of what thousands of Irishmen yearn for than in any other one circumstance. Why do Englishmen refuse the boon of self-government to Ireland? Because they believe the power would be used to sever the political tie altogether. As soon as this conviction leaves the Englishman's mind his reason for withholding that for which the Irishman craves will disappear. Home Rule would not be synonymous with separation if Irishmen were content to remain within the Empire. Once he felt he was free to go or stay he would perceive that even his material interests pointed out that it would be better to stay. We detest things, however good, when we are compelled to have them.

John A. Ewan

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

GO, LOVELY BIRD

(The "bullfinch hat" is in evidence... and a leading ladies' newspaper tells its readers that this is to be a bird season.—Daily Paper.)

Go, lovely bird,
Speed from my lady warily,
For she hath heard
That finches dainty decking be,
And her sweet charms mean death to thee!

Cares she that's young,
And seeks to have her graces spied,
That thou hast sung
In woodlands where the violets hide?
She loves thee better stuffed and dyed!

For at the sight
Of ruffled breast and stiffened limb
Her eyes grow bright.
A wreath of death will bravely trim
The circlet of my lady's rim!

So fly! For she
Would claim in service all things rare,
Including thee.
And thy short life she will not spare
When Fashion says that thou art fair!

—Punch.

JUNE used to be, as from time immemorial the impassioned poets have told us, the month of roses and rare days and sweet communings with nature, but now this month of months is associated in our minds with another idea, and "the month of weddings" has become a synonym for "the leafy month of June."

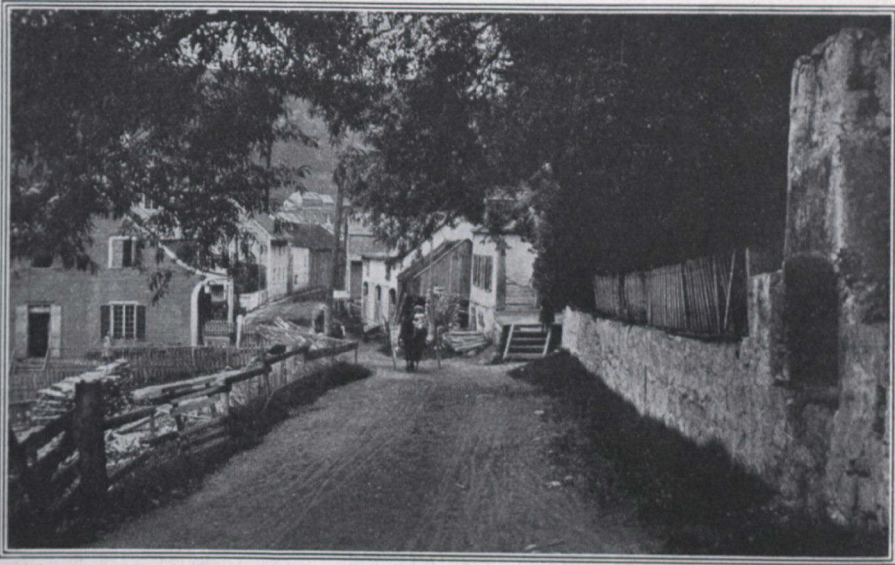
No longer do the covers of the ladies' magazines bloom this month with many-hued roses. They have long since been swept aside to give place to bewitching June brides in all sizes and poses.

Not long ago I came across the following rather interesting paragraph in an old English paper:—

"I suppose there are few people nowadays who do not know the origin of the word 'honeymoon,' or the month of honey, which can be traced back to the ancient Teutons, inhabitants of Northern Germany, whose custom it was, whenever there was a wedding in immediate prospect, to make a special brew in honour of the marriage festivities. This mead, or metheglin, was drunk for a period of thirty days after the celebration of the wedding; after that time the beer became, in a measure, undrinkable, turning sour and bitter. Of course, in some cases it kept sweet and wholesome a little longer, and sometimes it became a little bit 'off' before the thirty days had expired. Like many other things besides marriage, it was too sweet in the beginning, and fatally bitter in the ending!"

With the revival of the full skirts and short-waisted gowns of the early Victorian period comes a revival also of the dainty lawn and muslin undersleeves which our mothers and grandmothers embroidered long ago for their adornment. They will doubtless masquerade to-day under a more pretentious name than plain undersleeve, since these be times when there is much in a name, and no self-respecting society reporter dreams of designating a skirt otherwise than a *jupe*, while a plain "dress-waist" is unknown in her vocabulary.

But whatever it may be called, the undersleeve is here, and into the trunk of the summer girl who is given to fine needlework will go a supply of sheer lawn and linen destined to be converted



MURRAY VILLAGE—ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE SPOTS ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

PHOTO BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL

during *dolce far niente* days into these dainty little articles.

Fashion decrees that they are to be decorated with the hand embroidery which our grandmothers did so exquisitely, and there is much ransacking by ambitious maidens of grandmother's treasure-chest for old silver embroidery stilettos, and yellowed linen sleeves which may be used as patterns for Fashion's latest fancy.

Another Arts and Handicrafts Exhibition has been held recently in Toronto under the stimulus of the Woman's Art Association of Canada.

Since this Association first interested itself in the various branches of hand-work which are done by the women who have come to live amongst us from many different countries, it is interesting and gratifying to note the great improvement in the work which is now being done compared with that of a few years ago.

With the careful instruction as to designs and colouring, the practical help with regard to obtaining proper dyes and a market for saleable articles,

and the constant encouragement being given by the Association to the various women hand-workers in different parts of our country, there is no reason why Canadian arts and handicrafts should not on some not too far-distant day attain to as high a standard of excellence as the work of the skilled "craftswomen" of the old-world countries.

Now that once more the "spring-cleaning" is an accomplished fact, and the furs and winter garments are safely stowed away under the protection of camphor balls or other similar evil-smelling compound, in whose neighbourhood no self-respecting moth would deign to linger, it is time for the busy Martha of the household to turn her attention to the question of where the family will go for its summer outing.

Before deciding hastily that one really must seek mountain air in the Adirondacks or White Mountains, or that it is positively necessary to fill one's lungs with the salt breezes that fan the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, would it not be rather a good

idea to ascertain first if it is not possible to find in Canada both mountain and sea resorts where the air is as salubrious and invigorating as that of Maine or New Hampshire?

Not long ago a girl who was going out to the Pacific Coast for the first time, said: "I wonder why it is that people are always so anxious to fly to other lands before seeing anything of their own. Summer after summer our whole family troops off to the continent, and yet until this year my knowledge of Canada was confined to Toronto and Montreal and what I have occasionally read of it in C.P.R. guide books or an illustrated magazine article. People I have met abroad have often embarrassed me by talking about the beautiful scenery in different parts of Canada of which—to my shame be it said!—I knew nothing. Hereafter, for some years at least, my travelling is going to be done in my own country. I never dreamed that there was such wonderful variety in Canadian scenery—such grandeur and such magnificence, such scenes of turbulence and riotous splendour, such idyllic pictures of pastoral peace and Wattean-like daintiness."

The train was swooping down into Kicking Horse Canyon as she spoke, and a young Irishman who had been hanging half out of the car window, drew in his head a moment to declare impressively: "Well, it's just five years to-day since I left Ireland, and in that time I have been pretty well over the world—Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Africa, Borneo, Ceylon—all sorts of places, but I have never anywhere seen anything to equal this. Yes, it's worth a year of a man's life to take this trip!" and with the last word out went his head again.

For those who prefer quiet scenes of lake and stream and woodland, there are the Thousand Islands, all the attractive spots in the ever-popular Muskoka district, the Kawartha Lake country, Massanoga, and the countless other summer resorts in Ontario; for those who long for high altitudes and mountains there are the superb Rockies

and the other ranges of western Canada; for the sea-seeker there is an *embarras des richesses* in the myriad charming seaside resorts in the Maritime Provinces; while for those who would fain combine sea and mountain air there are all the delightful little French-Canadian watering-places on the St. Lawrence below Quebec, where the salt air from the River and the breezes from the Laurentians meet and mingle their health-giving properties.

Surely with such a rich variety and such a wealth of places to choose from, one should not find it difficult to spend a thoroughly delightful summer in Canada, where one could, while storing up strength for the winter, be learning at the same time much of the charms and natural resources of one's own country.

Mrs. Langtry, whose youthful grace and beauty have been the wonder of her sex through several decades, has been talking recently on the ever interesting subject of the retention of health and beauty. Her remarks are worth considering.

"To a great extent," she declared to the newspaper woman who was interviewing her, "a woman's beauty is measured by her vitality. The keystone of physical beauty is perfect health. Work, sunshine, exercise, water and soap, plain, nourishing food, lots of fresh air and a happy, contented spirit—there, as you say, 'Honest and true'—is my working rule for youth, youthful spirits and youthful looks. But the profoundest secret of my keeping young is that I have learned to keep my thoughts young . . . I believe in the importance of pure food simply cooked, but pure air in unlimited quantities and knowing how to fill the lungs with oxygen, not only while doing breathing exercises, but every moment of one's life, waking or sleeping, is the vital acquirement. . . . Whatever a woman's circumstances are she cannot look her best unless she has learned to breathe correctly. Until a woman has learned that her spirits, her health, her amiability and



HELL'S GATE, FRASER CANYON—A MAGNIFICENT SCENE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

PHOTO BY EDWARDS BROS., VANCOUVER

her good looks depend upon her using her lungs to their fullest extent she has not learned her most important life lesson. Without money and without price she can learn the surest way to acquire a clear skin, bright eyes and youthful face. . . . I look back on my pictures showing my hour-glass figure with positive amazement. How could I ever have thought I was getting my share of life in these prison corsets! The greatest difficulty the woman who has worn the tightly laced corset encounters in her efforts to breathe correctly is through the impairment of the waist and abdominal muscles, which have been for years unused. . . . Deep breathing should not be a matter of five minutes a day. It should be continuous; but until one has learned how, it is better to make a practice of regularly going through several deep breathing movements two or three times a day. . . . Walking is the best exercise for women. It brings into play every muscle without straining, and is one that poor women as well as rich can take. The girl who is in the habit of walking is easily mistress of the drawing-room graces.

She is free in movement because she has had plenty of the best exercise. I sleep with windows wide open and all heat turned off. We can't get too much fresh air. There is no sleep so sweet, so refreshing, as that which follows a busy day spent in happy, exhilarating work."

Mrs. Langtry is right, and the women of the city and the town are beginning to learn the lesson. In England they learned it some time since.

●

MOTHER

BY ZONA GALE

I wish I had said more. So long, so long
About your simple tasks I watched you, dear;
I knew you craved the words you did not hear;
I knew your spirit, brave and chaste and
strong,
Was wistful that it might not do the wrong;
And all its wistfulness and all its fear
Were in your eyes whenever I was near.
And yet you always went your way with song.

O prodigal of smiles for other eyes
I led my life. At last there came a day
When with some careless praise I turned away
From what you fashioned for a sweet surprise.
Ah, now it is too late for me to pour
My vase of myrrh—would God I had said
more!—*Selected.*

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

PARTY FIDELITY

WHILE Professor Goldwin Smith is uttering protests against the party system and its evil effects upon government policies, the Parliament of Canada has been giving a stirring example of party fidelity in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway proposition. Before the Bill was brought forward, resolutions endorsing an amended agreement previously entered into by the Government were introduced. The debate on these resolutions covers 403 pages of *Hansard*, containing 604,500 words. And yet that debate did not result in changing a word in the resolution, a line in the contract, or the vote of a single member. The country would have been much richer, in fact, had the resolution been passed without discussion.

Viewing this incident dispassionately, one cannot but conclude that debates in the House of Commons under present conditions are a farce. The Government whips its followers into line by saying that the policy it has laid down must be upheld or there will be no distribution of patronage by the members who oppose it. And, after all, what is the position of a member of the ruling party without patronage? The money to be spent in his riding is divided and the offices distributed on the advice of a local politician who has ambitions concerning the member's shoes. True, Mr. Blair opposed the Grand Trunk Pacific project and received a Government position, but the circumstances were exceptional.

On the other hand, the Opposition speeches were all along one line, all breathing forth the misfortunes

which must follow the building of a new railway on such lines as the Government laid down. There was little honesty in the criticism, no desire to give the Government credit for what was good in the bargain, only a combined attempt to beat a noisy drum.

This party fidelity extended to the newspapers. The Conservative journals throughout the country echoed the destructive words of the devoted members who support Mr. Borden; while the Liberal journals boldly proclaimed that the wisdom of the Government was the wisdom of High Heaven, and that not one word of the bargain was faulty, not one feature open to a moment's discussion. It does not follow that one side was wrong and one side right. It is not certain either that the Grand Trunk Bargain was improperly conceived, or that it was the best that could have been secured. It is not apparent that wisdom has her home among one party or the other. The conclusion to be drawn from the episode is that party fidelity is destructive of common-sense and of a desire to find out what is best in policies enunciated by governments or to discover what is honest and forcible in opposition criticism.

There are some members of parliament, some publicists and some journalists who are struggling against this undue exercise of party fidelity. Notable among these independent influences are the *The Weekly Sun* and *The News* of Toronto. In its issue of April 23rd, *The News* objects to seven features of the Grand Trunk Pacific bargain, the chief of which are the lack of government oversight concerning the first mortgage bonds and the price at which the common stock is to be

sold at, and the lack of a provision making the Abitibi to Moncton sections contingent on the finding of a suitable route. Having thus explained its objections, *The News* goes on to say that the new railway "ensures to our country the broad, simple and immensely important advantage of a second link between the East and the West. . . . New areas of stupendous size and of incalculable possibilities will be opened for development. . . . We will gain a new footing on the Pacific, and the Pacific is the ocean of the future. . . . The West will gain a new outlet." Then this admirable summing up of the whole question is ended with the following paragraph :

"It is worth while paying for benefits so enormous. It is sound policy to pledge the country's credit to help so pregnant an enterprise. The pledging may be done in a reckless and unbusinesslike manner, and yet in the broad outlines be wisely done. Some undeserved fortunes may be made, some unnecessary burdens may be laid upon the people, the freight rates may be more burdensome than is justifiable. But these drawbacks constitute a price which the country is able to pay. We disapprove many of the details, and approve the general lines of the bargain."

It is a pity that party politics could not be carried on in the admirable spirit displayed in this editorial. Such a state of affairs is easily possible if Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, and those in like positions, were to loose the reins which they now hold so tightly over their followers. It would also be possible if the journalists of Canada were to place the good of the country before the success of the respective political parties. Why should Canada not have a parliament of freemen instead of a parliament of party-bound slaves and conscienceless adventurers? Why should men, who in private and business life bear the marks of honour and dignity, walk into the House of Commons and become as brass-mouthed graphophones and voting puppets?

The party system may be good in the main, but in Canada we are suffering from the abuses not the uses of it.

Every party worker admits the abuses but finds it easier to go with the tide than against it. The result is lamentable.

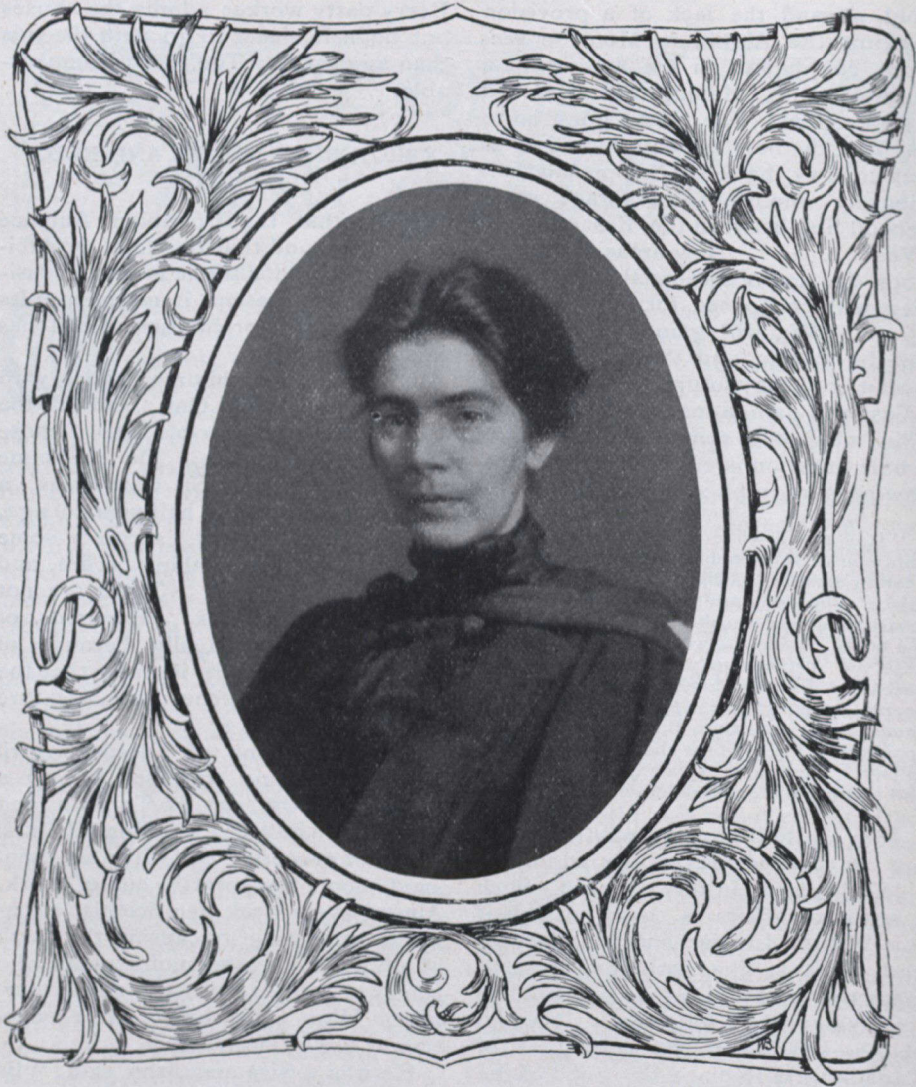
PROHIBIT MATCHES AND ELECTRICITY

NOW that the Dominion Alliance has found that the total prohibition of the liquor traffic is an impossibility for the present, it might turn its attention to the prohibition of matches and electricity.

On April 23rd, children playing with matches in Berlin Ont., caused the death of a two-year-old girl whose clothing caught fire. On the same day in the city of St. Catharines, a little boy, two and a half years of age, climbed out of bed, secured some matches, set his clothing on fire, and was burned to death. These are not unusual occurrences. Hundreds of lives are lost annually because of matches. Surely it is time that the prohibition of matches was a feature of our legislation.

On the evening of Tuesday, April 19th, an electric wire set fire to a building in the city of Toronto and destroyed fourteen million dollars' worth of property, throwing six thousand people temporarily out of work. Almost every week electricity is setting fire to something, or causing the death of a lineman or other unfortunate who comes in contact with the deadly current. Why not prohibit the production or use of electricity?

He was a wise man who said, "Be sure you are right; then think it over." I quite agree with those who believe in the total prohibition of the liquor traffic; but I have thought it over, with the result that I believe that it is impossible at this stage of civilization. People must first be taught that whiskey is harmful when taken as a beverage, that its use should be exceptional. Indulgence in strong drink is a sign of weakness, and all the boys and girls in this country should have that fact impressed on them every day in the week, every week in the year. Edu-



HILDA D. OAKELEY

Warden Royal Victoria College for Women and first female member of McGill's Arts Faculty.

cate the people, and prohibition will come gradually and naturally.



WOMEN AND UNIVERSITIES

IT is not so many years since women were admitted to Canadian Universities on an equal basis with men. To-day, many of them are found in the

classes of all the larger institutions. They do fairly well in the classes and occasionally find a brief period of usefulness as fellow or assistant. Now McGill University has gone a step farther and made the Warden of the Royal Victoria College for Women a member of the Faculty of Arts. This is a notable triumph for Miss Oakeley and the weaker sex.

Hilda Diana Oakeley who has achieved this notable innovation is a new-comer to this country, and the credit therefore lies rather to English education than to Canadian. She is a daughter of Sir Evelyn Oakeley, formerly chief inspector of training colleges in England and Wales. From a Manchester School she went to Somerville College, Oxford, whence she graduated a Bachelor in Arts with honours, and a first-class in Literæ Humaniores. She then spent some time in political science and constitutional history, in the meantime lecturing on logic and engaging in other educational work. In 1899, she was awarded a research studentship at the London School of Economics, but resigned it to come to Canada to take up her present work. McGill gave her an M.A. in 1900, and now bestows this further honour upon her.

McGill has gone farther than any other Canadian University in providing for its women students, although Victoria College, Toronto, recently added a splendid residence, Annesley Hall. This will shortly be supplemented by a new residence for women which will probably be a part of University College. Now that Trinity College has become a part of the University of Toronto, St. Hilda's will probably be used as a women's residence. Thus shortly the University of Toronto will have three residences for its women, Annesley Hall, St. Hilda's, and the new one that is to be erected shortly.

MORMONISM

THE *Christian Guardian* does not like the article on Mormonism by James L. Hughes which appeared in the May CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Among other things, it says:

"Neither of the 'peculiar institution' of polygamy, nor of the hideous superstition of 'sacraments for the dead,' nor of any other of the well-known immoralities and blasphemies of Mormonism has Inspector Hughes a single word of deprecation. The culture, the music, the woman suffrage,

the education, the zeal, the wealth, the amusements of the Mormons, inspire his pen and fill his paper. But there is another side, and a terrible one. Those who are infinitely better qualified to judge of Mormonism and its results than Mr. Hughes; those who have known it not as flattered visitors for a week, but as long residents in its centres and profound students of its workings, have far other tales to tell. There are families in this very Canada of ours broken-homed and broken-hearted because of this thing which is so bepraised in the article before us.


"For many long years the leading statesmen, educationists and religious workers in the United States have recognized Mormonism as one of the greatest menaces to the political and social well-being of that country. We are surprised that a high educational functionary of Canada shows no more sympathy with them, and with the vast majority of the people of the great republic, in their efforts to rid themselves of what they believe to be a social pest-house and a source of moral contagion and national danger and disgrace."

IMMIGRATION

The opening months of 1904 have witnessed a continuation of the immigration movement which last year brought us 129,000 new citizens. The Anglo-Saxon race is always expanding. It has spilled over into America until the United States is comfortably filled; it is now overflowing into Canada. We have six millions of people to-day. Mr. Lightall estimates that we have room for nine hundred millions. The number required is therefore 894,000,000. If they come at the same rate as in 1903, six thousand years will be required to secure them. Even if we received a million a year, it would be nearly nine centuries before the country is filled up. In view of these figures, the labour unions and trade councils need have no worry about the country filling up too rapidly.

John A. Cooper

About New Books.



CONCERNING THE HONOUR OF BOOKS

SINCE honour from the honourer proceeds,
How well do they deserve that memorize
And leave in books for all posterities .
The names of worthies and their virtuous
deeds :

When all their glory else, like water-weeds
Without their element, presently dies
And all their greatness quite forgotten lies,
And when and how they flourished no man
heeds !

How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closed rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of books, that to the universal eye
Shew how they lived ; the other, where
they lie.

—JOHN FLORIO

A CANADIAN IN KOREA

REV. JAMES SCARTH GALE,
author of "Korean Sketches"
(Revell, 1899), and "The Vanguard, a
tale of Korea" (Revell, 1904), was
born near the village of Alma, Welling-
ton Co., Feb. 19, 1862, educated at
Elora High School, St. Catharines
Collegiate Institute and Toronto Uni-
versity, where he graduated in the
spring of 1888. He went to Korea in
the autumn of the same year as lay
missionary, supported for four years
by student contributions. He then
transferred his allegiance to the Ameri-
can Board, and has been in the employ
of that body since then. In 1896, while
home on furlough, he was regularly
ordained.

A specimen of a Korean prayer is
given in "The Vanguard.*" Near
Ping-yang there is a famous shrine,

*Chicago and Toronto: The Fleming H.
Revell Co.

famous for its mysterious power. "On
the first day of the moon and the
fifteenth day, the people of the town
brought food and money and paper,
and spread it out on the ground before
the spirit and said, 'O spirit! here is
this offering, take it, eat it, inhale it,
do what you like with it, only be good,
and give us money, and rice, and sons,
and good grave-sites, and long life,
and nothing to do, Amen.'" Korea is
a place of great ignorance, of great
immorality, of great depravity, if "The
Vanguard" is a true picture. It should
be left in Japan's hands, now that she
has once more taken possession, and
perhaps it may be improved. No
doubt it will take many years of des-
perate education.

This story turns a new page in fiction;
it shows the picturesqueness, humour,
romance, and grim struggle of the life
of a young Canadian who elects to be
a missionary to the Koreans. In view
of the present war, the location in
itself is enough to make the book in-
teresting, but its interest does not rest
on that only, nor does one need to be
a mission enthusiast to be taken with
the story,—it is a recital of telling
incident that grips attention from first
to last. The Western characters are
all unique, and also the natives from
Ko the thief, gambler, and general
thug, to Jay the insurrection leader,
who got his price out of the govern-
ment. Underneath all is the romance
of the hero's life, with its dramatic
and happy finale.

"Korean Sketches," by the same
author, is a series of semi-humorous,
semi-descriptive tales about the hermit
nation, its people, and their four-footed
companions. Mr. Gale has crossed
the country twelve times, has penetrat-

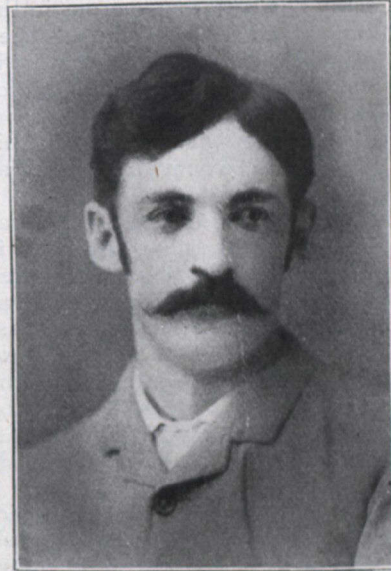
ed into its most remote sections, and has lived with princes and coolies.

CROCKETT'S LATEST

THERE is a certain vigour in the novels of S. R. Crockett which is disconcerting to the reviewer, who finds that writer's novels flowing in with unceasing regularity—if there is such a form of motion known to the human mind. "Strong Mac"* is the story of a simple-minded young giant, who at the opening of the story is attending the Lowran schoolhouse and living with his poacher-father at the tiny freehold House of Muir, in the Galloway country. Adora Gracie, the young schoolmistress, shares the honours of the story, and the romance that is woven about the two by this skilful author seems very real and decidedly intense. Crockett strongly delineates his characters, so that there is no mistaking their identity. He describes their moods, their feelings, their ambitions, their actions, with much nicety of phrase and picturesque expression, until the heart of each is laid bare to the sympathetic reader. As these characters lived away back in the time when Canada defended herself from the United States and when Wellington fought in Spain, they did not live and speak as we do now, hence there is an added quaintness in the romance. The times were ruder and sterner and justice was differently interpreted and differently administered. Might was more nearly right in the individual, and the strong man needed his strength. Yet, even strong men had difficulties from which they barely escaped, as the story of Strong Mac most plainly shows.

A PROBLEM STORY

Doctors and students of science will find in "The Narrow Enigma,"* by Melvin L. Severy, a book worthy of a spare hour. This kind of problem-story is an oasis in the desert of



JAMES S. GALE

Author of "The Vanguard," and "Korean Sketches."

monotone romantic fiction. This feature adds a piquancy and intellectual exercise to an interesting tale—though not in all cases.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

"Dorothea,"* by Maarten Maartens, is entitled "A Story of the Pure in Heart." It is as ambitious as a sermon, as long, and as interesting. The reader who ventures to ramble through its pages will require much patience, which will not be without reward.

NOTES

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the novelist and historian, has recently been placed upon the civil list of the British Government to receive an annual pension of £250 (\$1,250). A prominent English publication expresses surprise that an author whose works are so popular wherever the English language is spoken should be in need of a pension. A score of editors have sprung forward with the information that Mr.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

McCarthy has been as generous in the spending of his money as he has been indefatigable in earning it, that he is now old (in his 73rd year), and that for the last five years he has been almost blind, requiring the services of his daughter, with whom he lives, as amanuensis.

Mr. A. C. Swinburne, who was sixty-seven on Tuesday, April 5, is stated to have completely recovered from his recent severe illness. It was in 1857-8 that Mr. Swinburne's earliest writings (says a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*) were published in the "Undergraduate Papers," edited by John Nichol, who, with Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Sir James Bryce, T. H. Green and Dr. Birkbeck Hill, was a contemporary of the poet at Balliol College, Oxford. Mr. Swinburne's first volume, "The Queen-Mother and Rosamond," was issued in 1860 by Pickering, but before many copies were sold it was transferred to Moxon, who issued the work with a new title-page. His "Poems and Ballads," which has had the largest sale of any of Mr. Swinburne's works, dedicated to "my friend Edward Burne-Jones," was originally published in 1866.

In his recently-published reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Ellesmere tells how punctilious the great Duke was in the matter of paroles, and he never forgave an officer who acted dishonourably in this respect. On one occasion, he recounts, a Colonel Walters who had been captured by the Spanish appeared at the dinner table. The Duke's first impression was that he had broken his parole; those who were present never forgot the awful expression of his face. It was not until the officer explained that he had made a daring and entirely legitimate escape that his superior's brow cleared.

There was a tragic occurrence in the Lake of the Woods district in 1736, when a son of Lavérendrye, a missionary and a score of voyageurs were massacred by the Sioux of the Prairies. A complete account of this affair is given in a paper recently contributed

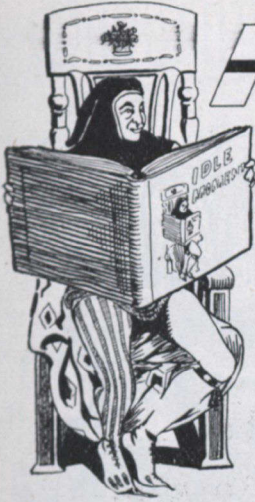
by Lawrence J. Burpee to the Transactions of the Royal Society. To the same series C. C. James contributes a record of the Second Legislature of Upper Canada, 1796-1800. The four sessions of that body were held in York, but Mr. James does not describe what was done, contenting himself with biographical notes on the men who made up that historic body. (Ottawa: James Hope & Sons.)

The Royal Astronomical Society of Canada have issued a volume of selected papers and proceedings for 1902 and 1903, edited by Arthur Harvey, F.R.S.C. This is a valuable volume, although regret must be expressed that the poor ink and the imperfect press-work have spoiled what is otherwise an attractive publication. This society is successor to the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto, which title was considered "too local for a body which had valued members in other cities and desired to bring together for their general good all Canadians who were interested in astronomical science." (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Paper, 144 pages.)

There will be issued this month in the United States and Canada a volume of racing stories by W. A. Fraser, under the title "Brave Hearts." These stories are probably Mr. Fraser's best work, as he appears to be more at home with the horse than with any other animal. These tales have all his accustomed vigour, with a reality which makes them vivid and convincing. The scenes range through Canada, England and India.

The McGill University Magazine for April (Vol. 3, No. 2) contains, as a frontispiece, a fine portrait of the Hon. Charles Dewey Day, Chancellor of McGill University, 1857-1884. Most of the contributions to the number are worth reading, the weakest being the lecture from the pen of Professor Macnaughton. The poetry is above the average. (Montreal: A. T. Chapman.)

Edwyn Sandys has a new book ready which will be issued early in the fall. It is entitled "Sportsman Joe," and is a combination of fiction and woodlore.



IDLE MOMENTS

THE STRATEGY OF BIGGS.

BIGGS sat at ease in the "Queen's" verandah chair.

Hidden among the cedars at the brow of the long gentle slope leading into the village, is a pretty red brick cottage; neat, bright flower beds in front, a well-kept garden at the rear. There Biggs lives. But energetic, little Mrs. Biggs and son Jack deserve the credit for establishing this cosy home. Biggs is their free boarder. Scheming for free drinks at the "Queen's," and posting himself in politics from the hotel copy of the *Daily Bugle*, are his chief occupations.

Curtin, the cattle buyer, came driving along the Main Road. 'Twas his first trip north of the Townline. That summer, cattle were scarce, high-priced and hard to buy, and he was widening his territory.

Curtin's gig drew up at the door of the village hotel.

"Buyin' cattle?" queried Biggs.

"Yes, any to sell?"

"Mebbe," was the guarded reply. "Aren't you coming in?" he continued, scenting the probable treat.

"What about them cattle?" asked Curtin after a couple of rounds of "something" at his expense.

"'Cross the bridge, 'bout a mile out," he was informed.

They drove out.

"There they are," pointed Biggs a few minutes later, and they halted at the crossroads. Half a dozen steers looked lazily at them from the corner field.

Curtin climbed the fence and examined the bunch. Biggs, from the gig, dilated upon the fine condition of each animal.

"What's your price?" asked the buyer.

"You're buyin'," was the curt response.

"Well, I'll give you forty apiece for these four and thirty for the others. What d'ye say?"

"It's blamed hot here. Let's go back and talk it over," was the reply of the thirsty man in the gig.

"Say thirty-five apiece for the two-year-olds, then," raised the drover, continuing the discussion in the Blue Room of the "Queen's," after a spell of refreshment.

Biggs wouldn't say.

Refreshments continued. Still he wouldn't say.

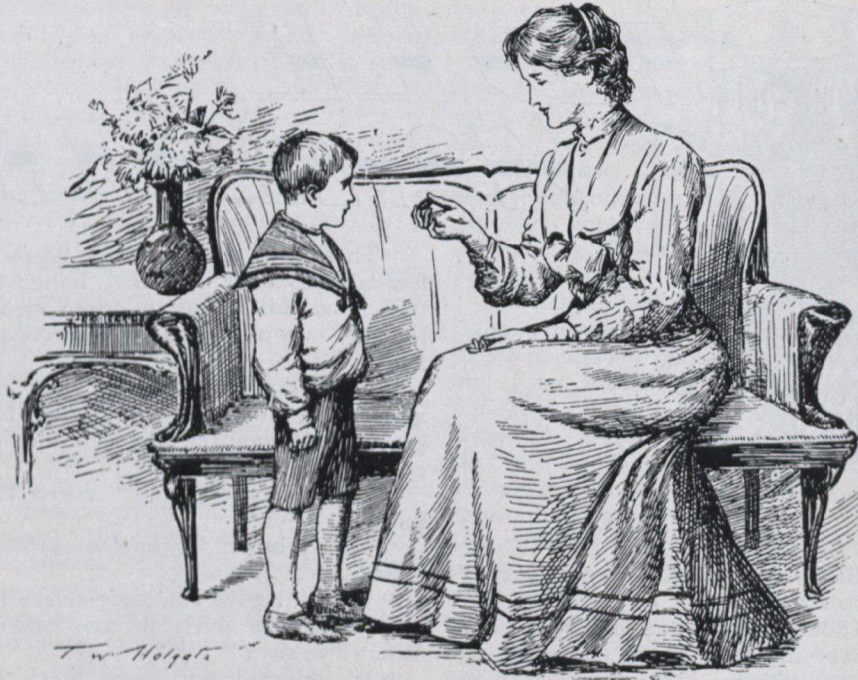
"Forty apiece all round," urged Curtin.

Biggs was inexorable. The liquor flowed deliciously cool.

"See here, mister," broke out the drover at last, irritably. "I'll give you forty-five all round. Your blamed cattle ain't worth it, but I'm in the township to buy and I'm goin' to buy. Have another. Here's a ten on the bargain. I've got to be moving."

Biggs slowly drained his glass, and spurning the tenner walked unsteadily out to resume the arm chair, while Curtin settled the score.

"I say, landlord," asked Curtin. "What's the matter with that blamed fool? What *does* he want for his cattle?"



UNIMAGINATIVE.

AUNTIE.—“Do you see the hair in this old brooch, Cyril? It was your Great-Grandfather's.”

CYRIL.—“I say, Auntie, he didn't have much!”—*Punch*.

“His cattle? What cattle? Where?” ejaculated the astonished host.

“Why, the cattle we were out lookin' at. Tenth line, he said it was. That corner opposite the cemetery.”

“His cattle?” snorted the hotel keeper. “Biggs don't own a calf. That's Garlen's ranch out by the cemetery. And he gathered in every head for sale in the township last week, too.”

Curtin drove quickly along the Main Road, up the long gentle slope leading from the village.

Biggs slept at ease in the “Queen's” verandah chair.—*Don Graeme*.

■

A TWENTIETH CENTURY INTERNATIONAL CATECHISM LESSON

What is the first duty of a nation? To glorify itself and serve itself forever, and by any means which may not bring it in conflict with a more powerful nation.

What are Christian nations? Nations with large armies and navies.

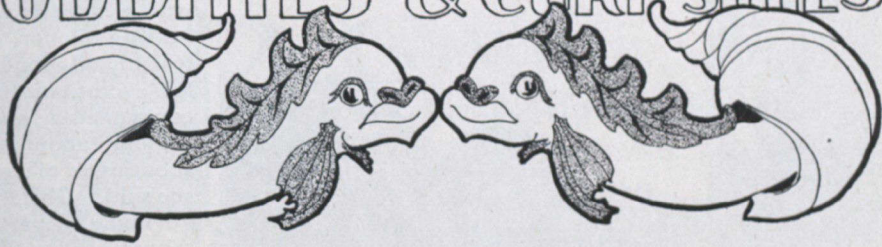
What is a treaty? A solemn agreement between two or more nations, which the weaker are in honour bound to obey.

What is arbitration? A means of settling disputes between nations so equally matched that one is afraid to go to war and the other does not dare to.

What is Benevolent Assimilation? The process of adapting the resources of the weak to the benefit of the strong. It is practised by lions and tigers towards lambs and deer, and by Christian nations (see def.) towards barbarous and semi-civilized peoples. Also sometimes known as the Spread of Civilization. The most efficient and generally used instruments for this beneficent process are missionaries, rum and rifles.

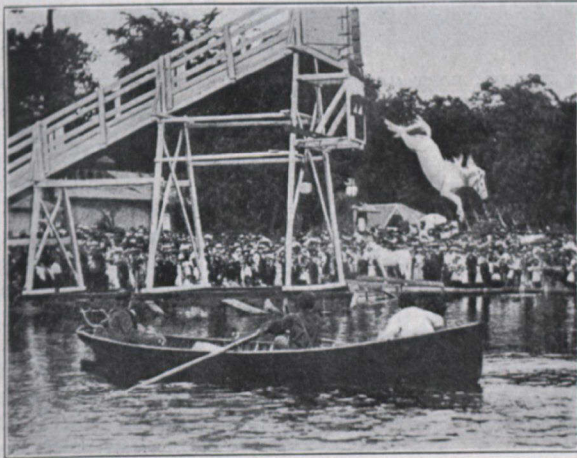
Edwin J. Webster, in N. Y. Life.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



A DIVING HORSE

THE accompanying photograph shows a diving horse in action. It is, indeed, a source of never-ending



A DIVING HORSE IN ACTION

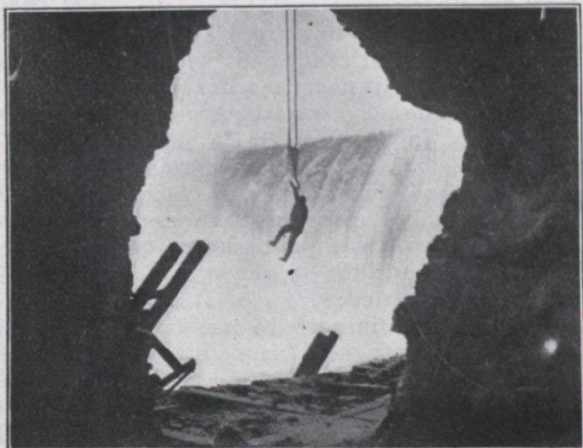
wonder that animals are able to learn so many novel tricks. At the Toronto Exhibition last year a horse was present who was able to go to bed and to cover himself up with the clothes. A few years ago, a diving elk went about the country giving exhibitions. Performing elephants, lions, and smaller animals are numerous. A diving horse is, however, one of the newest.

AN ODD SNAPSHOT

This interesting and curious snapshot was taken at Niagara Falls. The

opening is that of a new "Scenic Tunnel" facing the Horseshoe Fall. I chanced to be in it one July day in 1903 when a workman—one of a number

engaged in erecting an electric power house at the base of the Table Rock Cliff—was hoisted by a derrick up the 160 feet of distance to the level of the cataract. The man hung on to a pulley block and was, therefore, suspended for some minutes over the boiling waters of the river and in the mist of the Horseshoe Cataract. Needless to say, the man's position when photographed was a precarious one; at least, it would be to the average man. The electric works at the Falls present some new phases to the tourist, even though the



A SNAP-SHOT AT NIAGARA FALLS

PHOTO BY FRANK YEIGH



THE FARTHEST NORTH TOWN IN CANADA, FORT MACPHERSON,
ON THE PEEL RIVER. IT IS WITHIN 200 MILES
OF THE ARCTIC COAST

natural beauty of the surroundings is fading away before the predatory hand of the capitalist.

A CURIOUS LETTER

NEW YORK, March 16th, 1904.

MY DEAR BOB,—Your letter—short and sweet—received some days ago, and I am glad you found my remarks re snobs to the point.

My dear Bob, you are not the only fellow who is troubled with snobs, there are others; your uncle Silas down in New Y. has his own troubles with snobs or rather with a snob and a snobby snob at that. His name happens to be Griggs, and he is the special partner of the firm of James Ross & Co. His money can't be counted and his brains can't be found, but what he lacks in brains he makes up in snobbishness.

Have you ever seen a regiment of Yankee militia drill? If not you are to be congratulated; I have. I saw the seventy-first inspected some time ago, and as our old friend R. H. says:

"Now there aint no chorus 'ere to sing,
Nor there aint no band to play,
An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done wot I did,
Or saw what I seen that day."

I took the wife with me. After witnessing one or two fearful and wonderful evolutions, accompanied by much running about and shouting of officers, she said, "Oh, let us go home, Ryerson school can do better than that." So home we went, grieving over what we had seen. Positively it was awful, the sorriest exhibition of ignorance and incompetence it has ever been my unhappy lot to witness. A sloppier lot of shagnappies I

hope I may never see. The colonel in command sat on his horse at one side, while his major gave the commands, smoking a big black cigar and chatting affably with the inspecting officer. A sergeant and a captain nearly came to blows right beneath the gallery where we were sitting over some question of etiquette, and the whole mob broke ranks and surrounded them. Some of the officers even began to make bets on the outcome, and then—oh, Bob—what do you think—of all things—in the headquarters of a regiment supposed to be of soldiers—with officers in uniform too—oh, it was pitiful—a policeman—think of it—a policeman—an ordinary, every-day, commonplace city policeman, pushed his way through the crowd and ordered officers, men and all to quit their fooling. Such an exhibition!

With all their talk and blow, their flag-flapping, and 'holier than thou' business, the people of the United States are only half civilized; they talk like savages, eat like savages, drink like savages and in every other way live and die like savages. They have their good points, but—

Yours sincerely,
FRANK.



CANADA

FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



AT PORT ARTHUR

Night! and the thousand terrors!
The eyeless Dark, and the fears!
Night! and its wrack of blindness:
Darkness where Panic rears.

Army that stalks in the sunshine,
And shell that flies by day!
These we may face and fear not,
These we may meet in the way!

But night and its awful fearing,
As our searchlights stab in the Dark!
When Death abides in the Blackness,
Our gunners find no mark.

Impotent gun and gunners:
We pray for coming of Dawn.
And the sun comes up and finds us
With pallid faces and wan.

Day! and a sparkling ocean!
Wished-for: the ships of the foe!
Day! and the battle is welcome,
When blow is returned for blow!

But Night, and its blind forebodings!
The Dark! and its black, dead fear!
When our hearts are ground in torture!
God! Is the Day not near?

—Roden Kingsmill in *Toronto News*.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY

SLOWLY, but surely, the idea is percolating through the minds of the press and the government of Great Britain that the present rate of postage on British newspapers and periodicals mailed to Canada is a disgrace. Great Britain charges 8 cents a pound to mail this material to Canada; Canada charges one-half cent a pound to send the same class of mail matter to Great Britain. Here is an editorial note

from the *British-Canadian Review*, of London:

Recently the Duke of Argyll wrote to *The Times* directing attention to the operation of the Preferential Tariff in Canada, and adverted to interesting details on the subject contributed by Mr. George Johnston, the head of the Statistical Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Perhaps one of the most eloquently conceived passages in the report was that which runs as follows:—
“There is one subject which is intimately connected with the development of trade, to which, however, your Government does not appear to attach as much importance as I do. Your newspapers do not circulate in Canada. The United States papers do. Trade, we say, follows the flag. It is even more true that trade follows the advertisements of the newspapers.” This is edifying reading, but it is nevertheless true, and no one acquainted with Colonial trade can question the accuracy of the statement. The time has arrived when manufacturers must advertise over sea, and no longer foster the feeling that such advertising represents so much money thrown away. Most Governments encourage trade papers, but in England the policy is to impair their usefulness by imposing a prohibitive rate of postage. How long will it be before St. Martin’s-le-Grand are able to “think imperially” on this really urgent matter?

The British manufacturer seems very slow to move in this matter which so vitally affects his future interests.

A VALUABLE CONCESSION

ONE of the points brought out during the discussion on the Grand Trunk Pacific, and one which should not be lost sight of, was the value of a single concession made to the Canadian Pacific, in the original contract. It was therein provided that “the rail-

way, and all stations, station grounds, workshops, buildings, yards and other property, rolling stock and appurtenances required and used for the construction and working thereof, and the capital stock of the company, shall be forever free from taxation by the Dominion, or by any province hereafter to be established, or by any municipal corporation therein." This is a pretty generous provision, and if it had been given the C.P.R. for a limited period, perhaps much objection could not have been taken to it; but it is forever. No government in the future will ever be able to alter it. It will stand for all time as a monument to the generosity of the Conservative government that gave it. Some one may say "Well, what does it amount to anyhow?" It amounts to this, that on its 2,500 miles of railway (taxed in the United States at about \$50 a mile) no taxes whatever will be paid; on its station buildings, yards, etc., no taxes will be paid. In Winnipeg alone the company has a most valuable and extensive property, yet it will never contribute one cent to the taxes of the province. Those who have given the matter some careful study and attention, conclude that this concession alone is worth in the neighbourhood of one million dollars a year to the company. Capitalized, it would more than pay the entire cost of the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific, from ocean to ocean. As the value of the C.P.R. increases from year to year, the value of this concession will increase accordingly.—*Clinton New Era*.

THE UNFORTUNATE OBJECTION TO CHILDREN.

IF modern tendencies do not alter, it would seem as if the rearing of children in cities by any but the very poor or the very rich will soon be a thing of the past. The very poor live in tenements, and no questions are raised

by the landlords as to whether they have children or not. It is assumed they have children, or will have them. The very rich, on the other hand, live in their own mansions, and if they care to indulge in children there is no one to say them nay. But the middle class are hard put to it, if they have followed, even on a modest scale, the Scriptural injunction to increase and multiply. Landlords look askance at them, and sometimes absolutely refuse to have any dealings with them. Domestic servants, in like manner, regard a large family as something intolerable, and raise objections even to a couple of children. President Roosevelt delivered an address to the people of the United States about a year ago on "race suicide"; but not a few fathers and mothers are crying out to-day in sore perplexity, "What are we going to do if the modern, civilized community refuses a place to our children?" It has been hinted that, amongst our neighbours, the trouble is partly due to the fact that their children are so ill-trained. Certainly if the youngsters deserve the description given of them by Mrs. Ira Husted Harper, the prominent woman suffragist, one can understand that it would take all a fond parent's partiality to put up with their ill manners. Such an explanation, however, is far from covering the ground. Even here, where children are perhaps passably brought up, the objection to children is taking shape, and increasing the difficulties of those who have growing families and only moderate means. The great trouble is the sharp competition of modern life. Society is organized to-day as for battle, and in a battle, why—children are in the way. It is unfortunate that it should be so, and unfortunate also that time, far from promising an early remedy, hints rather that things may be worse before they are better.—*Montreal Star*.

THE RENAISSANCE OF BICYCLING

THE Bicycle has enjoyed a steady popularity in England, so that at the present time pleasant routes are established and every accommodation is afforded for bicyclists. The accompanying photograph, which was taken last summer by a Torontonian who toured England on a Canada Cycle and Motor Company's cushion frame bicycle, shows a view of a Cyclists' Touring Club. These hostleries are located at convenient points along the established routes for bicycle traffic. In Canada and the United States the vogue of wheeling declined before it was comfortably adopted. The stability of the renaissance of bicycling in this country therefore depends upon the support it receives from wheelmen's organizations and good roads, and the establishment of pleasant shelters for accommodation. Since automobiling has evidently come to stay, it is safe to conclude that the bicyclist may share the roads and hostleries frequented by the chauffeur.

Writing of the renaissance of bicycling in America, John Wickliffe Gray says:—"There are charms in cycling unknown to golf, polo, cricket, tennis and kindred pastimes. Cycling makes an appeal to pride of accomplishment. To walk one mile on the pedals of a bicycle means to cover some six to nine miles of ground. Self-satisfaction beams from the face of the cyclist who has covered twenty miles with no more effort than leisurely stepping off two or three miles afoot.

Neither tennis nor golf offer so large a return in mental and bodily stimulation for the same expenditure of energy. But few indeed are the expert tennis and golf players. With these some skill is a neces-

sity. On the other hand, cycling requires little or none. The movement of muscles is regular, and as in horse-back-riding, the entire body is stimulated, the blood gathers a natural speed in its circulation, and the steady and deep breathing so induced extends the lung capacity.

Personally, I credit the bicycle with an unusually strong pair of lungs. I have ridden a wheel since early childhood, and now my lung expansion is almost abnormal, being five inches. My habits have been sedentary, and bicycling being practically my only exercise, undoubtedly I owe to it my well-developed muscles and lung capacity. I also know of a number of cases where bicycling acted as an antidote to nicotine poisoning of the lungs. Incessant smokers, who inhale, are acquainted with that feeling, which can only be termed "tobacco depression." To the large majority, cycling is still the chief outlet for spring and summer restlessness, and the universal desire for rapid motion, mixed cleverly with the acquisition of health, and companionship with a setting of Nature's smiles, must transcend those pastimes in which there is less pleasure."



A GASOLENE AUTOMOBILE

THE "Stevens-Duryea" two cylinder, opposed type, gasolene automobile is manufactured by the J. Stevens Arms and Tools Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., and sold in Canada by the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Toronto. This firm enjoys an international reputation for its product in fine target shotguns and rifles. The automobile is made with strict regard for the mechanical principles involved in this class of vehicle, and careful workmanship and high class of material have always been available at the Company's factory. The design of the car is somewhat different from the accepted models with attachable tonneau, for although it is of the combination type for two or four persons the extra seating capacity is provided by converting the dashboard section into a forward seat. This design realizes

an ideal as a family car or as a run-about for physicians. The body is regularly equipped with either a Victoria or Buggy top in leather, which is easily removed if not desired. With the top and storm apron to shield the automobilist and storm boot to protect the under machinery from mud, the completely equipped "Stevens-Duryea" is a weather-proof car. The feature of starting from the seat is another advantage that is most apparent in bad weather, as it saves the trouble of walking to the front of the car to turn the shaft handle.

In 1903 this machine scored some noted triumphs in racing events. On Nov. 22nd it made five miles in 7.43 minutes at the races held in Agricultural Park, Los Angeles, Cal. On

Nov. 25th, in the fifty-one mile race from Washington, D.C., to Frederick, Md., the Stevens-Duryea led sixteen competing cars. On Nov. 26th this car won the Eagle Rock, N.J., hill-climbing contest for the second time, defeating every car of its class. These events were all won by cars taken from the regular stock.

There is a wide divergence in the estimate which automobile manufacturers set upon the horse-power capabilities of the engines of their machines. It is freely admitted by those who have driven the Stevens-Duryea that its

motor is underestimated. The weight of the Stevens-Duryea engine is 160 pounds; fly-wheel, 78 pounds; complete car, 1,300 pounds.

In starting the Stevens-Duryea the driver takes his place on the seat and draws over a lever with the right hand. Gasolene is



THE STEVENS-DURYEA

admitted to the cylinders in controllable quantities by operating a button at the head of the single clutch lever. Ignition can be advanced or retarded while the carriage is running, and the motor controlled through either the gasolene feed or ignition spark. The starting lever and steering handle are convenient to the right hand of the driver; the clutch lever and gasolene control lie within the left hand, while the brakes and horn are convenient to the foot. The Stevens-Duryea was one of the features of the Toronto Automobile Show held at the Canada Cycle and Motor Company's showrooms and garage at "Automobile Corner," Bay and Temperance Streets, in the last week of March. The operation of the car was then freely demonstrated.

The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

A Spring TONIC

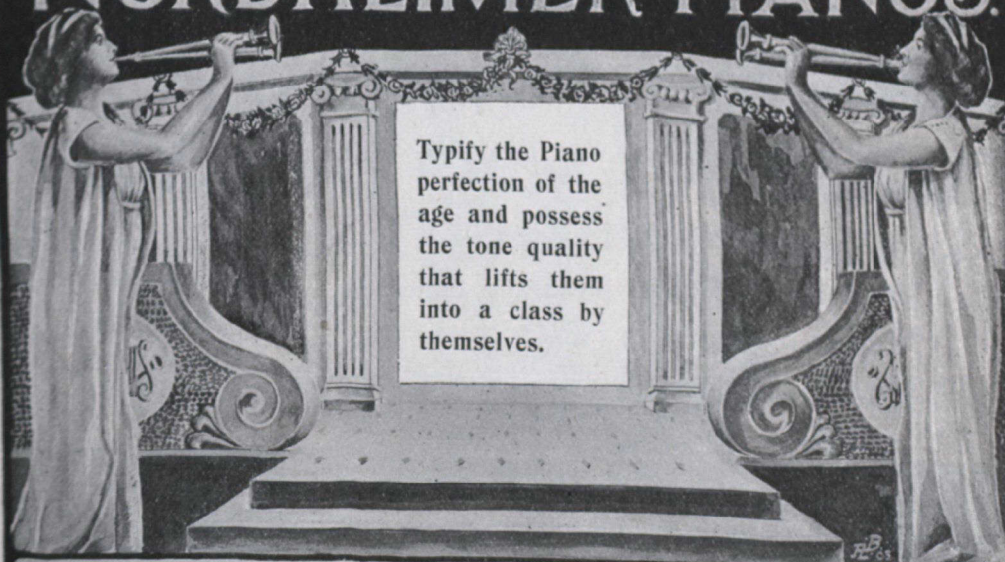
When you are all tired out, feel weak, sleep does not refresh, or the digestion and appetite are poor, there is no remedy so effective as Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Cures the causes of Headache, Wakefulness, Dyspepsia and reduced state of the nervous system. It is the most Nourishing, Strengthening and Invigorating Tonic known. Insist on having

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

If your druggist can't supply you we will send small bottle, postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents.
RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R.I.

NORDHEIMER PIANOS.



Typify the Piano perfection of the age and possess the tone quality that lifts them into a class by themselves.

NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED TORONTO ONT.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

POWERFUL FOOD

That can lift
A man
Out of
Bed



Disease cannot successfully attack people if their food and habits are right.

When one has stopped growing and lives mostly indoors it's high time to stop greasy meats or half cooked starchy food, much white bread, soggy vegetables, etc., etc.

It's worth trial to simplify the diet, get well and keep well.

Say Breakfast and Lunch on a little fruit (preferably cooked and very little sugar),

Dish of GRAPE-NUTS and Cream,

Slice of whole wheat bread and butter,

Cup of Postum Food Coffee,

One or two soft eggs and

NOTHING ELSE.

You are liable to "feel like a lord" in a day or two. "There's a reason," for GRAPE-NUTS food is a power for brain centres and body.

Have a try and tell yourself.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

IGNORANCE—Prejudice, Lack of Common Sense

make drudgery of housework.
WOMEN WITH BRAINS,
know that

Pearline

is the Best Soap—in a convenient, powdered form—and something more. It cleanses without rubbing—simply SOAK and RINSE (boil if you prefer). Avoids the wash-board's wear and tear.

THE DIRECTIONS ON THE PACKAGE ARE ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY

Intelligent Women

*The more you know
The better you like it.*



Bow Park

WE ASK

A TRIAL.

CREAM

CHEESE

For Cheese
Sandwiches

DELICIOUS

SHUTTLEWORTH
& HARRIS

Detroit, Mich.

For Welsh
Rarebit

TASTY

SHUTTLEWORTH
& HARRIS

Windsor, Canada





Sweet Caporal Cigarettes

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

—*London Lancet.*



There is none other than "THE MILKY WAY"

when it comes to proper food for infants. It is Nature's way, and Nature's food.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD

has saved the lives of and properly nourished thousands of babies who have grown into strong men and women and brought up their children upon it in turn. It needs no added milk in preparation, because it is itself made from the purest of milk. It has been the most approved infants' food with three generations. With Nestlé's Food so universally used and so easily obtained, why experiment with others?

Let us send you, free of charge, a half-pound package of Nestlé's Food for trial, and our Book for Mothers. Our Book for Mothers says a little about Nestlé's Food, but a great deal about the care of babies and young children. Send us a postal card.

THE LEEMING, MILES CO., LTD., MONTREAL, P.Q.



Seal Brand Coffee

makes breakfast a success, by making the coffee for breakfast a success.

Most men would rather have a cup of rich, delicious coffee in the morning than anything else.

Good cooks rely on SEAL BRAND to insure their breakfast coffee being always just right.

In 1 and 2 lb. airtight tin cans—ground or in the bean.

Chase & Sanborn
Montreal

FOR SALE BY LEADING GROCERS

CANADA'S HEADQUARTERS FOR



Oriental Rugs

Carpets, Silk and Camel's Hair
Palace Rugs, Artistic Oriental
Draperies, Embroideries, Ladies'
Silk Shawls and Kimonas, Damas-
cus Brassware, Egyptian Furni-
ture, etc., etc.

First and Largest Exclusive Turkish Rug Import-
ers in the Dominion.

We always have in stock the best and finest in all sorts of Oriental goods. All visitors from any part of America cannot afford to miss visiting our art rooms.

Antique and Rare Persian Rugs our Specialty.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

40 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

Opposite the King Edward Hotel

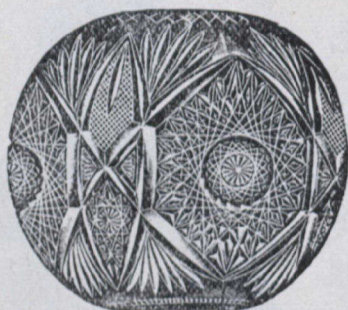
Phone Main 3058

Priestley's Estrellas

The daintiest
fabrics for
summer wear.
Worn by the best
dressed women
the world over.

FOR SALE AT ALL
THE BEST DRY
GOODS STORES





Rich Cut Glass

A choice selection from
the best factories.

Lamps, Globes and Shades

WILLIAM JUNOR

88 West King Street TORONTO



Why Not Be Well Dressed?

There is no reason why you should wear ill-fitting, poorly-made clothes when you can get them neat-fitting and well-made at more reasonable prices.

We save you from \$5.00 to \$10.00 on any suit.

Suits or Overcoats \$12.00 and up.
Trousers - - 3.00 and up.

All express charges prepaid.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

We carry a full assortment of Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges, Trouserings, Rain-coatings and Fancy Vestings, and will send Samples, Book of Styles, Self-measurement Form and Tape Measure free of charge.

WE MAKE TO ORDER ONLY.

Every garment is cut and made strictly according to measures and instructions; they have style and character and are guaranteed to fit.

All orders sent C.O.D. with the privilege of examination before you pay.

ADDRESS

Dept. A, CROWN TAILORING CO.
TORONTO



THE SUPREME POINT OF MERIT IN THE PALMER PIANO IS ITS TONE QUALITY

Certain woods are better adapted for piano building than certain other kinds, and the true musical note of the Palmer is obtained through a careful selection of the wood having the greatest tone-imparting power. The Palmer is not an instrument of involved and elaborate mechanical construction. The secret of its success is the secret of a knowledge of piano-craft successfully applied.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE
ORDER THROUGH DEALERS

The Palmer Piano Company
Limited
Toronto, Canada

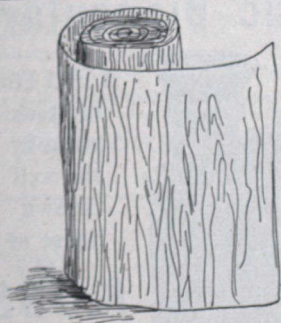
ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



JUST AS YOU APPEAR

WHEN YOU
WEAR A

D. & A.
CORSET



DYEING CARPETS

Makes the Soiled Carpet New.

It is not every one who knows that we dye carpets. Of course there is no object in dyeing a carpet that is worn thread-bare, but many a fine Wilton or Axminster carpet is ready to be cast aside because it has become soiled or stained. We take such carpets and dye them a rich green or crimson, and return them to you as good as a new carpet.

R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners

Head Office and Works—787-791 Yonge Street, TORONTO
BRANCHES—Montreal, Hamilton, London, Galt, St. Catharines,
Woodstock and Brantford.



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
 Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly
used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

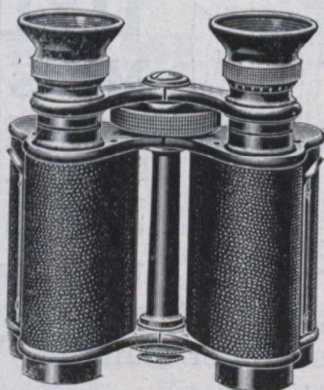
LIKE A BOOK

Our New Collapsible "LITTLE BEAUTY"
Hammock Cot (pat'd) folds up like a book.
Just the thing for Summer Travelling, Camping or
Home. Our booklet sent for the asking.



THE GEO. B. MEADOWS, Toronto
Wire, Iron and Brass Works Company, Limited
113 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Prismatic Binoculars



A Full Line
in Stock
made by
the well
known
House of

ROSS
Limited
of London
England

These are unexcelled by any other make, and
are now offered at prices lower than ever

8 power, \$37.70 and \$42.00

10 power, 45.00 and 49.30

12 power, 50.00 and 54.00

SEND FOR LEAFLET

CHARLES POTTER - - OPTICIAN
85 YONGE STREET, TORONTO



THE DESK OF THE AGE.
Every Device necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office. Our Catalogue goes in detail. **Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.** PRESTON, Ontario, Canada. Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



PURIFIES
 AS WELL AS
Beautifies
 the Skin
 No other cosmetic
 will do it.

REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 55 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haston* (a patient):—"As you young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stearn's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

THE ONE ALBUM ABOVE ALL OTHERS!

THE ROYAL STAMP ALBUM

For the Postage Stamps of the British Empire.

This beautiful book has been endorsed in the highest terms by the press and collectors throughout the world as being the finest and best album yet produced. A booklet describing the album sent free to any address.

"The finest and best album, and we strongly recommend it."—*Even's Weekly Stamp News.*
 "A handsome and admirable work."—*The Junior.*
 "The finest album made."—*The Philatelic Chronicle (England).*

For sale by Booksellers and Stamp Dealers throughout the world. Prices, \$2.50 to \$15.00.

THE COLONIAL STAMP COMPANY, Publishers and Stamp Dealers
 2435 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Illustrated List of Canada Stamps

and prices we will pay for them sent for 4 cents in stamps. We also buy collections of stamps, and mixtures of stamps, and pay the highest prices.

STAMPS FOR COLLECTORS

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 8 Barbados, 12c. | 6 Hong Kong... 8c. | 7 Straits Sett.... 10c. |
| 5 Bermuda, 10c. | 10 Jamaica..... 12c. | 5 Transvaal..... 10c. |
| 7 B. Guiana, 10c. | 6 Mauritius..... 10c. | 6 Trinidad..... 10c. |
| 8 Ceylon.... 10c. | 4 Orange States 10c. | 6 West Australia, 10c. |
| 3 Cyprus.... 5c. | 4 St. Vincent.... 12c. | 5 Gold Coast.... 10c. |

This company deals exclusively in British Colonial Postage Stamps, and can supply collectors at the lowest prices from a stock of selected stamps.

For
 Printing
 Papers

THE

K

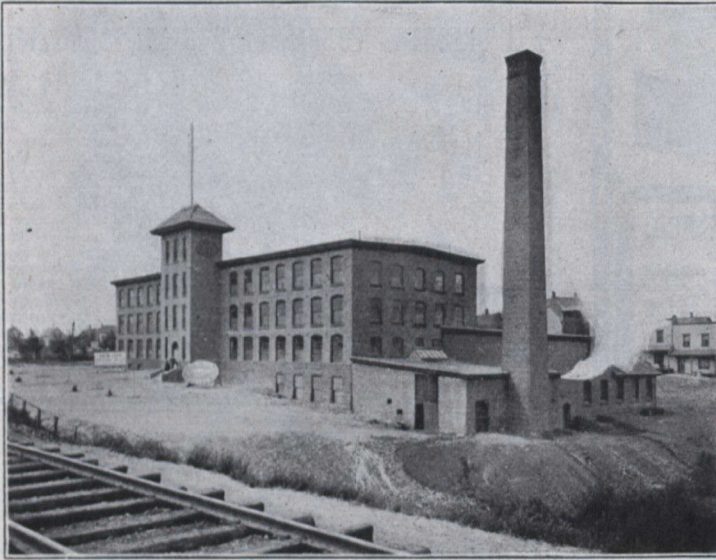
quality is the one you should use.

The advertising portion of the MAGAZINE is printed on our paper.

KINLEITH PAPER CO., Limited
 ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

C. HOWARD SMITH, Sales Agent
 TORONTO MONTREAL
 59 Bay St. 4-8 Cote St.

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS

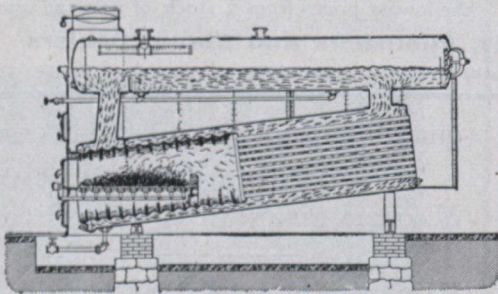
HEWSON TWEEDS

Have rapidly been recognized by good judges of woollens as taking rank along side Scotch fabrics. Some leading city tailors prefer them to the imported. From Halifax to Victoria tailors will supply **Hewson** fabrics. **Ask** them.

We are making splendid, stylish, **pure wool** cloths, and are quickly building a reputation which is backed by our name and guarantee. The best Canadian tailors are our best friends. **They** know!

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, - Amherst, N.S.

NO HEAT WASTED



The Robb-Mumford boiler is internally fired, and no heat is wasted by radiation as in an externally fired boiler.

The furnace is long and of large diameter, with greatest height at the back, giving good combustion.

The boiler is built with a sheet steel case, ready for use when it leaves our works, or for bricksetting if preferred.

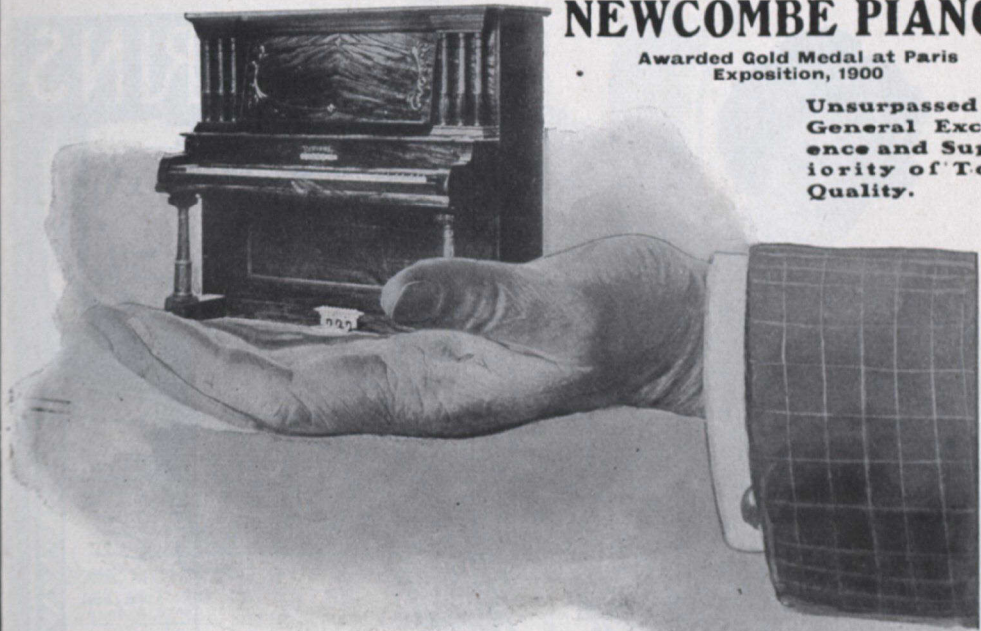
Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto.
Watson Jack & Company, Montreal.
J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

NEWCOMBE PIANOS

Awarded Gold Medal at Paris
Exposition, 1900

Unsurpassed for
General Excellence and Superiority of Tone
Quality.



Write for New Descriptive and Illustrated
Catalogue No. 20

The NEWCOMBE PIANO CO., Limited - - Bellwoods Avenue, TORONTO

“The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword”

Provided Good Ink is Used.



“JAPANESE”

WRITING FLUID

(The Ink that Never Fades)

POSSESSES EVERY DESIRABLE FEATURE

SOLD BY LEADING STATIONERS



COWAN'S



Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S

SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,
CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,
CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.

LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE



The Epicure knows full well the
merits of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

and those who wish to enjoy fish,
fowl, game or meat at their full
delicacy of flavor, must use a few
drops of "the Sauce that has abso-
lutely no equal. Try it.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL
CANADIAN AGENTS



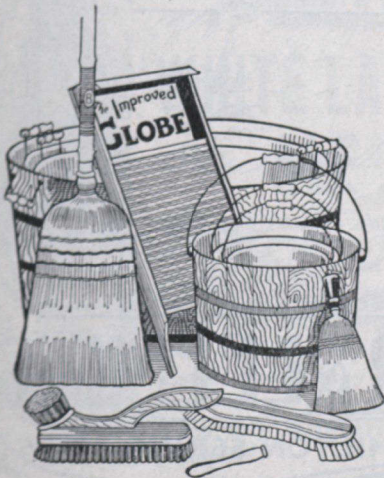
SAVAGE RIFLES

DISCRIMINATING SPORTSMEN are enthusiastic over the many novel features of the **SAVAGE 22 CALIBER REPEATER**. It is hammerless, shoots the short, long and long rifle cartridges all in the same arm, and its accuracy alone has placed it in a class by itself. Remember that Savage Repeating Rifles are made for all kinds of shooting—and also bear in mind we can give you some practical hints on the choice of an arm. At any rate let us send you our catalogue No. 3 Correspondence solicited.

Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

Baker & Hamilton, San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal., Pacific Coast Agents.

A Woman's Pride About House Cleaning



is worthy and wise, for who does not feel the sweetness, the wholesomeness, the angelic charm of a dainty, well-swept, well-scrubbed home.

Boeckh's Brushes and Brooms

and

Cane's Pails, Tubs, Wash-boards and Clothes-pins

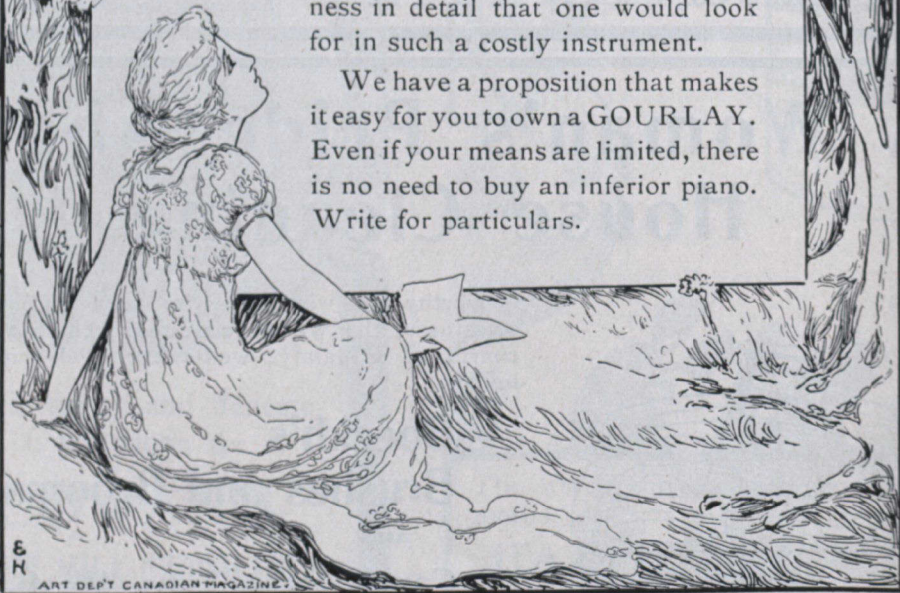
are the greatest of all aids to household cleanliness. Ask your grocer for them. Note genuine without the name "Boeckh" and "Cane."

GOURLAY PIANOS

Every One An Art
Piano

IF we took a commission to make a single piano for \$5,000, it could be of no better material or workmanship than we regularly use in our plainest, least expensive instrument, for we use the best only. We could spend more money on ornamentation, but nothing to improve quality. And every instrument receives that same personal care and special exactness in detail that one would look for in such a costly instrument.

We have a proposition that makes it easy for you to own a GOURLAY. Even if your means are limited, there is no need to buy an inferior piano. Write for particulars.



E
H

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

TORONTO·188YONGE ST.

HAMILTON·66KING ST·W.



FIFTY CHOCOLATE-COATED
IRON-OX TABLETS

In an Aluminum Box

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

An Invaluable Nerve Tonic,
A Cure for Indigestion and Constipation,
A Blood Maker and Purifier,
A Corrective of Sluggish Liver and
Derangement of the Kidneys.

THE IRON-OX REMEDY COMPANY, Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada and London, England

The **DOMINION BREWERY Co.**

**BREWERS AND
MALTSTERS**

LIMITED

TORONTO

Manufacturers of the
Celebrated

**WHITE LABEL
ALE**

ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT
OUR BRAND IS ON
EVERY CORK

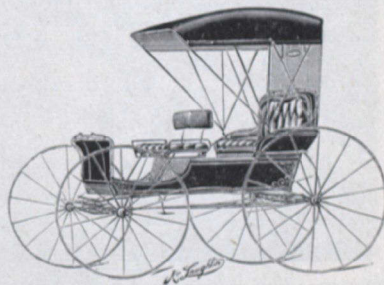
Our Ales and Porters have
been examined by the best
Analysts, and they have de-
clared them Pure and Free
from any Deleterious In-
gredients.

WM. ROSS, Manager.

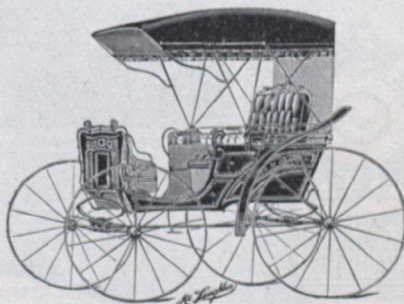


FAC-SIMILE OF
WHITE LABEL ALE.

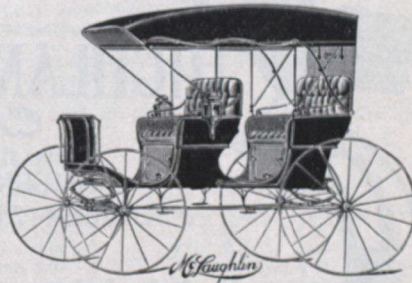
**McLAUGHLIN
VEHICLES**



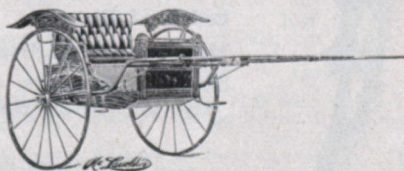
No. 6 1-2 - JUMP SEAT



No. 35A - MIKADO



No. 47 - LIGHT SURREY



No. 160 - CAMERON CART

We make upwards of **100 varieties** of spring vehicles for different purposes and guarantee every rig that leaves our factory. **34 years** of experience has taught us how to build carriages—the kind that don't "play out." **34 years** of active competition has produced the largest carriage factory in Canada, which we are to-day operating. These two facts should guarantee alike the quality of our product and the integrity of our business methods. Illustrations free.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., Limited, Oshawa



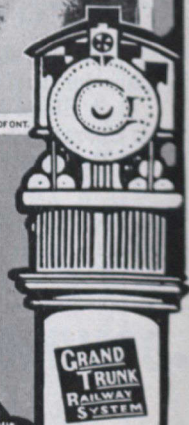
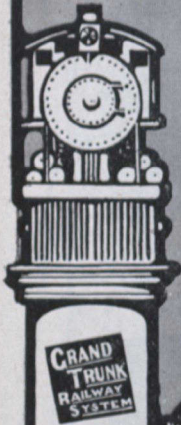
EEL RIVER FALLS



"WHERE THE TROUT HIDES," HIGHLANDS OF ONT.



HEAD OF LAKE JOSEPH, MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT



HIGHLANDS^{of} ONTARIO CANADA

AMERICA'S FAIREST
SUMMER RESORT DISTRICTS

INCLUDING

Muskoka Lakes
Lake of Bays
Maganetawan River
30,000 Islands of
the Georgian Bay

Lake Nipissing and
French River
Lakes Simcoe and
Couchiching
Kawartha Lakes

Wild, romantic scenery—pure, bracing air—fishing,
boating, beautiful water trips—and

PERFECT IMMUNITY FROM HAY FEVER

It's fun even to read about it—handsomely illustrated
descriptive matter, maps and all information
FREE. Apply to

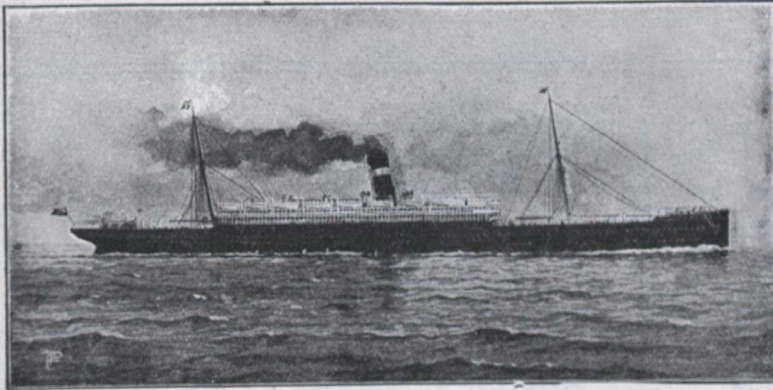
G T BELL
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
Grand Trunk Railway System
Montreal, Canada

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

TO LIVERPOOL

CALLING AT MOVILLE, LONDONDERRY



The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

TURBINE-ENGINED STEAMERS BUILDING

VICTORIAN, 12,000 Tons

VIRGINIAN, 12,000 TONS

NEW STEAMERS

TUNISIAN, 10,575 Tons, Twin Screws

BAVARIAN, 10,375 Tons, Twin Screws

IONIAN, 9,000 Tons, Twin Screws

These fine new steamers sail **Weekly** to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry.

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines, and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and all above the main deck, thus securing perfect light and ventilation. Bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels. Cuisine is unsurpassed.

1904

PROPOSED SAILINGS

1904

From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From QUEBEC
28 April	BAVARIAN	Sat., 14 May, 9.00 a.m.	Sat., 14 May, 11.00 p.m.
5 May	PRETORIAN	" 21 " 7.00 "	" 21 " 6.00 "
12 "	PARISIAN	Fri., 27 " 9.00 "	Fri., 27 " 11.00 "
19 "	TUNISIAN	" 3 June, 5.00 "	" 3 June, 3.30 "
26 "	IONIAN	" 10 " 9.00 "	" 10 " 10.00 "
2 June,	BAVARIAN	" 17 " 4.00 "	" 17 " 3.00 "
9 "	PARISIAN	" 24 " 9.00 "	" 24 " 10.00 "
16 "	TUNISIAN	" 1 July, 4.00 "	" 1 July, 3.00 "
23 "	IONIAN	" 8 " 9.00 "	" 8 " 9.00 "
30 "	BAVARIAN	" 15 " 3.00 "	" 15 " 2.30 "

TUNISIAN embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Merville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Merville to Rimouski, 6 days, 15 hours, 27 minutes, via Cape Race, which is the fastest on record over this course.

IONIAN—Latest addition to the fleet (9,000 tons, twin screws). Average time of this Steamer, on her five passages between **HALIFAX** and **MOVILLE** is 7 days, 6 hours. Her record passage is 6 days, 12 hours, 27 minutes. (Sept. 18th to 24th, 1903.)

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, October 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Merville Sunday, October 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 12 hours, 50 minutes.

For rates or further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto
or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal

CANADIAN PACIFIC

BUSINESS, HEALTH or PLEASURE

If you are contemplating a trip, East or West, North or South, to the Atlantic Seaside or the Pacific Coast, to any quarter of the Globe, it will pay you to favorably consider the advantages offered by the most unique railway system in the world.

BUSINESS—It passes through or has access to every City and important Town in the Dominion of Canada.

HEALTH—Some of the most renowned health resorts and mineral springs are situated on its lines; with its connections all others are reached.

PLEASURE—No grander scenery can be found along the line of any railway.

ROBT. KERR,

Passenger Traffic Manager,

MONTREAL

C. E. E. USSHER,

General Passenger Agent,

MONTREAL

A. H. NOTMAN,

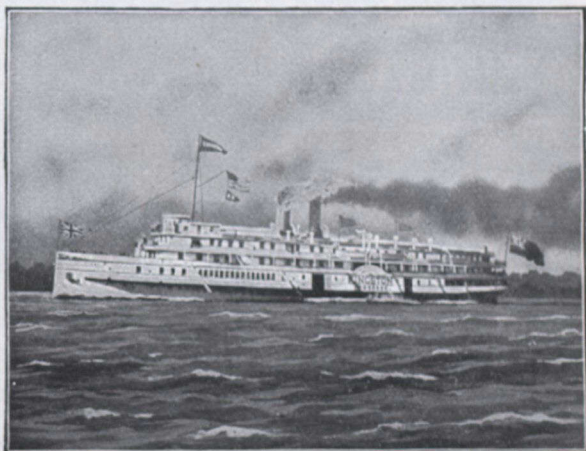
Asst. Gen'l Passenger Agent,

TORONTO

RICHELIEU AND ONTARIO Navigation Company
AMERICA'S UNRIVALLED SCENIC LINE

Niagara
 to
 the
 Sea

The
 Mag-
 nificent
 New
 Steamers



STEAMER "KINGSTON."

"TORONTO" AND
"KINGSTON"

LEAVE TORONTO FOR

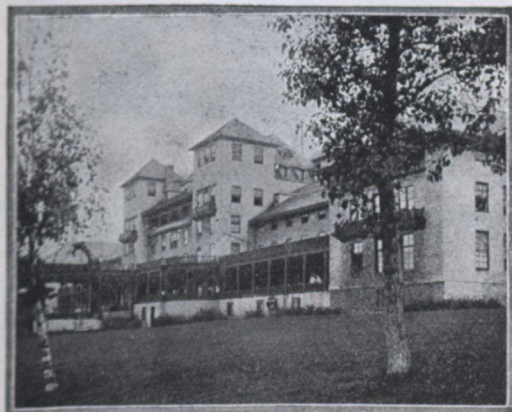
Rochester Kingston
Clayton

**1,000 Island
 Ports**

Passing through the Picturesque Scenery of
 the 1,000 Islands, and making the descent of
 all the **Marvellous Rapids** to

**Montreal
 Quebec**

Murray Bay and Tadousac
 thence up the far-famed
Saguenay River

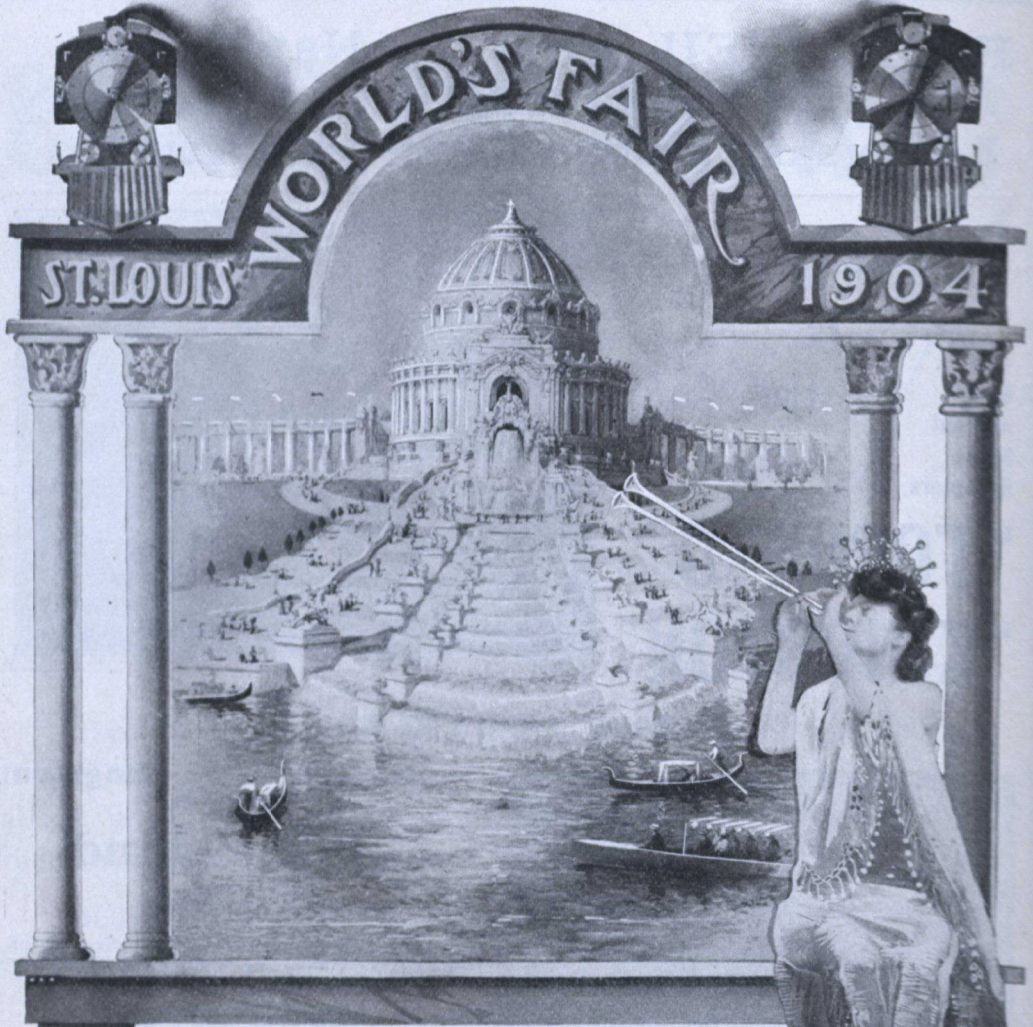


MANOIR RICHELIEU, MURRAY BAY, P.Q.

HOTELS MANOIR RICHELIEU, Murray Bay, P.Q.
 HOTEL TADOUSAC, Tadousac, P.Q.

Two charmingly situated summer hotels owned and operated by this Company and up-to-date in every particular.

For further particulars apply to **THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, MONTREAL**
"WE DELIGHT IN GIVING INFORMATION"



World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo.

From April 25th to December 1st inclusive, the Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to the Great World's Fair, St. Louis, at the lowest one way first-class fare, good for fifteen days; fare and a third, good for thirty days, good either via Wabash direct line or via Chicago, with stop over privileges. Canadians going to this, the greatest of all Expositions, should remember the great Wabash line is the shortest, quickest and best route. The only line that owns and controls its own rails direct to the World's Fair gates. For time-tables and descriptive World's Fair folder, address any ticket agent, or

J. A. RICHARDSON, District Passenger Agent
North-East Corner King and Yonge Sts., - TORONTO

WABASH

The Intercolonial Railway

THE SEA

**"How happy they,
Who from the toil and tumult of their lives
Steal to look down where naught but ocean strives."**

—BYRON

**"Sea air is proverbial as a tonic,
and makes the blood dance in our
veins and with every breath
we are laying in a store of fresh
life and health and energy; it is
impossible to overestimate all we
owe to the sea."**

"THE PLEASURES OF LIFE."

"Intercolonial Tours to Summer Haunts" offers a great variety of seaside resorts reached by Canada's Famous Train, the "Maritime Express," via the Intercolonial Railway. Write for copy to

General Passenger Department

MONCTON, N.B.

"Free from the care which wearies and annoys,
Where every hour brings its several joys."

"AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS."

This is one of the most complete publications of its kind, and will assist those who are wondering where they will go to spend their vacation this summer.

It contains a valuable map, in addition to much interesting information regarding resorts on or reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

A copy will be sent free, upon receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO LOOK AFTER YOUR HEALTH

AND there is nothing like a sea voyage on a comfortable ship, with pleasant people to revive and invigorate your energies and interest. There would be fewer doctors' bills to pay if everybody went to the West Indies each winter on a

P. & B. STEAMER

**A 42 days' passage
for \$130.00**

is a cheap way of escaping doctors' bills.

ASK

R. M. MELVILLE - - - Toronto

or

PICKFORD & BLACK - Halifax

Dominion Line Steamships


WEEKLY SERVICE—MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

SAILING DATES FROM MONTREAL

DOMINION, - - - May 7
SOUTHWARK, - - - " 14
CANADA, - - - " 21
VANCOUVER, - - - " 28
KENSINGTON, - - - June 4

DOMINION, - - - June 11
SOUTHWARK, - - - " 18
CANADA, - - - " 25
VANCOUVER, - - - July 2
KENSINGTON, - - - " 9

The S.S. "**CANADA**" holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. "**CANADA**" and S.S. "**DOMINION**" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

 Special Notice is called to the fact that the "**KENSINGTON**," "**SOUTHWARK**" and "**VANCOUVER**" carry only one Class of Cabin Passengers, which, by agreement with the other Lines, we are under obligation to term "**SECOND**" CABIN in our announcements so long as a Second Class rate basis is used. This accommodation is situated in the best part of the vessel, includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that large section of the Travelling Public who, whilst requiring the best the ship affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of Cabin. This is an opportunity of going cheaply and comfortably to Europe.

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to local agents or to

CHAS. A. PIPON,
41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,
17 St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL, QUE.



Canadian Northern Railway



The LAKE SUPERIOR LIMITED

running daily between

Winnipeg and Port Arthur

will be resumed about June 13th, 1904.

**Most modern first and second-class Coaches
Standard Sleeping Cars—Dining Car
The Model Train—Vestibuled Throughout**

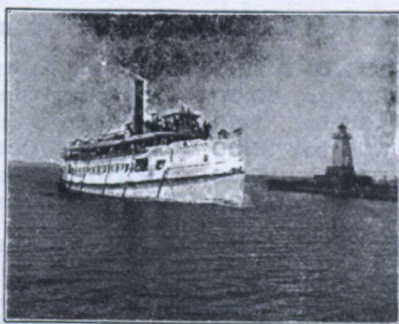


**The Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto
Railway and Navigation Co., Limited**

AFFORDS

THE
BEST

THE
QUICKEST



THE
EASIEST

AND

THE
CHEAPEST

Means of transportation between

**TORONTO, PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES,
NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y., and BUFFALO**

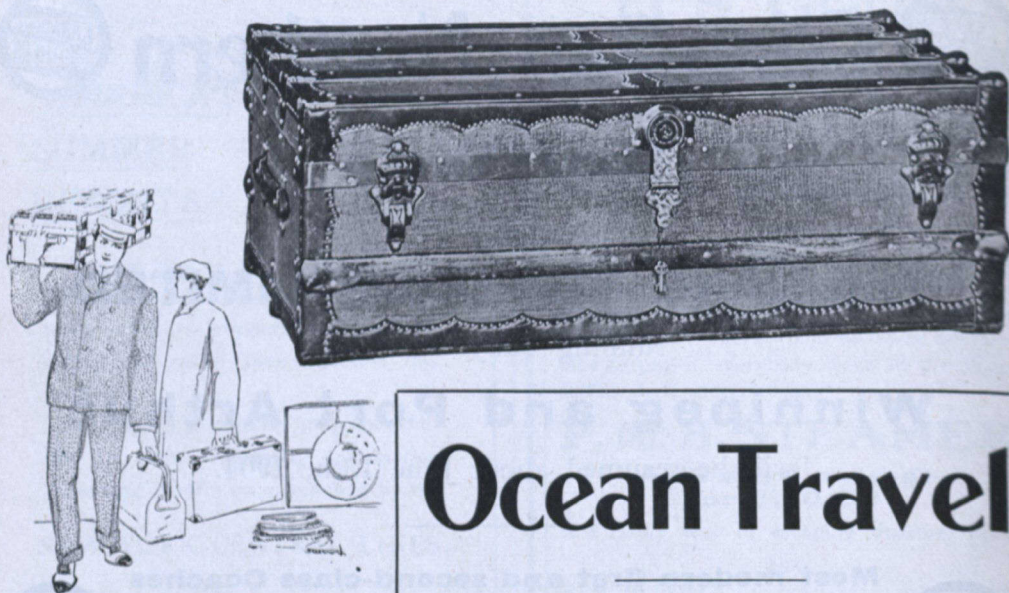
Magnificent Steamers "GARDEN CITY" and "LAKESIDE" leave Milloy's Wharf, Toronto, four times daily for Port Dalhousie, making close connections with our Electric Cars for Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Buffalo.

H. G. LUKE, Toronto

Phone Main 2553 and 2947

E. F. SEIXAS

General Manager



Ocean Travel

The ordinary dealer carries one or two lines of Steamer Trunks, and his information of what else is required ends there. We sell twenty different qualities of Steamer Trunks, each quality in from three to five sizes, but we do not stop at that; we make a specialty of everything that is necessary to add to your comfort when traveling.

The Trunk illustrated is No. 854. Every edge is leather bound, has a very fine lock, every corner riveted and lined with linen throughout.

Prices—32 in., \$12.00; 34 in., \$12.50; 36 in., \$13.00; 40 in., \$14.00

Carryalls for Rugs	\$2.50 to \$ 3.50	Rubber Toilet Rolls	\$.50 to \$4.00
Traveling Rugs	- 4.00 to 10.00	Drinking Glass	- .25 to 3.00
Safety Pockets	- - .25 to 1.00	Collar and Cuff Cases	1.00 to 3.00
Jewel Boxes	- - 1.50 to 15.00	Gold and Coin Purses	.25 to 2.00
Flasks	- - - .50 to 5.00	Writing Cases	- 1.00 to 12.00
Dressing Bags	- 12.00 to 100.00	Dressing Cases	- - 2.00 to 33.00

And everything in TRUNKS, BAGS, SUIT CASES and LEATHER GOODS. Catalogue S describes everything.

We pay express charges in Ontario, and make liberal allowances to other points.

The JULIAN SALE
Leather Goods Co., Limited
 105 King St. West, Toronto, Canada

TO COLOUR TRY ALEXANDRE'S
GREY HAIR SHADEINE
LONDON MADE

Trial Bottle
12½c.



Trade Mark,
Copyright

SHADEINE colors grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN and GOLDEN. Contains no lead, silver, mercury or sulphur. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed not to burn or produce an unnatural tint; is permanent, washable, and free from grease. Medical certificate enclosed. Large bottle, 85c. Trial bottle, 12 1/2c. Of all chemists, and Messrs. T. EATON CO., Limited, Yonge St., Toronto. L. ALEXANDRE, 29 Westbourne Grove, London, W., England.

GOV'T AUCTION SALE CATALOG GUNS,
Pistols, Military Goods (Illustrated, 15c., mailed 6c. stamps.
F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway, N.Y.

JOIN our family medical association. Membership free. Saves Doctor and patent medicine bills. Full particulars 4c Write to-day, Dr. Wheat Medical Ass'n, Dept. 1, Joplin, Mo.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE K.D.C. FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.
K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY

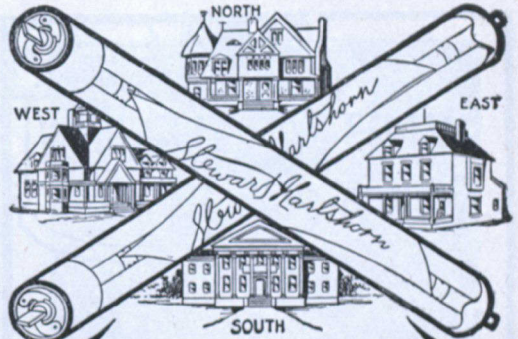


Between **Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Des Moines, Sioux City, Omaha.**
6,600 Miles of Road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota, and the upper peninsula of Michigan.

All Coupon Ticket Agents sell Tickets via Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

Electric-Lighted Trains Daily

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent
CHICAGO, ILL.



Wherever you go you find
the standard in shade rollers is the

Hartshorn

Strongest. Simplest. Best.

With the "Improved" Hartshorn
no tacks are required.

Accept no shade roller without
the script signature of Stewart
Hartshorn on the label.

Tin Rollers.

Wood Rollers.

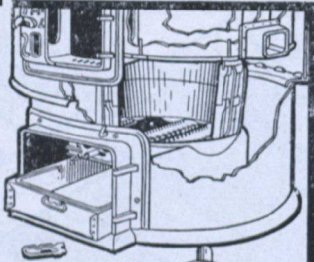
WEST SHORE RAILROAD

The popular tourist route to New York, Boston, the principal summer resorts on the New England Coast, Long Island, Catskill Mountains, Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, White Mountains, the beautiful Mohawk Valley, and the historic Hudson River.

Full information, time-tables, etc., at 69½ Yonge Street, 'Phone Main 4361, Toronto, Ont.

FRANK FOY, **LOUIS DRAGO,**
Ticket Agent, Canadian Pass. Agent,
Toronto, Ont. Toronto, Ont.
C. E. LAMBERT, **H. PARRY,**
General Pass. Agent, General Agent,
New York City Buffalo, N.Y.

Strong
Grates



SUNSHINE FURNACE



Sunshine grates never break because they are made of extra heavy bars with thick, short bull-dog teeth—the kind that break clinkers—but never break themselves.

Bars are so thick that not even white heat can twist or warp them.

Teeth are set to squeeze and break clinkers, but coal is squeezed and forced upwards. There is no waste coal in a Sunshine ash tray.

The Sunshine Furnace is the strongest furnace built—it weighs less than any other furnace of equal heating capacity.

Sold by all Enterprising Dealers.
Write for Booklet.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg,
Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

RADNOR

Empress of Waters.

Radnor Springs
Mineral Water
For table use
Refreshing, tonic
and stimulant

RADNOR

Radnor Mixes With Anything

Art Dept. Canadian Magazine

EE
In Use
over Fifty
Years.
EE

Steedman's

SOOTHING Powders

For Children Cutting Teeth

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

Please observe the **EE** in **STEEDMAN,**
and the address:

EE
Walworth
SURREY.
EE

The universal Perfume
for the Handkerchief
Toilet and Bath.



Be sure
you get the
genuine.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

Refuse all substitutes.

FURNISH YOUR OFFICE

With modern up-to-date Furniture.
Our Shannon and Vertical Filing
Systems provide the very best means
of caring for your correspondence.

To simplify—to make automatic—
that is our idea, and the practical
results gained by the application of
our systems may be shown in many
businesses and professions to-day.

Call in and let us explain our
systems and see if we can help you.

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.

LIMITED

Temporary Offices:

**55 Yonge St.,
TORONTO, ONT.**

Factories,
NEWMARKET, ONT.

I am the Toffee King

and I have decided to talk especially this month to those
Who Sell Candy

I am the largest candy manufacturer in
the world. The sales of my one brand
reach the enormous amount of 200 tons
a week. I have built up this enormous
business because I have the biggest propo-
sition for those "who sell candy."

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

is a remarkable seller, because it is
"moreish," the more people buy of
it, the more they want of it.

If any of my large force of sales-
men have not treated you as
yet, it is because they have
been very busy; but I want to
secure your order by mail, for
JUST ONE 4-LB. CAN just
to show your customers what
the goods are and prove to
you what a seller Mackin-
tosh's Toffee is. Send me
\$1.60, the retail price for a
4-lb. tin, and I will pay all
express charges, and, fur-
thermore, I will return to you the
trade discount with the Tof-
fee, provided you make ap-
plication upon your billhead
or enclose your business card.


Now don't delay for tomorrow.

CHURCH BAZAARS— We
invite persons working for
bazaar, fairs, societies, and
garlen parties to write us for
our interesting and profitable
offer. We will loan any retailer
of this publication a trial
package for Ten Cents in
stamps to pay postage.

Beware of Substitutes.

Lamont, Corliss & Co.
Importers.

78 Hudson St., New York.





THE 'DOMINION' PIANO

Piano Truths

IT is generally conceded that time alone reveals the good or bad qualities of everything. For 35 years we have been furnishing our pianos and organs to the best of Canadian homes and institutions. You take no risk when you buy a

**DOMINION
PIANO OR ORGAN**


The honesty of a Dominion begins with the varnish and goes straight through to the iron plate.

Our Complete Catalogue Sent for the Asking

Dominion Organ & Piano Co.
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

THE TOUCH IS EXQUISITE

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



RAMSAY'S PAINTS

THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT

EASY TO APPLY—COVERS WELL—WEARS WELL
BEAUTIFIES AND PROTECTS

Write for Booklet telling how some beautiful homes have been painted with Ramsay's Paints.

A. RAMSAY & SON - PAINT MAKERS

ESTABLISHED 1842 MONTREAL



Pierce Vapor Launches

Are beautiful, swift, safe models. Equipped with the Pierce Reliable Simple Motor. We guarantee satisfaction.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PIERCE ENGINE CO., Racine, Wis. **Box 20**

SIEGEL, COOPER CO., New York City, Eastern Representatives.

"RED-HEART" TONIC WINE

"Winds up run down systems."

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1857

A Gentle Aperient

And one especially meeting all requirements of the delicate organization of women is -

Hunyadi János

THE BEST NATURAL WATER. TAKE IT FOR AN APERIENT WATER. TAKE IT FOR CONSTIPATION.

Constipation is known to be the cause of many diseases; its manifestations, especially in the delicate female organism, are annoying, distressing, disheartening. Why suffer all these miseries, why hesitate? Half a tumblerful of Hunyadi Janos Water, on rising, gives pleasant and prompt relief. It is a household necessity. BUY A BOTTLE AND TRY IT! The cost is small. But insist upon Hunyadi Janos, and firmly refuse substitutes; they are often harmful.

ANDREAS SAXLEHNER

New York Office, 130 Fulton St.

Budapest, Hungary

A PEASE WINTER

All this nonsense about "Canada's chilled realm" is to be charged up against the makers of poor furnaces. There is such a thing as a pleasant winter—a PEASE winter—and it is to be had in the pleasant degree of warmth that radiates from a PEASE ECONOMY heating apparatus. It is available for buildings of all structures in the

Pease Economy Hot Water Boiler

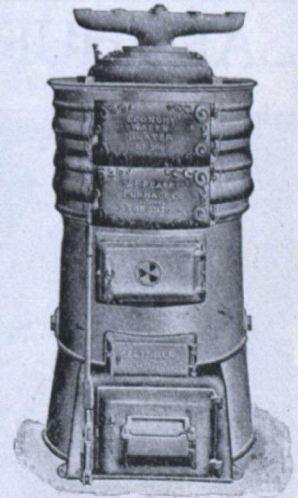
For years this boiler has been the generous purveyor of winter comforts to Canadians. It provides a pure, warmed, evenly distributed indoor atmosphere, and it is so easily controlled and economical in its working that it is said to exercise an intelligent supervision over the coal account.

If you do not like the ordinary kind of winter, try a Pease winter. The Economy Boiler makes a solid comfort of the season that is commonly associated with discontent.

CATALOGUES AND INFORMATION CHEERFULLY SUPPLIED

THE PEASE FOUNDRY CO'Y, (Limited) TORONTO

"WE MAKE IT WARM."



For Supper

There is no dish
more dainty or
more palatable
than

Clark's Lunch Tongue

(Ready to Serve)

Clark's Pork and Beans, plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce,
are another of his famous products.

W. CLARK, Mfr., - Montreal



LAKEHURST SANITARIUM OAKVILLE ONTARIO



IN LAKEHURST GROUNDS

THIS Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

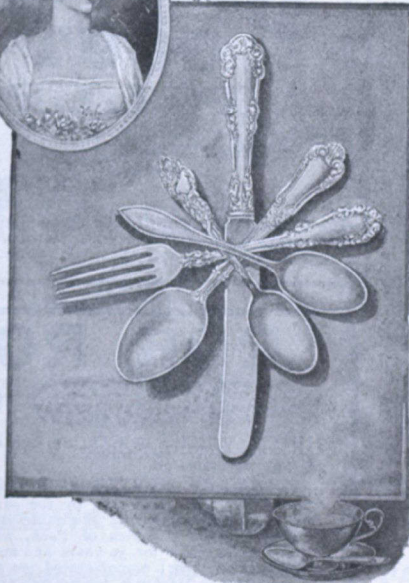
The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of

the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Bathing.

For terms, etc., Address the Manager, LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE



Many a Bride of Years Ago



received as her wedding silver, pieces of our manufacture, and communications are frequently received from persons who still have in use articles given them nearly half a century ago, bearing our stamp. Our trade-marks are:

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY



on Tea Ware, etc.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

(Remember "1847")

on Spoons, etc.

What better trial than the "test of time?" These goods are sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue No. 61 Y, before purchasing.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
HAMILTON, ONT.

Meriden, Conn. New York. Chicago. San Francisco.

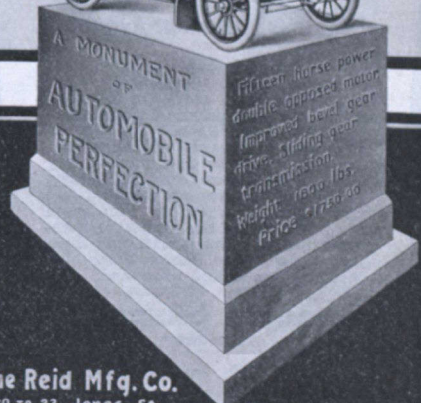
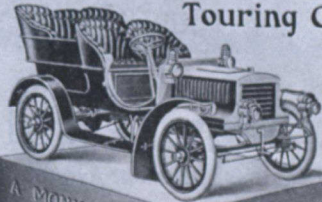
THE SMOOTHNESS AND STRENGTH OF



Corticelli

MAKE IT THE DRESSMAKER'S FAVORITE SPOOL SILK

The Chainless
Wolverine
Touring Car.



Fifteen horse power
double opposed motor
Improved hand gear
drive, sliding gear
transmission
Weight 1800 lbs.
Price \$1750.00

The Reid Mfg. Co.

20 TO 23 Jones St.
Detroit, Mich.

Catalog now ready.



Be on Guard against Inferior Goods

Some things never seem to pass into the realm of certainty. With Silverplate that bears the brand of this factory we have an illustration of opposite conditions. The degree of perfection, beauty of design, and durability of wear that marks every piece of Silverware from this factory, is something around which there never clusters a doubt. The brand is a guarantee of the highest in manufacture in this particular line. Insist that your dealer gives you Silverplate marked Standard.

Standard Silver Co.
LIMITED

Toronto, - Canada

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE GREAT REMEDY.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS,

FOR
GOUT, RHEUMATISM,
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
NEURALGIA.

The Excruciating Pain is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days by these celebrated Pills. Sure, safe, and effectual. All Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

"ROB ROY"

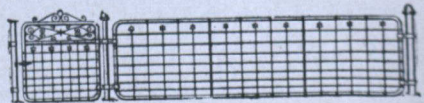


HINKS, WELLS & CO. beg to draw attention to this new series of

TURNED-UP POINTED & OTHER PENS, made of the same materials, by the same tools, by the same process, and at the same works as the "WAVERLEY" Series of Pens, which HINKS, WELLS & Co. have for 30 years and upwards (prior to September, 1901) manufactured for and supplied to Messrs. Macniven & Cameron, Limited.

6d., 1s. & Gross Boxes. Sold by all Stationers
COMPARE OUR PRICES.

HINKS, WELLS & CO., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND



Frost Lawn Fence

There's nothing that will increase the beauty and the value of your home so much as an attractive Lawn Fence. We are sure we can suit you both as to quality and style.

Write for catalogue and prices.

THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO. LTD.
WINNIPEG, MAN. WELLAND, ONT.

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

REFINED ALE

The favorite Ale
of Western
Canada

Pure and well matured

E. L. DREWRY, Winnipeg



Soft, rich color effects are produced on shingles by the use of Shingletint.

There are many brands of Shingle Stains in the market, but only one *Shingletint*, which means much to the consumer, who may call for it by name and know he is getting the best Shingle Stain made.

Shingletint is a scientific combination of linseed oil, coloring matter, creosote and the necessary drying agents; its use not only beautifies but prolongs the life of the shingles.

Finished woods and descriptive literature sent free upon application.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Varnish Manufacturers WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Latest Fashions in Pompadour Coiffures.

ELEGANT NEW STYLES.



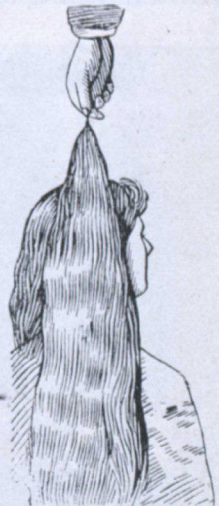
Style 5 is an ELEGANT POMPADOUR, most becoming to any face. \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00



Style 3—THE LATEST of the LATEST STYLES. Most handsome and distinguished Pompadour, with low Coiffure and Curls. Full Pompadour, \$10.00, \$15.00 and \$20.00. Curls, \$2.60 each.



Style 7—A most GRACEFUL POMPADOUR, sloping to one side. \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$15.00, according to size.



We can Match Your Hair.

LADIES! DO YOU WANT A FINE HAIR SWITCH? Then order it from Armand's. We have the best assorted stock in Canada. Our qualities are superior and our prices away down. We can give you a lovely Switch, all real hair, from \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00 to \$15.00.

Mail Orders promptly attended to. We will exchange if not suited or not as represented. We can suit you in any part of Canada. Illustrated Catalogue sent free on application.

Gents' Toupees and Wigs, all ready-made or made to order. We make you the finest Toupees at the most reasonable prices. You need not come to Toronto to get suited, we can suit you just where you are. Send for particulars.

Grey Hair Restored to its Natural Color with **Armand's Instantaneous Grey Hair Restorer**. The color is permanent. The hair can be washed, curled and dressed without interfering with the color. It is harmless, is not oily, has no odor. Once used always used. Price, \$3.00, or two boxes for \$5.00. When ordering, send sample of your hair and mention this magazine.

Face Massage Roller, \$1.25; Face Massage Cream, 50c; Wrinkle Stretcher, 50c. and 75c.; New Complexion Brushes, 50c., 85c., \$1.25; Eyebrow Pencils, 25c.; Liquid Rouge, 50c.; Lip Salve, 25c., 30c. and 40c. Best assorted stock of French, English and American Perfumes.

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.

431 Yonge Street, Cor. Ann Street, TORONTO

Tel. Main 2498

HOPKINS & ALLEN RIFLE No. 722

The very best "First Gun" for a boy.

Solid breech-block action. Detachable barrel accurately rifled. Case-hardened frame.

Shoots .22 short or long cartridge. 18 in. barrel. Weight 3½ lbs. English walnut stock, checkered rubber butt plate.

Of all dealers or prepaid to any express office in the United States. Send for Catalogue No. 49 of Rifles, Shot-guns and Revolvers.

PRICE **\$3.50**

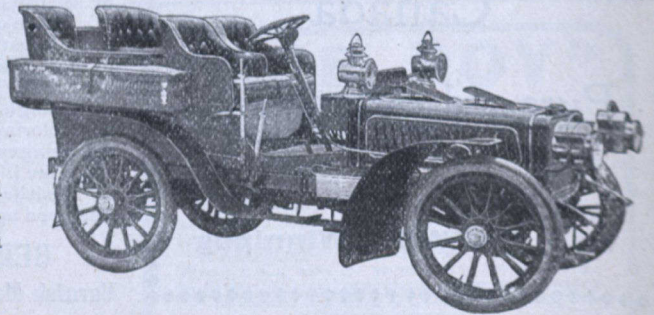
The HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO., - Norwich, Conn.



THAT DECAUVILLE CAR

Is guaranteed for three hundred and sixty-five days, and the guarantee is unlimited relative to both workmanship and material.

WRITE US FOR PRICES



THE CANADA LAUNCH WORKS, Limited, ^{Foot of} Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
CANADIAN AGENTS

Spring Purity

To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute necessity.

The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing.

Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposed that the water never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

IS BABY TEETHING?

All the troubles of teething are effectually allayed by

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
TEETHING
POWDERS**



OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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

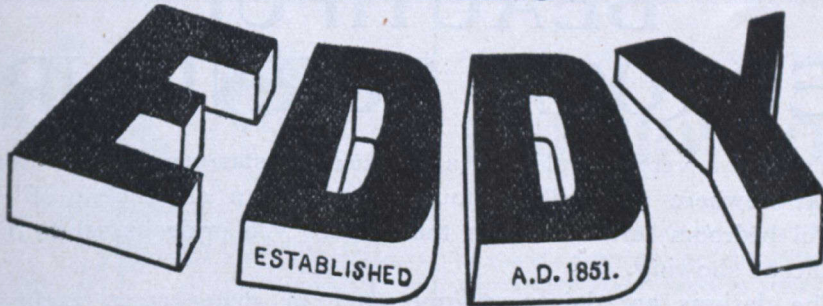
**125 New North Road
Hoxton, London, England**



Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just what you need if your hair is faded or turning gray; for it always restores the color, always. It checks falling hair, and keeps the scalp healthy. A high-class preparation in every way.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send to
R. P. HALL & Co., Nashua, N. H.

The Name



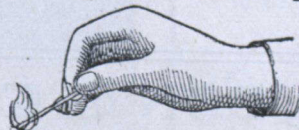
is a synonym for the **BEST**. **ALWAYS** see that the

MATCHES

you purchase bear the above name, *i.e.*, if you want the best.

Ask for one of the following brands:

SULPHUR:
"TELEGRAPH"
"TELEPHONE"



PARLOR:
"KING EDWARD"
"HEADLIGHT"
"EAGLE"
"VICTORIA"
"LITTLE COMET"

FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

INSURANCE FREE

An Endowment Policy in this Company gives your family protection during the 10, 15, 20, or 30 years which the policy takes to mature, and at the end of that time all you have paid for it is returned to yourself with good interest thereon. *In reality, if you live, the insurance protection you have had will have cost you nothing*, while the money invested will have brought good returns.

Nor do you run chance of loss in the meantime. If through mishap you should have to cease payments on your policy at any time after it has been running three years, you would at once receive such a liberal return of cash, or such a large amount of paid up insurance, or, if you preferred, your insurance would be extended to the end of the Endowment Period free of charge and such a liberal cash payment made you then that the cost of the policy up to the time of its surrender would be only nominal.

In fact the Endowment Policies of the Manufacturers Life cannot be excelled either as insurance or as investment propositions.

Write for rates, giving your age next birthday, to the Advertising Department.

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA

BEAUTIFUL BEDROOM FURNITURE

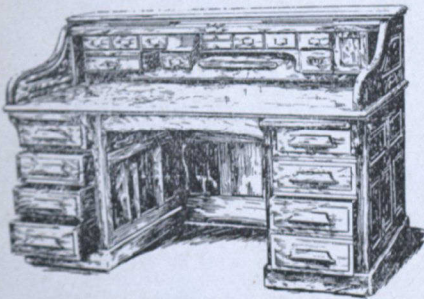
It's with a very complete idea of what the statement means that we say that nowhere else will be found so large an assortment of really beautiful bedroom furniture as in this store. We pride ourselves on our magnificent showing.

The designs are dainty, unique, and in many cases exclusive—simple as well as elegant. Some of the handsomest pieces of furniture that you have seen anywhere will be found in mahogany, bird's-eye-maple, enamel and oak.

We show by far the largest stock of brass and enamel bedsteads of any other season—and we have always been in the lead in this particular line.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., Limited
36-38 King St. West, Toronto

Up-to-Date Office Furniture and Time-Saving Devices.



Gunn's Office Desks—In material, construction, finish, utility and durability, best in the world.
Volkert's Interchangeable Leaf Ledgers—Most perfect system made. Illustrated booklet "On the Credit Side," free for the asking.
The Waggoner Watchman Clock—A perfect safeguard against accidents and negligence. Saves time, trouble, money.

- McCloud's Adjustable Chairs.**
- Triner's Automatic Office and Home Scales.**
- Keller's Unexcelled Inks.**
- Keller's Mucilage.**
- Keller's Sealing Wax.**
- Keller's Syphon Ink Wells.**

Write us to-day for anything you want in the office

THE DOMINION OFFICE SUPPLY COMPANY
 Walkerville, Ontario

THE RESULT OF USING



THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

"THE WORLD'S BEST."
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Executive Offices, 287 Broadway, New York.
Factory at Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches in all large cities.



After many years of crucial examination and severest testing, the

UNDERWOOD

has been conceded first place among all writing and tabulating machines because of absolute superiority and durability. Of course much time is saved by visible writing, and the Underwood is the only machine giving this great convenience. We have second-hand machines from \$25.00 up.

Write us for special price list of new and second-hand typewriters.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LIMITED

- 7-9 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.
- 19 King Street West, Hamilton.
- 97 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.
- Temple Building, London.

Sole Canadian Dealers.

BY ROYAL WARRANT
Flour Millers
 TO
H.R.H.
 THE Prince of Wales



OGILVIE'S
 REGISTERED
 TRADE MARK
 H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
HUNGARIAN
 CANADA
 OGILVIES

"The
 World's
 Best
 Family
 Flour"

Teaberry

"A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years' standing—if you once try it you will use no other."
At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

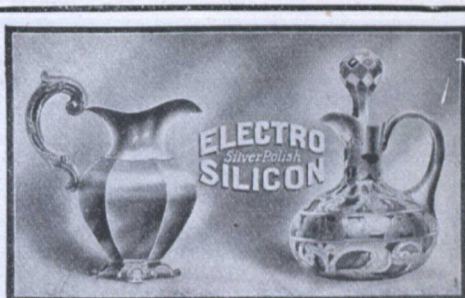
FOR THE TEETH.

LADIES to do piecework at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to **ROYAL CO.**, Desk C. M., 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

23 THIS HANDSOME FOUNTAIN PEN **23**
FOR ONLY TWENTY-THREE CENTS

Equal to any high-priced pen on the market. Always ready, do not have to shake, use any ink. One filling lasts for weeks of steady use. Don't go around with an old stub of a pencil when you can own an up-to-date guaranteed **Fountain Pen** for only **23c.** Address all orders to

W. H. MILLER SUPPLY CO.
732-734 E. Fourth Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.



THE OLD AND THE NEW

Whatever its form or finish, old Silver is quickly brought to a degree of brilliancy quite equal that of new, when cleaned with

ELECTRO
Silver Polish
SILICON

and new Silver retains its beauty and brilliancy indefinitely, without scratch or blemish. That's why Electro-Silicon is unlike all others. Trial quantity for the asking.

At Grocers and Druggists.
Box, postpaid, 15 cts. (stamp).
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Montreal,
Sole Agents for Canada.

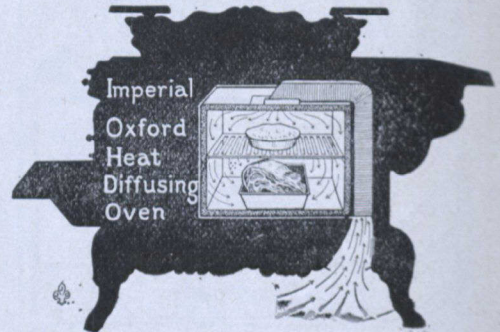
CALVERT'S
CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP

Send a two cent stamp (to cover mailing) for free sample of "Toilet Soap" or "Tooth Powder." F. C. Calvert & Co., (of Manchester, England) 807 Dorchester Street, Montreal.

The secret of the excellent baking and roasting qualities of the Imperial Oxford oven is found in the diffusive flue—an improvement which no other range possesses.

This flue draws fresh air from the floor, superheats it and delivers it into the top of the oven through perforations which diffuse it evenly to front, sides and back. This gives a uniform heat throughout the oven, resulting in uniformly cooked food.

It is simply to prove the fuel economy of the heat-diffusing flue of the



Imperial Oxford Range

When your oven is at baking heat block up the inlet and you will find the temperature of the oven will drop immediately, just like an ordinary range, unless the fire is stirred and more fuel added.

The fuel economy and cooking perfection of the Imperial Oxford Range are equalled by no other range on the market.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.,

TORONTO—MONTREAL

LIMITED

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

CORRESPONDENTS

■ The Gurney-Massey Company, Limited, Montreal
 ■ The Gurney Standard Metal Co., Limited, Calgary, Alta.

**BABY'S
DEFENCE**



For
Soft,
White,
Fragrant
Skin,
Use

**BABY'S
OWN SOAP**

No other Soap is just as good. 031
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

THE MASTER MECHANIC'S PURE TAR SOAP
heals and softens the skin, while promptly cleansing it
of grease, oil, rust, etc. Invaluable for mechanics,
farmers, sportsmen. Free Sample on receipt of 2c for
postage. Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

**MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief for
**Prickly Heat,
Chafing and
Sunburn**

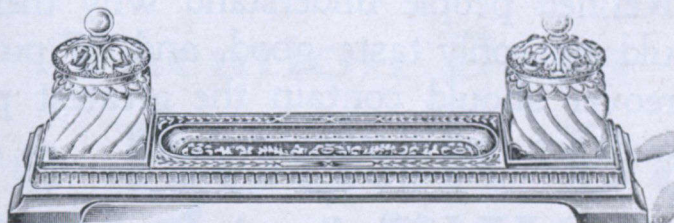
and all afflictions of the skin.
Delightful after shaving.
Removes all odor of perspiration. **SAMPLE FREE.**

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

Something New. **Mennen's Violet Talcum** Something Exquisite.

MENNEN'S FACE ON EVERY BOX

English
Art
Brass
Goods



English
Wood
Trays

FROM
\$2.00 to \$6.50
EACH

BRASS INK STANDS

We carry a full line of English Brass Goods suitable for Ladies' or
Gentlemen's Writing Desks, including

Ink Stands Pen Trays Gongs Candlesticks
Waiters Paper Racks Blotters Paper Weights
Etc.

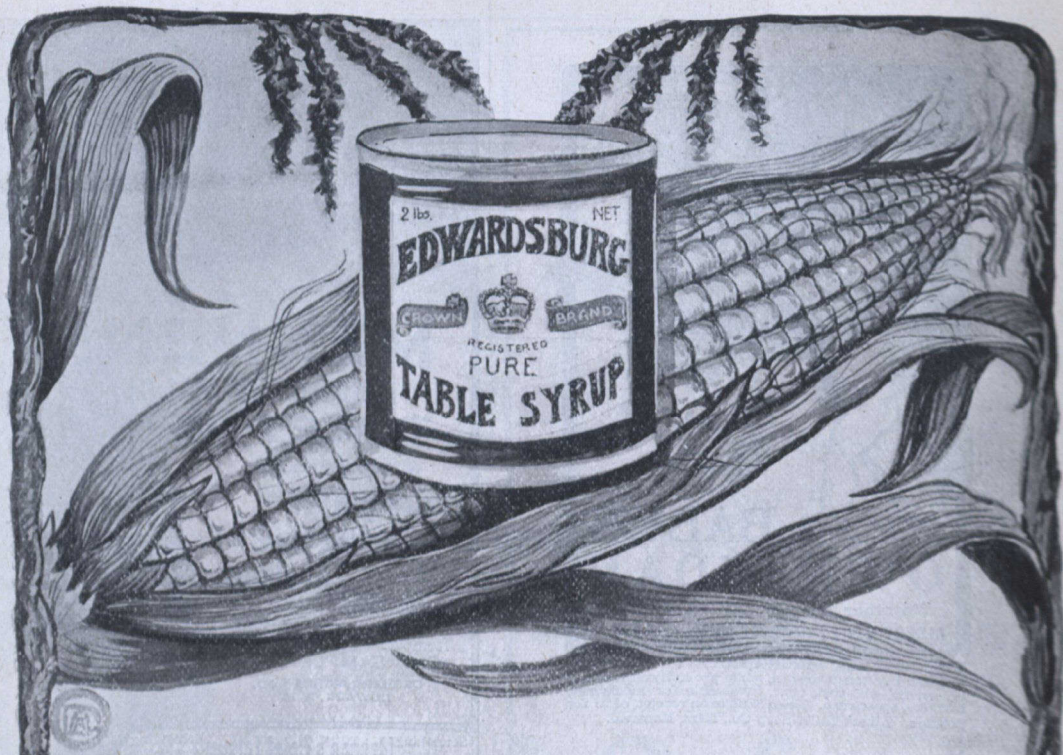
— WRITE FOR PRICES —

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

COR. KING AND VICTORIA STREETS

TORONTO



Refined people understand why their food should not only taste good, and be pure, but moreover should contain the greatest possible amount of nutritive properties.

Crown Brand Syrup

made from corn—contains all its strength-giving, bone and flesh-building properties, in the most pleasant shape.

No other syrup has all the qualities of Crown Brand.

Sold in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins. Ask your grocer for it.



Vacation Days Are Kodak Days

The Kodaker has all the vacation delights that others have—and has pictures besides. And there's pleasure in the making as well as in the possessing of Kodak pictures.

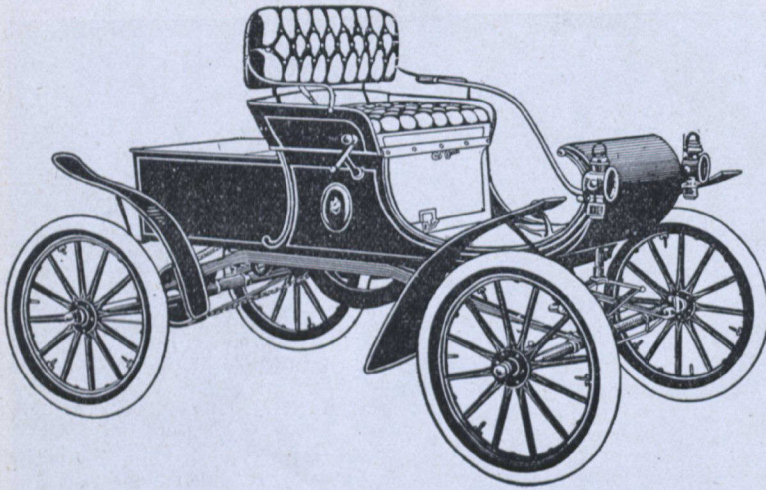
Every step is simple now. No dark-room at any stage of the work, and better results than ever.

KODAKS, from \$5.00 to \$97.00

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

Toronto, Canada

The 1904 Catalogue is an illustrated news letter from Toronto, the Canadian Home of the Kodak. Free at the dealers or by mail.



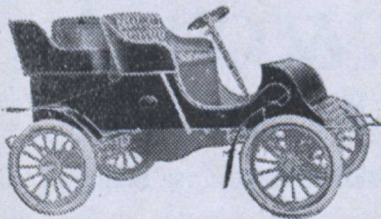
OLDS RUNABOUT

Five years on the market with no radical change in its construction, is the unequalled record of the **OLDSMOBILE**, acknowledged around the world "The best thing on wheels."

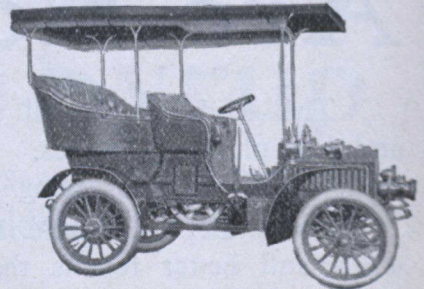
"The Runabout the World Knows About"

THE CADILLAC

As presented to the public in 1903 was a continual surprise to our competitors, even to ourselves, for it has been made to do all kinds of work—winning road and track races when pitted against cars of several times its rated power and price. For 1904 we combine, with the advance in essential features which the 1903 cars represented, an equally progressive policy of improvement in all minor details.



CADILLAC—MODEL "A."



YALE

The YALE is the great family car. It's simplicity personified, mechanically perfect.

CANADIAN AGENTS:

HYSLOP BROS., 209 Yonge Street, TORONTO

Die in
open air.



Rats and Mice

leave choicest food
and grain for

Rat Bis=Kit

Packed in boxes. **Ready for Use.**

The only poison it is safe to have about. Acts quickly. Die in open air seeking water. Dry, clean. Put in rat holes, linen closets, pantries, etc., without soiling anything.

Why take risk of mixing poison.

Endorsed by all leading drug houses in the United States. Sold over the entire world. Rats and mice are the greatest germ carriers known.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you send 25 cents for one box to

J. H. Maiden (Canadian Representative)
131 Place d'Youville, MONTREAL.

THE RAT BISCUIT CO., SPRINGFIELD, O., U.S.A.

*"Master thinks I'm a dandy
at mixing cocktails."*

CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROS.

HARTFORD

NEW YORK

LONDON

It Will Pay You

TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE

DOMINION PURCHASING ASSOCIATION

Why?

Because by so doing you secure the following advantages:—

A SAVING OF FROM 9% TO 25% ON ALL YOUR PURCHASES—THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST MARKET IN THE DOMINION TO BUY IN—FREE USE OF OUR MEDICAL, LEGAL, AND BUSINESS INFORMATION BUREAU, AND THIS SPLENDID MAGAZINE FREE FOR ONE YEAR.

A postal card with your name and address will bring you full particulars.

DOMINION PURCHASING ASSOCIATION

60 YONGE STREET, - TORONTO

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.

YOU CAN MAKE \$3 TO \$10 A DAY
 Fitting glasses for us. Big profits. Our 24-page **FREE EYE BOOK** tells how. Write for it today.

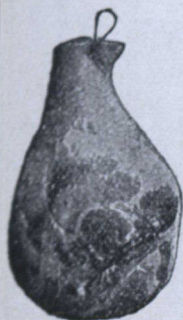
JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. 2098, Jackson, Mich.



SEA SHELLS. Scallop mail, 50c per doz. Shells for all kinds of fancy work. Shell Stick Pin by mail, 10c, with Catalogue. Largest stock of Shells in the U.S. **J. F. POWELL, Waukegan, Ill., U. S. A.**

INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
 IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

FEARMAN'S FAMOUS



STAR BRAND HAM

THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

For Sale by all Leading Grocers.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO

WE MANUFACTURE

PARQUET FLOORS

and send designs and prices to any address on application.

The Elliott & Son Co., Limited,
 79 King Street West,
 TORONTO.

1877 FOR 27 YEARS 1904

WE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

CANCER

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

is the largest private institution in the world, and the ONLY one where Cancer and Tumors are permanently cured. It is owned and conducted by a regular graduate. All physicians of standing are cordially invited to come and make a personal investigation. They will be entertained as our guests. Upon receipt of a description of any case of Cancer or Tumor, we will mail at our expense the most valuable information ever published on this subject, and will tell you why the knife fails to cure, and why the X-ray, Radium or any other light treatment can never be successful, and all forms of so-called home treatments are worthless. Address

DRS. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.

IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
 And I'd order it home
 by the car lot,
 By the Cross of St.
 George,
 But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
 Of the kind that they call

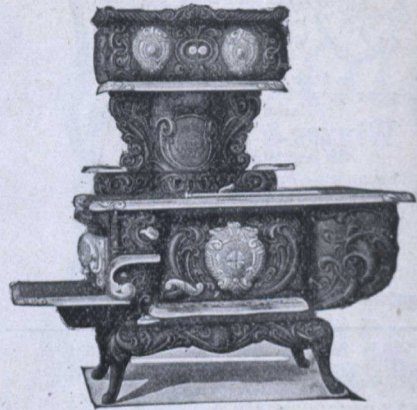
"LADY CHARLOTTE"

THE ACCOMPANYING CUT
SHOWS THE

“SOUVENIR” RANGE

Which is the very best in stove manufacture, fitted with the celebrated Aerated Oven, thereby ensuring properly cooked and palatable food.

In buying a new Stove or Range bear in mind “That the remembrance of quality remains long after the price has been forgotten.”



SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MANUFACTURED BY

THE GURNEY, TILDEN COMPANY, Limited

Hamilton Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

REGISTERED BRAND



FOR BABY'S BATH

THE ROYAL CROWN LIMITED, WINNIPEG, CANADA.