THE PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION
By PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1902.

PUBLISHED BY
THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING Co., LIMITED
TORONTO

A LITTLE STUDY OF THE SEA—Illustrated. Arnold

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and highly Nutritive Properties. Simply made with boiling water or milk. Sold only in ¼-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

WITH NATURAL FLAVOUR ONLY

ST. DENIS HOTEL

Broadway and 11th Street, - New York

(Opp. Grace Church)

Conducted on European Plan at Moderate Rates.

Table d'Hote Breakfast, - $0.50
" " Dinner, $1.25 and 1.50

Centrally located and most convenient to amusement and business districts.

Of easy access from depots and ferries by Broadway cars direct, or by transfer.

WM. TAYLOR & SON, Proprietors

For Nervousness

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

It soothes and strengthens the entire nervous system, by supplying the exhausted and debilitated nerves with a natural food, possessing the needed vitalizing, invigorating and life-giving properties.

Gives Perfect Digestion and Restful Sleep.

Sold by all Druggists.

There's nothing that adds a zest to a mid-day luncheon or a midnight supper like

CARLING'S ALE

Its purity and delicious flavor make it the favorite beverage among those who know good ale.

EVERY DEALER

All rights secured.

// THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. JANUARY, 1902. No. 3.

CONTENTS:

		PAGE
A NORTH-WEST COWBOY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.	FRONTISPIECE	206
QUEEN VICTORIA AT MENTONE ILLUSTRATED.	ZÉLIA DE LANDEVÈZE	207
A NEW CANADIAN GLACIER WITH SEVEN SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.	WELFORD W. BEATON	213
A SONG TO SLEEP, Poem	INGLIS MORSE	219
CANADIAN CELEBRITIES NO. XXX.—JULIA W. HENSHAW WITH PORTRAIT.	B. M.	220
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION	PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH	222
OUR HERO DEAD, Poem	J. H. LONG	225
THE RECIPROCITY OF TO-DAY	ARTHUR H. U. COLQUHOUN	226
MILITIA AND DEFENCE	HON. L. G. POWER	229
CONCERNING OMENS	BASIL C. D'EASUM	235
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORGAN	F. MIRON WARRINGTON	235
DOMINION STANDARDS OF LENGTH, WEIGHT AND CAPACITY WITH EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.	W. J. LOUDON	237
THE FIRST STEAMER ON THE PACIFIC WITH TWO RARE PHOTOGRAPHS.	AGNES DEANS CAMERON	243
A LITTLE STUDY OF THE SEA WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS.	ARNOLD HAULTAIN	245
A FANTASY	M. MACL. HELLIWELL	250
IN THE CLUTCH OF THE REDTAIL, Story THE STORY OF A BLACK SQUIRREL.	O. J. STEVENSON	252
THE GREAT PROBLEM, Poem	ETHELWYN WETHERALD	256
IN THE SECRET SERVICE, Story EPISODES VI AND VII.	ROBERT BUCKLEY	257
POETRY AND PROSE	HENRY A. HARPER	270
THE RE-CHRISTENING OF HUMPY, Story	JEAN BLEWETT	271
STREET RAILWAYS IN CANADA	W. G. ROSS	276
WOMEN'S SPHERE	MRS. CUMMINGS	279
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD ILLUSTRATED.	JOHN A. EWAN	283
PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS	JOHN A. COOPER	287
BOOK REVIEWS.. ILLUSTRATED.		290
IDLE MOMENTS		295
ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES ILLUSTRATED.		297

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered, and should be addressed to

The Canadian Magazine, Traders Bank Building, 63 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES 25c.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two 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

WATERPROOF

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, MONTREAL.

AGENTS FOR LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

LIMITED,

BY SPECIAL WARRANT PURVEYORS TO THE KING AND EMPEROR OF INDIA

CELEBRATED OILMAN'S STORES.

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

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING.

Sole Makers: Bottles—6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.

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

Keeps the **SKIN COOL** and **REFRESHED** during the **SUMMER.**

The Druggists' Corporation of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Agents for Canada.

FEBRUARY PROGRAMME

The January Number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE contains much valuable reading. An examination of this issue will convince every reader of the accuracy of the statement. Some of Canada's best writers contribute to this number.

And this leads up to the next point. Some of Canada's best writers are contributing all the time to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE; or, to express it differently, every issue contains contributions from some of Canada's leading men and women. The constant reader overlooks none of these valuable articles, pleasing descriptive sketches and interesting short stories. No cultured person can afford to miss the best literature that Canada produces.

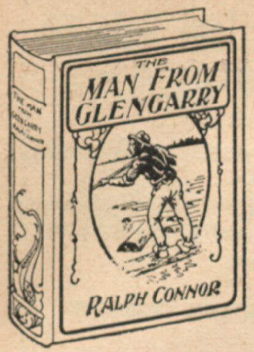
In the February issue, some exceptional material will be found. **The Hon. J. W. Longley** will contribute a philosophical resume of recent religious progress, and the article will be found to be in Mr. Longley's most graceful and forceful style. **Professor Adam Shortt** will also be among the contributors. In his careful and logical way he will present the economist's view of the British food supply question and Canadā's relation thereto. **Bleasdell Cameron** will write of **Pemmican** and the way in which it is made. This will be illustrated with drawings by S. C. Simonski.

The list of contributors in general will be as numerous as usual, and all the features fully equal to any previous issue.

CANADA'S NATIONAL PUBLICATION.

The Canadian Magazine

$2.50 a Year **Toronto Canada**



CANADIAN ISSUE—15,000 COPIES.

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY

Ralph Connor's New Story. A Splendid Tale of the Lumbermen of the Ottawa.

Cloth, $1.25 net; Burnt Leather, limp, $2.00; Half Calf, Gilt Top, $2.50.

Charles Mair's Poems. Including the drama "Tecumseh." Cloth, with portraits of the Author, Tecumseh and Brock, $1.50; half calf, gilt top, $2.50.

The Outcasts. New animal story by W. A. Fraser. Illustrated by Arthur Heming. Price, $1.00.

Patriotic Song. An Anthology of Patriotic Verse of Great Britain and her Colonies. Cloth, $1.25; half calf, gilt top, $2.50.

The Making of a Country Home. By J. P. Mowbray, author of "A Journey to Nature." Cloth, $1.50.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, PUBLISHER, TORONTO.

BARGAINS IN MUSIC

We will send you the following **15** Pieces of New Music, postpaid, on receipt of **50 Cents.**

VOCAL

There Will Come a Time.............. Charles K. Harris
My Old New Hampshire Home......Sterling & VonTilzer
Mid the Green Fields of Virginia........Chas. K. Harris
Ma Lady Lu...... ....Dotty & Brill
Coon, Coon, Coon ....Leo Friedman
Just Because I Love You So.............Jesse B. Davies
I've a Longing in My Heart for You....Chas. K. Harris

INSTRUMENTAL

Saratoga March, Two-Step (all the rage).
When Knighthood Was in Flower, Waltz....L. V. Gustin
Lady of Quality Waltzes...... ... .Fred. S. Stone
Janice Meredith " ....L. V. Gustin
Salome (Intermezzo)..... . ...Wm. Loraine
Nordica Waltz.......... ....Homer Luegu
Creole Belle March, Two-Step................J. P. Lampe
Handicap March and Two-Step......... .....Geo. Rosey

Remit in Express, P.O. Order, Stamps or Bills.

All our Music is full sheet music size, complete and unabridged. Exact reprints of the original edition. Give a trial order.

The G. M. Rose & Sons Co., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

Myra's Journal

The Leader of Fashion

Cheapest, Best and Most Reliable Ladies' Fashion Journal

Each Number Contains

100 or more illustrations of the Latest Styles

IN PARIS, LONDON AND VIENNA

A Handsome Colored Plate (5 figures) designed and printed in England

Cut-out Pattern of some Seasonable Garment

Lesson in Dressmaking, Millinery, Etc., The Nursery, Etiquette, Health, Etc., Etc.

PRICE 10c.

or Mailed Direct from London, England
5/- (Five Shillings) for 12 Months

BEETON & CO., Limited
10 and 11 Fetter Lane, LONDON, ENG.

AGENTS
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO.
MONTREAL

FROM MR. JOHN DICKS'S LIST

Castles and Abbeys

Of Great Britain and Ireland.

PARTS I., II. AND III. NOW READY.

PART I. Contains:—
Special Presentation Plate.

1. **Windsor Castle**
2. **Dunfermline Abbey**
3. **Tintern Abbey**
4. **Westminster Abbey**
5. **Dublin Castle**

PART II. Contains:—
Special Presentation Plate.

1. **Dublin Castle** (completion)
2. **Tower of London**
3. **Glastonbury Abbey**
4. **Melrose Abbey**
5. **Chepstow Castle**
6. **Boyle Abbey**

PART III.—VOL. 1. DECEMBER, 1901.

1. **Boyle Abbey** (Finish of).
2. **Stirling Castle**
3. **Battle Abbey**
4. **Warwick Castle**
5. **Conway Castle**
6. **Kenilworth Castle**

Every Article is Illustrated with one or more plates, drawn by Mr. HARRY EVANS, the well-known artist.

A special feature of this publication is that in many cases not only is the history of the building traced, but its legendary lore is also given. **Sixpence Monthly.**

Indispensable to Every Home that Loves Good Music.

NOW READY.

GEMS from the GREAT COMPOSERS

With an Introduction by Mr. Josiah Booth.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

CONTENTS:—

ADAGIO CANTABILE (Beethoven)
ADAGIO FROM SONATA IN D (Mozart)
ALLA TURCA (Mozart)
ALLEGRO (Mendelssohn)
A MAIDEN'S PRAYER (Badarzewska)
ANDANTE FROM SONATA IN G (Beethoven)
ARABESQUE (Schumann)
BEETHOVEN'S ANDANTE AND VARIATIONS IN A FLAT
BEETHOVEN'S CELEBRATED WALTZES
"CROWN DIAMONDS" FANTASIA (Bernhardt)
DERNIERE PENSEE (Weber)
EVENING (Schumann)
FINALE FROM SONATA IN D (Haydn)
IMPROMPTU IN A FLAT (Schubert)
LA SYMPATHIE VALSE (Comettant)
LIEDER OHNE WORTE (Mendelssohn)
MARRIAGE OF THE ROSES (Southwell
MAZURKA (Chopin)
MOMENS MUSICALS (Schubert)
NOCTURNE IN B FLAT (Field)
"OCCASIONAL OVERTURE" MARCH (Handel)
PASTORAL SYMPHONY (Bach)
PASTORAL SYMPHONY (Handel)
PRELUDE, No. 7 (Bach)
ROMANCE (Rubinstein)
SICILIANO (Scarlatti)
SLUMBER SONG (Schumann)
TWO CHRISTMAS PIECES (Mendelssohn)
UNE PETITE FLEUR (Voss)
VALSE (Chopin)

One Shilling Net, Paper Covers; Post Free, 1s. 4d.
Two Shillings Net, Cloth Boards; Post Free, 2s. 4d.

FULL MUSIC SIZE. MARVELLOUS VALUE. BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED.

NOW READY

A Companion Volume to "Gems from the Great Composers."

BRITISH SONGS

A Collection of the most Popular Airs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

128 Pages. **29 Songs.**
Full Music Size. Marvellous Value. Beautifully Printed.
1/- Net, Paper Covers. **2/- Net,** Cloth Boards, Gilt Top.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313 Strand, and all Booksellers.

ORDER AT ONCE from your Local Agent or Bookstall, or send direct to JOHN DICKS, 313 Strand, London, W.C., England, who, on receipt of 1/4, will forward the Cheap Edition of this splendid volume.

School of Practical Science

TORONTO

Established 1878

Affiliated to the University of Toronto.

This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments:—

1—**CIVIL ENGINEERING**
2—**MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING**
3—**MINING ENGINEERING**
4—**ARCHITECTURE**
5—**ANALYTICAL AND APPLIED CHEMISTRY**

Special attention is directed to the facilities possessed by the School for giving instruction in Mining Engineering. Practical instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories:—

1—**Chemical** 2—**Assaying** 3—**Milling** 4—**Steam** 5—**Metrological** 6—**Electrical** 7—**Testing**

The School has good collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils. Special Students will be received, as well as those taking regular courses.

For full information see Calendar.

L. B. STEWART, SECRETARY

The secret of success in life is in knowing how to accomplish that which is proposed. This is surely the case in business. We teach methods which will assure the proper doing of business. Every bit of our school is planned for your permanent good.

Federated Business Colleges

with schools at Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Sarnia, Berlin, Galt, St. Catharines.

New Term Opens January 6th, 1902

J. W. WESTERVELT, London, President.
DAVID HOSKINS, C.A., Toronto, Vice-President.
C. R. McCULLOUGH, Hamilton, Managing Director.

HOLDERS OF 22 ROYAL AND IMPERIAL APPOINTMENTS

To Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

Egerton Burnett's Royal E B Serges

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

Lasting Wear.

FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN and CHILDREN.

Prices from 27 cts. to $3.04 per yard.

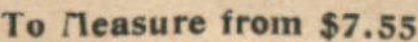
Specially Strong Makes for Boys,

55 cts. and 85 cts. per yard.

Dress Fabrics, Tweeds, Homespuns, Trouserings, Etc.

ANY LENGTH SOLD.

EGERTON BURNETT, Limited, make to measure Ladies' Costumes from $6.40, Skirts from $2.50, Girls' Sailor Dresses from $2.20, Gentlemen's Suits from $3.55, and Boys' Suits from $2.60.



To Measure from $7.55

Overcoats and Suits to Measure from about $8.50

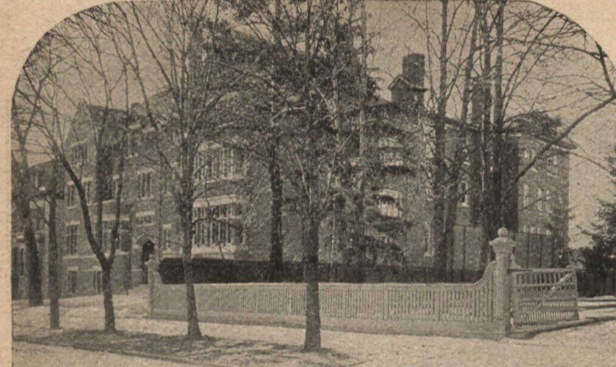
SPECIAL TERMS FOR CANADA, ETC.

PATTERNS, PRICE LISTS, AND SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS

POST FREE FROM

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.,

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



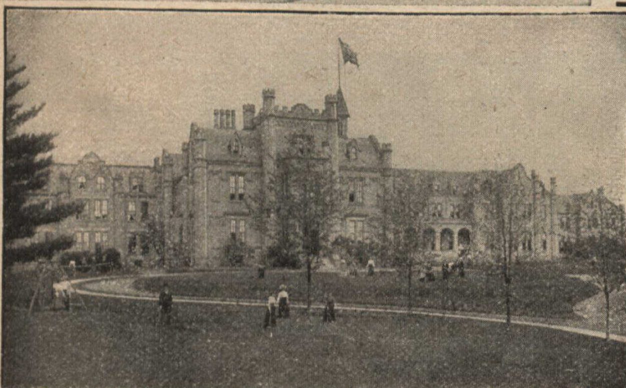
Havergal Ladies' College

TORONTO

Residential and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies.

For prospectus please apply to

MISS KNOX,
Principal.



The Ontario Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music

Trafalgar Castle

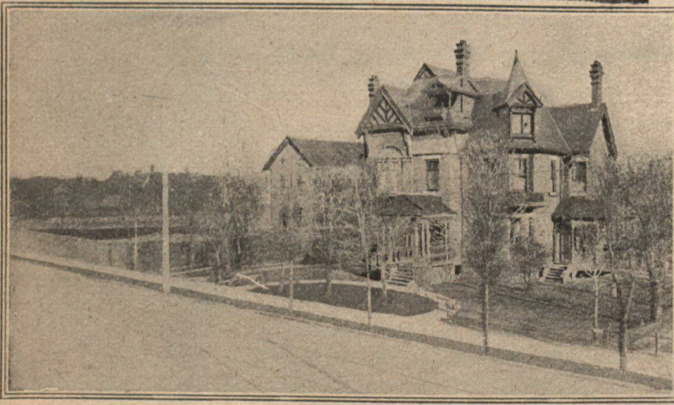
WHITBY.

Beautifully and healthfully located within 30 miles of Toronto; unsurpassed buildings and extensive grounds; modern plumbing, steam heating and electric lighting; thorough instruction in Languages, Elocution, Music, Art, Physical Culture and Domestic Science; University preparation; Christian home influences; advantages of Toronto.

Illustrated Calendar Free.

Hon. G. A. Cox,
Honorary President.

Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph.D.,
Governor and Principal.



St. Margaret's College, TORONTO

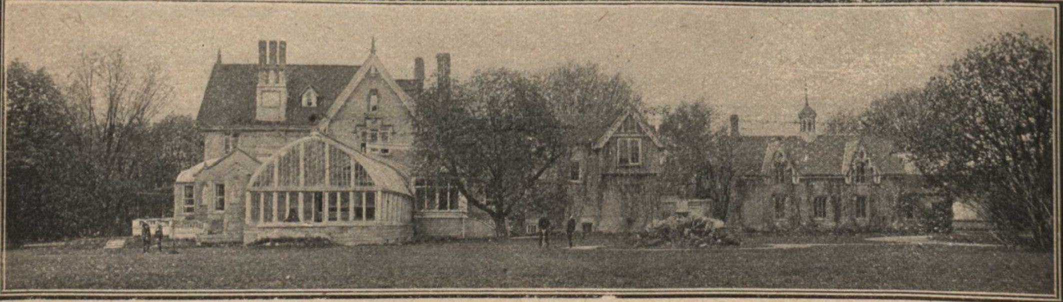
A Boarding and Day School for Girls

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. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Residential and Day School for Boys. **TORONTO**

Upper and Lower School. Separate Junior Residence. Boys prepared for Universities and Business.

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

Royal Victoria College

McGill University
MONTREAL

A Residential College for the Women Students of McGill University. For particulars of matriculation, Scholarships, Courses, Degrees, Terms of Residence, and other information, address

THE WARDEN
Royal Victoria College, Montreal.

MORE AND BETTER

More business and business of a better quality is taught at the

OWEN SOUND, ONT.,

than any other school in Canada. Our Business Course comprises every subject that is needed in a successful business career. Hundreds of ex-students say so and tell others so. Write for Catalogue and College Journal, which contain dozens of such testimonies, to

C. A. FLEMING, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

Ridley College

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

UPPER SCHOOL—Boys prepared for the Universities and for business.

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

For Calendar, etc., apply to

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A.,
Principal

DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.

Affiliated with the University of Toronto and Trinity University.

The Best Equipment and Facilities and Strongest Faculty in Canada.

Reopened, after Christmas Vacation, on **Jan. 2, 1902**

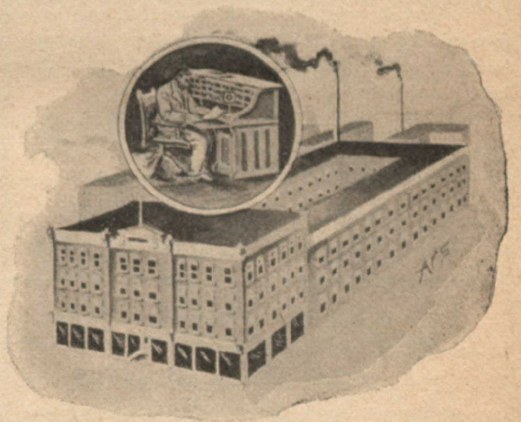
PUPILS MAY ENTER FOR STUDY AT ANY TIME.

CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS 1901-1902 MAILED FREE

School of Literature and Expression.

MAUDE MASSON, Principal.

Reading, Recitation, Oratory, Voice Culture, Physical Culture, Rhetoric, English Literature, Orthœpy, Psychology, Pedagogy.



PROPRIETORSHIP

of a good manufacturing or mercantile Business comes within a few years to the graduate of our splendid school.

Central Business College
TORONTO

is well known throughout Canada for its excellent work and successful students. Annual enrolment over 700. Regular staff of 12 teachers. Fall Session from September 3rd.

Circulars Free. W. H. SHAW, Principal

Situated in the most Fashionable, Convenient and Healthy Locality in
LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE
LANGHAM HOTEL

Portland Place and Regent St. West.

Every Modern Improvement.
Moderate Tariff.

ONTARIO'S MINING LANDS.

The Crown domain of the Province of Ontario contains an area of over 85,000,000 acres, a large part of which is comprised in geological formations known to carry valuable minerals and extending northward from the great lakes and westward from the Ottawa river to the Manitoba boundary.

Iron in large bodies of magnetite and hematite; copper in sulphide and native form; gold, mostly in free-milling quartz; silver, native and sulphide; zincblende, galena, pyrites, mica, graphite, talc, marl, brick clay, building stones of all kinds and other useful minerals have been found in many places, and are being worked at the present time.

In the famous Sudbury region Ontario possesses one of the two sources of the world's supply of nickel, and the known deposits of this metal are very large. Recent discoveries of corundum in Eastern Ontario are believed to be the most extensive in existence.

The output of iron, copper and nickel in 1900 was much beyond that of any previous year, and large developments in these industries are now going on.

In the older parts of the Province salt, petroleum and natural gas are important products.

The mining laws of Ontario are liberal, and the prices of mineral lands low. Title by freehold or lease, on working conditions for seven years. There are no royalties.

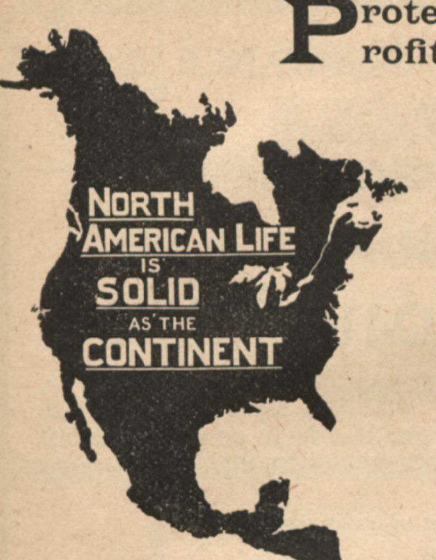
The climate is unsurpassed, wood and water are plentiful, and in the summer season the prospector can go almost anywhere in a canoe. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the entire mineral belt.

For reports of the Bureau of Mines, maps, mining laws, etc., apply to

HON. E. J. DAVIS,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Or
THOS. W. GIBSON,
Director Bureau of Mines, Toronto, Ontario.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT
PRE-EMINENT FOR 60 YEARS



Protective Profitable for Policyholders

The North American Life Assurance Company aims first at being protective and then profitable. That it has lived and is living up to this motto is shown by the general satisfaction expressed by policyholders and the present splendid position of the Company. That it will continue in this course is simply to state that the same skill and prudence exhibited in its management will be shown in future as in the past.

Begin the new year well. An Insurance Policy is a good resolution kept.

For information see an Agent, or apply to the Head Office.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

HEAD OFFICE—112-118 King St. West, TORONTO

L. Goldman,
Secretary.

Wm. McCabe,
Managing Director.

Absolute Security. Successful Management. Large Profits.

ON THIS SOUND FOUNDATION

THE MANUFACTURERS AND TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

IS BUILDING UP ITS BUSINESS.

Business in Force,	**over**	**$27,000,000.00**
Assets,	**over**	**3,200,000.00**
Total Security to Policyholders, over		**4,500,000.00**

Hon. G. W. Ross,
President.

J. F. Junkin,
Managing Director.

Head Office, Toronto.

The Northern Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

Is steadily growing in popularity.

Why? Because **its policies are prepared to meet the wants of the insuring publ c.**

Its **New Combination Life Policy.**

Its **Adjustable Income Policy.**

Its **60-year Income Bond.**

Its **Guaranteed 5% Investment Bond.**

You should get particulars. **If you examine them, you will find just what you want.**

Write for Pamphlet.

JOHN MILNE,
Managing Director.

THE TIME TO SECURE INSURANCE IS

NOW

While you are well, strong and insurable.

The policies issued by the

Confederation Life

ASSOCIATION

On the Unconditional Accumulative Plan are free from conditions from date of issue.

Pamphlets and full information sent on application.

HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND, K. C. M. G., C. B., President.

W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

WHY Insure in the

FEDERAL LIFE *ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA?*

BECAUSE

1. This Company has paid Policyholders in cash profits and allowed in reductions more than 13½ per cent. of its total Premiums.
2. Its affairs are economically administered.
3. Its investments are profitably and carefully managed.
4. Its Death and other Claims are promptly paid.
5. It is a purely Canadian Company, making all its investments in Canada and holding them for the protection of Canadian Policyholders.
6. Its policies contain privileges and options most advantageous to the Insured.

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON

INVESTED FUNDS
$23,000,000

The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street
TORONTO

PRESIDENT:
GEORGE GOODERHAM.

1ST VICE-PRESIDENT:
J. HERBERT MASON.

2ND VICE-PRESIDENT:
W. H. BEATTY.

BONDS ISSUED

SHALL WE SEND YOU PARTICULARS?

WALTER S. LEE
General Manager.

A Company is Judged by the Character of its Agents.

The Agents of

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

are among the most experienced and reliable Life Insurance writers in Canada. They stand deservedly high in the good opinion of the insuring public. This is because they represent one of the very best Life Companies in Canada. It employs none but able, honorable and truthful men. They sell an up-to-date liberal policy contract, at fair rates, on all modern plans adapted to the needs of the assured and realizing for him the best possible results.

A Model Policy in a Model Company cannot fail to be an excellent investment.

ROBERT MELVIN,
President.

GEO. WEGENAST,
Manager.

W. H. RIDDELL,
Secretary.

THE

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.,

TORONTO, CANADA.

Senator GEO. A. COX, - - - - President
E. R. WOOD, Vice-President and Managing Director

4%

CAPITAL, - - - -	$2,500,000
RESERVE FUND, - - -	450,000

INVESTMENT BONDS.

This Company accepts sums of $100 and upwards, issuing therefor its 4% investment bonds, payable to the order of party remitting the amount, upon the following conditions:—

I. The Company agrees to pay 4% interest, payable half-yearly.

II. The Company agrees to pay interest from date of receiving money to date of repayment.

III. The Company agrees to pay exchange on all remittances.

IV. The Company agrees to cash the bond at any time upon receiving 60 days' notice from party holding same.

Executors and Trustees are authorized by Ontario Government to invest in the Bonds of this Company— R. S. O., 1897, chapter 132, section 5-6.
The Dominion and Ontario Governments accept the Bonds of this Company as security to be deposited by life and fire insurance companies doing business in Canada.

Write for sample bond, copy of annual report and for further information to

F. W. BAILLIE, Assistant Manager, Toronto, Ont.

The

London Life

Insurance Company

HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

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

Government Deposit, -	**$60,000.00**
Invested Assets over -	**$1,100,000.00**

The **LONDON LIFE** issues all the **standard policies** of insurance issued by other first-class companies, and some **special policies** affording advantages not afforded by any other company.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY at lowest current rates of interest, and on favorable terms of repayment of principal.

Full particulars will be given by any Agent of the Company, or on application to the Head Office.

JOHN G. RICHTER,
Manager.

The

York County Loan and Savings Co.

Plan suitable for those desiring to own their own homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

HEAD OFFICE:

Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

[ASSESSMENT SYSTEM]

For Full Information regarding the I.O.F. System of Fraternal Assurance apply to any Officer or Member.

HEAD OFFICE—TEMPLE BUILDING—TORONTO, CAN.

JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, K.C.
Supreme Secretary

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., J.P.
Supreme Chief Ranger

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?

Health and the things we love, and those who love us.

THE FESTIVE SEASON

How to enjoy rich food, which otherwise is liable to disorder the digestive organs, causing Biliousness, Congestion of the Liver, and Impurities of the Blood, etc.

EXPERIENCE shows that Stout, Mild Ales, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liquers, and Brandies are all very apt to disagree.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the Liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost through alcoholic drinks, fatty substances, or want of exercise, and places the invalid on the right track to health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known NO FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

It is the best known remedy for Indigestion, Errors of Diet, Sick Headache, Constipation, and all Functional Derangements of the Liver. It is PLEASANT, COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING. YOU CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the blood PURE and FREE FROM DISEASE. It should be IN EVERY BEDROOM and TRAVELLER'S BAG (for any emergency). It acts as simpiy, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system, as SUNSHINE does on the vegetable world, and removes BY NATURAL MEANS, without hazardous force, all fœtid or poisonous matter.

CAUTION.—*Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT," otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., "FRUIT SALT" Works, LONDON, S.E., ENGLAND, by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.*

Shredded Wheat

SHREDDED WHEAT
For Sale by All Grocers.

DOCTORS TESTIFY

In strong terms to the merits of SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT in such words as the following:

"Have advised its use in all forms of impaired nutrition and phosphatic deficiency.—DR. ORA E. CASTLE, Lynn, Mass.

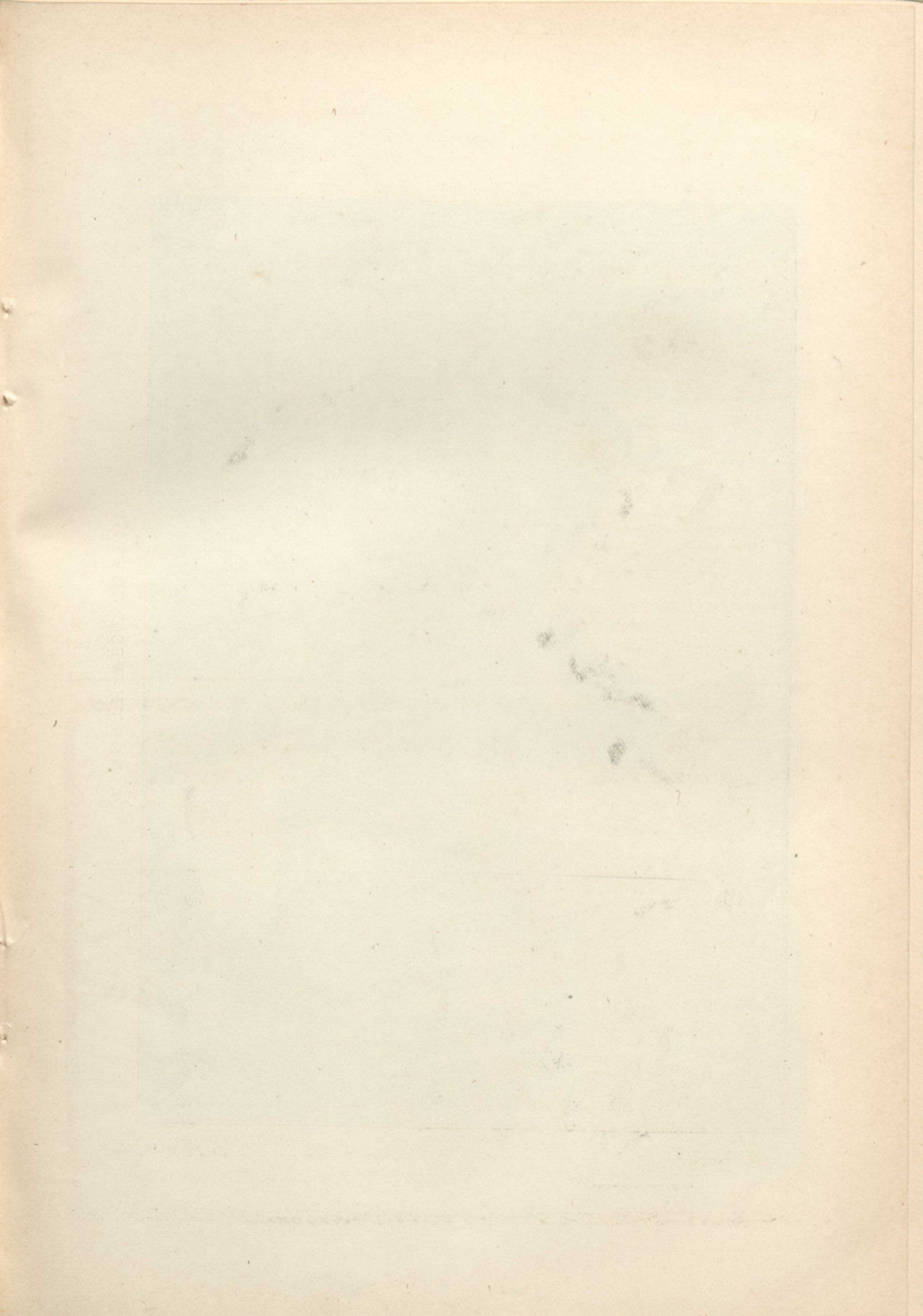
"We use it freely in our family to prevent sickness. Over-eating and eating improper food is the cause of one-third of the sickness in New England."—DR. W. R. DUNHAM, Keene, N.H.

"The most perfect food yet offered to mankind. It has done wonders for me."—DR. CHAS. A. BARNARD, Centredale, R.I.

"We are using Shredded Wheat regularly, and think it is an excellent food."—DR. M. D. BERRY, Vermont Insane Hospital, Waterbury, Vt.

A Cook Book, containing 262 receipts, mailed FREE to anyone sending name and address on postal to

THE NATURAL FOOD CO.
61 Front Street East, Toronto



A NORTH-WEST COWBOY

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII JANUARY, 1902 No. 3

QUEEN VICTORIA AT MENTONE.

By Zélia de Ladevèze.

QUEEN VICTORIA spent several weeks in Mentone, France, some twelve or more years ago. The inhabitants still speak of her visit. She stayed at the Châlet des Rosiers, the property of an English couple who had already lent one of their summer residences, Villa Clara at Bavens, to Her Majesty.

The Châlet is pretty, indeed charming, but seems a very modest dwelling for a queen. As it is situated at Garavan, or East Bay, as English visitors call that side of Mentone, the old town, as you stand with the sea behind you, lies to the left with its many storied houses climbing up the hill. A more peaceful spot could not be found.

When the Queen arrived at Garavan, the train stopped at a temporary station that had been erected for the purpose just outside the garden of the villa. It was beautifully decorated with bunting, palm trees and rare plants.

The Princess Beatrice, who accompanied Her Majesty, was soon a familiar figure in the town. She went almost daily to the market to buy flowers and to the *Librairie Centrale* to select books. The proprietor of the Library, Monsieur Bertrand, to whom I am indebted for most of the photographs that illustrate this article, told me that she was very simple in her ways; she used to talk to him most affably. She spoke French fluently but with a slight English accent. She would climb on a chair to choose the books herself and would have them taken to the Châlet by armfuls.

Prince Leopold, who was staying at the Hôtel Bellevue, not far from the Queen's villa, interested himself in pottery, and took lessons in modelling, as he again did (under the direction of Monsieur Clément Massier, of Golfe Juan fame), when living at Cannes later on.

The tradespeople, who supplied Her Majesty's household, were naturally very proud of the honour, and you may still see over some of the shops, the inscription, "*Fournisseur Breveté de Sa Majesté la Reine d'Angleterre.*"

MENTONE—THE GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION

A peasant from the neighbouring village of Sospel, who supplied hay and straw for the royal stables, hearing, the following year, that the Duke of Connaught was staying at the Hôtel Bellevue, called there and said to the proprietor: "Just put in a good word for me to the Duke. Tell him I supplied his mother with hay and straw last year, and I'd like to do the same by him." I can vouch for the accuracy of this story, for I had it from the lips of the proprietor's son, the present American vice-consul.

PHOTO BY BUSIN, GRASSE

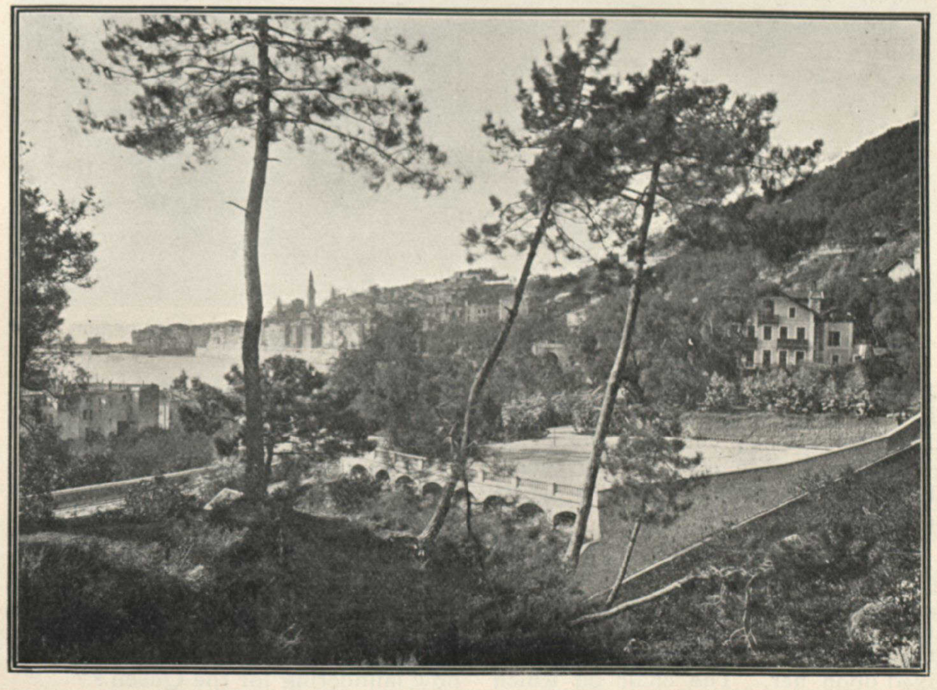
QUEEN VICTORIA AT MENTONE

The following touching little incident was told me some time ago as I was picnicking with friends in the woods just in view of the Châlet des Rosiers. The Queen wished to express her thanks for the loan of the villa to the owner's wife in person. The lady in question was staying at the Hôtel d'Italie, and was in a rather weak state of health. The Queen, knowing this, and hearing of the excitement the prospect of the royal visit was causing her hostess, said with womanly tact: "I will go alone one day, quite unattended and unannounced." She chose a morning when the invalid was feeling a little stronger, and, going quietly into the room, went up to her couch, bent down and kissed her.

The fête that was given by the town, in honour of its royal and imperial guest, still lives in the memory of the Mentonnais. It took place in the harbour soon after nightfall. The east bay was illuminated with triple festoons of Chinese lanterns, and over two hundred boats of all descriptions, tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted up, sailed by while the Queen watched the proceedings, with Prince Leopold by her side, from the Hôtel Bellevue. The whole scene, with the innumerable dancing lights reflected in the rippling waters was enchanting; H M.S. *Inflexible*, which was in the harbour, added greatly to the effect and success of the fête.

During her stay in Mentone the Queen expressed her wish to see the Good Friday procession. I must explain to those of my readers who are unacquainted with Mentone and its religious ceremonies, that on Good Friday eve the effigy of our Lord's dead body is carried in solemn procession from the parish church (cathedral the English wrongly call it, for there is no Bishop of Mentone), through the nar-

MENTONE—VILLA CYRNOS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND AND CAP MARTIN IN THE DISTANCE



MENTONE—CHALET DES ROSIERS WITH OLD TOWN ON THE LEFT

row streets of the old town, with their cavernous arches and dark recesses, to the *Place du Cap*, where an immense *catafalque* is erected, draped in black and illuminated with hundreds of tiny lamps. The procession is composed of the different guilds, such as the *penitents blancs*, whose male members are dressed in white gowns and hoods, while the women wear white dresses and long white veils ; and the *penitents noirs*, who are clad in black gowns and hoods, the women looking very lugubrious in black dresses and veils. These, with various other societies, precede the effigy chanting the penetential psalms in low, wailing tones. The effect in the dark night is weird and impressive.

A local banker, whose house was on the route, offered his balcony to the Queen, and I am told that Her Majesty was the only one who saw the procession that year, for all eyes were fixed upon her. The chair on which she sat, and the glass out of which she drank have been preserved as relics. The banker's son was for many years British Vice-Consul, and was extremely popular amongst the English residents and visitors.

My laundress at Mentone, *Mademoiselle A.*, who still gets up the linen of most of the nobility of that aristocratic watering place, told me that when Her Majesty came to Cannes, before going on to Aix-les-Bains for treatment, the royal linen was sent to her. This soon became known, and whereever *Mademoiselle A.* went she was waylaid by English ladies wanting to know all she could tell them about the Queen's linen, especially when she visited the large hotels. She was much amused at their eagerness, and, as she was an educated woman of much *esprit*, she would slyly tease her questioners. They would begin by saying :

"I suppose you are very busy just now laundering for the Queen ?"

"Yes, I have a great deal to do.

MENTONE—THE OLD MARKET WHERE PRINCESS BEATRICE BOUGHT HER FLOWERS

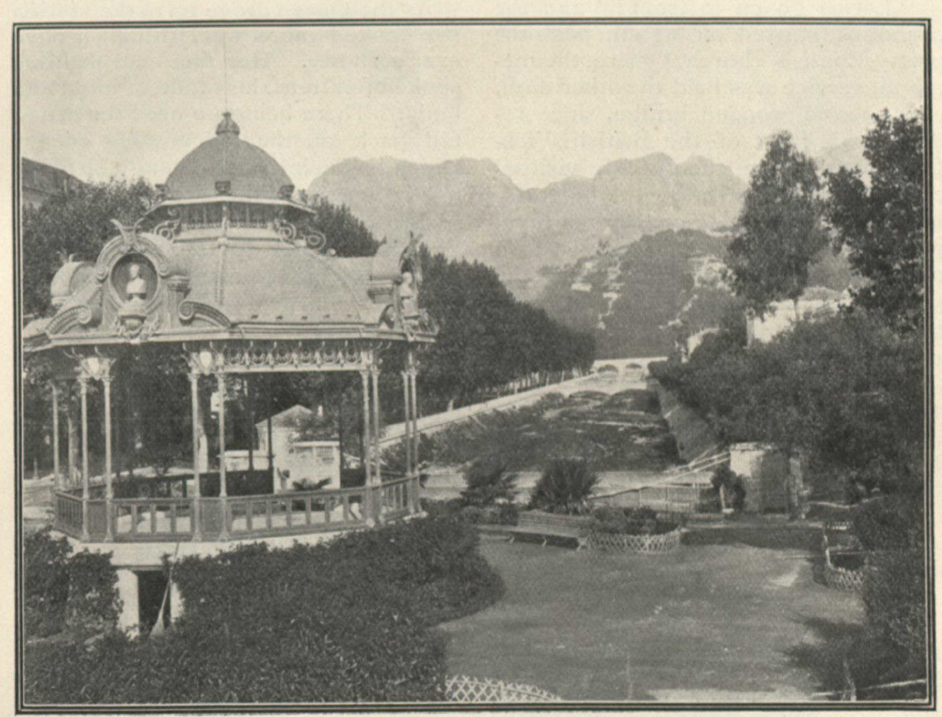
Your fellow countrywomen take up so much of my time, too, asking me what the Queen wears."

"Indeed, how curious some people are; and about such trifles!"

"Absurd is it not?" she would reply. "Good morning."

Then her questioner in despair would seize upon a blouse she had scarcely worn and would ask *Mademoiselle A.* to wash it for her as soon as possible and would finally stutter: get the royal washing ready. The clothes are marked V. R. with an embroidered crown. The handkerchiefs are fine, of course, but are not trimmed. Just hemstitched and embroidered in the corner with the crown and initials V. R."

And off she would run, laughing merrily at her hearer's curiosity, to be stopped a few rooms further on by another loyal British subject to whom she had to repeat her story.



MENTONE—AVENUE DE LA GARE AND THE OLD BRIDGE

"Let me see, what did you say the Queen wore?"

Here Mademoiselle's eyes would gleam with mischief; but she would not offend a customer, so she replied:

"She does not patronize dress reform, but wears the same garments that *Mesdames vous mères* were accustomed to. All are of fine cambric simply trimmed with Valenciennes lace. As Her Majesty changes her linen twice a day we have plenty to do to

Four seasons ago the Queen drove over to Mentone from Cimiez, having paid a visit on the way to the Empress Eugénie, who was lying ill in her villa Cyrnos at Cap Martin. As Her Majesty was late the original route was changed, and the carriages were driving up the *Avenue de la Gare*, without going round the town when word was brought that the English visitors in Mentone were all massed in front of the British Vice-Consulate. The

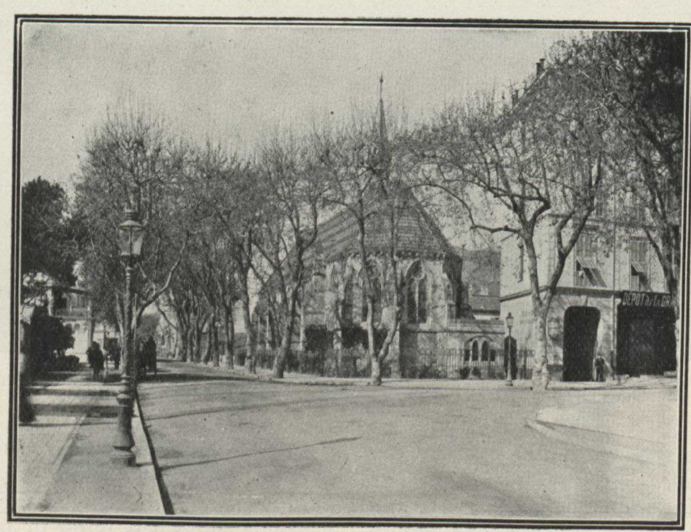
Queen, with her usual gracious consideration for the public, had the carriages stopped at once. My little boy and I were standing close by and had a splendid view of Her Majesty for a minute or two whilst a discussion went on between the occupants of Queen Victoria's carriage and those of the accompanying landau. My wee son took off his hat and gazed at her intently.

At last one of the princes—I forget which—in the landau called out:

"Let us go on in front!" and the carriages started off again, past the pretty English church (where the memorial service was held the other day), over the old wooden bridge, since removed, in front of the British Vice-Consulate where the British visitors cheered enthusiastically, to the train, which was waiting to convey the royal party back to Nice. We had kept on our way to the station and saw the Queen a second time. She wore a round black hat, with broad brim, trimmed with white ostrich tips, and tied under the chin with black strings; she was well wrapped up in shawls.

As she did not have her photograph taken during her stay in Mentone, I give one (by the kind permission of Monsieur Busin) that was taken in Grasse with the Princess Beatrice, as she is still called, and the Princess Victoria of Wales. Her Majesty is seated in her well-known donkey carriage.

As the Queen drove up to the station she looked more weary than I have ever seen her. Her face and attitude spoke of extreme lassitude of mind and body. There being no need for her to fall back on the indomitable energy which has helped her through so many public functions, she seemed to let herself go and the end, which after all came as such a shock to the whole of the Empire, seemed to many to be looming large in the near future even then.



MENTONE--THE ENGLISH CHURCH

A NEW CANADIAN GLACIER.

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE ROCKIES.

By Welford W. Beaton.

IN speaking of a "new" Canadian glacier, I do not wish to be understood as making any reference to the date of its origin, for glaciers have a universal habit of being about as old as time. "New" is used in this case merely to point out the fact that the glacier has fed the streams of the Slocan country for untold centuries but had never, until quite recently, been traversed by man; had never been named, and had kept its extent and nature a secret. Prospectors would tell with a jerk of their thumbs towards the Kokanee peaks, the highest seen from Nelson, that there was a glacier "somewhere up there," but none of them had crossed it; so information regarding it was very vague.

One of the first men to cross it was Mr. Ernest Mansfield, a mining engineer, who represents English capital that is looking for dividends in the wealth-laden mountains of the Kootenays. He had secured a property late in the season and a sudden and heavy fall of snow had cut off his only known means of access. But he tackled it from another direction, and after very nearly losing his life, a fate which his two companions would have shared, he got safely over the great glacier and returned to his mining camp long after the other members of the party had quite decided that they were lost. The glowing description which Mr. Mansfield gave of the beauties of the glacier, which he christened the Kitchener, quite determined me that not another season would pass until I had climbed to its very summit.

It was not till the end of August, 1900, that our expedition got under way, Mr. Mansfield having spent the early part of the summer in Europe. By that time a trail had been made across three summits and as many valleys, to Camp Mansfield, where half a dozen mining properties were then being worked. This trail allowed us to use horses, a privilege we readily availed ourselves of, for a thirty mile walk in such a country had no particular attraction for us. It was at Slocan City that we outfitted. This beautiful town is situated on Lake Slocan, the "Lucerne of North America," and from there we struck due east, for the glacier lay midway between Slocan and Kootenay Lakes. Men were leaving the same morning for Camp Mansfield and a pack train of twenty horses, laden with provisions, tools, powder, blankets, etc., which comprised the first instalment of the winter's supplies, pulled out a couple of hours ahead of us. Mansfield rode a beast that looked like a superannuated English hunter, while my mount was a little bay mare with spirit and strength out of all proportion to her size.

"A SNAPSHOT OF OUR PARTY BEFORE WE LEFT THE CAMP.

It was a glorious morning, and as a waggon road formed the first ten miles of our journey, we made such good time that the pack-train was overhauled before we had reached the end of it. At last it terminated abruptly, and a sudden turn to the left made me feel a trifle creepy, as the horses had to pick their way, *via* two logs, over a yawning chasm, in the bottom of which a mountain stream roared and plunged as it did centuries ago, when the work of carving that chasm through the solid granite first commenced. Then we went up-hill and down-hill, across more logs, stumbled over "corduroys," waded through mud, jumped fallen trees, scrambled around rocks, but always getting higher, until a plateau of some extent was reached from its farther end. The first range we had to cross stretched heavenward, and once over them we looked down on a mountain hotel, thousands of feet beneath us. The descent was so steep that we dismounted and let the horses pick their way down the treacherous trail, while I led and Mansfield brought up the rear. After an excellent lunch for horses and men at the hotel, we pressed on again, but had proceeded but a little way when a drizzling rain began to fall. It increased in volume steadily and drenched us to the skin. Then, as we got higher we got out of the rain, to pass into snow, which stuck to our wet clothes with an unrequited affection. The trail all afternoon lay through forests of immense pines, but progress was slow on account of the softness of the black soil, and it became apparent that we could not make our camp that night. It was growing quite dark in the heavy forest before we struck the abrupt rise that would take us over the second summit.

Finally the trail commenced to zigzag up the steep mountain side. The higher we got the colder it became, and in our wet condition we were in anything but a comfortable state. I had an excellent pair of long water-tight boots—so water-tight, in fact, that the rain and snow that had dripped in at the top from the bushes we swept through remained in the feet, and as it was reinforced constantly with snow, remained in a frigid condition that chilled me to the marrow. Having the surplus room in your boots filled with ice-cold water as you ascend a bleak mountain side in a raging snow-storm is no pleasant experience, I can assure you.

The ascent was rapid, and as the sure-footed horses picked their way along the narrow path, the knowledge that one slip meant instant death on the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below us distracted our attention, but not pleasantly, from our bodily discomforts. But presently we rounded a towering bluff that brought us to a level, and revealed ahead of us in the fast gathering gloom the narrow pass through which lay a mining camp that would provide a night's lodging.

But what a sight! That sudden turn brought us into the region of peaks. It was August, but snow lay everywhere on the ground. A small lake, with its intensely green water lashed into angry whitecaps, dashed spray at us as our horses picked their way along the shore. Around the peaks, to the right of us, to the left of us, behind us and before us, the snow-laden wind whirled and twisted and turned as it cruelly stung our faces and froze the saturated clothes until we were encased in an icy armour. But we felt like intruders. It was the home of the god of storm; we had no right to complain, for the lower regions were made for the habitation of man, and this was where the god called the four winds of the earth to disport with those mighty monarchs of the mountains that lifted their heads above the clouds. He sang to them love songs in the wild, weird tones of Boreas and Euroclydon. He snatched the crown of snow from the brow of one kingly giant, broke it into a million particles, and scattered the fragments in the valleys below, with a long triumphant shriek of laughter, which ended in a repentant wail, as he plucked another diadem from a mountain side and placed it on the uncrowned head.

And then he would stop as if for breath, and we could see those immense crags above us, standing as monuments to Nature's marvellous handiwork. But it was only for an instant, for the elements again commenced to play, and the landscape became a whirling mass of snow. Our horses neighed, pricked up their ears and shied at every harmless rock, for the weirdness of the scene had affected them. The wind would sweep by us, as if to beckon us on, and then exultantly throw back a multitude of snowflakes in our faces. The path was a path no longer, and we must needs creep along the shore of that wonderful little lake, that seemed strangely out of place in a region so grand and wild, for the pass must be reached and the dangerous descent made lest darkness hem us in and doom us to spend the night in the inhospitable home of the Storm King.

But, notwithstanding the cold, the darkness, and our wretchedly uncomfortable condition, we turned in our saddles and gazed on that magnificent scene behind us until we rode through the narrow pass into the shelter that a mountain provided. Then our hearts were cheered by a twinkling light in a clump of timber below us. Half an hour later we were sitting before the hospitable fire in a miner's cabin, whose owner was searching his wardrobe for dry clothing.

Another rapid ascent next morning took us higher than we had yet been, but it was a glorious day and those awful peaks, which the night before had almost trembled as the wind played havoc among them, now smiled at us, and their snowy caps were as diamonds as the sun shone on them from a cloudless sky. When over the third and last summit, we began a very precipitous descent along a narrow rocky path that clung to the side of an almost perpendicular mountain. Down we went, zig-zagging back and forth, until we again reached the land of summer, where the grass was green, and merry brooks trickled over mossy rocks, and birds sang autumnal madrigals from the leafy limbs of the mountain trees. We crossed a turbulent stream by a rude bridge of logs, plunged into a pine forest and again began to ascend, but this trail wound all the way around the mountain, so the ascent was gradual, and it was not yet noon when we reached Camp Mansfield, quite tired enough and hungry enough to make us feel perfectly satisfied that so much of the journey had been completed—feelings in which, I have every reason to believe, the horses were in entire sympathy with us. Their work was over, for the glacier could only be attempted by man.

All afternoon and all next day it stormed, and we caught only occasional glimpses of the edge of that great glacier towering up above us. During an interval on the afternoon of the second day I set out to endeavour to reach the lower edge of the immense ice field. I chose the most gradual slope, but it was a hard climb, for the big boulders which centuries of grinding by the glacier had carved out covered the mountain side, and over this "slide" was a foot of snow which made the footing very precarious. But after a great deal of slipping and sprawling I finally reached the region of ice.

Just here it might be well to point out that the Kitchener glacier lies in the middle of the Slocan country, in West Kootenay, and is its highest point. All the important creeks that flow into Lake Slocan, Lake Kootenay and the Western Arm of the latter, upon which Nelson is built, have their sources in the one spot. From the glacier, streams flow in every direction. The ice is about nine miles north and south and five east and west. The snow of centuries keeps pressing it down and it still grinds away the mountains as it did untold ages ago, when it carved the beds for all the streams that rush away from it now. As it pushes down the mountain side, and down where the sun is strong enough to honeycomb it, it assumes strange and fantastic shapes. It was on the south side that I first approach-

"I STRUCK AN ATTITUDE ON THE FIELD OF ICE"

was heightened by picturesque shelves that protruded many feet from the walls. Over all of these was an opening, and I scrambled out through it to find myself quite high up on the sloping ice. I sat down and slid to the bottom where I came a cropper in a huge drift that completely buried me. After much slipping and tumbling I reached the camp.

ed, and, sliding down an opening in the snow, I found myself at the entrance of an immense ice cavern. The roof was of solid green ice, 100 feet thick, through which the light scintillated and made it as bright as day. Several huge pillars rose from the floor which was bare rock of the mountain side, and supported that wonderful roof which was studded with boulders that had been gathered high up the hill, and now looked strangely out of place in the transparent greenness. Miniature mountain ranges, hanging upside down on that great canopy of ice, lent a weirdly beautiful effect which

Next morning the sun lit up the distant peaks two hours before the stalwart pines cast their shadows over our cabin. Not a breath of air was stirring, and deep blueness of the sky was not marred by a single cloud. That was the day for the ascent, for there might not be such another for weeks. The cook prepared us a tasty lunch as we saw to our rifles, unearthed our snow-glasses, slipped our storm-caps under our belts and strapped our snowshoes on our feet. Then, accompanied by "Patsy," a faithful little spaniel who had a *penchant* for mountain climbing, we set out. There was a long "hog's back" that took us to the eastern side of the glacier, and for this we headed. In two hours we mastered it and reached the foot of a wall of ice and snow. Here we poked steps in the hard crust with our snowshoes and Mansfield crept up. We had tied the strings of our snowshoes together, and the line thus made reached to the first ledge. By means of his collar, "Patsy" was hauled up in a half-choked condition, of which he seemed

"THE NORTH SIDE WAS TOO STEEP, SO WE PASSED AROUND TO THE SOUTH"

to be rather proud. We advanced about thirty feet in this way in an hour, and were then on the undulating surface of the glacier. Three miles away in the middle of it Mount Kitchener reared his lofty head—the very highest point in that vast territory of peaks. It was bitterly cold, but our extreme exertion was keeping us warm, and we felt in splendid trim as we set out for the peak. The hard crust made it excellent snowshoeing, and with occasional slides down slippery hills, our progress was rapid. Often we came to long crevasses that had been formed by the glacier cracking up above when it settled at the edges. These crevasses were hundreds of feet deep, and as we looked into some of them we saw nothing but walls of that intensely green ice. Long detours were necessary to surmount these obstacles, but we arrived at the north side of the peak in a very short time. A huge drift of snow, reaching half way up the peak, made it impossible for us to ascend on that side, so, leaving our rifles stuck in the snow, we passed around to the south side, which was so steep that snow would not stick on the steps of rock. We sheltered ourselves from the biting wind behind a hummock of ice, lit our pipes and had a good rest before we made the dash.

A BIT OF A STIFF CLIMB

At such an altitude, 10,000 feet above sea level, breathing is very difficult, and this was the most serious obstacle that we encountered as we scrambled from ledge to ledge, for we had to stop at every few steps for breath. We had many narrow escapes, for a slip at any time would have meant instant death. Once we stopped and asked ourselves why under the sun we were going up the mountain anyway. In lieu of any satisfactory solution we continued to ascend, Mansfield declaring that if he ever got down alive he would devote himself thereafter to climbing prairies. But in two hours from the time we knocked the ashes from our pipes we were on the highest rock.

Then were we rewarded for the dangers we encountered and the exertion we exercised. No pen in the world and no brush could do justice to the scene that met our eyes. In one of his essays

A FEW MOMENTS' BREATHING SPELL

"THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE SLOCAN COUNTRY"

Pope says: "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise"; so it was where we were. Turn where we would, north, south, east and west—there was that great sea of snow-capped peaks. Ruskin has it that, "Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery." There was nothing but scenery, grand, glorious scenery all about us. Beginning at our feet, it was without end—one vast sea of wondrous grandeur, with the motionless white-capped waves sparkling in the mid-day sun. Those peaks that three nights before lent their countenance to the storm that raged about us, were now still. The goddess of beauty had stepped in, and, with a wave of her wand, dispersed the clouds, sent the winds back to their haunts in the Northland, and peace was restored in the kingdom of the peaks. Away in the west, three hundred miles, the sun-kissed summits of the Rocky range mingled with the sky; in the east the vision lost itself behind a peak, a day's journey distant; yonder hoary monarchs to the south gaze down on the valleys of Idaho and Washington; in the north we look, but there is no end there to that concourse of monuments to Nature's sculpture work. Our eyes sweep the horizon for three hundred miles or more in every direction, but we see nothing but the untarnished whiteness of snow-capped summits that stretch upward their jewel-bedecked brows to be made glorious by the rays of the dazzling sun; and in all that region there is not a stir, not a sound. It is awe-inspiring in the intensity of its stillness.

But could we peer through those massive piles what a different scene would be presented; around the base of yonder mountain that stands as the very incarnation of primeval peace, roars and plunges a train with its load of human freight; it screams aloud as it rushes past the miners' cabin, where a score of men are robbing that proud giant of its riches. Over there is the city of Nelson with its electric street cars clanging along its busy thoroughfares, with its steamboats arriving and

"WE STOPPED FOR LUNCH ON THE WAY DOWN"

departing, with the railway trains carrying goods from its wholesale houses to all parts of the region that is now beneath our vision, with its six thousand souls forming a bustling and enterprising community. And there is Rossland, that energetic mining camp, and there is Slocan City. Yonder are Silverton and New Denver; there, Sandon, and over here, Kaslo. Away down in those valleys are hives of industry; the bases of the mountains do not share the peacefulness of the peaks. But that does not now distract our dream, for we are too high up to see and too far away to hear.

The biting wind assists us to quickly drink our fill of the scenery, and after putting our cards under a pile of loose stones—the surface is too smooth and the winds too strong to allow snow to accumulate on that mountain top—we commence the descent. We start down the north side where the ice and snow climb up half way to meet us. Reaching the top of this great drift we make sleds of our snowshoes and shoot down a thousand feet in an instant with yelping Patsy coming head over heels after us. Then we partake of our long-delayed lunch and reach the camp as the sun transforms the landscape of snow into a blood-red scarlet and scintillates through the balustrades of green ice that support the overhanging edge of the Kitchener glacier nearest our camp.

A SONG TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, ere yet the gold
Fades out at Vesper day,
Approach thou with soft soles
And steal my thoughts away!

Dearest of Masters thou!
Astride thy deathless horse,
Bear me far down to-night
Across the Storm and Course.

Far down the Dreamland way,
Over the bridge of Time,
To isles of lasting green
And youth unchilled by rime!

Soothed by thy mystic touch,
The daylight of the years
I'll walk, and stagger not
Beneath life's tasks and fears.

Inglis Morse.

PHOTO BY WADDS BROS., VANCOUVER

MRS. HENSHAW

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. XXX.—JULIA W. HENSHAW.

THE literary career of Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw, of Vancouver, whose novel, "Why Not, Sweetheart?" is now arousing considerable attention in the West, was begun in connection with that time-honoured and highly respectable serial, *The Girl's Own Paper*. Mrs. Henshaw was then Miss Julia Henderson, of Ashford Court, Shropshire—her father's residence—and she had just finished school in England and Germany. No doubt her literary ability is to some extent hereditary, her father being an author of no mean talent, and it is from him, no doubt, that the subject of this sketch derives her love of nature and her keen observation of the wonders of vegetable and animal life.

Becoming the wife of Mr. Charles Grant Henshaw, of Montreal—a schoolfellow, by the way, of Dr. W. H. Drummond, of "Habitant" fame—Canada naturally claimed her as an adopted child. It was not long before her pen was employed on some articles for the Montreal *Star*, and she soon began a busy life of newspaper and magazine work. A removal to Vancouver followed, and it is as a British

Columbian writer that the greater part of Mrs. Henshaw's literary work has been performed. Nobody has done more to exploit her favourite Province than she, and in her numerous contributions to English and United States publications she has identified herself with the golden west of Canada. When in London and Paris last year, she wrote frequently for such papers as the *Graphic*, *The Sketch*, *The Queen*, *Lady's Pictorial* and *Traveller*.

She became a member of the staff of the *Weekly Province* in 1894, and for four years wrote regularly in its columns on politics, civic affairs and topics of general interest. She also made a name as a musical and dramatic critic, and decidedly raised the standard of such work in the British Columbian press from its former dead level ot indiscriminate praise.

As an opponent of the wanton destruction of the beauties of nature Mrs. Henshaw has done valiant work. She is a great lover of outdoor life and an ardent sportswoman, being one of the best rifle-shots in British Columbia. In fishing and canoeing she is a past mistress, while croquet and photography are among her lighter recreations. And it may be said that the croquet the B.C. women play is a far more serious matter than the game as it was known in the earlier Victorian days. From her pleasant home in the suburbs of Vancouver, which the horticultural skill and taste of her husband surrounds with lovely flowers, Mrs. Henshaw, as she sits at her desk, looks out on a beautiful prospect of mountains and water, and it is from inspirations such as these that she draws the vigour and effectiveness with which she tells the world of the advantages, resources, and attractions of British Columbia. Mrs. Henshaw is a member of the Canadian Society of Authors, and also of the Incorporated Society of Authors of London, England.

Mrs. Henshaw's first novel "Hypnotized?" was a little lacking in humour and sprightliness, but was, nevertheless, a fair piece of work. Ursula Harlowe, the heroine, is a daughter of an English farmer, transported through the eccentricities of a titled gentleman to the society circles of London. This gentleman exercises a strong influence over her and unconsciously affects her life. This results in one or two dramatic situations, which bring up the question of unconscious hypnotism as being the only explanation for the unfortunate tableaux which make the fifth act in the drama.

Mrs. Henshaw's second novel "Why Not, Sweetheart?" has also an interrogation mark woven through its fabric as well as into its title. It has been published in England by Unwin, and in Canada by Morang. Its scenes are laid in "the Western edge of Canadian soil," and the descriptions of British Columbia bring out the peculiar charm of its fascinating wildness and picturesque beauty. The *motif* of the tale is the embarrassment of a young girl, half married to a man who had become insane in the midst of their marriage ceremony, and who later desires to marry a young man with whom she has fallen in love. His question, "Why not, sweetheart?" is one she cannot answer until the mystery of her first unloved but betrothed husband is cleared up.

B. M.

HOME.

CALL no man happy who afar does roam
  And has no resting place to call his home,
No woman's welcome and no child's pure kiss
To turn his night to peace, his day to bliss;
No bond to bind him with a sacred chain
To all that proves earth's living is not vain.

May Austin Low.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION

By GOLDWIN SMITH

IN addressing the school teachers the other day at the Normal School, Toronto, I disclosed what I fear would be generally regarded as the scandalous fact that I was not a thorough-going believer in the system of State Schools.

I had once an opportunity of hearing this great subject specially well discussed. The British Parliament, having, after some tentative efforts through the agency of the Privy Council, decided to take up in earnest the whole question of national education, a Commission was in 1858 appointed to investigate the subject and to prepare a scheme for the consideration of Parliament. Of that Commission I was a member, being appointed, I believe, specially to deal with the charitable foundations, the report on which was consigned to my hands. The Chairman was the Duke of Newcastle, whose name the Commission commonly bears. The other Commissioners were men who represented sections of opinion. A question cannot be debated better than by such a conclave having a practical object of great importance in view, and unrestrained by the presence of reporters. The result in my mind was a leaning in favour of the parental and Voluntary against the State system. That view was embodied in a paper which was signed by one member of the Commission besides myself, and now slumbers among the archives of the Home Office. Being outvoted, we waived our dissent and concurred with our colleagues in carrying on the investigation and submitting recommendations to Parliament. Being the junior member of the Commission and the only one free from engrossing avocations elsewhere, I did much of the general work and became pretty well posted in details.

The impression which I then formed in favour of the Voluntary system I have always retained, though the State system was so completely established that I saw no use in saying anything about it or in declining to act under it when called upon. In this spirit I accepted the honour tendered me by the Public School Teachers of this Province of representing them in the Council of Instruction. The Council was abruptly dissolved by the Ontario Government in consequence of a collision between it and the Chief Superintendent arising out of an appointment made by the Council to the headship of a Normal School. The incident was one which seemed to throw a sidelight on the liabilities of the State system in its connection with party government, as does that chronic dispute about the school books from which the Voluntary system would be free.

Natural right and duty may on occasion be superseded by State necessity, as in time of public exigency or peril. But they must always be the general basis of institutions, and always demand recognition. It is apparently the natural duty of every man to educate as well as to feed and clothe the children that he brings into the world ; nor has he any natural right to cast this duty on his neighbour or on the community at large. It is not in accordance with natural justice that the man who has prudently deferred marriage till he was able to support a family should pay for the imprudence of the man who has brought into the world a family which he is unable to support. On the other hand,

the parent has a natural right to say in whose hands he will place the education of his child. The Catholics, being a large and united vote, assert that right against the general principle of the State system. The State has no natural right to take away the child from the parent or those to whom the parent chooses to entrust it. Nor, if the parent is willing to do his own duty, has the State any natural right to tax him for the immunity of others. The State cannot reasonably say that those upon whom it has conferred political power are imbeciles in the matter of education and incompetent to perform their natural duty or exercise their natural right in respect to the education of their children.

This, I am afraid, will sound like rank heresy to the theorists who hold that the rights and duties of the individual and the family ought to be surrendered to the State.

Natural right, however, whether of the individual or of the family, must sometimes give way to public exigency. In this case the public exigency, so far as the State is concerned, is the danger of an ignorant electorate. As Robert Lowe rather bitterly said, "We must educate our masters." The fact that the exigency has been created by the rivalry of political parties which has abolished all qualifications for the franchise and puts the ballot into every hand, instead of letting industry and frugality stretch out their hands for it, does not make the peril any less. On the other hand, the security for the voter's intelligence which the State requires might be obtained, without taking away education from the parent, by certified inspection or an educational test. Nor does it seem that the community is in any way bound, or that any public interest would lead it, to go to the expense of imparting any more than a strictly necessary education. To excite and gratify the pupil's ambition of rising above the station in which he happens to have been born, may be a good thing in itself; it certainly is when the person to be so raised is well selected and helped either by private munificence or by State endowments specially devoted to that object. One who assisted in the foundation of Cornell University may fairly say that he has not personally failed to take part in the opening of that door. The State may also properly endow special institutions for instruction in technical science, scientific agriculture, or other studies which are profitable to the community at large. But the community at large has no interest in the indiscriminate fostering of ambition. On the contrary, an extensive displacement of industry may be economically injurious to the commonwealth. Nor is happiness more than contentment certain to be the fruit of such a policy. As was said in the address to which I have referred, we cannot all actually climb over each other's heads, though restless desire may be kindled in all.

To the exercise of educational charity, of course, there are no limits. Nor can charity be better exercised than in encouraging education and in enabling real ability to attain the station in which it can be most useful to the commonwealth.

A State system of education can hardly fail to be mechanical and Procrustean. Its spirit was depicted by the French Minister of Education who boasted that when he rang a bell the same lesson commenced in every school in France. The Voluntary system, on the other hand, if it can be made successful, is flexible, and adapts itself to local, social and industrial circumstance. It has also in it the motive power of emulation, which, in all things, is a stimulus of improvement.

Under the Voluntary system teaching is a profession which the teacher enters expecting to live by it, as he knows that his special gifts and exertions will, in this as in other professions, fetch their proper price. Under the State system teaching is hardly a profession, so far as many of the male teachers are concerned. The man is never sure of earning his fair market value. It is inferred from facts before the Department of Education that the

average continuance of a male teacher in the service is between seven and eight years. Other estimates have been still lower.

At the same time a large increase of salaries is hardly possible. The expense already is startling, and has alarmed the Toronto City Council. It may soon seriously interfere with the ability of the city government to provide for its direct and proper objects, such as the police, the thoroughfares, the health and the buildings of the city.

The consequence of this is that education is falling more and more into the hands of women, who will accept smaller salaries, but are not well qualified to form the character of boys after a certain age. The consequence of this, again, is probably seen in the manners of the boys, of which complaints are heard, and perhaps in a certain lack of some strong points of the male character. The devotion even of women to the calling, unless they renounce marriage, must generally be short.

Mr. Rice, who has given us the results of an inspection of schools in a number of cities of the United States, reports inequalities almost as great as any which would be likely to be found under the Voluntary system. Some schools are very good. Others are much the reverse. A compliment is incidentally paid to Toronto. But the parent has no choice ; he must send his child to the school of his district whether it be good or bad. Under the Voluntary system his choice would be free and would act as a stimulus to the teachers.

A prominent feature of Mr. Rice's description is the indifference of parents, who regard their duty to the child, including the formation of character, as made over to the State. They will not even take the pains to inquire into the sanitary condition of the school house. We see that instead of supporting the teacher, as they would if he or she were chosen by them, they are inclined to take the part of the child against him, thus impairing the discipline of the school.

The union of the sexes beyond a very early age is a feature of our Public School system which some high authorities view with mistrust.

In the country the Public School system seems to work better than it does in the city ; the whole community using the school, which is thus really common ; taking an interest in it ; having a voice in the selection of a teacher, and keeping the financial management under control. This approaches the old Scotch or New England model.

In the city the opposite of all this is the case. The schools are hardly common, the Voluntary school being frequently preferred by those who can afford it. Nobody has a voice in the choice of the teacher of his district. The citizens generally take no active interest in the schools. You have the usual evils of the system of political election applied to what ought to be a matter of administration. A place on the Board of Trustees is sought apparently, in many cases, less from special interest or aptitude than as the first step in the ladder of municipal ambition. Little seems to be generally known about the candidates. Nor is much interest generally shown in the elections ; though as all the ballot papers are marked by the voter at the same time, voters generally mark their papers for School Trustees as well as for Mayor and Aldermen. The elections are hardly noticed by the press.

The existing system, as I have already said, is so thoroughly established that any attempt to raise the general question would be futile. At the same time there is a growing feeling, which, if it is founded on natural reason and justice, ought not entirely to be refused recognition. The practical object of this paper is to introduce the memorandum hereto appended on Voluntary Public Schools by Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, who has been carrying on in his school on Avenue Road with apparent success an experiment in the Voluntary direction. His system comprehends open selection of teachers, remuneration in proportion to ability, active participation of parents. At the

same time Mr. Baldwin asserts that it meets the legitimate requirements of State, and that therefore there is no reason why it should be denied recognition.

MEMORANDUM RE VOLUNTARY PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The aim of this movement is, shortly, as follows:—

1. To encourage parents to take a personal interest in the education of their own children, and enable them by contributing a voluntary fee to supplement the amount expended through the Public School Board, so that they may obtain a more liberal education. The elementary education covered by the Public School curriculum can thus be supplemented by a grounding in classics, by adding drawing, music. commercial, religious or other special instruction desired by parents.

2. To encourage teachers who have qualified under the Public School system and have also ability to impart such special instruction as is above enumerated, to do so and earn some recompense therefore as supplemental to the salary to which they would be entitled for imparting the ordinary Public School instruction.

3. To economize in the number of Public School buildings. It can reasonably be expected that parents might group themselves according to their common desire for religious instruction, for instance, and in cities nearly all places of worship have attached to them school-houses, which might be made available for the purpose, but these school-houses are now used only on Sundays and are closed up through the week. Ten of such buildings accommodating one hundred pupils each, and representing a total of one thousand, would mean a saving to the Public School Board of about $50,000 in the capital expenditure, based on what has been done in the Public Schools in Toronto.

It will be seen that no public money is used in the erection of the buildings in which, for instance, religious instruction may be imparted in which the public is not interested, and the desire for religious or other special instruction might induce parents or others to establish these schools and provide suitable buildings. Any grant from the Public School funds would be made only on account of the educational work done on Public School lines. The fact that such schools would be required to employ only qualified Government teach ers, use Public School Text Books, and submit to inspection, would be a guarantee of the efficiency of the secular work of the Public Schools.

The experiment made with the Avenue Road Voluntary Public School began in January, 1900, with twelve pupils. We have now an attendance of over thirty, and from an educational standpoint I think I may say that the experiment has proved of value. Our chief difficulty has been in regard to the building, as it was erected in the first instance without any regard to its use as a day school.

The school is managed by a Board of three trustees elected by the parents, and an annual meeting is held in January, when the report of the year's work is presented. In the election of trustees each parent is allowed a vote for each child of his in attendance.

OUR HERO DEAD.

ON lonely veldt, and where the distant kopje
Uprears its frowning head,
Comrades of march and bivouac and battle,
They lie, our hero dead.

But not forgotten, for, in shining letters,
Writ large, their names shall stand
Forever on the pages of the story
Of their dear Native Land.

And so we leave them, while the stars above them
Their faithful vigils keep,
In quiet slumber, till the great Reveillé
Shall wake them from their sleep.

J. H. Long.

THE RECIPROCITY OF TO-DAY

By ARTHUR H. U. COLQUHOUN

A PIOUS tradition that reciprocity with the United States was the key to permanent prosperity in Canada long held sway in the minds of many Canadian politicians. Until one party chose a new form of worship by the Protection Tariff of 1879 the belief was common to nearly all our leading men. It was accepted, as other dogmas are, without searching examination. If you argued that the terms on which it could be obtained were of primary importance and that under certain conditions reciprocity might even be injurious you courted derision as a person of unsound opinions, if not a real danger to the State. From the sacred circle of the devotees of reciprocity, the doubter or the freethinker was cast forth with reproach and contumely. In 1879, as has been said, one party suddenly left the shrines at which they had so long paid homage, and modified the tradition. Henceforth they were required to do reverence only to reciprocity in natural products. This reformed religion lingered on with much outward show of vitality until 1896 when a new party, which for five years had gone far in the worship of reciprocity, attained office and began to consider the whole question, not as an economic theory—from which standpoint discussion is idle—but as a commercial and political issue.

Now the whole matter is in the melting-pot. Both parties are sane. You are free to examine the policy on its merits. You may adhere, if you prefer, to the theory that reciprocity with the United States on any terms is a commercial necessity and excite only a cynical smile. Better still, you neither gain nor lose a vote, which accounts for much of the clear thinking on the subject now common. Or you may openly advocate an Imperial Preferential Tariff, and the windows of your house will not be broken. A short time ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that his Ministry would send no more deputations to Washington to seek reciprocity, and it is not related that he was mobbed in the street. Instead of freedom of trade we have happily secured freedom of opinion.

No one doubts that the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was, in its day, dictated by sound commercial sense. So, too, the Cobden policy of 1846 which benefited the British manufacturers by removing the duties on food and on raw materials. Neither of these measures was perfect, but each commended itself on different grounds for years afterwards to the commercial interests affected.

But any business man knows that his policy must change to meet new conditions. The human race is not one large family. There are political divisions. There are commercial rivalries. Some nations pursue one aim, some another. A man who maintains the contrary, who argues that national distinctions are immoral, patriotism a delusion, and artifical competition a crime, is an interesting person, to be treated with respect, but his proper place is a museum. As the world is now constituted, the policy of Governments is dictated largely by commercial considerations, and the subject of North American reciprocity must submit itself to the inevitable laws of politics. These laws may not be the same in 1854 and 1902. The consistent man who held the same views on some subject in both years is usually the most tiresome of our acquaintance.

In 1902 reciprocity will, therefore, be considered by practical men in the light of the circumstances that govern us. The situation is certainly without precedent. The agitation for reciprocity with Canada comes for the first time from the United States. A party in favour of freer trade relations has always existed there, but has never been potent enough to make any headway. The Treaty of 1854 was granted, not on commercial grounds, but partly through the astute diplomacy of Lord Elgin, and partly because the Southern Democrats, foreseeing the Civil War, thought it well to make friends with Canada. The treaty was no sooner in force than a clamour against it arose in the United States, and the clause relating to the use of the canals was cunningly violated.

The way to make Washington adhere to its solemn engagements is still undiscovered. The morals of the highwayman may be objectionable, but his superb audacity has its admirers. When, therefore, the Washington authorities were caught in the act of evading the provision of the treaty which gave Canada the use of the United States canals, after they had claimed and obtained the use of the Canadian canals, they created a diversion by loudly complaining that we were really the violators of the treaty. We had, they said, broken the spirit of the treaty by putting higher duties on products not mentioned in the instrument. This cry effected its purpose. It kept Canada busy explaining that she was perfectly innocent of the slightest attempt to evade her engagements, and that every provision within the four corners of the treaty had been faithfully carried out.

It was the United States manufacturers who preferred this charge, and who enabled the real offender against good morals and international obligations to escape in the confusion. Curiously enough—and this is another exceptional feature about the present situation—the demand for reciprocity emanates from a section of the manufacturers whose predecessors successfully started the prejudice against the old treaty, and whose hostility was a factor in its abrogation. This element consists chiefly of the big Trusts. They are fearful of over-production, of a glut in the labour market, and of a consequent conflict with the industrial forces. To avoid this they make overtures to foreign countries, and have discovered that their dear friends the Canadians are precisely the people to whom they would like to sell more goods. There are others, needless to say, but we stand in the first line for projected embracement, and the idea that we might reject the proffered hug of the United States Combines is far from their mind. With them probably are joined the forwarding interests, the Western shippers, the exporting and importing concerns of the East. Against them are the smaller manufacturers, who declared at the Washington convention last November that the only sort of reciprocity they wanted was the kind in which the foreigner provided a reciprocal demand, and they furnished a reciprocal supply. The Hartford *Times* sums up the verdict of the Convention correctly when it declared: "Everybody was in favour of Reciprocity in the abstract, as long as there is no attempt to put it in practice." Opposed to Reciprocity also is the Northern farmer who has been educated in high protection by the very party now talking largely but indefinitely of tariff concessions.

We in Canada are invited by the Trusts to forget the past, to forgive the violation and ultimate determination of the only arrangement on a give-and-take basis we ever had with the United States, and to condone both the repeated infringements of the Treaty of 1818, relating to the fisheries, and the haughty resentment of Washington because we ventured to resist those infringements. We are to turn the other cheek to the smiter with meek submission, provided that the compensating advantages appear sufficiently seductive, although we have no guarantee that these advantages will be continued an hour longer than they can be withdrawn legally, or

illegally, if a pretext can be found. We are to forget stolen territory, forged documents, broken treaties.

Is the Canadian memory of this accommodating order? Under the enormous development of our export trade with Great Britain, the ardour of the Canadian friends of reciprocity has perceptibly cooled. The protected industries are alert, and they present a strong case. There is no division of party lines on the question, and, at the moment, no disposition on either side to construct a policy out of the problematical sincerity of the agitation now proceeding in the United States. President Roosevelt has declined to single out Canada in any negotiations, so that until the terms of a proposed arrangement are known prediction of the outcome would be rash. These factors then are to be counted upon: the hostility of the Canadian manufacturers, the apparent unconcern of the farmers, the caution of the Government, the absence of enthusiasm for reciprocity as a principle. Assuming that the Opposition in Parliament are looking for a policy, it is inconceivable that they are looking to Washington. To these discouraging signs may be added another, the growth of a deep-seated distrust of the Congressional politicians.

Between the average Canadian and the average citizen of the United States the relations are friendly, and in many cases intimate. In social life the Canadian finds his neighbour an intelligent, agreeable and generous companion. In commerce he finds him prompt, shrewd, courteous and business-like. But the groups of political worthies who, from time to time, strut their brief hour upon the Washington stage, embody the worst, not the best, instincts of the country in their foreign policy. They mend or end a treaty as it suits them. They mistake cunning for sagacity, faithlessness for resource, the manner of the bully for the dignity of strength. There is a passion for over-reaching the other party to a bargain, and boasting of it afterwards. None of us cares to be taken in by the foreigner, but if it is done with subtlety and cleverness, there is a certain philosophy in laughing at one's own discomfiture. There must have been a gleam of pleasure in losing a handkerchief to so well trained a performer as the Artful Dodger. But the lustre of the merry gentlemen in the school of Fagin is dimmed by the achievements of many brilliant but less pleasing successors. The Englishman who negotiated the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty related in after years that he took care when framing that instrument always to use terms and phrases in the exact sense in which they were understood and officially defined by the other negotiators. To this he attributed the permanence of the arrangement. But it, too, has at last gone by the board, and, if a treaty could speak, the Clayton-Bulwer agreement would long ago have imitated Charles II and apologized for being so long a time in dying.

The fate of every treaty with the United States ought to be a warning to us. Surely we have learned prudence from dearly-bought experience. We cannot trust the Congressional politicians, and unless we like being the victims of a "bunco game" we should avoid the skilful manipulators whose exploits date from 1783, and who have been found out by every nation in Europe excepting one. Our relations with Washington should be regulated by good-humoured cynicism and strict vigilance. Our commercial future ought to be a business partnership with England, the richest, the most stable, the most honourable country in the world.

MILITIA AND DEFENCE

By HON. L. G. POWER, Speaker of the Senate

THIS is a time of wars and rumours of wars; and, while during the peaceful days which preceded the Spanish-American conflict and the hostilities in South Africa, when many people thought that Tennyson's vision of the golden age, when

> the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,

was about being realized, Canadians, busied with the development of their country's resources, might be pardoned for not turning their thoughts very much to the subject of self-defence. That is not the case now, when we seem to have gone back to that earlier condition of things of which it was said, "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things which he possesseth are in peace. But if a stronger than he come upon him and overcome him, he will take away all his armour, wherein he trusted, and will distribute his spoils."

To-day, three questions naturally suggest themselves to anyone who thinks of this country's future. Is there any reasonable ground for believing it possible that before long we may be called upon to defend Canada against serious attack? If there be such ground, is our present military system such as to inspire a belief that the attack could be successfully resisted? And, if it be not, is it possible to so alter the system as to enable us to contemplate with comparative confidence the issue of any such attack?

If we look upon our own position from the same judicial standpoint which we would assume in looking at another country situated as Canada is, we shall be obliged to admit that it is not only not impossible, but not even highly improbable that before long we may be compelled to fight as we have not fought since 1814. The empire of which Canada forms a part can hardly be said to have a reliable friend among the great powers of the world; and her widespread dominions and varied interests offer continual temptations to enemies to attack her, particularly when she labours under disadvantages such as those arising from the existing conflict with the South African Boers. If England becomes involved in war with France, Germany or Russia, we shall have to bear a share of the burden and the risk; but, in the case of war with the United States, Canada will be called upon to fight for her national existence.

This brings us to our second question: are we now in a position to defend ourselves if attacked by a great power?

It can hardly be claimed that we are. We have, scattered over this vast country, some 35,000 men, excellent material for soldiers no doubt, but, with the exception of the Permanent Militia, some nine hundred men, the battalion now in garrison at Halifax numbering about eight hundred, and a few crack corps—comparatively raw and imperfectly equipped material. Such a force, which might have been able to hold its own against such invasions as took place during the war of 1812, would be altogether unable to resist the kind of army which a hostile power could now put in the field. And unfortunately, however willing our peo-

ple might be to take up arms in defence of their country, the weapons for the purpose and the organization which would render our existing force, such as it, capable of prompt and considerable expansion, are both wanting. If war were to break out and find us situated as we are, Canada would probably be overrun, our principal cities taken and our few defenders driven from the field before we should have the necessary supply of arms, or be able to avail ourselves of the great reserve of fighting power which undoubtedly exists in the Dominion.

It would seem to be the duty of those charged with the government of the country to put an end to this condition of things; but since the Union of the Provinces in 1867, neither Government, Parliament nor the people have appeared to treat the subject of the militia very seriously. It was felt at the time of the North-West Rebellion of 1885 that there were advantages arising from the possession of a militia force, and that on the whole our citizen soldiers did well. The war in South Africa has again called attention to the soldierly qualities of our young men ; and our people are now perhaps in a mood to consider any scheme for strengthening our means of self-defence.

Two important steps in the right direction have already been taken by the Government, at the instance of the Minister of Militia. Facilities, which have been taken advantage of to a gratifying extent, have been afforded for the formation of cadet corps in boys' schools; and substantial and effectual encouragement has been given to the establishing of rifle clubs. It is to be hoped that even greater results will follow from the policy of the Department, and that cadet corps and rifle clubs will multiply and become permanent features of Canadian life. We can see the good effects which follow from them in the case of Switzerland, whose military system is said to be the cheapest and best in Europe.

"Previous to the commencement of his military service the Swiss recruit has undergone a considerable amount of training. The word 'raw,' at any rate in the sense we use it in speaking of a squad of our own recruits whilst learning the goose step, could never be applied to a young Swiss who had just joined his regiment. The playground of the village school was his first barrack-yard, where he learnt gymnastics, the manual exercise, and the elements of company drill ; so that on the day he receives his *livret de service* he has a far better understanding of the rudiments of soldiering than the average British recruit. The *Tir fédéral*, so liberally encouraged by Government, and the many cantonal and communal shooting societies, have, by making rifle shooting a national pastime, contributed their share towards raising the standard of marksmanship in the Swiss army. On fête days one may see men in all the different grades in the service, from the newly joined recruit to the major of his battalion, standing together in the Schützengraben of the Commune, and there voluntarily spending the holiday afternoon in perfecting themselves in the use of the rifle. There is much of the 'sportsman-soldier,' if we may use the expression, about the Swiss marksman ; his skill is by no means solely acquired during drill hours or at the regimental butts. The system of rifle meetings is, moreover, utilized for the purpose of musketry instruction ; thus each Swiss soldier is compelled to fire thirty rounds annually ; if he does not do this at a cantonal rifle meeting, he is compelled to attend a three days' course under military supervision."*

It must, however, be borne in mind that, although military drill in schools and the practice of rifle shooting by clubs will, if persisted in, improve the material which would be used in our fighting force, not a little time must pass before their effects will be very perceptible, and that they will not give us the organization or the arms which are absolutely necessary to provide for

**The Swiss Confederation.* By Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams and C. D. Cunningham. Macmillan & Co., 1889. Pp. 153-4.

the expansion of that force to a war figure. For these purposes, prompt and vigorous action by Parliament and Government is needed; and, unless advantage is taken of the present temper of our people, the country is likely to relapse into the state of comparative indifference with respect to the militia which followed hard upon the end of the rebellion of 1885.

What action should be taken? Two things should, it is submitted, be done at once. A supply of small arms and artillery of the best patterns sufficient for a force of one hundred thousand men should be imported; and a radical change should be made in the organization of the militia, so as to make our system in its practical results like that which enabled the Boers to place the whole adult male population of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State under arms at such short notice.

As to the former point: it is not contended that the quantity of arms which is mentioned would be sufficient to meet the demands which would arise upon the proposed reorganization of the militia; but anyone who knows how small the present reserve of arms is, must feel that neglect to act promptly in supplying the deficiency, at least to the extent mentioned, would be almost unpardonable. What would be required beyond that could perhaps be made to advantage in Canada.

The third question is: Can these things be secured without placing a crushing burden upon the shoulders of our people? In the writer's opinion they can.

The cost of rifles, artillery and necessary equipment would be considerable. That of the supply just indicated—which is not intended to include uniforms—would probably amount to two millions of dollars. It would not, however, be a yearly charge, but in some sense one on capital account. In any case, it is absolutely necessary, and we could much better afford to dispense with various other expenditures than to fail to make the needed appropriation.

The opinion that Canada could inaugurate, at a not excessive cost, a system which would supply a fighting force proportionately nearly as large as that placed in the field by the Boer Republics is not merely theoretical. Without going beyond our own country, we have the fact that at the time of the union of the Provinces there was in operation in Nova Scotia a law, under which the active militia—for whom the Government undertook to furnish rifles and artillery—included the whole male population between the ages of sixteen and forty-five, while the reserve included all men between forty-five and sixty.

If this had been continued there would now be twice as many active militia in Nova Scotia as there are in the whole Dominion. All the militiamen were enrolled, and those of the first class—the active militia—were drilled for five days every year. The officers were obliged to undergo a fairly long course of instruction, and to pass examinations on their duties; and the men were drilled by sergeants qualified as instructors. Substantially the active militia were not much inferior to the present comparatively small force known by the same name. The privates did not as a rule wear uniforms; and, with the exception of the headquarters staff, the adjutants and the drill sergeants, none of the force were directly paid. The yearly training was not looked upon as a burden or a grievance. In fact, it was regarded rather in the light of an annual picnic. It appears from the returns of 1867 that the total number of men enrolled in the active militia in 1866 was over 58,000, of whom 45,767 were actually drilled, while the cost of the militia for the last mentioned year was $114,460, of which amount $36,561 was of an extraordinary character, arising out of the "Fenian Scare" so called. This trifling expenditure covered besides small grants in aid to the volunteers, who were required to undergo twelve

days' drill in each year, to wear uniform, and to put in a certain amount of target practice, and who numbered in 1866 something over eleven hundred.

The total expenditure on the militia in Nova Scotia under the system in operation at the time of the Union was considerably less than two dollars for each man actually drilled, or than a dollar and a half for each man enrolled in the active class. These figures seem absurdly small to us now, but they are taken from the public accounts of the Province and from the report of the Adjutant-General, which also shows that, as already stated, about one-sixth of the whole population were enrolled, and that nearly one-seventh actually underwent military training. It is the writer's honest belief that the Nova Scotian system as it existed in 1867 was the best and cheapest in the world. Its direct cost was, as we have seen, almost incredibly small, and the interference with the industry of the Province was most trifling, while it supplied a force of over fifty thousand men well organized and officered, which in a month after a call to arms, would have been prepared to do credit to the Province, and would not have been unworthy to be associated with the British regulars.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in connection with the Nova Scotia system was its rapid growth. In 1859, when Lord Mulgrave, then Lieutenant-Governor, drew attention to the matter, while there were certain battalions on paper, there were as a matter of fact neither volunteers nor militia. An Act passed in that year provided for the training of volunteers, and the movement developed rapidly, until 1862, when the number of effectives reached 2,356. In the last mentioned year an Act was passed dealing with the militia as a whole. The number enrolled under this Act in 1862 was 43,221, and the number drilled was 2,356. In 1863, 48,675 were enrolled and 34,873 were trained, while the number of qualified officers was 820. In 1864, the number of those enrolled was 56,111, of whom 41,871 underwent training, and the officers numbered 1,484. In 1865, 59,379 men were enrolled and 45,616 drilled, while the number of officers rose to 2,267; and in 1866, the last complete year in which the provincial system was in operation, the number of men enrolled was 58,031 and the number trained 45,767, the number of officers having increased to 2,975.

The Act of 1862 was repealed and re-enacted with amendments by the "Act in Reference to the Militia," Chapter 16 of the Acts of 1865, the law in force at the date of the Union. The Adjutant-General from 1860 to 1867 was Lieutenant-Colonel R. Bligh Sinclair, who had been a Captain in the Forty-Second Highlanders; and anyone who reads his judicious, painstaking and instructive reports for the several years during which he held office will conclude that to him is due much of the credit for the success and excellence of the Nova Scotia military system.

Now, let us see what the result would be if this system were applied to the Dominion to-day. The active militia—the men undergoing actual training every year—including the permanent corps and the volunteers, would number about 800,000. Leaving aside the reserves—enrolled but not drilled—this force, if properly armed, would, taking into consideration the advantage which the magazine rifle gives to the defence, be able to hold its own against any number of men who might be put into the field for the purpose of invading Canada.

The figure given for the active militia is large, and may seem an impossible one; but, in proportion to the population of the Dominion, it is no larger than that which actually existed in Nova Scotia in 1866; and what was done then, largely in view of the probability of difficulty with the United States, can be done again in the wider field of this whole country. The people of Canada to-day are, it is believed, as patriotic as were those of Nova Scotia in 1866, and would as cheerfully give their services to the coun-

try for a few days without any reward beyond the sense of duty performed.

One can imagine the reader saying that, the scheme roughly outlined above may be all very fine and desirable, but that its enforcement would place a buren on Canadians greater than the people of a young and moderately wealthy country could reasonably be expected to bear. In answer to this objection, it may be pointed out that Canada could pay as much a head for 800,000 men as Nova Scotia paid for the men who were actually trained in 1866 and still spend less than two-thirds of what is now spent every year for the Militia. Allowing, however, that Canada could not now do what was done in 1866 at the rates then secured by Nova Scotia, those rates could be doubled, and we should pay about three million dollars a year and be still far below the amount which the Commonwealth of Australia, with a greater debt and a smaller population than our own, has undertaken to spend for naval defence.

The reference to Australia's proposal to spend five million dollars a year for the naval service alone, suggests that there is probably solid foundation for the statement made by a gentleman lately arrived from England and likely to know the feeling in Government and military circles in that country, to the effect that Canada is expected to do considerably more in the way of preparing to defend herself than she has been doing in the past. Under the Nova Scotia system or a modification of it, the Dominion could, for a comparatively small pecuniary outlay and with a very trifling interference with the business of the country, provide the materials and machinery for such a force as would satisfy the most exacting Englishman. The law which has been in operation since the Union of 1867 does not, indeed, involve a greater outlay than Canada should be prepared to make for an effective system of self-defence, but it does not give us such a system or anything at all approaching it.

It is clear that, apart from the cost of the necessary arms, the scheme here advocated would not involve any considerable increase in the amount now paid for military purposes, while the yearly training would involve no appreciable burden or inconvenience to our people. A very brief inquiry into the sums spent and the losses to industry borne by other countries, whose risks and possible losses from hostile powers are no greater than our own, will satisfy any reasonable man that Canada should be, as the writer believes she would be prepared to bear the slight additional burden in the most cheerful spirit.

Not to speak of great European Powers, such as Russia, Germany and France, where the taxpayers are mulcted in enormous sums for the support of military systems which take their sons by hundreds of thousands away from all productive work for years, let us take some three or four states not so unlike our own in condition and population. The Argentine Republic has a population considerably less than that of Canada, and maintains at a yearly cost of about $4,800,000 a navy of more than twenty ships, manned by 7,760 seamen, a battalion of marine infantry and a battalion of marine artillery, besides about 700 officers. The standing army comprises about 1,500 officers and 13,000 rank and file; while the "national guard is put at 467,572, the majority of whom now receive military training, those of 20 years of age being mobilized every year and given two months' drill in camp. The other guards are drilled every Sunday during two months." The military budget amounts to over $6,400,000 a year.

Chile has a population about half that of Canada, a standing army of 9,000 men, a national guard in which every Chilian from 20 to 40 years of age is obliged to serve, and a navy of over twenty vessels exclusive of torpedo boats.

The Republic of Switzerland, with a population of about 3,000,000, and an area considerably less than that of the Province of Nova Scotia, spends about $5,700,000 a year on her military sys-

tem. The Elite—a kind of standing army—numbered in 1889 148,435, and the total force available in case of war was over 509,000.

The kingdom of Servia has an area of 19,000 square miles, a population two millions less than that of Canada, and a revenue of about $15,500,000. Out of that small sum, Servia devoted in 1899 $3,130,000 to military purposes. She maintains a standing army of over 22,000, and under her system of compulsory military service, has a total available force of 353,366 men, who have all spent two years in the army.

Any reader who will look into the *Statesman's Year Book* or any like work of reference, will see that the cases of the four countries cited are not exceptional.

This is not the time nor perhaps the place, even if space permitted, to go into details as to the exact manner in which the Nova Scotian system should be made applicable to the Dominion. One may, perhaps, venture a suggestion or two. In Nova Scotia the drill sergeants were obtained chiefly from the Imperial Army. In Canada the instructors would naturally be taken from the permanent corps, the strength of which would need to be considerably increased. No doubt several of the present militia regiments would continue to exist as volunteer organizations, and should be encouraged to do so by some small allowance from the public treasury, as was the case in Nova Scotia. The experience of the United States in the Mexican and civil wars would seem to teach the wisdom of finding employment for as many graduates as possible of the National Military School in the military service of this country.

Another suggestion is that, in military matters, Canadians should not be afraid to rely upon their own judgment and should be ready to adopt any course of action which commended itself to that judgment, even though it might not have the sanction of use by the Imperial authorities. Nor should we feel bound to follow in every detail the practice of the British army; in the matter of head covering, for example.

Since the greater part of this article was written, I have had the pleasure of reading an editorial in the *Military Gazette* of the 17th of September, under the heading "Our Policy," and venture to say that, generally speaking, I concur in the writer's recommendations. I think, however, that a radical change in the basis of our militia system—which he does not seem to contemplate—is absolutely necessary; and I think that the keeping down of expenditure to the lowest level consistent with effective work is of more consequence than the article in question would indicate. I am at least as fully convinced that this is the acceptable time for action as is the *Gazette* writer, and feel that if the Government and Parliament fail to act promptly now, before danger is in sight, their wisdom will be on a par with that of a town council who would defer the buying of a fire engine until a conflagration had begun.

I am not a military man, and therefore write with some diffidence on the subject which I have ventured to discuss; but I feel that the time has come when our military system needs to be recast; and I have thought it my duty to direct attention to another system which produced much greater results in proportion to the expenditure involved than that now in operation in the Dominion. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that I have spoken only for myself, and that I have not the faintest idea of what line the Government propose to adopt, if, as I hope, it is their intention to take steps at an early date to render more effective and available than it is to-day the latent military strength of Canada.

Halifax, October, 1901.

CONCERNING OMENS.

By Basil C. d'Easum.

"THERE are some fellows who believe in omens and presentiments," said the returned Canadian trooper, who was spinning war yarns guaranteed to consist of the truth, part of the truth, or nothing of the truth.

"Yes," he continued, "and these same fellows aren't always fools.

"I remember that on the morning of July 16th, 1900, there was a heavy white mist hanging over the hills near Pretorius' Farm at Riet Vlei. Over these hills the sun rose looking like a monstrous blood-red ball.

"It was a weird sight, and many men remarked upon it at the time.

"That day there was a very bloody fight. The Canadians were hard hit; among our dead were Lieutenants Borden and Birch. This was generally known as the battle of Witpoort; the Boers made a most determined attack along a front of nearly thirty miles. They were driven back and lost many men. One of our lyddite shells killed twenty-seven Boers; I saw their bodies the next day.

"But, talking about omens, there was a queer thing that happened at Middelburg, in the eastern part of the Transvaal, later on in the campaign.

"A troop of about thirty men of the Canadian Mounted Rifles had been on a patrol in the neighbourhood of the town. The party had started at daybreak and it was late in the evening when they returned. Men and horses were dusty, hungry and very tired. The Middelburg burying ground was upon a little hill to the right of the road. As the troopers were walking their horses along this road a large, black object came out of the shed at the entrance to the graveyard and began to move down the hill, slowly at first but gaining speed as it drew nearer. When it came close it was seen to be the hearse which was used for carrying coffins to the graveyard. This hearse, when not in use, was kept in the shed at the top of the hill, with blocks under the wheels to prevent it from running down.

"It is a mystery how and why it should have broken loose and started down hill just at the moment when the Canadian Mounted Rifles were riding past that place.

"But break loose it did and rumbled steadily down the hill into the very middle of the troopers, who scattered in all directions. There is nothing in the drill books about the formation to be adopted when receiving a charging hearse.

"The officer in command of the patrol party ordered four of his men to stop the runaway and to help to take it back to its proper place in the shed on the hill.

"Now, of that particular troop of the C.M.R. who were on patrol that day at Middelburg, every man returned to Canada safe and well—except four men, and they were the four men who touched that hearse.

"Queer, isn't it?"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORGAN.

By F. Miron Warrington.

MY natal home and parentage lie in obscurity. That I came of a distinguished family I do not doubt, for how else could I be so filled with the love of the beautiful. As it has always been my custom to give forth in revibrant tones my every feeling, so, at this critical period, under the shadow of a fatal illness, shall I pen my life, that my posterity may be warned and

give heed to the moral of my story—not to partake of human love or human feelings.

It was my misfortune to be born with a romantic nature, and, indeed, to this very day, the sight of a bridal party proceeding slowly up the aisle, thrills me through and through. The whole gamut of life has flitted daily before me, alternating between the sob of the Miserère and the peal of the Te Deum. But, instead of becoming hardened to this kaleidoscopic view of life, I felt the fever of love and romance grow stronger and stronger, which makes me reflect that, had my environment not been so unfortunate, I might have overcome my hereditary weaknesses, and lived and died the usual life and death of a good honest organ.

JANET TURNER was the name foolish mortals had bestowed upon her, but to me she ever was—my Saint Cecilia. How well I remember the day she first caressed me with her little hand! I responded as I never had before. I felt the magnetic touch of youth palpitate from her beloved fingers to my very heart. Yes, it was indeed love at first touch. What blissful days were those, days when she and I sat alone within the great church, I responding to the litany of love that her gentle fingers called forth; but it was when she surreptitiously played Tosti's Ninon that my cup of bliss was full to over-flowing. But my happiest moments were the wedding service days, when my St. Cecilia and I played the old familiar wedding march, for then I felt as if I too was wedded, wedded to her who fondled me so sweetly, so knowingly, so truly. But the happiness of mortals is of an evanescent quality, as I was shortly to discover.

I awoke one bright morning, the sun pouring through the stained glass windows, filling the church with rainbows, to find pillars and arches gaily bedecked with flowers and bunting. This gave me great joy, for it meant another nuptial; then would not my St. Cecilia and I again play our wedding march. Ten o'clock struck and I waited with impatience the sound of the light, youthful step, now so familiar and sweet. Suddenly a hand, fat and coarse, was placed upon me, whereat I gave a little shriek of terror. I felt a premonition of impending evil steal over me, but the sight which met my gaze was the cruelest that an evil Providence ever displayed. Slowly walking up the centre aisle of the church, her hand—*my hand*—lightly placed on the arm of the groom, was my St. Cecilia. I gave one mighty cry of anguish, and e'er I lost consciousness, heard the hard, metallic voice of a mortal exclaim, "The old organ has broken down at last!" He did not know, poor, weak worldling, that it was my heart alone that had snapped.

I awoke from a dead faint to hear a light, nimble step rapidly ascend the spiral stair—that step I knew so well. I again felt the beloved touch of her hand, but I could give her back no answering beat—she was mine no longer. "Poor old organ!" spoke my St. Cecilia, "we have spent many pleasant hours together, haven't we? And to think that in the hour of my greatest joy you should fail me." And I heard with an aching heart a low, soft sigh, and felt with something of my old time ardour, the hot tear that fell, like a diamond, upon me.

Well, my end is nigh; but what an end! Instead of the prayer of a brother instrument over my bier, there will be but the ugly yellow poster to taunt me:—

GREAT STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL,
St. Thomas' Church, Friday, 7 p.m.,
in aid of the new Organ Fund,
Admission, 10c.

STANDARD YARD 'A' (BRONZE)

DOMINION STANDARDS OF LENGTH, WEIGHT AND CAPACITY.

By W. J. Loudon.

LOCKED up in the strongest vaults of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, secure from all danger of burglary or of fire, and surrounded by safeguards which even royalty might envy, lie the primary standards of the Dominion of Canada.

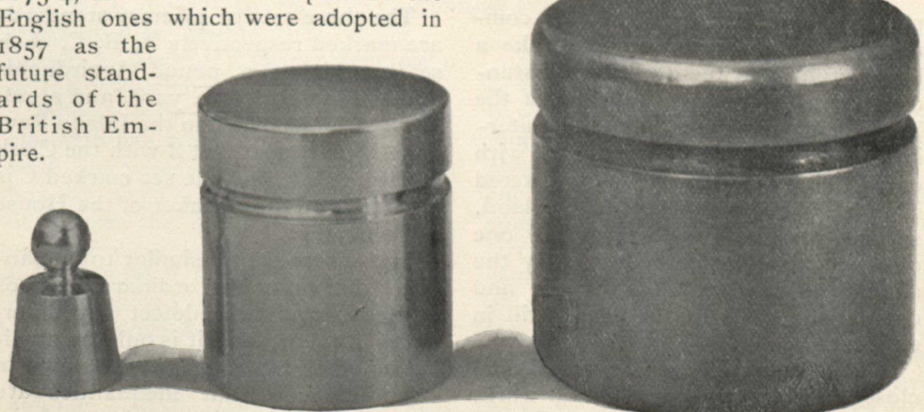
Once in five or ten years, by special order of the Minister of Inland Revenue, under whose control they are placed, a scientific expert examines them, in order to insure that they have met with no accident and that they have suffered no depreciation through lapse of time ; but, during the remaining portion of that period, they lie, symbolical of all that is constant and stable, amid the noise and bustle of many sessions and the ever-changing tide of public opinion, safe from the public gaze and touch, more inaccessible than the Prime Minister himself.

All our standards of length, of weight, and of capacity, were manufactured in London during the years 1873-4, and are exact copies of the English ones which were adopted in 1857 as the future standards of the British Empire.

The history of the production of these latter is particularly interesting, as it takes us back to the year 1834, when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire and all the standards in use prior to that time (with the exception of a solitary Troy pound) were completely ruined.

Soon afterwards, a commission was appointed to investigate the question of their restoration ; but the methods to be used were not very well defined, and nearly four years were spent in preliminary discussions as to the possibility of restoring the lost standards by reference to something in Nature absolutely fixed and invariable.

Unfortunately, we have nothing in our world of nature to which we can point and say that it is constant, except the period of rotation of the earth on its axis, in fact, what we call the astronomical day. Mathematici-



TROY OUNCE AND AVOIRDUPOIS POUND OF PLATINO-IRIDIUM, AND AIRY BRONZE POUND OF 1844. (ALMOST NATURAL SIZE)

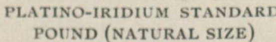
ans, it is true, had devised formulas, from experiments on falling bodies, showing that a relation existed between this period of time and the length of the yard : and it was proposed by some members of the commission to infer the yard from the day (by means of these well-known formulas) and then to infer the pound from the yard by defining the former as an equivalent to a certain fixed number of cubic inches of water.

But this roundabout process was abandoned after two years of calculating and computing, and, in 1843, it was finally decided to reproduce the standards (by aid of the Troy pound and a few rough copies of the yard and gallon), so as to represent as nearly as possible their former values : the commission was also instructed to make a large number of the copies of the standards, one to be sent to each of the British Colonies ; and all these material copies were carefully compared with one another and their values registered in terms of the ones kept in England, so that, in case of the loss of any one of them, it might be restored by the simple process of manufacture and comparison with one of those still in existence.

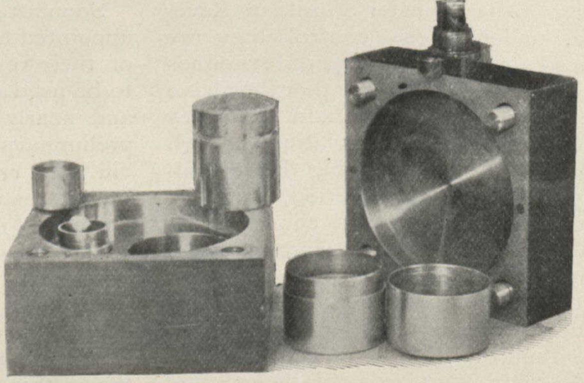
The labours of the commission closed after ten years of actual work, and Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, presented the final report on the standards in 1857.

The copies sent to Canada in that year were known as the "Airy" standards No. 9, and they formed the keystone of our system of weights and measures until 1873, when it was decided to obtain a complete set of primary and secondary standards in order to place that system on a proper scientific basis.

Accordingly, instructions were given to the Warden of the English standards to make three sets of primary standards and two sets of secondary standards for the Dominion of Canada ; and, on their arrival at Ottawa in 1874 a proclamation was issued by Lord Dufferin, making them our legal standards for all purposes (commercial or otherwise), on and after July 1st, 1875.



PLATINO-IRIDIUM STANDARD POUND (NATURAL SIZE)



PLATINUM POUND AND OUNCE, GOLD BOXES, AND CASKET OF BRONZE

The three sets of primary standards are marked respectively A, B, C, each set containing a pound Avoirdupois and a Troy ounce, a yard, and a gallon. A is deposited in the Inland Revenue Department, set B with the Clerk of the Senate, and the set marked C is in charge of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

These sets are so similar to one another that no one by ordinary methods of measurement can detect any differences in them ; and it is only by application of all the refinements known to scientific men that inequalities are found to exist.

Of these perfect things the most perfect are the three "pounds," made of

an alloy of iridium and platinum, well rolled and steam hammered, and constructed with the most minute care; they do not differ from one another by the thousandth part of a grain.

To reproduce an object in duplicate may seem an easy task to the unscientific, but those who have experience in such work know that it can be done only by patient application and great labour. Nature herself never produces the same thing twice, and, when we use the expression "as like as two peas," it is a figure of speech which appeals only to the imagination; no two peas were ever found exactly alike.

And so we may look upon these standard pounds as true objects of Art in the highest sense of the word, and we may consider them, especially the two marked B and C, as the most unique things in Canada.

They represent not only that which we term familiarly a "pound," but also time, labour, patient investigation, not of one man, but of many; scientists for a generation devoted their whole energies to the study of their reproduction; and although the sordid individual thinks of them as mere pieces of platinum, "worth their weight in gold," to the scientist they denote the unselfish labour of a former generation of fellow-workers.

When not in use the pounds are inclosed in fine gold boxes, so as to prevent any possible oxidization; these boxes in turn are inclosed in caskets of bronze, the parts of which can be screwed securely together; and, finally, each casket is placed in a fireproof box and stored in a fireproof vault.

The standard yards are made of a particular kind of bronze which can be cheaply manufactured and which, after careful experiments extending over nearly ten years, was found to contain all the properties essential for the construction of a standard intended to last through many ages. It is an alloy of sixteen parts copper, two and a half parts tin, and one part zinc.

A bar of this bronze is made thirty-eight inches long and one inch square in cross section, and an inch from each end two small circular wells are sunk to the mid-depth of the bar, and at the bottom of each well is placed a small gold stud, on which is engraved a fine line visible only under a microscope. The yard is defined as the distance between these two finely engraved lines, at a temperature of sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

SECONDARY STANDARD MEASURES OF CAPACITY

The gallon measures are also made of bronze, and are cylindrical in form, having an internal diameter of seven and one-half inches, and a depth of about six and three-eighths inches; each is provided with two handles cast solid with the measures and with a circular cover of thick glass, at the centre of which is a small hole: the object of this is to enable one to fill the measure exactly with distilled water, by first filling it to overflowing and then sliding on the cover sideways so as to leave no air bubbles beneath the glass plate.

When thus filled at a temperature

SECONDARY STANDARD WEIGHTS (BRONZE)

seller of goods, the Dominion Government and the public.

If the work of the inspector be done scientifically and in good faith, there is no danger of fraud ; but it is obvious even to the ordinary individual that unless the representative of the Government be both competent and faithful, the so-called "commercial limit," especially in the case of flour, coal and other commodities which are sold in large quantities, may be very much abused.

In addition to the foregoing standards, the Government have in their possession a standard kilogram and metre, and a set of metrical weights, in order to provide for any possible emergency which might arise owing to the Act passed in 1871, making the employment of

of sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit, the gallon contains ten pounds of water.

The two sets of secondary standards, marked "a" and "b," are used for official verifications, and to serve as intermediaries between the primary standards and the sets which are carried about in "kits" by the inspectors to test the ordinary weights and measures of commerce.

It is only when any serious doubt arises about the accuracy of a secondary standard that the primary standards are brought into requisition.

Our whole system of weights and measures is in reality but a series of compromises : when, for instance, a purchaser wishes a pound of any material he may legally demand that it be weighed by means of the standard pound "A," or its commercial equivalent "a" ; but, as a seller of goods could not, without great care and loss of time, give him an exact "pound of flesh," a limit is set on all commercial weights by the inspectors of weights and measures, who test the seller's weights, measures and balances, and thus make a compromise between the

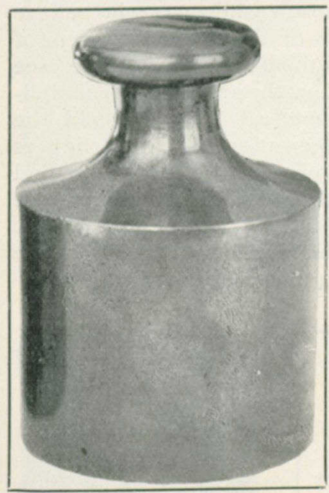
BRASS KILOGRAM—NATURAL SIZE

the French metric system permissive.

Although no one seems to have made any use of the permission then granted, the recent action of the United States Congress has revived the question of the adoption of the metric system on this continent, and there are those who hope that in a short time the decimal system of weights and measures may be adopted all over the civilized world.

The following is the text of the Bill introduced in the House of Representatives of the United States, January (1900), and referred to the Committee on Weights, Measures and Coinage:—

"From and after the first of January, nineteen hundred and three, *all the Departments of the Government* of the United States in the transacting of all business requiring the use of weights and measurement, except in completing the survey of public lands, *shall employ and use only* the weights and measures of the metric system, and on and after the first day of January, nineteen hundred and three, the weights and measures of the metric system shall be the legal standard weights and measures of and in the United States."



BRASS POUND (NATURAL SIZE)

OLD STANDARD TROY WEIGHTS (14 LB. AND 7 LB.)

The House Committee have this Bill still under consideration, and will, no doubt, report favourably upon it during the coming session. But, even if it is passed, the adoption of the metric system will still be far from its initial stage, for the Bill apparently is directed only to the conduct of Governmental business, and does not prohibit the use of the present system for the transaction of business throughout the country. Without entering too fully on a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of a decimal system of weights and measures, a reference to the history of its adoption in France, the land of its birth, may be instructive to those who are now agitating for its introduction into North America.

The establishment of the metric system in France was first publicly proposed in 1790; in 1791 the unit and base of the new system was sanctioned; in 1793 the mètre was fixed as the fundamental unit, and a decimal system of weights and measures advocated; the new metric system was definitely established in April, 1795.

The Directory (1799) ordered the new system to be used exclusively in France, but in 1800, and later in 1812, the Consular Decree authorized the

UPPER-CANADIAN HALF-BUSHEL OF 1825

LOWER-CANADIAN HALF-MINOT OF 1795

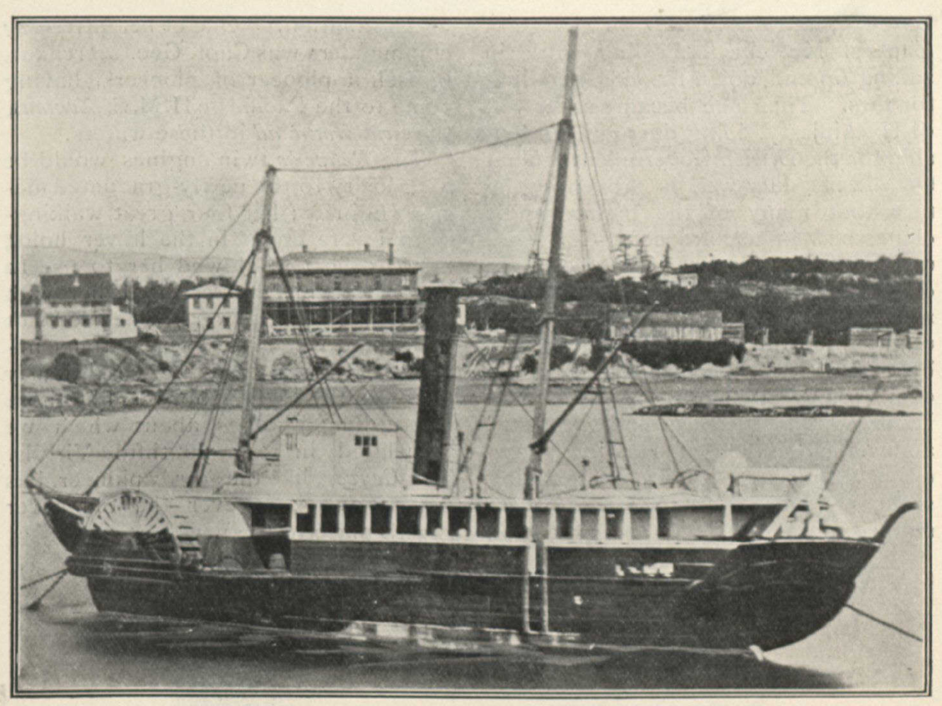
concurrent use of the old system of weights and measures. Finally in 1840, Jan. 1, the use of all other systems was prohibited under penalties; and yet, in the year 1901, we find that the old system is still in use in many rural districts and amongst the peasantry.

From these simple historical facts it may be seen that, even under favourable conditions and on its native soil, nearly a century has been spent in introducing a new system of measurement into the commercial operations of the people of France; whether it will be more favourably received here or not is another story.

Let all those enthusiasts who believe in the merits of the decimal system of weights and measurement, who foresee in its adoption the abolition of complicated arithmetical methods and the gradual substitution of the ten fingers for the multiplication table, rally around its standard, and then, perchance, we may all be able to enjoy the scientific luxury of the metric system before the dawn of another century.

HALF-GALLON WINE MEASURE AND WINCHESTER PINT (1795) AND POISSON OF 1860—LOWER-CANADIAN (¼ NATURAL SIZE)

OLDEST LOWER-CANADIAN MEASURE OF CAPACITY —THE 'POT' OF 1795



FIRST STEAMER ON THE PACIFIC—STEAMER "BEAVER" IN VICTORIA HARBOUR

THE FIRST STEAMER ON THE PACIFIC.

By Agnes Deans Cameron.

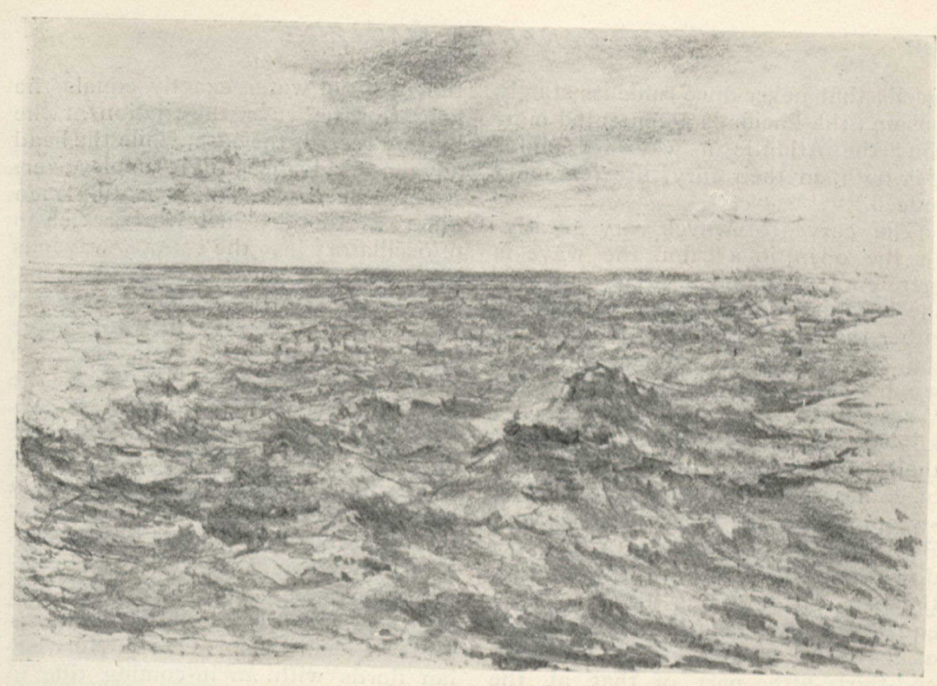
THE *Beaver* was the first steamer on the Pacific. Until very recently her tattered remains were to be seen on Brockton Point at the entrance to the harbour of Vancouver City. Now, wind and wave and the relic-hunter have done their work and the old *Beaver* as an entity no longer exists, though bits of her anatomy may be seen side by side with the elks, moose, papier mache salmon and Indian totems in the Victoria Museum. The *Beaver* was launched sixty-five years ago, so she nearly attained her scriptural three score and ten of usefulness ere passing into the place "of weeds and out-worn faces." In 1835, on the banks of the Thames, the *Beaver's* bows received their christening dash of champagne at the hands of a fair Duchess. How many of those who read this can carry their memories back to that time? Not many. For the Sailor-King ruled then, and instead of "Bobs" and "Buller," the Duke of Wellington was the people's hero. Sixty-five years ago electric telephones, lights and telegraphs were a dream, and railways were unknown. Canada was indeed "Our Lady of the Snows," an inhospitable region renowned for the pelts of the *Beaver's* prototype;—the Greater Britain from ocean to ocean was almost unknown, at least this western part of it was.

The engines of the *Beaver* were made by a son of the great James Watt. She was brig-rigged, and under Captain Home made her voyage (under sail) to Astoria in 163 days—not bad time for a pioneer! Astoria was the then head-quarters of the Hudson's

Bay Co., and the *Beaver* in charge of Captain McNeill found her work in sailing up and down the coast trading for furs. Then she became a servant of His Majesty, doing duty as a survey-ship for the British Government. That she did her duty well is proven by the fact that many of the hydrographic charts now in use are copies of those made upon her decks. The decadence of ships and steamers always seems to me pathetic. We pity the war horse made to do duty in a milk-waggon in his sere and withered leaf (!) From the court ladies of the Royal Retinue of King William to the "skid-greasers" and longshoremen of Hastings saw-mill is a long drop in society's sliding scale. Needless to say, there were many intervening steps of gradation or degradation. One of her latter-day commanders was Capt. Geo. Merchant, himself a pioneer of pioneers, having come to the Pacific on H.M.S. *Zealous*, the first *iron-clad* in these waters.

The *Beaver's* twin engines would be a curiosity to the newly-graduated marine-engineer; her four great walking-beams were down in the lower hold; her certificates allowed her to use 12 lbs. of steam, and credited her with having 80 horse power. She used salt water and when the encrustations impeded progress, they were religiously blown out. Her anchor was like those "long-fluked" ones about which we translated in our youthful Virgils. The *Beaver*, like the sturdy pioneer, has passed away; so ever the old order giveth place to the new.

THE LAST OF THE "BEAVER"—WRECKED OUTSIDE VANCOUVER HARBOUR



THE SEA—FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY F. BRIGDEN

A LITTLE STUDY OF THE SEA.

By Arnold Haultain.

"WHY is it always moving?"

The question was addressed to me by a fellow-gazer at the great and restless Atlantic, as we leaned together over the railing of the esplanade at the New Jersey city, so aptly named after that ocean. Ceaseless motion, that was certainly its central thought: from the farthest horizon, on the dim brow of which might be detected its frowning ridges; down through the middle distance, ploughed into a myriad furrows; to the tiny wavelets lapping at our feet, not a drop of the mighty mass thought for one moment of rest; but, acted upon by innumerable, incommensurable forces, was hurried hither and thither, the sport of wind and tide, of sun and moon and planet, of heat and cold, of coast-line, of oceanic and of fluvian current. And yet each and every movement was the outcome of inexorable law. And every movement was one of undulation: that billow, roaring and racing out in the distance, its hoary mane glistening in the sunlight, and this smiling, foam-flecked ripple dancing up the sand—each is a simple wave; the ocean from shore to shore is a contending mass of confluent waves.

These waves make, as Gilbert White would have said, the most amusing of studies. Out at sea they run generally in long parallel lines, breaking, if there is a breeze, every now and then into a glistening crest—the "white horses" of the mariner, the Neptunian steeds of mythology; blown into flying spray in a tempest; and in a calm, such calm, at all events, as you get on the Atlantic, borne along unbroken, array after array of heaped-up water. There is never on the Atlantic to be seen that wonderful and peaceful appearance so common to the Pacific, where the surface is a heaving mirror, smooth as glass, yet rising and falling in great long lazy

swells that never once ruffle its stately bosom : the Pacific is a contented matron; the Atlantic a wayward child. Yet both, in their fury, are fearsome indeed.

The curves of waves vary greatly. In the open, in a calm, the wave is merely a long hillcock. The cause of the breaking crest at sea is generally either the wind itself then blowing, or the communicated momentum of a wind. The waves of the open sea are "oscillatory"—so at least they are known to science—and do not break of their own accord. They consist merely of endless rows of trough and crest, sweeping over the breast of the ocean. But only on the surface; a few feet down and the water is undisturbed, the exact figures being that at a depth equal to its own length the disturbance of the water is only one five-hundred-and-thirty-fifth part of that at the surface. But these oscillatory waves can be very long indeed, and very high. Atlantic rollers a hundred yards long and fifty feet high are by no means uncommon. The Hydrographical Bureau of Washington has recorded the observation of at least one wave half a mile long and correspondingly high. The force of such a wave must be immense. Thomas Stevenson's marine dynamometer has shown a maximum force of three and a half tons per square foot.

But the most beautiful wave is that which breaks ashore.

Here only is seen that moving wonder, a wall of shimmering water, deep blue-black at its base, a thin pellucid green at its edge, erect, arched, a cool hollow quivering cave. It has been seen and pictured and described often enough. But it is only on certain coasts that this spectacle is seen in perfection. It requires, apparently, a certain depth of water, a certain declivity of beach, a certain velocity of tide. What causes that deep concavity, where the trembling edge comes so slowly over that one holds one's breath to see how much farther that astonishing poise will be sustained? The explanation is interesting. When the depth of water exactly equals the height of the wave, the friction at the bottom retards the base, while the head advances, advances till it topples over. But I believe even the scientific men differ as to the exact transformation of oscillatory into the solitary wave, as this latter is termed.

There is one book that the world might have had, and it would have been a book unique. It is, alas, too late to propose it now. If, say in the forties, one could have got Messieurs Ruskin and Turner, in the form of describer and illustrator, as in "The Harbours of England," to bring out a book on "The Sea and its Coasts," giving author and painter leave to go where they would, describe and paint what they would, what a work that had been! * Think of it! In the doldrums on the Indian Ocean at noon, Norwegian fjords with an in-coming tide in spring, the Coromandel coast and its surf, a bright and blue Italian bay, the choppy Channel, the Atlantic in a towering rage, a South Pacific reef. What a work that had been! Someone will attempt it some day; but in place of a Turner there will be a kinetoscope, and in place of a Ruskin, a Cook's tourist. If by any possibility of chance someone of the younger generation who know not Turner neither are read in Ruskin should ask why choose these two men to make this book, may I quote a passage written by Mr. Ruskin "merely to show the meaning of Turner's picture of the steamer in distress?"—so he himself explains it. See what they can do in concert :—

"Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air.

"The water, from its prolonged agitation, is beaten, not into mere creamy froth, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from a wave to wave, and where one curls over to break, from a festoon

* Ruskin himself thought of writing a book on the sea. See Preface to Vol. V. of "Modern Painters," Section 5.

like a drapery from its edge ; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in wreathing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with dust, only the flakes are a foot or two long each : the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract ; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water.

"Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it as described above, and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist ; imagine also the low rain clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave ; and finally conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is no indeed distinction left between the sea and air ; that no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark, or natural evidence of position is left ; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no further in any direction than you can see through a cataract."

Mr. Ruskin himself depreciates somewhat this his description of a storm—not, perhaps, quite unreasonably—and points to that in "David Copperfield."* As a rumour has reached me, from whence or with what amount of truth I know not, that Dickens is a bit "out of date," I boldly quote that passage here :—

"The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and at their highest tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills ; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound ; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell ; the clouds flew fast and thick, I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature."

Probably the common impression as regards the waves of the sea is that they are spread over the surface in regular ranks, the direction of which is determined by the wind. This is not quite accurate. They are not wholly superficial, they are not absolutely regular, and many things contribute to shapen their course besides the wind. To begin with, there are the attracting forces of the sun and the moon, acting either conjointly or in opposition, at every angle in the semi-circle, forces which often set up currents far from merely superficial. There are the great oceanic currents and the currents occasioned by the flow of rapid rivers. There are the northward and southward flows of the warm equatorial waters towards the poles. There are the shifting winds, which to-day may send an army corps of waves, in really regular ranks, in one direction, to-morrow in another, which shall overtake the first in the flank, and the day after a third, face to face, and all three differing in direction from the steadfast march of the tide. When we remember all this, we shall begin to understand how faulty is the idea of purely superficial and parallel waves. The whole ocean is one infinitely entangled commixture of forces of every degree of strength and every direction of motion, acting and counteracting the one upon the other, and always and everywhere in the form of waves. And opposing forces are rarely destroyed. Throw two pebbles into a placid pond. The concentric rings from each, which run out and meet, do not annihilate one another ; they flow through one another. Only when, not only are the opposing waves exactly equal, but when trough meets crest and crest meets trough, do they annihilate one another. And so no doubt on the sea. Even yet we have not exhausted the

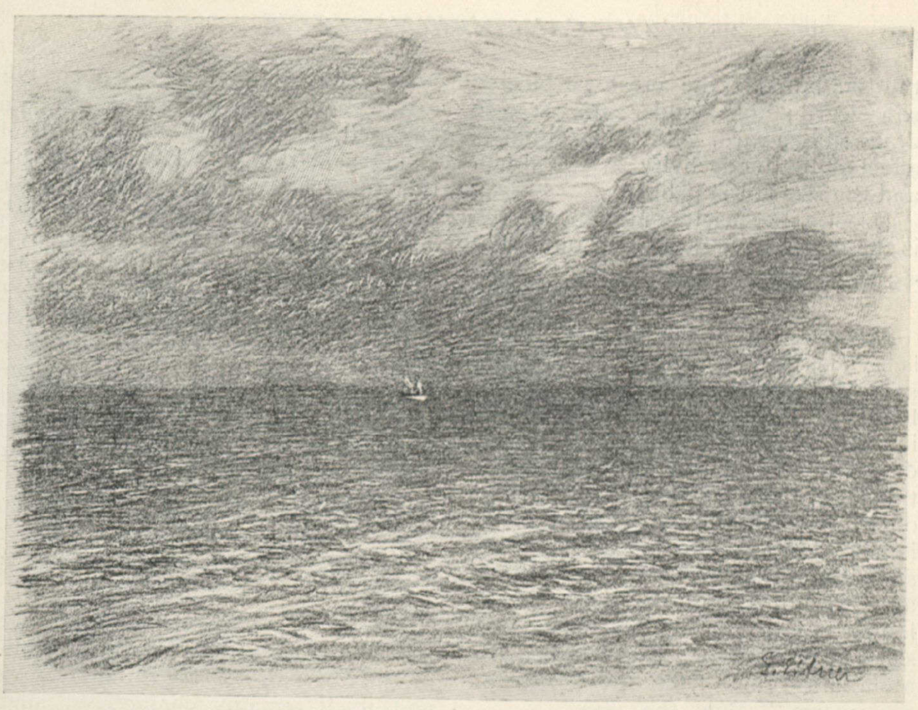
* See *Frondes Agrestes*, section iv.

activities at work, for there is yet to be taken into account the reflection of waves, from precipitous coastlines, from submarine mountain sides. The undulatory force is not dissipated on reaching an unyielding surface ; it is thrown back, like waves of light from a reflector. So that, even if the mid-ocean is free from superadded activities such as these, the shores at all events are the battle-ground for hosts of contending powers.

We have now got some little inkling of the immense unrest which so disturbs the tumbling sea, the tossing sea, the insatiable sea. How implacable it is, how cold, how cruel. And yet, too, how magnificent, how large-hearted, how adorable, how fascinating. A gleam of sunshine makes it smile. It dances beneath the breeze. Only a harsh gale rouses it to wrath. The sea is feminine in its attributes, as the land is masculine. The latter solid, stolid, crumbling before it yields. The former impressionable to the lightest touch, yielding, sinuous, enveloping ; full of moods, incalculable ; soft, sunny ; but under ill-treatment vengeful, exasperated, unappeasable ; beautiful always ; never revealing its deep heart to mortal man, a heart mysterious, the home of quiet, peaceful calm, secret and unfathomable—but contented and untroubled only perhaps when kindly land-locked.

What a play of colours on a great stretch of sea ! We go into raptures over landscapes ; there are nearly as many beauties on the unvintagable fields of ocean. Look down from the cleaving prow of a trans-Atlantic steamer and see the myriad tints of blue, from the dark, rich depths into which the eye cannot penetrate, to the transparent ultra-marine at the fringe of the up-cast stream. The blue is keen in its purity ; the masses of boiling bubbles beneath it, within it, all through it, dazzling in their whiteness. Let a rain-cloud pass ; how the great ocean glowers in the shade. Every cloud, every kind of cloud, has an effect on its colour ; and so has every kind of wind. Approach land, too, and the variations of colour are manifold, the blue imperceptibly sometimes, sometimes suddenly, giving way to green, or drab, or purple, or ochre. Watch it also under a wholly cloudy sky ; what a leaden grey replaces the blue. And if in the afternoon a sinking sun streams under the clouds, notice the cold and flinty aspect the sea puts on. Indeed the sea wears always a cold and flinty aspect even on the warmest day and beneath the brightest sun—in this perhaps preserving its likeness to its feminine analogue, whose veil of reserve is never wholly removed. The sea is infinitely sensitive to the sky, though it never actually reflects it—wet sand will do that, and long stretches of shallow sea at very low tide. And what blazing wonders we see at sunrise and sundown. I rose early yestermorn for the purpose of seeing sunrise here. A hazy horizon in an otherwise cloudless sky betokened by its glowing red the approach of the monarch of day. Yet the sea beneath lay dull as lead, it seemed even more dull where the red glowed most—perhaps from contrast. Suddenly, without any sign, the burning globe uprose. Still the sea remained inert, untouched ; only the wavelets at my foot were fringed with fire. Soon, however, a golden path lay straight across the sea from shore to sun, a golden path which by slow degrees gave place to an argent field. The reflection of the sun at sea is dazzling. But to see it in its utmost glory one must pass from east to west of the Atlantic.

After the colours, the sounds of the sea deserves attention. To me there is something infinitely pathetic about the sound of the waves on the shore. What a cosmic song they sing, moved to music by forces far beyond the sun, a slow susurrant song. It is an infinite sigh, bespeaking infinite potentiality, infinite unappeasability ; yet so dignified, so modest, so majestical. The deep-hearted sea would embrace everything, would enclasp continents, wind its loving arms about nationalities, draw them into its stately, motherly



THE SEA AT PEACE—FROM A LITHOGRAPH

bosom. It alone unites all nations and makes a family of Man. How feminine it is. And yet, if there is anything more pathetic than the sigh of the shore, it is the silence of the deep, there where it has retired to its own abysmal self.

Very interesting it is to watch the markings on the ribbed sea-shore in process of making. They are made by waves; they are, of course, curvilinear. And these very markings go to prove that ocean waves are not regularly parallel. The longitudinal lines naturally predominate; but in the details these markings more resemble a meshwork. Take a little isolated pool on the beach, cut off from the sea, itself a miniature ocean. It is ruffled by the breeze, as is its parent; it throws up waves on its tiny shores; if shallow enough, it arranges the sands on its bottom in regular methodical patterns—infinitely diversified, no doubt, but still methodical. On a sunny day the crests of its little waves act as lenses, and the sun throws on the bottom a pattern in light exactly corresponding to that which we shall find in shape when the pool shall have dried. This pattern is a network. And naturally. The wind comes in gusts, or differs in strength at different spots; the resulting waves, though in the main long and parallel, advance here more than there, are caught up at this point, join together at that, meet interfering waves, are opposed by reflected ones. And what happens on this little pool happens more or less the wide seas over. But how the waves treat and arrange the sands on the shore is a complicated matter. It has been a pet subject of study with Signor Cornaglia. To begin with, a wave is not water moving forward, it is merely impact or pressure communicated from atom to atom. But under impact or pressure, combined with the action of gravity, complicated, not only by surface tension, but also by friction—the atom is slightly moved; and its motion is, at the surface, circular or elliptical, at the bottom, to and fro. How this to and fro motion affects the sand Signor Cornaglia has found out:

the sand under the crest is pushed shoreward; that under the trough dragged seaward. But this again is affected by the declivity of the beach and the size of the pebble.

Despite its ceaseless motion, the sea is the most changeless thing on earth:

"Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now."

Compared to it the mountain range is evanescent. "The hills which," says Mr. Ruskin, "as compared with living beings seem 'everlasting' are, in truth, as perishing as they; its veins of flowing fountain weary the mountain heart, as the crimson pulse does ours; the natural form of the iron crag is abated in its appointed time, like the strength of the sinews in a human old age; and it is but the lapse of the longer years of decay which, in the sight of its Creator, distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm." But the sea . . . time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow. All things enter its devouring maw—the rain—the rivers—the wrecks—and it is still the salty sea, unchanged, unchangeable. Yet it itself changes all things. No coast-line but it yearly, hourly, heaps up or wears away. Here in Atlantic City the Absecon Lighthouse stands now removed some hundreds of yards inland. Yet forty years ago there was necessary a breakwater to shelter its tower from the waves: there was then sea where now are streets, shops, tramways and hotels by the hundred. And what, after all, is the greater part of the soil of the North American continent but pelagic and glacial detritus?

Above all, no works of man can spoil the sea:

"Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain."

The solid earth man strews with shards and ruin; the fluid sea, symbol of the Eternal, sees all things change, and itself remains changeless, silent and serene.

A FANTASY.

By M. MacL. Helliwell.

A WOMAN lay in a pleasant garden. The fragrance of summer was in the air, and a soft stillness, broken only by the sweet trilling of many birds, and the monotonous droning of the great, yellow bees as they buzzed in and out among the countless, perfume-laden flowers.

The woman had thrown herself down upon a slope of luscious clover, and off in the distance she could see the sparkling bosom of the ocean rising and falling with a regular, rhythmic motion, as if nature had her breathing-chamber in its mysterious depths. The fleecy, feathery clouds floated airily through the misty azure of the summer sky, taking strange shapes as they sailed.

As the woman gazed, half-dreamily, suddenly her heart surged with a hundred noble yet vague impulses. Shadowy forms flitted through the chamber of her mind—and all were heroes: they spoke—their words were music, and at each strange, sweet, vibrating cadence something of the hidden sin and darkness of the world melted away.

And there came upon the woman a great desire to write that which she felt and saw and seemed to hear, that all the world might read and its corroding crime be washed away. There was joy for the light-hearted, comfort for the sorrowing — peace for all men.

So she rose, and sought her own private chamber; there she took paper and pen, preparing herself to write; but the paper stared blankly into her eyes, for the shadows slipped away as she tried to grasp them, and the words they spoke sank into meaningless murmurings when she strove to repeat them.

Then a great anguish seized her soul

and she cried aloud in her impotent despair, for crushingly it was borne in upon her that the world, unconscious, was hastening to its destruction, while she, possessing the means of its salvation, was powerless to avert its doom.

Then suddenly, softly, across her weeping came a gentle voice : "Peace, it is the beginning. Wait in patience and Inspiration will come to thee."

And hearing, she pressed back her tears, and gave herself up to studying the shadows as they came and went, straining her ears that perchance she might catch one clear note of the music of their voices.

Day by day she lay in the garden, watching the ocean rise and fall, while the birds sang, the bees droned, and the flowers flung their scented breath on the heavy air. But Inspiration came not.

Suns rose and set. The flowers faded slowly, their beauty-shorn petals strewing the ground, the fragrance passing away in the misty, stifling perfume of death and decay. The yellow bees buzzed no more among the clover-blossoms ; the birds fluted plaintive farewells and sailed far southward ; the heaving of the ocean became wild and tumultuous—winter had supplanted summer. The woman could no longer linger in the garden to dream beneath the azure sky. Yet Inspiration came not.

So she built a shrine to him in her chamber, and kneeling before it she would pray and plead. Ceaselessly the anguish grew within her, and the shadows ever flitting wore her brain and tore her heart. Her soul was racked with yearnings and agonized longings, growing stronger day by day as the shadows grew more elusive.

She plucked the sweetest flowers of her fancy, the brightest blossoms of her imagination, to lay upon the altar she had built; and there they withered and shrivelled, not even her tears availing to refresh them—and still Inspiration came not.

And gradually her hands became weak and trembling, until the pen slipped from her nerveless fingers, and she realized that her power was failing. Then she left the shrine and took her station by the window, through which she could see the ocean tossing cold and gray in the distance. And as she gazed, sad-eyed, her youth and strength departed ; lo, a shadow fell across her. She raised her eyes—Inspiration stood before her.

"Write," he said.

Eagerly the woman took the pen, but her trembling fingers encircled it so weakly that, escaping from their grasp it fell to the floor.

Now the shadows grew clear and vivid in the chamber of her mind : they stood before her in their order, waiting for her to bind them eternally to the paper before her. Still she sat motionless, and again the shadow fell and Inspiration spoke :

"It is the end," he said. "Write."

But slowly the woman shook her head.

"The waiting has been too long," she murmured. "Power has flown, and now at the tardy coming of Inspiration, Desire lies dead. I cannot!"

And the music of the voices of the shadows fell soft and sweet upon her ears, and the message that they spoke was clear and of great peace, so that as she listened the yearning of her heart was lulled, the longing satisfied, the anguish overcome.

She looked out to the ocean : its heaving was long and low. And still the music of the voices of the shadows whispered to her, so that a light shone in her faded face, and a smile played about the weary mouth. And Inspiration, observing her, smiled sadly.

"Is it always to be thus?" he sighed. "Will the world *never* know?" And still the woman lay back with closed eyes, smiling.

Then Inspiration gathered tenderly the faded flowers of her fancy, the blighted blossoms of her imagination which lay withering on the altar where she had cast them, and with one backward look he left the woman alone, with the shadows flitting, flitting through the chamber of her mind, and the music of their voices singing to her soul.

"GREYFACE"

IN THE CLUTCH OF THE REDTAIL.

THE STORY OF A BLACK SQUIRREL.

By O. J. Stevenson.

GREYFACE had had one of her frequent scares, but this time it was worse than usual, and she had had a very narrow escape indeed. When she woke up in the morning she felt very tired and sore, and, besides, she found herself in a strange part of the wood, and in the hole of one of her old enemies, the red squirrel.

This is how it all happened as far as Greyface could recollect. She was returning from the cornfield, the second trip of the season, and had just reached the old zig-zag rail fence, on her way home with a white glistening corncob in her teeth, when she caught a glimpse of the two farmers' boys whom she had narrowly escaped the week before, cutting across the woods in pursuit. There was nothing to do but to run for it; but a zig-zag fence is death to black squirrels, and even after she had sacrificed the corn, she knew that her pursuers were gaining upon her at every step.

Bang! bang! both barrels! That settled the matter for Greyface. The shot ripped away the top of the fence-rail before and behind; but a desperate leap brought her to the foot of an elm fifteen feet away, and while the boys were busy looking for their game on the ground, she had skimmed up the opposite side of the tree and was at last safe in hiding in the topmost crotch.

A black squirrel's tail is indispensable to its owner, and does not exist simply for the sake of its beauty. Nothing in nature does. The squirrel's tail is the parachute which prevents him from falling when leaping from tree to tree, the blanket in which he curls himself to sleep, the flag which he makes use of as a signal of excitement and distress, the shield with which he protects himself against attack, and the whisk with which he brushes the fur of his face after a dinner of mushrooms and dandelions—an indispensable five-in-one. But it is not always the squirrel's best friend, for, more often than not, as every boy who has hunted black squirrels well knows, it is the little black

shadow of fur that betrays the hiding-place in the tree-top.

And in this case, as in most others, the black bushy tail-tip hung out from the crotch, and the boys were not long in discovering it. It was in vain that Greyface tried the old trick which her mother had taught her a twelvemonth before, of clinging close to the tree and moving around the trunk as the boys moved below. Once they got a glimpse of her head, and the next moment a hail of lead showered over all the branches round about her. Greyface was thoroughly frightened, and, yielding to the frenzied impulse of the moment, leaped to the top of the tree, and the next moment went crashing away through the woods from limb to limb and from tree to tree. Home was forgotten now, as her pursuers cut her off from the old beech by the zig-zag, and she found herself, in less than a minute's time, at the edge of the creek in an unfamiliar part of the wood. One spring more and she would be across the gap and away from her pursuers! The spring was made, but the same instant she felt a sharp twinge in her breast, heard the report of the gun, and the rattling shot, missed the leap, twirled over and over, and went stumbling down through the branches to the ground below—but on the other side of the creek.

A wounded squirrel, as a wild animal of any kind, is loath to fall into the hands of its enemy. If die it must, it will die in its native element, and it longs for the tree-tops as Antæus for his mother earth.

The creek was the salvation of Greyface, for it gave her a moment to recover. When the boys reached the spot a minute later, they found only a drop of blood on the grass, and though they hunted high and low, they could not discover the faintest trace of their game.

And so it happened that when Greyface woke up in the morning with the first harsh scream of the blue-jay overhead, she found herself very tired and sore. Although it was just breaking day she heard voices by the creek side below, and fancied for a few minutes that her old enemies of the evening before were still lying in wait. A hasty glance from the hole, however, showed her two men with axes, preparing to cut down one of the trees, and, to her terror and dismay, in a few minutes they started at the very one in which she had taken refuge. Greyface knew very well what that meant, but with true squirrel instinct she preferred to bide her time at the mouth of the hole and make a leap for it when the critical moment came. It did not take the choppers long to complete their work, and when the tree fell Greyface made the flying leap in safety, for the young men were too intent on clearing themselves, to see or care whether a score of black squirrels, instead of poor little frightened Greyface, had leaped from the hole in the tree.

She found no difficulty in making her way back to the old beech tree; for if a black squirrel has gone by a certain road once, he always remembers it perfectly, and goes exactly by the same tree-path the next time.

In the course of a few days, Greyface was as active as ever and apparently none the worse for her adventure. The corn season soon passed as the mushroom season had done before it, and, before long, the beechnuts and the hickory nuts began to ripen and fall. These were great feast days, and Greyface enjoyed them to the full. The nuts which she required for immediate use she gathered in from the branches, and devoured them greedily on the spot. When the nut was once found it took her only a few seconds to dispose of it, for, instead of having to laboriously chisel out the whole side of the nut, after the fashion of the red squirrel, she simply filed a little hole in one end, jerked the nut neatly in two with her strong teeth, and then proceeded to eat the meat, breaking the shell into little pieces as she went along, and flicking them out to one side with her busy little tongue. Greyface was an adept at nut-cracking, and yet no one had ever taught her the secret of how it was done; it

had simply come to her with all other inborn instincts, and was as natural to her as her life in the tree-tops.

But, strange to say, with all the abundance of autumn at their command, Greyface and her mate made but little preparation for winter. The red squirrel had stored his granaries to overflowing, the chipmunk was busy from morning till night carrying down a supply of nuts into his underground cellar, and even the white-footed deer-mouse had filled the hollow of a young, soft maple with white, cleanly-shelled beech-nuts. But Greyface and her mate were enjoying a long honeymoon, and were quite content to let the future take care of itself. Instead of hoarding up a supply for winter use, like the provident red squirrel, they were satisfied with burying a few hickory nuts separately, here and there on the surface of the ground under the tree, on the bare chance of finding them again if they should possibly be required.

But if Greyface was less provident than the red squirrel, she was at least more careful in another respect. The falling of the leaves in October left the squirrel paths in the tree-tops exposed, and out-door life was more or less dangerous. To provide against surprise, and ensure her safety in time of danger, Greyface built, up among the branches, a big loose nest of twigs and leaves, which served as a special shelter when she found that it was impossible to reach the hole in the beech-tree in safety. A black squirrel, like all other animals, has enemies of his own, silent and stealthy all of them, from the hawk, or the weasel, or the snake, to the gun of the unseen hunter crouching in the undergrowth below; and a quick eye, fleet foot, and a shelter near at hand, are the price of safety.

When the winter came on, and the snow lay thick and heavy on the ground, Greyface began to feel the effects of her improvidence in neglecting to supply a store of food for winter use. If she managed to go a couple of days without food, it was as much as she could endure, and then there was nothing for it, after all, for herself and her mate, but to go out and burrow beneath the snow in search of the scanty supply of nuts that had been buried at haphazard early in the fall. Away they went, floundering through the deep white fleece of snow, and the guardian spirit of the wild things that live in the wood stirred up within them mysterious instincts and memories of the past, so that their searching was not in vain. It was surprising to see how unerringly Greyface went to the very spot, a score of rods away from the old beech tree, where a nut had been buried months before, dived down into the snow, dug out the frozen soil, and returned a moment later with the coveted treasure in her teeth. Sometimes, on such occasions as this, there was a rough-and-tumble tussle in the snow, for unselfishness is not a prime quality among the lower animals, and when Greyface found a nut she very often had an out-and-out fight with her partner in life, who disputed the possession.

Once in the course of the winter in the search for food she had an experience which she did not soon forget. She had, many a time, looked with covetous eyes at the storehouses of the red squirrels; but the chickarees were shrewd business fellows and kept a sharp eye on their supplies. On one occasion, however, Greyface found the red squirrels away from home and took advantage of their temporary absence to help herself. But the watchful owner returned sooner than was expected, much to the dismay of Greyface. The moment she caught sight of the red squirrel approaching she stopped eating the nut, stretched herself out on the branch and lay perfectly still, hoping that she might pass unnoticed. The red squirrel, however, had already spied her, and when he came within a few inches of her, stopped, stretched out his head and touched her black fur with his nose. There was a sudden whirl of fur, a sharp squirrel cry, and a moment later Greyface appeared on the branch below, trembling in every limb, her teeth chattering, and her tail coil-

ed tightly over her back, shield fashion, as if she expected another onset. She was not disappointed, for the red squirrel is the inveterate and implacable enemy of the black, and in spite of his smaller size is superior in fighting qualities. There is something malicious and relentless in the way in which he pursues an advantage over his unfortunate antagonist, and something pitiful in the apparent weakness and helplessness of the black squirrel in the struggle with the vindictive and implacable red. But it is not always those who are the most pugnacious for whom we have the most affection; and the very gentleness and timidity of the black squirrel which places him immediately at a disadvantage in a conflict with the reckless and malicious daredevil, the red, has an immediate claim upon our sympathy and good-will.

The red squirrel always attacked in the same way—a lightning spring at his antagonist, a savage onset with tooth and claw, and an equally swift retreat. No matter how Greyface shifted her position from limb to limb, it was still the same. At times she turned desperately on her assailant with uplifted paw and teeth bared, lashing her tail furiously, and the red squirrel did not escape without ugly gashes. But the latter, nothing dismayed, returned again and again to the attack, and in the course of a few minutes, Greyface, her big bushy tail-shield torn and bleeding, found herself completely exhausted, and unable to retaliate upon the repeated attacks of her infuriated enemy. As matters stood it must have gone hard with her, but, to make things worse, and to render escape impossible, she caught a glimpse of a second red squirrel in the neighbouring tree, hastening as fast as possible to the scene of the conflict. Doubtless they would have dismembered poor Greyface then and there without more ado, as they had done many another unfortunate black squirrel in this very same wood—but just at this critical juncture something unexpected happened.

There was a sudden silence in the branches above, followed by a sharp squirrel cry and the sound of a struggle. A single glance was sufficient for Greyface. The newcomer was not a red squirrel at all, but a red weasel, and the victorious chickaree was already in the death struggle and death grip. Greyface knew only too well what would happen next if she remained where she was, and exhausted as she was, fear lent her wings. Fortunately, the appetite of the weasel was sharp, and he stopped to drink the lifeblood of his victim, so that Greyface was able to reach the old beech tree once more in safety. But it is safe to say that she never forgot her experience with the chickarees.

The coming of spring did not bring with it an immediate relief from care, for early in March four little black squirrel kittens appeared in the old beech and their care and education were a sore strain upon the strength and patience of Greyface. By the middle of May, however, they were able to shift for themselves, and then she began to enjoy life once more in earnest. Her old coat which had worn very thin, and was bare and white in patches, was replaced by a fine, glossy new one. With the return of spring, too, the birds came back; the tanagers built once more their stem-lined nest in the beech-tree above, and the grosbeaks sang their triumphant songs at the edge of the thicket near by. The woods contained an abundance of food, maple-keys and dandelions and a thousand and one new and wonderful things delicious to a squirrel's taste. And after an early morning's feasting, nothing was more delightful than to lie out flat on a limb, like a little fur rug, and bask the whole long day in the bright May sunshine, enjoying life to the full, and dreaming of the golden days to come when the mushrooms would be white and tender and the corn would be ripe in the autumn cornfields.

Early one morning in June, when Greyface came shambling down the beech tree as usual, she saw something curious at the bottom of the trunk.

Such a bright glittering red thing she had never seen before, and she was all inquisitiveness regarding it. It did not move, and Greyface yielded to the temptation to have a closer look. But, strange to say, she had scarcely gone half a yard towards it when she found that she was unable to take her eyes off it, and felt that under the unaccountable fascination she was slipping down towards it, inch by inch, in spite of herself. She could see the glittering eyes and the red lips distinctly now, and now she was almost upon it, but she was powerless alike to utter a cry or to retreat. Suddenly the red thing moved! The spell was broken now—and with a hunted cry Greyface sprang up the tree. But alas, too late! and a moment later she felt herself wound tightly in the coils of the big milk snake that was lying twisted in and out among the roots of the tree.

What happened next, Greyface never rightly knew; she felt the coils suddenly loosen, heard a sudden whirr and rush above her head, caught a glimpse of a pair of very bright eyes and a cruel indented beak—then she was dashed violently against the roots of the tree, and from that moment knew no more.

A few days later when I was passing the cabin of an old hunter who lived no great distance off, he called me in to show me a fine specimen of a Red-tailed Hawk, which he had shot a few days previously under peculiar circumstances. It had in its claws, when brought down, a live black squirrel, twisted loosely about with the coils of a large milk snake. The black squirrel was none other than Greyface who, in the course of a couple of minutes' time, had escaped death from three of her worst enemies, the snake, the hawk and the gun. She had soon returned to life and consciousness and was chafing under an enforced captivity in the hunter's strong box.

I negotiated for her possession, took her home with me and kept her in a big cage until the following spring. A full-grown squirrel does not readily make friends, but Greyface so far overcame her natural wildness in the course of the winter as to eat out of my hand and to show a strong attachment to her comfortable winter quarters. I took her back to the woods in the early spring, and in due time she found her way to the old beech tree. But she still carries with her as a mark of her winter's captivity, a little patch of grey fur on the forehead, and when in my woodland walks I chance to pass the old beech, it is pleasant at least, as she comes shambling spirally down the tree to my outstretched hand, to find that I am still regarded as a benefactor and friend.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.

FOR the fish to get the worm,
And yet the hook escape;
For life a lengthened term,
Yet merry with the grape.

For the fox to get the bait
And leave the trap behind;
For the poet that sweet fate—
Fruit without core or rind.

For all beneath the skies
To gratify their bent,
Nor pay for every prize
Its just equivalent.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

EPISODE VI.—A FOUL AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

"SPEAKING of racial characteristics," mused my friend Anthony, luxuriously extended in my father's old leather chair, and with his slippered feet on the fender-rail, while he watched the fragrant smoke dissolve on the ceiling—"speaking of racial characteristics, I question whether any nation surpasses the Keltic population of Ireland in point of subtlety."

"What do you mean by the Keltic population?" I inquired.

"The descendants of the Keltic immigrants as distinguished from the Scots and English settlers who form the Teutonic and Protestant population of Ireland, and who differ as widely from the Kelts in sentiment, in tradition, in ideals, as Englishmen differ from Hindoos."

"Yet," I remarked, "Englishmen rule the Hindoos, who are also very subtle, I think."

Anthony Hallam is decidedly irritable, and but for his known good-nature would often give offence. He's "all right when yer knows him, but yer've got ter know him fust." His air and manner indicated that I had said something to display the proverbial ignorance of the brutal Saxon.

"My dear boy," he said at last, "you speak without knowledge, yet with assumption thereof, a characteristic of the English character at all periods. Yes, the Hindoo is subtle, but—have you any true idea of what constitutes a Hindoo?"

I thought a native of India was a Hindoo, and I said so. He smiled; but his smile was not of a flattering character.

"My friend Ronald, now at Dumdum," he continued, "writes to say that he has four native servants, none of whom speaks the language of the others, while in tradition and religion each one differs as much from any of the other three as an Englishman differs from a Russian. *You* call them all Hindoos and lump them together."

I accepted the reproof but humbly ventured to point out that the English language was universal in Ireland.

"Another mistake. Thousands of Irish cannot speak any more English than the Russians or the Chinese. These are the Keltic Irish in their original state. These Kelts dominate the political situation, and this is the race of which I spoke when giving them the palm for subtlety. Another feature of their character was mentioned in the House the other day, by that truly great and philosophic statesman—Mr. Arthur Balfour. He said that the genuine Irishman never forgave an injury. He was right."

Hallam pronounced the last words as though recalling some illustrative experience, and knowing his little ways I maintained a discreet taciturnity. I was rewarded. He sent up several smoke rings, and after repeated attempts succeeded in blowing a small one through its larger predecessor.

"Bravo!" I said. He took a deep draught from the flowing bowl, which in this case was a large white mug with a handle. He thinks cold tea with cream drinks best from such a vessel. Two more satisfactory rings, and then he commenced:—

"Not long ago, I had to grapple with a case of Irish subtlety of the genuine Keltic sort. When I heard

the particulars I recognized at once that the thing had been cleverly arranged, and would take some fathoming out. I have worked in several Irish cases, and never had I such skilful opponents as in the distressful country. At once subtle and resolute, it was hard to find the weak spot in their armour. The records of Irish crime are largely records of crime unpunished.

"The crime to which I refer was of the most mysterious character. In the first place, it was only by the merest chance that the murdered man had not been decently interred with a burial certificate setting forth that the cause of death was apoplexy."

I said that as the medical man who last attended him would have to sign the certificate, it was hard to see how that was possible.

"Listen a moment. Take the facts as they occurred; but, first of all, let us have the persons of the drama. Mr. Richard Hanna, J.P., of Gallinagh, County Donegal, was a Master of the Foxhounds, a county gentleman, and head of his family, jovial, popular, open-handed, and beloved by the peasantry, yet a 'Black Protestant.' Though a downright good fellow he was not perfect, his fault being a congenital hastiness and a tendency to punch the heads of all and sundry who aroused his ire.

"A widower of sixty, he had a son of twenty-five and a very lovely daughter of twenty, named respectively Robert and Margaret. Bob was a lieutenant in the Royal Irish Rifles; Mag was the prettiest girl in the county, and, moreover, was just as sweet as she looked, yum-yum! Those Irish eyes—yum-yum!

"Richard Hanna, Esq., J.P., M.-F.H., was an excellent sportsman, a kind landlord, and a faithful friend. Captain Hanna (as he was called) was a splendid young fellow who made the military profession his hobby, with a special inclination to scientific rifle-shooting. At the time to which I now refer—the fatal time—he was spending his furlough at the ancestral hall, and the private rifle range in the valley between the house and the lake re-echoed to the ceaseless detonations of the Lee-Metford and Lee-Enfield rifles, with which the Captain and his friend Dr. Terry, of the Army Service Corps, competed against each other, and endeavoured to raise their skill to the height demanded by the Irish eight in the contest for the Elcho Shield.

"It was a happy home; father and children were wrapped up in each other, and respected by the whole countryside. Conceive the shock sustained by the children and the whole household when, one fine morning at eleven o'clock, the Squire of Gallinagh, without a moment's notice, without a groan, without a sigh, sank to the earth stone dead.

"He had never had a day's illness, and though sixty-one, was apparently hale and sound. After breakfast he had walked outside, and having taken a few turns in the garden had seated himself under a spreading chestnut tree to read his morning newspaper. This seat in the shadow was his favourite resort in summer, and on this particular June morning he had just settled himself to con the news, when he was observed to sink forward as though devoid of will or muscular control. And when Patsy Kerrigan, who was busy snipping a hedge hard by, ran to his assistance, he was dead. Help soon came from the house, and a messenger was despatched on horseback for the nearest medical man, Dr. Terry being out with the Captain shooting, nobody knew where. The village doctor was away, too, but his assistant returned with the messenger, and having heard his story pronounced for apoplexy before seeing the body; and repeated the verdict after a single glance. There is much of the slip-shod in Ireland—another markedly Keltic trait.

"The poor Squire was removed to the house, and great was the wailing at Gallinagh. The lovely Mag was crushed but brave, and the Captain bore himself like a man, though in unguarded moments his heart-break was terrible to see. But Dr. Terry was, from

one aspect at least, the most important of the trio. Of course he wished to see the last of his hospitable host, and, as a medical man of uncommon attainments, he naturally took some interest in the case from a scientific point of view. From the first moment a doubt as to the cause of death had existed in his mind. The Squire, in his opinion, was not a likely subject for apoplexy.

"A short examination not only convinced him that apoplexy counted for nothing, but also revealed the astonishing fact that, unknown to everybody, the Squire had been shot dead as he sat in his chair, and that a most foul and cowardly murder had been perpetrated by some mysterious means and by some unsuspected person.

"No doubt could possibly exist. A bullet had traversed the body, passing directly through the heart, and had lodged in the bole of the great tree behind the unfortunate Squire's garden chair. Nor such a bullet as old-fashioned people imagine, but a modern bullet of the thickness of a lead pencil, such as leaves at the most a red mark as big as a barley-corn, owing to the almost immediate closing of the skin. But Dr. Terry knew all about such wounds. He had seen them in the Afridi expedition, and had met with cases in which the wound, though fatal, was hard to discover.

"The revelation produced an appalling effect on the family, and, indeed, on the county at large. Excitement was intense, but even when the coroner's jury had pronounced a verdict of 'Wilful Murder by some Person or Persons unknown,' the local constabulary had not a shadow of evidence pointing in any direction whatsoever. Let me put you in possession of the situation as it stood when I arrived in Donegal, premising that I systematically cross-examined Major Duffy, the County Inspector of Police, Dr. Terry, Captain Hanna, Patrick Kerrigan (who saw his master fall), and the coachman, Michael Brown, who had come to Kerrigan's help and had afterwards ridden away to bring the nearest doctor. I even interviewed this last-named man of genius, who had decided for apoplexy, and found him to be a drunken Englishman down on his luck, but learned from him nothing more valuable. The facts were as follows:—

"The house called Gallinagh stood on high ground, sloping to the edge of an extensive lake. Standing at the principal entrance, or looking from the drawing-room windows, you saw about fifteen acres of lawn running down to the water's edge, sloping gently at first, then somewhat steeply, so that the bottom edge where it met the lake was not visible from the lower rooms of the house. You must follow these descriptions carefully, or you will fail to understand the circumstances which cast such a veil of mystery over the whole affair.

"First, then, the house, next the sloping lawn, then the lake to which it fell. From the house to the lake was a walk of some four hundred yards; the lake was about eight hundred yards wide; on the other side the bank sloped upward to the Donegal mountains, bleak and desolate. The whole country was lonely, and from Gallinagh only one cottage could be seen, a white spot on the green tract on the other side the lake and about a thousand yards beyond it.

"It seemed that the Squire used to boast that from his garden chair under the chestnut he could see for forty miles without a break or a brick, save and except this solitary cottage, which was built of stone! And this, he said, just served to vary the desolation without destroying the beautiful loneliness of the scene. One, Dennis O'Gorman, lived there, and though the house was but half-a-mile or so from the farther edge of the lake, the distance from Gallinagh to the white cottage was over four miles by land, though as the crow flew, under a mile and a half.

"So much for the position of the house. On the fatal morning the Squire had occupied his usual seat in an easy garden chair, which in fine weather was placed every morning in the same spot, that is, on a side lawn

immediately on the left of the house, said lawn having several fine horse-chestnut trees, and behind it, at a distance of twenty yards, a thick shrubbery of laurels and forest trees. You see the situation? The house, the lawn to the lake; eight hundred yards of water, the slope on the other side, O'Gorman's cot, a tiny white speck on the mountain-side. Do you see all that?"

I imagined myself at the front door of Gallinagh House, looking at the scenery, down to the lake, and so forth. "A beautiful view," I remarked.

"Now, imagine the lawn at the left side of the house, the big tree with the seat under it, and the thick shrubbery a stone-throw behind." Here it seemed to me that I might distinguish myself by forestalling the disclosure of the spot whence came the fatal shot. It was an unlucky thought, I said:—

"Of course the shrubbery was a capital hiding-place for the murderer, who could conceal himself among the dense growth of shrubs."

"Exactly, a capital place, none better; only—the great butt of the tree beneath which the Squire sat was between him and the shrubbery, and the minute nickel-covered bullet was found in the opposite side of the tree, that is, the side next the lake!"

I admitted that these facts disposed of the shrubbery.

"Another thing, dear boy, seems to have escaped your notice. Guns fired a few yards away can generally be heard, eh? Now, if the Squire had fallen concurrently with the report of a gun, not even Patrick Kerrigan, who could neither write nor read, would have believed apoplexy to be the cause of his death. And be it observed that in addition to Patrick's being beyond suspicion, the solid fact was before me that Miss Margaret Hanna saw him throw down his shears and run to the Squire's assistance. Other dependents and retainers were accounted for in the most absolute manner, and never a stranger had been seen in the district. And I may inform you that a stranger in the lonely parts of Donegal would have about as much chance of passing unobserved as a large white elephant, so thoroughly is the country policed, so systematic is their work, so complete their information.

"It seemed that when the Captain and Dr. Terry were out fishing on the lake or engaged at the rifle range, which ran along the bottom of the lawn, and beside the lake, a flag was run up at the house to recall them to lunch or dinner, a pretty fancy of Miss Margaret's, and a sign to which both were tolerably obedient. On the morning of the murder they had taken their rifles and ammunition, but after firing a few desultory shots they had put their guns in the canoe and paddled over the lake to shoot rabbits with ball on the mountain-side, a sport not uncommon among crack marksmen in Ireland. When the Squire's body was brought in the flag was run up, and the Squire's valet, one Millar, an Englishman who had served his master faithfully for many years, swept the lake and the opposite shore for the sportsmen without seeing a living soul except Dennis O'Gorman placidly digging turf in the bog behind his house. The Captain and Dr. Terry had not, in fact, returned until five in the evening, crossing the lake in the canoe, having sustained existence by a rough-and-ready meal at O'Gorman's cot, where they had rested and smoked from twelve till two. Imagine their amazement and sorrow on returning to Gallinagh and finding the Squire, who in the morning had so heartily wished them good luck, a pale, cold corpse.

"Now you know all I knew after three days' careful inquiry in conjunction with Upton, who was my clerk and amanuensis, for (you understand) I went to Donegal as the London solicitor and general family adviser, to regulate the succession and in every way to put the change of possession on a legal footing, etc. I was easily accounted for; nothing was more natural than the lawyer, and nobody was at all likely to suspect my real business. I may say that the permanent officials of the Irish Viceroy had hinted that the

murder was of a political character, and might be the first outward and visible sign of a wholesale assassination of the governing classes in Ireland. Hence my interest in the affair.

"Upton was all eyes and ears, but the thing was a thickish sort of fog. The Squire had been shot in broad daylight and from the direction of the rifle range and the lake. He had also been shot with the service bullet of the Lee-Metford rifle, which was the arm carried on that day by young Hanna and Dr. Terry, who had been seen to cross the lake and disappear in the mountains on the other side; who had, moreover, called at O'Gorman's for matches on their outward march, and for refreshments on their return; while the whole ground from the fatal chair to the lake was as bare as the back of your hand, nothing, in fact, but an enormous expanse of beautifully-kept lawn.

"Now, as every action of importance has a motive, it follows that when we see the act we guess the motive, not always correctly, for men usually attribute the worst motive possible to the case in hand, and this does not answer in every instance. Yet possible motive affords a working hypothesis in cases of murder, above all others. First, who would benefit pecuniarily by the Squire's death? Answer, his son and heir, and his daughter Mag. Taken as furnishing ground for a working supposition this answer was absurd. And though every facility was afforded I could learn nothing which could lead me to believe that the Squire's death was desired by any person in the world.

"The money tack having failed, I turned to another motive: revenge. Now here the Kelt comes in again. The difference between him and an Englishman is once more strongly accentuated. Sir Walter Scott tells of a young Highlandman who, being struck by an English drover, walked for a score of miles back into the hills for his knife; took it without a word, walked the score of miles back, and killed the Englishman who wanted to shake hands. Now the Highlandman is only an Irishman who has emigrated, and who still speaks Irish, though few Englishmen know that Irish and Gaelic are the same. Mr. Balfour said, 'The Irish never forgive'; he meant the Keltic Irish who are of the same race as Scott's Highlandman, and who have the same feelings and the same sensitiveness to the degradation of a blow.

"Revenge then; was that the motive? Here we groped blindly for days without one single cheering ray. At length, the old vicar of Ballyoran said, quite casually, but in Upton's hearing, that the Squire had in his youthful days practised boxing, and for years was a handy man with his fists; also, that years ago he had thrashed Denny O'Gorman within an inch of his life because the said Denny would persist in poaching in the Squire's preserves, and that Denny, himself a notorious fighter, had thereafter been held in such derision that he had forthwith emigrated to America, from which he had only returned a year ago, in order to take possession of the small farm left to him by his deceased father.

"The revenge motive was clear enough to anyone who understood the long memory of the Kelt; but the thing would hardly work in connection with O'Gorman, who was digging turf behind his cottage when Miller swept the country with the telescope in search of the Captain and the Doctor. Moreover, the cottage was a mile and a half away in a bee-line. The more we inquired, the more narrowly we scrutinized the matter, the more mysterious it seemed. The answers to the queries, 'Who shot the Squire? How was he shot? and why was he shot?' seemed farther off than ever. 'As to O'Gorman,' said Upton, 'that cock won't fight. Besides the *alibi*, which is proved, he was on the best terms with Squire Hanna, and often referred with glee to the hiding the Squire gave him a quarter of a century ago. It seems that his Kathleen threw him over because of it, and that he never married, an escape for which he declares himself deeply indebted to the Squire! He's alone in the cottage, and is trying to

sell the farm. 'America is the only country fit to live in,' says O'Gorman.

"I lay awake for four hours that night, thinking, thinking; tossing restlessly from one side to the other. I rose in a high fever (for I must have my sleep), but with a plan; a humble, tentative plan, the object of which was more to dispel the O'Gorman suspicion than to forward a profitable investigation. Yet somehow I felt that to search O'Gorman's cottage would be a benison to my struggling soul. And so strong was this inclination that I took immediate measures to indulge it, and to get O'Gorman out of the way in order to obtain a favourable opportunity.

"This was easy enough. He was advertising the farm, and I arranged for a pretended probable purchaser to meet him at Ballyshannon. O'Gorman rose to the bait and departed in peace. He would be absent for the night, and the search over so small an area was easily feasible in the time. I had a theory, you may perceive. I expected to find something—if O'Gorman were guilty, and I knew what that something would be. On the other hand, if I found nothing to support the theory I had formed, the matter stood precisely where it was before. But—I had seen O'Gorman, had spoken with him of the Squire's murder, and I strongly suspected that he was in some way connected with the crime. A fair-spoken, plausible, intelligent Irish-American of the baser sort, that is, with the Yankee craft and villainy overlaid on the original Keltic subtlety; a highly-dangerous combination. He was about forty-five, swarthy and unprepossessing, already tired of the loneliness of Donegal, although he had at first declared he had returned to end his days there, as is the manner of many Irish emigrants.

"Upton and I rowed over in the night. We were rewarded. In an upper room were two chairs with deep marks on the upper bar of the backs. I asked Upton to look out for the small vices that had made those marks, and presently one turned up, under the bed. Upton did not understand. He had never studied scientific rifle-shooting; did not know that Sir Henry Halford had put eighteen bullets out of twenty into a mark at two thousand yards; nor that the service rifle used against the Boers is sighted up to 2,800 yards, a mile and a half being only 2,640. Upton was not prepared to find that a grudge could be borne for a lifetime, and notwithstanding protests of friendship could be paid off at last by means of a rifle-shot from a fixed rest, the weapon carefully laid by means of a telescopic sight. Yet so it was. We found the other vice; we found the rifle in the thatch, with the marks of the vice on the stock; we found the cartridges and books which led to the belief that O'Gorman had been employed in an American rifle factory. And as the summer morning dawned, we looked across the lake, and with the naked eye in the clear mountain air discerned a newspaper I had spread on a chair at the fatal spot where the Squire had fallen. The distance was afterwards found to be exactly 2,247 yards, and there can be no doubt that the Squire had long been the object of rifle practice from O'Gorman's cottage. The continual shooting of the Captain and Dr. Terry at the range by the lake would cover the report of the rifle, even if it could have been heard at the distance which is doubtful, for your modern rifle does its work without much noise.

"On careful examination we found minute scars on the chestnut trees, and the track of bullets through the shrubs behind them. It had taken O'Gorman some time to get the range, even with the help of the Squire's newspaper, which would be a conspicuous object against the green background, especially through a telescopic sight. Those who best understand the difficulties of rifle-shooting will award to him a larger share of luck than of skill, since to make his first hit in a vital part was much more than he could count upon, even with everything in his favour.

"Will you believe me that O'Gorman gave us the slip?

"With the marvellous instinct of the Kelt he divined something; perhaps doubted the *bona fides* of the hard bargainer he met at Ballyshannon, and running thence to Londonderry *via* Donegal and Strabane, got clear away! We waited, and waited in vain. The appliances and appurtenances found in the cottage were undeniable when compared with the cause of the Sqire's death. If you want an Irish farm, try for O'Gorman's, which lies derelict. Government will probably arrange the matter. Capt. Hanna is a Major now, and the lovely Margaret (she was the forty-ninth Irishwoman who stole my heart away), runs the old hall of Gallinagh under the wing of a maiden aunt, who spends half her time in religious observances and the other in making herself obnoxious to the housekeeper. Bless me, this is a queer old world; as full of tricks as it will hold, eh? I look upon this affair as one of my failures. We had reckoned with too much certainty on O'Gorman's return. The result was another lesson to me. Never leave anything to accident! Of course he lost the farm. A curious sort of punishment, though probably considered not too dear a price for his long-deferred and carefully considered revenge."

EPISODE VII.—THE MORETON DIAMOND ROBBERY.

"I SUPPOSE that the art of the ordinary detective officer is on a lower plane than that of the higher branches of the Secret Service," I said one evening as Anthony Hallam paused to lubricate his larynx with the nectar which possesses such magical virtues in loosening his tongue and opening up the vein of his recollections.

"In some cases, yes; perhaps on the whole the Secret Service takes precedence. But the very highest class of detective and the Secret Service man have much in common. As a rule, the class of work is different."

"Have you had any experience in detective work pure and simple?" I inquired, with some timidity.

"My dear boy, I began with it. It was a piece of detective work that brought me into notice, and in the end led from promotion to promotion until I have reached the point at which you see me, that is, the topmost rung of the ladder. All I now require from the kind fates is that I may keep my robust health, and, drawing a moderate pension for faithful work, spend the remainder of my days in gardening."

"And you began as a police detective?"

"Just that; but I began, as it were, at the top end. A number of our fellows had been at work on a case, without having found the smallest clue; or rather the clue they had all followed led to nothing, and one after another looked into the matter only to drop it in disgust. It was a great diamond robbery, and a lot of time had elapsed without a trace of the missing valuables." I had a stroke of luck in being sent merely on the strength of a casual remark that I would like to have a turn at the affair.

"The Chief was a man of some genius, but past his best days. He sent for me (goodness, how young I was, and how green!) and having got me to confirm the report he had heard of my presumption and cheek in making the remark, he said I might go, and good-naturedly added something about the possibilities of wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings.

"I need not trouble you with his further conversation, except to say that he hinted that previous investigators had worked in normal official grooves, and were lacking in insight

and originality. I might take what measures I liked, and in a week's time might report whether I had found any clue or formed any theory concerning the robbery. He added that the owner of the diamonds, whom we may for convenience call Lord Moreton, was not only generous, but also highly influential, and that any service rendered to him would be the making of a young fellow like me.

"My lord lived in a castle, not of the old sort, but a modern mansion which was called 'The Castle' by the whole country-side. It was from the Castle that the diamonds had been stolen six weeks before.

"You must remember that this was thirty years ago, and that though well in the twenties I had a singularly youthful look, principally owing to the absence of beard or moustache. It was therefore practicable to make an arrangement with Lord Moreton's land agent and general estate bailiff to live with him for a time as a student of agriculture and estate management. I stipulated that no one should know of my mission except Lord Moreton, the agent (Mr. G. E. Bertram), and my own Chief. This being settled to my satisfaction, I went down to—, the Castle precincts, and took up my abode with Mr. Bertram.

"The facts which I had to go upon were as follows:—Lord Moreton, on his marriage twenty-eight years before, had formally handed to his bride the family diamonds, which were entailed, and therefore could not be sold under any ordinary circumstances. Their value was immense, no doubt primarily by reason of their number, size, and brilliancy, but also by reason of their antiquity and the historical associations.

"The Moreton diamonds, in short, formed one of the most famous collections in the world, and the latest possessor, the beautiful Lady Moreton, had been looked upon as exceptionally fortunate in being privileged to wear them for her lifetime. Indeed, the tongue of envy had once been exceedingly bitter. For under her maiden name of Lucy Marsden she had been but the daughter of a poor country clergyman. Lord Moreton had heard her sing at a concert in aid of some charity, had fallen in love with her, and despite the protest of his numerous and influential relatives, had married her out of hand.

"The match turned out well, and Lady Moreton's sweetness of temper and grace of manner had long disarmed all criticism. The union was blest by one child, a son, at the time of my story serving in the army with some distinction, and though quite young (he was about my own age), yet he was clearly marked out for promotion and distinguished rank.

"So much for the Moreton family. Now for the household of the Castle. Lady Moreton's maid was a principal personage. A distant relative of my lady, she had been in attendance on her since her return from her honeymoon, nearly a generation ago; and was therefore in every way marked as a confidante. She bore the same name as Lucy's family, and was known and, I may add, beloved of all under the name of Miss Marsden. In fact, the whole atmosphere of the Castle seemed to radiate peace on earth and goodwill towards men. The names of Lord and Lady Moreton were synonymous for everything that was good, and their son and heir, whenever he spent his holidays in the district, was the subject of honour almost amounting to adoration from all classes, young and old, gentle and simple.

"The butler, John Twells by name, was an antiquity, and, as often happens, had married the housekeeper. Worthy John had a vein of humour, and always had a joke for the numerous maids in the Castle. His wife was prim, precise, and demure, and more severe than her husband on the peccadilloes of the young. Still she was not a bad sort, though prudish as an old maid pretends to be. Her only serious trouble seemed to lie in the fact that her husband's jocosity rather militated against the august dignity which in her opinion should hedge

about the butler of a great and popular nobleman.

"Now we arrive at a point elaborated in vain by my esteemed predecessors, the most experienced members of the detective force.

"At the time of the robbery Lord Moreton's valet had been in his situation but one short year; having succeeded a much-prized servant who had in various capacities served the family for forty years, and who now lived comfortably on a liberal pension and spent his time in growing roses—happy dog! The new valet's name was John Chambers; his character and antecedents all that could be desired—so far as anybody knew.

"He had left the Castle a few days after the robbery, and, having married a young London lady to whom he had been long engaged, had started a rather considerable hotel at Dieppe, in Normandy. These facts were patent to the world. What the world did not know, and what the world wanted to know, was—where did John Chambers get his capital?

"And now, having dealt with the principal persons of the drama, let me give you the main particulars of the catastrophe. On the evening of the 20th of June, some of the persons affected were somewhat widely separated. Lord Moreton was travelling in the Pyrenees, and Lady Moreton was in London, whither she had been called some days before by the sudden illness of her soldier-son, Captain Moreton. At the Castle were the butler and his wife; Miss Marsden, who having in the first instance travelled with Lady Moreton to London, had returned somewhat unexpectedly, and was acting as mistress and general *locum tenens* on behalf of the family; John Chambers who for the foreign trip had been superseded by a Belgian courier who knew the Pyrenees and spoke several languages, and the usual dozens of inferior servants. The evening was excessively warm, and Miss Marsden had slept with her bedroom window open. On awaking in the morning she had felt a sense of bewilderment and had been long in regaining her faculties, besides having overslept herself considerably. But the moment she was wide awake she recognized that her room was in much disorder.

"Hastily examining into the cause of this, she discovered that her keys were not in their usual place, and, hastening to Lady Moreton's dressing-room, where was the safe in which the family diamonds were kept, her worst fears were realized. The door of the safe was wide open, the missing bunch of keys was in the lock, and the jewel-case with its precious contents was gone. Imagine the hurly-burly! The diamonds alone were valued at a hundred thousand, and these, with emeralds and sapphires enough for a king's ransom, had vanished into space.

"A ladder was found in the shrubbery under Miss Marsden's window; owing to the number of trees on the spot it was not noticed until the lady gave the alarm. Moreover a pocket-handkerchief which had been saturated with chloroform was found by the side of her virtuous couch. This, it was thought, had been placed over her face, and had been thrown down unconsciously when she awoke and—in short, the whole thing was as plain as the nose on your face. The open window, the ladder, the chloroform, the abence of Lord and Lady Moreton and the resulting comparative negligence of the Castle household, together with the fame of the diamonds—it required no wizard to declare how and why this thing had been done. The logger-headed clodpate of a policeman who on the first alarm had been fetched from the nearest village pointed it all out, and even his trained intelligence was behind that of John Twells and his wife, who had seen through it all before the man in blue came on the scene.

"Another event that attracted attention was the journey of John Chambers to London on Wednesday, June 22nd, the theft having taken place on Monday, June 20th. He had been called away, he said, on urgent business, and as Miss Marsden had returned to London on the afternoon of the day before,

namely, Tuesday, June 21st, he had arranged the matter with Twells. On his return, Chambers announced his intention of leaving his situation at once. An opportunity had arisen (he said) rather unexpectedly. A relative who for many years had been running a paying hotel at Dieppe was about to retire owing to ill health, and he, John Chambers, had been offered the reversion of the business on favourable terms. Having been brought up in a hotel, he understood the details of management, and he proposed to marry and leave England at once, so as to have the advantage of three or four months' residence in the hotel with his uncle before that respectable person finally left it, a course which at once commended itself to the meanest comprehension.

"So John Chambers had left, somewhat hurriedly, before Miss Marsden returned with Lady Moreton, both ladies looking terribly pale and worn, though the Captain was said to be completely out of danger. In fact, he was understood to have been strong enough to embark on a long voyage in a sailing vessel bound for Australia, the military authorities having granted leave of absence for a year at least.

"Of course our men were at once on the John Chambers lay. But though the clue looked promising, not a vestige of evidence could be found. The retiring valet had been married at a registry office at Lewisham ; his bride was the daughter of the eminently respectable proprietor of a private hotel in a good part of London. The young couple had travelled to Dieppe at once, and in the cheapest way, and, in short, their whole action was marked with prudence and economy.

"Followed step by step by the bloodhounds of Scotland Yard, John Chambers and his wife seemed to typify the best virtues of prudent steady English folks who desire to pay their way, and have none too much with which to do it respectably. This staggered our trackers, who were well acquainted with the habits of the newly-rich, and indeed of all who find themselves in possession of lightly acquired wealth. John tipped the porters with two-pences, and at Dieppe left his uncle's 'Boots' to pay the driver of the fiacre that dumped him and his wife at the door of the Hotel Anglais—a course which ensured his obtaining the bare fare and a penny for pour-boire. Who, then, had the diamonds ?

"But the unkindest cut of all was the discovery that Joseph Chambers, the English proprietor of the Hotel Anglais, was really and of a truth the uncle of John Chambers, late valet of Lord Moreton, of Moreton Castle, Rusticshireland. Of that there could be no reasonable doubt. And when it was found that John was to pay Joseph out by instalments extending over the next twenty years you may judge the disgust and dismay of the cocksure trackers. John hadn't a shilling to bless himself with beyond forty-five pounds in the Post Office Savings Bank, and his wife's father had handed to her a wedding present of five ten-pound notes with the remark that she would get her share of what he had after his death, and that he held with young folks being made to rely on their own exertions.

"No matter how all these particulars were obtained. Suffice it that all were known, and that all had been checked by different men on three separate occasions. In fact, the Chambers clue had occupied nearly all the time. It was so very obvious, you see ! The absence of my Lord and Lady, the valet's knowledge of the safe and who had the keys ; with his rush to London the day after the theft, and his announcement on returning that he was about to start in an extensive way—on a foreign shore.

"Our folks (at the first blush) agreed that he had got the stuff away neatly enough, but thought his run up to town and his talk about an uncle and an hotel ridiculously thin. The only thing (they thought) that required judgment was the best moment to arrest him. They wished to at once nail their man and either the diamonds or some clue that would lead to their

discovery. Lord Moreton, on receiving the news, had wired to offer a couple of thousands as a reward for the restoration of the whole plunder, or a proportionate amount for the recovery of any portion thereof. How we did envy our senior man who practically had his choice of work, and who had now dropped on a 'soft job'!

"In concert with the Customs authorities at Dieppe, every inch of the luggage of the happy pair was overhauled for *prima facie* evidence, but the only thing our top man found that related to jewellery, was a receipt for a wedding ring and a brooch bought a few days before, the cost of the two being exactly thirty-nine shillings—not precisely the gift of a man who has made a haul of a hundred thousand pounds worth of bijouterie!

"And when our greatest expert and his assistant (I was not good enough to second him), found that the legal agreement between John and Joseph Chambers was very strictly drawn, and that John and his wife at once commenced to work in the hotel both early and late, and as if for dear life, they hardly knew what to make of it, or where to turn for a clue. No trace of confederates in John's correspondence. The French police, cleverest of letter-openers, assured us of that; no communication with any suspicious person or persons. On the contrary our top man at last began to think he was losing time, and that spite of appearances, John Chambers was just the steady, upright man he had always seemed to be. But if not John Chambers, who was the thief? The more you thought on the subject, the farther off appeared the answer to the question.

"The Castle is situated in a lonely part. The nearest railway station is eleven miles away. No strangers had been seen about the country. None had been seen at any railway station within twenty miles of the disaster. In that lonely district everybody knows everybody, and a stranger is a welcome theme of conversation, and accordingly is easily traced from place to place. The servants were above suspicion, and Mr. Bertram, who had communicated with Lord Moreton after having advised Scotland Yard, declared that suspicion in their direction was inconceivable. John Twells concurred, and even his wife grew warm in defence of grooms and gardeners generally. But when the agent, or the worthy butler and his wife were asked to propound a theory, they admitted their incompetence to do so—in the absence of evidence against Chambers, in whose guilt they had found it almost impossible to believe, notwithstanding the queerness of appearances. In short, they had only given in their adhesion to the Chambers theory because no other presented itself. And when that was proved to be a delusion, they gave up surmising and sank into something like stupefaction.

"All this was gleaned from various quarters, and carefully tabulated by me. Meanwhile, Lady Moreton's health was failing rapidly, and it was thought that the robbery was alone to blame for this. Miss Marsden had also suffered severely from the shock, and my lord, who had now returned from his sport in the Spanish mountains, though of philosophical habit, was certainly much moved by the terrible loss. It was understood that he viewed the calamity rather as a matter of heirlooms and family honour, than as a question of money, and that he would shrink at no reasonable sacrifice to recover the precious diamonds, especially those brought from India by a distinguished ancestor a hundred and fifty years before.

"Now you are in possession of all I knew when I arrived at Tantara Lodge, the residence of Lord Moreton's agent, Gustavus Edward Bertram, who was just as well liked as anybody else. In fact, it seemed as though there were no disagreeable persons in those parts, and that until the theft of the diamonds, crime had been practically unknown.

"Having studied the human surroundings of the case, I settled down

for some hard thinking, with the result that in the stipulated week I had, if not a theory, yet an idea. Returning to London I saw my Chief, and obtained not only his permission to continue my researches, which could have been done by letter, but also his powerful assistance in obtaining information which might condense or dissipate the nebulous idea that had arisen in my mind.

"The result of his inquiries was distinctly in the direction of confirmation. At last it seemed as though we had hit on a trail that would lead to something. I returned to Tantara Lodge, and, availing myself of the ancient valet's enthusiasm for roses, spent much of my time with him, gradually eliciting hints that in the Moreton household all was not so fair as it seemed. This fitted in with my discoveries in London.

"The Captain, I found, was a splendid young fellow with one serious fault. He had a strong inclination to the excitement of gambling, and had on more than one occasion contracted debts of honour of considerable magnitude, which my lord had discharged of necessity, but with much reluctance. He had declared that any further indiscretion in this direction would be met with the severest punishment he could inflict, namely, the reduction of the Captain's allowance to a point which would compel him to abandon his career in the army, and would, in short, be barely sufficient to maintain him in commony decency. And Lord Moreton, though kind and philanthropic, was something of a Puritan in his detestation of gambling and horse-racing. Moreover, he was known to be a severe man of his word, and of inflexible resolution. However, continued old Thomas Turner, the Captain had clearly changed his course, and had been warned in time.

"I was not too sure on this point. I knew that infatuation for gambling is like infatuation for drink, and that no matter how complete the cure may appear, there is no knowing when the old complaint will again break out. I carefully pieced together what I knew as follows:

The Captain had a taste for horse-racing and high play.

Heavy debts contracted in this way had been paid by his father.

He was under threat of severe penalties if again guilty.

He had been suddenly taken ill about June 16.

Lady Moreton and Miss Marsden had left for London on June 17.

Miss Marsden had returned to the Castle on June 19.

The robbery took place on June 20.

Miss Marsden returned to London on June 21.

(John Chambers went away on June 25, but I eliminated him from my theory).

Lady Moreton and Miss Marsden returned to the Castle on June 27, the Captain having already recovered sufficiently to embark for a long sea voyage.

Both ladies were much depressed, as was natural. Neither wished to converse on the subject of the robbery either with detectives or with sympathizing friends. It was understood that neither had a theory, and that beyond Miss Marsden's first outcry, when she had several times referred to the "burglars," no expression of opinion had been heard from either of them. I studied the couple with great earnestness. Both were soft, sweet and gentle in the extreme. Neither had a particle of fight. Both were, in my judgment, too tender and sensitive for a cold, cruel world like this. While thus engaged came the news from my Chief, for which I had been for some time anxiously waiting. You will observe that information on the following points was not obtained by me in person, but that I put the questions and suggested that it should be obtained. It was as follows:—

"Captain Moreton had lost an enormous sum on a horse. Date, June 15.

"He had tried to recoup himself, or rather to win enough to pay his bets by plunging desperately at baccarat and had only quadrupled his losses.

"He had written a letter to his mother, in which he confessed all, and intimated that he was about to blow out his brains. When she received the letter he would be a corpse.

"A young officer named Bourne, his bosom companion, had known of his losses, had foreseen the probable consequences, and had prevented the Captain from committing the rash act. He had also intercepted the letter, and had sent an urgent wire to Lady Moreton on June 16.

"With this light the whole thing was clear as day. The robbery was a mock affair; the desperate expedient of frenzied women without any knowledge of the world. Lord Moreton being absent the mother could not throw herself at his feet, while her own blood relations being but middle-class people were unable to assist her, and her repugnance to address herself to Lord Moreton's family, her maternal pride, etcetera, explained the rest. Only part of the jewels had been pledged, but in order to give colour to the robbery, the whole had been made to disappear—for a time. All this came out afterwards, together with Miss Marsden's childish plan of restoring the diamonds, little by little, by means of funds saved from my lady's jointure—they were to come from a conscience-stricken and converted thief, though how it was to be made to appear that he was becoming converted and conscience-stricken by instalments, was more than I could tell. This, however, was of a piece with the childishness of the whole conspiracy. Most of the particulars were elicited from Miss Marsden by Mr. Bertram, who was sixty-five, and who never divulged the fact of my participation in the inquiry. I was only twenty-five, while my lady and her confidante cousin were close on fifty; yes, fifty, and with the worldly experience of babies in arms! Many a London boy of ten would have given them points in the art and mystery of effecting a sham burglary.

"To do the Captain justice, it appeared that he knew nothing of the way in which his women-folk had raised the wind, nor would he perhaps know the agony, the despair and unspeakable affliction he had brought on these two poor foolish women. It seemed that my lady stayed to watch him while her friend returned to 'rob' the Castle. The whole thing was preposterous, and only partially redeemed by its touch of pathos. Of course it would have been seen through at once but for the suspicious movements of Mr. John Chambers. Sham burglaries are common enough, and a trained officer spots them every time. But here the runaway valet, and the absolute confidence reposed in the lady I have called Miss Marsden led them astray with a vengeance."

I asked him how Lord Moreton took the denouement.

"Goodness knows. I told all to Mr. Bertram; he saw Miss Marsden, who, finding all was known, admitted the facts and gave some particulars. But Lord Moreton's conference with my lady and her cousin was, of course, a sacred matter. If I had been disposed to intrude by so much as a guess, I should have said that all was forgiven in consideration of the despair a mother might feel at the prospect of her only son dying by his own hand, and that in due season the Captain was told of the position in which his deplorable foolishness had placed two of the best women in the world. For they were only innocent and inexperienced, and persons of that type refresh my weary soul and reconcile me to the beastly state of things existing on this disreputable old planet. Yes, the Captain was doubtless told, for he never more attended a race-meeting, nor had the green tables any further charm for him. He died of yellow fever a few years ago, his parents having gone before, and so the title became extinct. Lord Moreton never saw me after hearing Mr. Bertram's revelations, but that I could easily understand. He did better, for in addition to sending me a cheque for an amount that represented a small fortune, he spoke a few words which resulted in my joining the Secret Service. What it cost to redeem the dia-

monds I never knew, but all were recovered, and I believe that everybody lived happy ever after."

Here Anthony Hallam rose, and added :—

"Whenever you wish to burgle yourself, my dear boy, be sure to take a few previous lessons from a practical man. The work of a tyro is distinguishable in a moment. Could you lead the House, or manœuvre an army division, or command the Channel Fleet, or execute a great painting without any previous knowledge? No. Neither could you properly burgle yourself. And if our men had not too hastily jumped at conclusions they would have seen that to call the Moreton diamond affair a burglary was to insult the ancient profession."

EPISODES VIII AND IX WILL APPEAR IN FEBRUARY.

POETRY AND PROSE.*

By Henry A. Harper, M.A.

HE was a sturdy, not uninteresting old farmer, my companion on the box-seat of the van which drove our party from Kentville to the Look Off, and then on to Wolfville. He had a well-to-do air about him, and entertained me with the names of people and of places, the effect of the six weeks' drought, the prospects in the approaching Provincial elections, and the best points for shipping apples. He explained that his hay was all in, and he had consented to hire his bay team to the liveryman for the day on condition that he should be allowed to drive them himself.

As the afternoon wore on I encouraged silence. A soft summer haze hung over the land, and as I looked across the peaceful, fruitful valley towards bluff old Cape Blomidon in the blue distance, the story of Evangeline floated before my memory. These very dikes which shut out the sea had been raised by her countrymen "with labour incessant." This had been—

> . . . . . the home of Acadian farmers.
> Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
> Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven.

A girl near me, who had also been regarding the scene through the eyes of memory, ventured :—

> Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient;
> Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
> List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest ;
> List to a tale of love in Acadia, home of the happy.

I turned to my companion on the box-seat. "The village of Grand Pré was not far from here?"

He looked puzzled for a moment and flecked some flies from Prince and Peter before replying.

"Perhaps it is Grand Pre you mean," with a decidedly broad, Anglo-Saxon emphasis on the vowels.

I overlooked the superior knowledge implied in his tone, and admitted : "Well, perhaps that's what you call it."

"Oh, yes," the reply came readily enough this time, "Grand Pre (pronounced as before) lies over that way," with a jerk of his whip. "They grow fine hay crops thereabouts."

As he spoke, I remembered how—

> " . . . . . . vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
> Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number."

But this was scarcely the reply I had expected. Evidently the derivation of the name hadn't suggested the remark. I tried again.

"You know about Evangeline, of course?"

"Oh, sometimes we hear the tourists talk about Evangeline."

I gave him up.

---

* The author of this little sketch gave his life a few weeks ago in an attempt to save that of the daughter of the Hon. the Minister of Railways and Canals. This sketch is based on an incident which occurred on the Canadian Press Association Excursion through the Maritime Provinces last summer. It was submitted to the Editor, and accepted a few weeks before Mr. Harper's death.

THE RE-CHRISTENING OF HUMPY

By JEAN BLEWETT

FROM her seat on the wide porch Mrs. Neal could hear the hunchback's voice, full, and singularly mellow—hear, too, Hilda's bursts of happy laughter.

"The two out under the maples are having a good time," remarked the sweet-faced woman who just then joined her. "What an interesting story-teller the boy is!"

"Hilda is perfectly infatuated with him"—Mrs. Neal's brow wore a frown—"I wish she wern't. It gives me a chill to see her caressing one so misshapen and—and generally uncanny; it does, indeed, Cousin Phebe. I wish they would send him away."

"This is the only home he has," said Phebe; "where would you have him sent?"

"Oh, to school, to the country, anywhere. I know you think me unkind," this in answer to something she sees in Phebe's grey eyes, "but remember Hilda is all I have to love."

"You are too fond of saying that she is all you have to love. Look about you and you'll find hearts hungry for a little affection, lives wanting sorely a little care and brightness. I am an old maid"—Phebe's smile was good to see—"by force of circumstances, and may have erroneous views of the duties and privileges of motherhood, but it seems to me that God doesn't mean a woman to bind up all her love in her own offspring. Take this poor lad you call Humpy—"

"It is all very well for you to talk. You are here on a little visit, but I am here to stay, and this Humpy is the bane of my existence. It shocks you, but you must take into account my temperament, my ardent love of the beautiful, my sensitiveness to all that is repulsive," said Mrs. Neal. "I cannot do more than tolerate him; indeed, I find it hard to do that. As for the intimacy between him and the child, I do not like it, but see no way to put an end to it without offending my good father-in-law."

"If you saw a famishing person gnawing a crust would you have the heart to take it from him?" Phebe sighed as she asked the question; she felt the futility of arguing with this sad-faced widow whose interest centred solely about herself and child.

"You're a dear little preacher, Phebe, but you can't convert me. You don't understand how the constant presence of the hunchback grates on me. You have the sympathetic temperament, I the artistic." She drew her black lace scarf about her neck and stood up. "Let us not talk any more about it. You know I wouldn't be really unkind to Humpy."

"But you are unkind to him—you make him wince. Those who suffer from physical deformity are acutely sensible of their misfortune. Look, Margaret! stand here by this post; isn't it a pretty picture?"

It was a pretty picture. On a gorgeous cushion of leaves that had lately detached themselves from the maples at the foot of the big old-fashioned garden, sat Humpy and Hilda. Both were bareheaded, for the golden sunbeams rioting round had not the heat and glare of summer in them. Hilda's fair head nestled against the hunchback's arm; her face, eager with interest in the story, was lifted to his.

It was on Humpy that Phebe's eyes dwelt. His was a strangely beautiful face, she thought. Auburn hair pushed back from a high forehead,

eyes big and dark and luminous, mouth sensitive—an unchildish face, with a pathos in it born of self-pity and a bitterness born of self-contempt. Phebe, who would be young of heart when her hair was white, young of heart as long as she lived, felt her eyes fill.

"O words which wound! O looks which scar!" she whispered to herself. "Come, Margaret," aloud, "come, and say something kind to that lonely, unhappy creature. He is shy with me, but his glance always follows you adoringly."

Thus appealed to Mrs. Neal took her cousin's arm, and the two sauntered down the path. "Hilda," she said, and her voice was tender, "mamma wishes you to come for a walk with her and Cousin Phebe."

"Oh, mamma!" cried the child, springing up, "my dear, dear Humpy has been telling me the beautifulest story!"

"Humpy is very kind." The coldness of her speech was marked, yet it was not this coldness which cut the sensitive hunchback to the quick; it was the swift averting of her eyes. He told himself often that he was used to that lifting of the wonderful blue eyes, that he did not care, did not care at all, but the act always made him shrink. It was Humpy's misfortune to love Mrs. Neal better than any one in the world—Hilda not excepted—and the burning desire of his undisciplined heart was that she should think well of him. Humpy was only fourteen, but he was old for his years. He knew that she resented his presence in the home, knew that he was an eyesore to her, and knowing, hated himself for the deformity which made him hideous in her eyes. He smiled sometimes when a shiver went through her if he chanced to touch her ever so lightly, but it was a smile sadder than tears. Crouching down on the crimson leaves he watched her walk away with Hilda clinging to her hand. How beautiful she was! With her slender figure, her pensive face, and pale gold hair she was like the pictured saint in the stained glass window of the cathedral. If she would give him one, just one, of the loving looks she showered on Hilda! If she would speak to him once with that tender inflection, why—here the lump in his throat threatened to choke him, and he could only bury his face and cry bitter unchildish tears.

He grew so morose that even gentle Phebe felt repelled. To Hilda he was always gentle, to the others he gave no look or word that he could avoid.

Life was not a pleasant thing for Humpy those late days of the summer when the haze was on the hill top, and the crickets hiding in the lean and withered grass piped as cheerily as though all the world were green. He brooded, and brooding is bad for a boy. He rarely whistled, that wonderful voice of his was never raised in song. In the old uneventful life, when there were only his uncle, himself, and the two sturdy domestics in the establishment, he had not been so rebellious, but with the advent of young Mrs. Neal and Hilda, the widow and daughter of the only son of the house, he began to realize his misfortune more fully.

The child with her artless ways, her dependence on him, was something sweet and wonderful to Humpy. But it was the mother to whom he bowed down and worshipped, and it was the mother who broke his heart.

"It's no wonder she can't bear me," he would mutter. "It's bad enough for her to leave her own home and relations and come here to live, without having to feast her eyes on me, a chap that has a hump like a peddler's pack on his shoulders, and who lopes along like a lame cur. I don't know why—" the rebellion growing hotter as the pain and discontent deepened—"I don't know why God made me all twisted up, inside and out. It doesn't seem fair, it isn't fair. Surely it isn't fair."

There had been a time when Humpy knelt at his mother's knee each day of his life, and thanked God for all the beauty of the universe—when the breath and bloom of growing things, the gleam of the river circling the hill, the grandeur of sunrise and sunset, the

beauty and the mystery of the milky way which to his young eyes was a pathway leading to the Throne, luminous with the glory of the white-robed angels going up and down on errands for the King—thanked God for all things fair and good. There had been a time when that soul of his, now so dark and troubled, leaned itself on the tender care of the Father with that absolute trust which is the foundation of perfect happiness, but that time was past and forgotten. Nay, not forgotten! Dear tender-hearted Phebe, in bidding him good-bye one bleak December day, whispered :

"I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, Humpy. I'll be thinking of you. You see, I know what it is to be lonely and downhearted, to miss somebody—oh, very, very much—and this helps me to understand how hard it is for you now that your mother has gone home." He flung himself out of the house, and took the way to the grave where slept the one who had made this world a paradise for him. From there he went to the grey old church, and standing in the silence and soft gloom of the place poured out his very soul in song.

It did him good. The old time expression, half glad, wholly wistful, was on his face that night as he sat with Margaret Neal and Hilda beside the hearth. The wind whistled about the windows telling how bare and bleak the earth was, and Margaret, taking her baby to her heart, crooned softly in the firelight. Her face was so warm and tender that Humpy edged a little nearer. Surely when he was in the shadow where his poor, crooked back could not be noticed she might spare him a little crumb of affection in return for all he felt for her. A heart hunger that would not be put down had possession of him. Maybe if he were to ask her—the dark eyes grew dim for a moment, the face white from the strength of the new resolve. "Do you think," he said, with an effort which cost him all his strength, "you could care a little for me, Mrs. Neal?" Then, as she gave no sign of having heard, he stepped out in the firelight and faced her. "Couldn't you shut your eyes and make believe I wasn't a hunchback, but a nice spry fellow, straight and tall, and good to look at for a little while? Shut your eyes and listen to me sing. Oh, I can sing; I used to make old Merle the sexton cry when I sang in the church for him on Saturday afternoons. I'll not make you cry though; I'll make you smile, make you feel so happy you'll maybe be a little proud of me, and—it doesn't matter much, of course, but if you could love me I'd be—" He did not finish; something in her averted face struck him dumb.

"Oh, sing for me, sing for me!" cried Hilda, rapturously, "sing of the Child in the manger, the beautiful song you sang me in the garden the day my head ached and my throat hurted."

"I did not know you could sing"—the widow made an honest effort to put the chill out of her voice—"I will be pleased to hear you at any time."

"You'll never hear me," he cried passionately, "for I'll never sing again." Back to the shadows he limped, a poor, forlorn figure, that smote her with a sudden sense of pity.

It was too bad she told herself, altogether too bad that the boy should be, with all his other shortcomings, so pushing, so unchildish. As for loving him, that was out of the question; her artistic temperament made it an impossibility, an utter impossibility. Here a conversation she and Phebe had held came back to her. She had been pleading that artistic temperament of hers, and Phebe had said gravely, "Methinks when the Master begins to say, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in,' the artistic temperament will be a lame excuse."

Why should this conversation recur to her, and recurring, why should it disquiet her? Phebe was too intense. Phebe got on her nerves sometimes. The idea of trying to impress on her that she owed—really owed—love and care to such as Humpy.

She looked over at him. He sat huddled in a big chair, his head drooping. She spoke to him, but got no answer. What an uncomfortable boy he was! When a little later he returned neither Hilda's kiss, nor whispered "good-night," Mrs. Neal felt aggrieved, and told herself that he had a disposition as contorted as his body.

As for Humpy, he still sat by the grate when all the household were in bed. All the evil forces of his nature were at work. The longing for love, for appreciation, for a little, just a little pride in his one gift, the gift of song, was gone. He had asked and been denied. How he hated himself for making that supplication, and her for refusing it! How he hated all things as he sat there, quivering in every nerve, beaten to the earth with humiliation! The boy was so old for his years, he had all a grown person's capacity for suffering, and only the child's power of endurance. There were terrible depths to his nature, too. Oh, to end it all, to sleep in quiet and peace out yonder on the hill beside his mother! Life was too hard and cruel, he could not live it out. He knew—Humpy was subtly wise in many ways—that a double dose of the drops they gave him when the pain in his back grew to an agony would put him so sound asleep he would never waken. It would be easy—so easy. The temptation to take his own life grew all-powerful with the little hunchback. Nobody would know, or guess, that he had died by his own hand. Not that he cared, save that discovery might keep him from his place beside his mother, and there he could sleep—and there alone.

What was ahead if he lived? Thwarted ambition, heartache. The one person who might have helped shivered at sight of him. Very deliberately he got up from his chair—there was no time like the present. He was not sane. I doubt if anyone is sane whose misery is so great that self-destruction suggests itself. Methinks the Man of Sorrows hath a great pity for the soul that sees no way out of its Gethsemane but the way of death.

Humpy had to help himself up the stairs by clinging to the bannister. He was so weak that he trembled, but his eyes glowed with the strength of his resolve. Uncanny, Mrs. Neal had called him, and uncanny he was in the deliberate way in which he made his preparations. He turned down the covers of his bed, put the glass of water where it was wont to stand, and began to undress.

There was no faltering. He put on his nightshirt, even brushed out his thick auburn curls, and all the while he was wondering who would come to wake him—wake him.

Should he say a prayer? No, what was there to pray for? He had made his last cry for help to either God or man. Yet, hold—a tremor shook him—yes, he would get on his knees and importune God for one thing—one only.

Then Humpy made his appeal.

There was one who heard it, who will hear it as long as she lives. Margaret Neal had been unable to sleep. Every time her eyes had closed, instead of slumber had come visions of Humpy—Humpy, as he had shrunk from her, hurt, despairing; Humpy huddled in the shadows; Humpy rejecting Hilda's caress. What if he were to revenge himself on the child? Hunchbacks had distorted, evil dispositions very often, and—a fear and unrest took hold of her, and finally drove her to Humpy's room. She would propitiate him, perhaps appeal to him.

So it came to pass that her selfish love of Hilda brought her to the place where she was to receive the lesson of a lifetime, as, standing at his door, she saw the kneeling figure, the white, uplifted face, and heard the low-voiced passionate prayer:

"Oh, God, I'm quitting because I'm a coward. It's all too hard, and hurts too much. You've never been a hunchback and had your heart trampled on, so you can't know how I feel. You haven't been good to me; you took away the only one that loved me in all the world. Nobody is good to me. I

loved *her*"—the listening woman shivered—"and when I begged a little crumb she—she—struck me here," laying a hand on his bosom. "I didn't make myself. Being what I am, I couldn't expect much, but if I can't have somebody a little fond of me, and proud of me—if I'm to get nothing but sneers and looks that hurt worse than whips, I'm going to end it. If you meant me to be a laughing-stock and eyesore you might have given me a different mind. I don't ask you to forgive me; send me to hell if you want to; hell can't be worse than this. I've got no favour to ask for myself, but, oh God, listen to me this once, and do what I desire for Jesus' sake—*don't let mother know!*"

Oh, the silence in that little room! The widow's face was white as her dressing-gown, as she stood behind the curtain and watched Humpy pour out the drops with steady hands, then, as he raised the glass to his lips, she rushed forward with—

"Humpy, what would you do? Oh, my boy, what would you do?" She took the poor misshapen form in her strong arms, and, holding him there, a great flood of tenderness and pity swept over her. "Forgive me, Humpy, I didn't know; forgive me—and love me!"

Humpy did not hear all she said, but he saw her face, and felt her arms about him in a clasp as tender as the mother's used to be. She was a saint, this fair-haired, white-robed woman, and God had sent her, had surely sent her.

"'And the angel of His presence saved them,'" he whispered, and fainted dead away.

On Christmas Day the hunchback, conquering himself—a blessed victory—stood up in the cathedral to sing an anthem. It was his thankoffering, and what it cost even the widow did not know, though she guessed when from her pew she saw the perspiration on his forehead, the blanching of his cheeks, the sudden shrinking from the public gaze.

His eyes went to the stained-glass window, where the winter sunshine revelled, and fixed themselves on a face; his voice rose.

O the sweetness of that song, the moving power, the strength! It filled the old cathedral, it felt its way to the souls of all. It was a chant, a hymn of exaltation.

Hark!

"For He said, surely they are my people!"

"Children that will not lie!"

"So He was their Saviour."

"In all their affliction"

"He was afflicted,"

"And the angel of His presence saved them;"

"In His love and in His pity"

"He redeemed them,"

"And He bare them,"

"And carried them,"

"All the days of old!"

The widow and children had to eat their Christmas dinner alone, for Mr. Neal had been called away on important business, and would not return until next day.

"Take the head of the table, Theodore Neal Dixon," said Margaret Neal, and laughed at Hilda's puzzled air, and the boy's wide-eyed amazement. No more nicknames, no more Humpy.

"Theodore, your first mother called you; Theodore Neal, your second mother calls you because when you are a great singer, thrilling all hearts with that voice of yours, she wants to feel that she has a share in you, that you belong to her."

"Hurrah!" cried the boy, and "hurrah!" cried the little maid, till the wondering servant looked in to see what all the ado might be about.

"That's right," laughed Margaret; "make all the noise you want to. This is something more than the ordinary Christmas feast, you know."

"Why, what is it, mamma?" asked Hilda.

"The re-christening of Humpy—our Humpy," answered the widow, and the eyes turned on the hunchback were tender as those other eyes which had looked on him long ago, the eyes of his dear dead mother.

Development of Street Railways in Canada

By W. G. ROSS

IN view of considerable climatic difficulties, the development of electric street railways in Canada has points of special interest, among which are :

1. The early start and rapid progress.
2. Invincibility to weather.
3. Liberal fares and universal free transfer
4. Remarkable popular and financial success.

Canadian street railways were among the first roads on the American continent to change from horse to electric traction, and the progressive development of the electric street railways in Canada has been nowhere surpassed in the world ; this notwithstanding the exceptional conditions offered in most cities by the severe and prolonged winter. The enterprise and courage required to face the first experiment of a trolley system in Canada were no ordinary qualities ; but the Canadian grasp of the electric idea was early, quick and strong, despite uncertainties and difficulties which are not easily appreciated save to those who know the winter conditions in a majority of cities on the northern side of the line.

What the first electric railway promoters in Canada had to face was a problem, popularly considered insolvable, of moving the winter snowfall bodily from the streets as fast as it came. The public laughed at the idea. Investors shied at it. Consider what snow is in most Canadian cities. The average annual fall is from two to ten feet on the level or for the streets probably twice or three times that depth, as each street receives finally the snowfall of a large adjoining area.

Notwithstanding this outlook, Canada, as already said, was in the electric race from almost the start. The first electric railway in America was inaugurated, I think, in Richmond, Va., late in 1888. Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, ran the first electric car in June, 1891. The following year saw a general change from horse to electric traction. Hamilton began in June, 1892. Toronto on Aug. 17, 1892 ; Montreal on Sept. 21, 1892, and Winnipeg in the same month. St. John, N. B., started April 6, 1893 ; Halifax, Feb. 13, 1896, and the ancient city of Quebec on July 3, 1897, running a close race with the comparatively new and progressive coast city of Vancouver.

Perhaps the very climatic difficulties had much to do with the great financial success and the rapid spread of the electric systems, as nowhere (with the exception of Toronto, where climatic conditions are not so severe as in most cities in the Dominion) did the street railways under the old horse traction afford the travelling public as poor accommodation as in Canada. Use of the cars, sleighs or busses was then confined to the unfortunates who travelled on them only in cases of necessity, especially in winter. The circumstances may be glanced at profitably, perhaps. Horse power could not keep a street car track clear of snow and ice during winter in most Canadian cities, and no attempt was made to do it. Two sets of street railway equipment were thus required, horse cars and busses for summer, sleighs for winter. The expense and trouble of this were not the deadly considerations. The winter upset all possibility of cleanliness and comfort ; to keep people's feet warm, straw was loaded into the bottom of the sleighs, where no possible amount of renewal could keep it clean or decent ; there it would lie, unkempt and unsightly, dirty

and unsanitary, particularly on wet days, contributing dubious odours to the atmosphere of the cars.

The advent of the electric cars was a transformation indeed. The slow, dirty busses or sleighs, disease-breeding vehicles, confined to the condensed portion of the towns, running at intervals anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour, were replaced by something infinitely better. People jumped to patronize the improvement, which in turn responded to the patronage, and now are seen magnificently appointed cars following closely one after another to all parts of cities and their suburbs at a speed no one just before the change thought possible. The enterprising men who have been chiefly instrumental in revolutionizing the antiquated street railway systems deserve all honour and credit for the successful manner in which they have developed the new systems and made them what they are; such men are James Ross, William Mackenzie, Hon. L. J. Forget, Thomas Ahearn, W. Y. Soper and H. A. Everett, whose names will go down to history as marking a period of the complete and perfect development of electric street railways in the Dominion

The construction and equipment of the Canadian roads were the best at the time, and have been kept up with all modern improvements, Montreal being the first road on the American continent to lay rails in concrete without ties, a fact that was an education to many United States roads, and favourably commented on at the annual convention of the American Street Railway Association held in that city in 1894. All the roads are equipped with open and closed cars, rendered absolutely necessary by the severe changes in temperature, a full complement of sweepers and other mechanical devices for the handling of snow, car sheds, power houses and modern machinery. Almost all generate their electricity by steam, though water-power is used in Ottawa, Quebec and Hamilton, and Montreal will shortly get its electrical energy from that source.

In the matter of street railway accounting, Canada has led the way, the standard system of accounts recently adopted by the Street Railway Accountants' Association of America showing practically no change from the system in practice in the principal Canadian companies since 1893.

Steam railway service meets no such problem in snow in winter as street railway service does. In a city street there is more than the natural fall of snow on that area. From the roof tops and the sidewalks, the snow comes on the street, a double accumulation, and as the snow lodges, it is beaten solid by traffic. The street railway cannot shove the snow aside; practically there is no room. The snow must be moved bodily, and not merely the snow from the car tracks, but from the whole street, for otherwise the car tracks would soon be obliterated.

Canadian street car companies take no chances with winter storms. The companies keep a keen weather eye both on the "Probs," and on the local weather manifestations, and the moment trouble is sniffed, the enemy is tackled. Any symptom of a heavy snowfall, let alone a storm or a blizzard, calls out the electric sweepers, and promptly if necessary the snow sleighs. As a result it is probably correct to say that winter street car service in Canadian cities has fewer interruptions than in the northern cities in the neighbouring states; for the simple reason that not so often subjected to attack, and fearing danger less, the American companies are less effectively equipped.

Fighting the climatic conditions in some Canadian cities is a matter of money of course, as well as brains. Apart from the equipment necessary in the shape of sweeper cars and their crews, the mere cost of removal of snow is a large item. As an instance of what this may cost, the Ottawa Street Railway Co. paid out for merely the removal of snow, about 1½ per cent on its capital, while in Montreal last winter the total cost of handling snow was equal to 3 per cent on the

capital of the company ; so it is apparent that Canadian companies, or most of them, are pretty heavily taxed by the snow-fighting. Yet in face of this great special expense, the operating expenses per cent of earnings will compare favourably with that of roads south of line 45.

A powerful factor in the popularity of street car service in Canada is the universal system of free transfer. Everywhere one fare carries to any point in a city. This privilege to the passenger has been facilitated by several things—above all by the fact that there is but one company in each city. Yet despite the complete transfer privilege fares are low. Five cents is the highest fare, six tickets are given for 25 cents, making the regular fare practically 4 1-6 cents. But there are special tickets, all roads issuing workmen's tickets limited to certain hours morning and evening at eight for 25 cents, or 3 1-8 cents per fare. Tickets for children are issued at 2½ cents by most roads, and some roads give Sunday tickets good all day at eight for 25 cents. About 20 per cent of the passengers use workmen's tickets, and 5 per cent the children's. Thirty-five per cent of the passengers on Canadian lines—over one-third—used transfers during the past year.

Excellent service, handsome open cars in summer, thoroughly heated ones in winter, liberal concessions in fares and transfers, testify to the conviction of the companies that it pays to be in advance of the requirements of the public. Little is left undone to meet the wishes and comforts of passengers. It is fitting that most of the companies should enjoy, as they unquestionably do, not only great financial success, but popularity.

That demand creates supply is a popular axiom. That supply creates demand is proved by electric car service if by nothing else, and proved particularly in the Dominion. The supply of first-class street car service has brought out a patronage which is unquestionably remarkable.

While it is difficult to give actual statistics of the development of the street railway systems of Canada, so far as the statistics previous to the introduction of electricity go, the following interesting comparison will tend to show the great development that has taken place between the years 1892 and 1899, the statistics being for eight of the principal roads :

DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAYS.

	1892.	1899.	Per cent Increase.
Gross earnings	$1,702,685.00	$3,797,086.00	123
Operating expenses	$1,299,659.00	$2,088,355.00	61
Net earnings	$403,028.00	$1,708,729.00	424
Passengers, number	37,323,810	90,362,198	142
Track mileage	156	335	115
Miles run	9,662,363	23,224,592	140
Population served	592,000	809,000	37
Gross earnings per capita	$2.88	$4.69	...
Capitalization per mile of track	$18,395.00	$59,985.00	...
Expenses, per cent of gross earnings	76	55	...

During this period the gross and net earnings of the larger roads have increased as follows, the figures being the per cent of increase :

Montreal—Gross, 195 ; net, 665.
Toronto—Gross, 63 ; net, 198.
Ottawa—Gross, 268 ; net, 222.
London—Gross, 196 ; net, 526.

Toronto leads all roads in Canada in earnings per capita of population, namely, $6.37, and is lowest in operating per cent. of earnings, 48.76; Montreal has increased her gross earnings per capita of population more than any other road, namely, from $2.56 in 1892 to $5.53 in 1899; Ottawa, $1.75 in 1892 to $4.62 in 1899; while Ottawa leads in increased miles run, 557 per cent.

The total number of passengers carried in the Dominion of Canada for the year 1899 approximated 105,000,000, or about 20 rides per capita of the whole population of the Dominion.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

WOMAN AND THE MOTOR-CAR.

BEFORE another year rolls around, Canadian women will be indulging in a new sport; golf will have found a rival. The motor-car will be the third among modern crazes, in which the bicycle and golf were the first two. Ladies who are fond of driving and riding are most likely to turn to automobiling. To guide a motor-car is no harder work than to guide a team of spirited horses, or to wield a brassey. It is more akin in nature to the guiding of a bicycle, requiring the same sensitiveness of touch, the same quickness of the mind, eye, hand, and body. The "braking," being automatic, is not nearly so strenuous as the "braking" of a bicycle when a sudden stop or a slow-down is required. A tense, strong touch is required for changing speed, turning-out, or rounding a corner, but at no point is the difficulty too great for a well-poised woman.

Queen Alexandra has her own motor-car which is known as a "victoriette," being very similar in build to our country phaetons. It is capable of travelling forty miles on one charge and will attain a speed of twenty miles an hour. It is said that the Queen has forwarded a duplicate of it as a Christmas present for her sister, the Empress Dowager of Russia.

Many other English women have taken it up. One society woman, Mrs. Wegeulin, living near London, has several types of motor-cars and goes shopping in Piccadilly with her machine. Since she adopted the fad in 1898, she has covered 30,000 miles. She successfully handles a twelve horse-power carriage, which is much larger than the usual runabout and capable of a higher speed. It is the same size machine as the King uses.

A Miss Butler was the first Englishwoman to obtain a certificate of driving competency from the French authorities, who are the leaders in this sport. She has travelled through the centre of France, from north to south, in her five horse-power car, and at one point accomplished a climb of 4,000 feet and a similar descent. In five days she covered over 600 miles without any particular attempt or desire to make a record. Of course, Miss Butler is an enthusiast. Lady automobolists are given the title "chauffeuse."

Mr. Selwyn F. Edge is the owner of a fifty horse-power car in which he has competed in the French and German races; this is the most powerful English car yet built. Mrs. Edge is a clever automobilist also, and is fond of running about the streets of London.

In fact, the number of accomplished *chauffeuses* in England is rapidly increasing, and Hyde Park is getting quite accustomed to them. That is the reason for the assertion in the opening paragraph, that Canadian ladies would soon be taking to automobiling as a sport. In fact, Toronto already possesses two or three ladies who may be classed as *chauffeuses*. The writer was passing down Yonge street one evening recently when two ladies passed in an automobile, and carring on Yonge street in the evening requires some skill. However, the lady in charge of the lever seemed to have no fear of street-cars or congested traffic.

C.

WOMEN WORKERS.

IT is with no little surprise that one hears that in India there is an excellent magazine edited by a native lady of Madras, Mrs. Satthianadhan. The women of India are cer-

tainly undergoing a wonderful transformation when such a thing is even possible. From a Zenana to an editorial chair is certainly a far cry. The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is daintily got up, and is full of interesting articles affecting British and Indian life, written in good English. Here are a few titles of the papers it contains:—"Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra" (illustrated), "Social Intercourse between European and Indian Ladies," "Friendly Chats Between Ourselves," "The Home," etc. There are capital Editorial Notes, News of the World, and Cookery and Correspondence columns. The *Bombay Guardian* says, "The starting of this paper marks an epoch in the emancipation of Indian womanhood." It speaks much for the progress of women's education in India, and the capability of India's women, that they are able to conduct periodicals for themselves, to "voice their feelings, grievances and aspirations." The *Indian Witness* says that one of the brightest magazines published in Bengal is edited by a Bengali lady. The subject of one of its most recent articles was "The Rights of Woman!"

The London, England, Needlework Guild have lately been holding an exhibition of the work done by their members. The Princess of Wales personally superintended the arrangements of the sixty thousand garments. The members of her own branch sent upwards of 12,000 articles, and the King contributed twelve warm winter suits and overcoats. The Prince of Wales was a large donor, his gifts numbering five hundred, and included flannel shirts, vests, hosiery, and pretty little cloaks and hoods; the Princess supplementing these by some half-dozen crochet petticoats in pink and blue, made by Her Royal Highness. Princess Victoria gave many useful and seasonable shawls and hand-knitted stockings, and amongst the garments contributed by the various branches of the Guild may be mentioned underclothing of all kinds, babies' clothes, dresses, petticoats, spencers, socks, blankets, quilts, and other winter necessaries, the presidents of several branches and others sending large consignments of clothing, including the Duchess of Somerset, Mrs. Basil Ellis, Lady Harcourt, Mrs. Halford, Lady Faudel-Phillips, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and Lady Maitland. This Guild was organized by the Duchess of Teck, her daughter succeeding her as president. The Guild has a branch in Canada.

The work of the Victorian Order of Nurses has grown wonderfully during the past year, and many new centres have been organized where the need of the services of a trained nurse seemed most necessary. The Order, which was established in the first place, after much hard work by the Countess of Aberdeen, as a memorial of the Queen's Jubilee, has had to overcome misunderstanding concerning the work and intentions of the Order; but this is now, fortunately, a matter of past history and from every city and town wherever the nurses are at work comes the universal testimony, from both physicians and patients, that their services are invaluable. Owing to the untiring efforts of Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, many Cottage Hospitals have been, and are to be, opened in connection with the Order. So that Canada has good reason to be grateful to two Viceregal ladies for the fact that thousands of those who are sick and needy may now have skilled care. The chief lady superintendent, Miss MacLeod, makes many journeys from ocean to ocean supervising the work.

The biennial meeting of the Dominion W.C.T.U., which has lately been held in Montreal, was successful in every respect. The large attendance of delegates proved that the aims and objects of the organization are still of keen interest to the workers, who at no little self-sacrifice devote so much time to the furtherance of the cause

they have in hand. The re-election of Mrs. A. O. Rutherford as President is cordially endorsed by the Society. The fact that the World's Convention is to be held in Canada again next year proves that the other National Associations found their last gathering in this country, some four or five years ago, to have been helpful to their cause.

E. C.

WIFE, PRO TEM.

"MY wife, *pro tem.*, I believe," said Crawford, as, hat in hand, he regarded curiously the young woman whose features were clearly the original of the photograph he held.

"I think I must be, if your name is Crawford," she assented with a nervous laugh. "Mine is Hubbard—Geraldine Hubbard. Mr. Day told me you would be looking for me," and she gave him her hand shyly, yet trustingly, for Crawford had a face which inspired confidence, and even the strangeness of the situation did not blind her to that fact.

. . . .

Three months before Geraldine had joined a touring company, and her acting in a curtain raiser had attracted the attention of a famous stage manager and dramatist. The latter's praise had induced Joe Day to engage her for his American touring company.

"I will pay fares," he told her, when the contract had been signed, "but from Chicago you will have to go west with Guy Crawford, my new leading man."

Geraldine murmured some polite little speech about it being nice to have someone to look after her, thereby increasing the confusion which was already crimsoning Day's face.

"Well—you see," he began awkwardly, "Crawford is not the worst part of the job. He's a great boy, big-hearted, tender as a woman, and as—as good an actor as ever walked, but it's this: Crawford has friends in the railway offices in Chicago, and he's got passes right through to the coast for himself and wife. Now, you can save me a lot of money if you will travel as his wife."

Day awkwardly lit his cigar to cover his embarrassment. By no means had he a reputation for bashfulness, but this novice might not understand the situation.

Geraldine blushed more rosily than he had done, and there was a tremble in her voice as she spoke.

"Your suggestion may perhaps be sincere, Mr. Day," she said, "but I'm already engaged, and you really can't expect me to break my word and marry another man for the sake of a few pounds. Why—why, I'd rather pay it myself!'

"My dear child," he explained, "you don't have to actually get married. All you have to do is to act as though you had known Crawford for a few years. No honeymoon, you know, just pure business, and only the porter and guard will know you as Mrs. C. You are Mrs. Crawford from Chicago to Oakland. You enter 'Frisco as Miss Hubbard.

So it had been arranged, and, though her *fiancé* objected, Geraldine convinced him that it was no worse than being a man's wife on the stage; and Jack Hamilton was even disposed to joke about it as he saw her off in the Erie station. "Remember," he cried, as he waved adieu, "it's only a wife *pro tem.*"

. . . .

Here, in the Chicago station, it was a shock to look up at the tall, handsome fellow, and to realize that she would be Mrs. Crawford for the ensuing three days.

It was late in the afternoon when the train started on the three-day run. Geraldine was tired, and immediately after supper went to her berth, and she saw nothing of Guy until she stepped off the car at Omaha the next morning to take a short stroll on the platform.

Guy was already out, and he hastened up. "Good morning, Geraldine," was his greeting, and noting her start, he continued: "I shall have to call you Geraldine, and you must

call me Guy, to keep the officials from suspecting anything. The Great Central man came to me last night after you had retired, and made me prove identity, because, for one thing, you had no ring on. He was a bit suspicious. I had letters that fixed me up all right, and I explained that actresses seldom wore their wedding rings. At the same time, to save the position, would you mind wearing this? It was my mother's. And he drew from his finger a plain gold band.

She slipped it on her hand, wondering what Jack would say, but the next moment she had forgotten young Hamilton in the charm of Crawford's conversation. Like most actors of the better class, Crawford was a capital talker, ever ready to amuse, and careful to use the personal pronoun sparingly. The long, dusty trip, ordinarily so tedious, passed rapidly, and by the time Ogden was reached Hamilton was forgotten.

The next morning the spell was completed. The first glimpses of the Sierras strongly moved this English girl.

Even when dusk closed in, and Crawford led her back to their own car, she was strangely silent, and at dinner answered his laughing remarks in monosyllables.

"How could he be so merry, when it would all end in a few hours?" she asked herself.

At last it did end.

The train arrived at Oakland, late, as Great Central trains usually are, and they went on board the ferry for San Francisco.

It was a perfect Californian night, the blue sky studded with stars. A very night for romance, and as Geraldine leaned over the rail, she sighed softly. Guy looked down on her.

"Well, it's over," he said gently, "but I shall always remember this trip. Usually it's so dull across the desert. Has it been tiresome to you?"

"No," she cried, "anything but that. At first I was afraid of my—my 'husband!' but you were so good that I soon forgot that part. It was almost real. I never supposed marriage was so happy."

"It isn't," he replied harshly. "It's all right *pro tem.*, but the quarrels will creep in. My wife and I travel in different companies, because we always quarrel when we're together, and at that we get along better than most."

"His wife!" Geraldine laid her head on the rail, and for a moment she forgot everything. Then the unconscious influence of the man and the mountains passed away, and she was herself again.

"I thank you so much for your kindness, Mr. Crawford," she said in her ordinary tones. "I have had such a pleasant time, and I hope that when I am married to a man who is now in England, I will be as happy a real wife as I was when a wife *pro tem.* Here is your divorce!" and she handed him his mother's wedding-ring.

E. W. Sargent in London Magazine.

THE TRANSVAAL WOMEN.

L. F. Austin writes in the *Illustrated London News* as follows:

"I have sadly upset a good lady at Bristol. My statements about the concentration camps, she says sweetly, are 'false altogether.' They happen to be literally accurate, as she might discover by a reference to the Blue Book. The doctors declare that the mortality in the camps is chiefly due to the ignorance, obstinacy and filthy habits of the Boer families. The Bristol lady knows better. 'I know several charming Boer women whose lovely fine complexions and luxuriant golden hair one cannot associate with any idea that their owner is partial to 'dirt,' and I know Boer mothers whose large families of well-bred healthy children betoken some knowledge of 'maternal duty.' Pleasing example of feminine Boeritis! Because this lady has seen Boers with lovely complexions and luxuriant golden hair, therefore the doctors have maligned the women in the camps, and I am a miserable traducer, unworthy to be read in the 'parish reading-rooms,' which the Bristol lady patronises. She had better send photographs of her charming acquaintances to the editor of *l'Illustration*, who will be delighted to publish them, together with the assertion that they are the sort of women libelled by the wicked British doctors."

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THAT the keynote of affairs to-day is commerce is no new observation, but every year serves to furnish fresh proof of its truth. Many circumstances seem to show that the world is reaching a crisis in that respect. With the exception of the British Isles every country has been engaged in the endeavour to do two things which, if universally practised, must be mutually irreconcilable. They have endeavoured, first, to protect their own markets from the invasion of the foreigner, and second, to find markets abroad for their surplus products. In the almost universal prevalence of these economic principles the nations are regarding each other with truly barbaric suspicion and jealousy.

Within the next year or two some of the existing commercial treaties expire and the terms of their renewal have become an uppermost topic among the nations. In Germany the matter has already become a subject of practical politics, and will occupy a large share of the attention of the next session of the Reichstag.

Germany, however, does not find herself by any means united about the course that must be pursued. It seems probable that the Chancellor would be satisfied to continue existing conditions except where some pressure could be brought to bear to coerce a rival here and there into granting better terms to German goods, or to throw open her markets altogether to nations whose industrial rivalry she does not fear. It is believed, for example, that she would be willing to establish a zollverein with Austria, and is even so favourable to such an idea as to be disposed to squeeze the dual monarchy into a compliant mood. The dominant feeling in Austria is that it would be better to endure a tariff war than to expose both agriculture and industry to the unchecked competition of Germany. The Italians hold much the same view and one or two of the Italian papers have said that if the triple alliance means opening the Italian frontiers to German goods it would be better to dissolve it.

Conflicting internal opinion, however, causes probably more concern among the Emperor's advisers. German agriculture, or rather the owners of agricultural lands, are in a bad way and clamour for greater protection. But industry is in an equally unsatisfactory state, and to artificially increase the cost of living while starving workmen are walking the streets is something that no responsible public man is prepared to do. The influence that famine in Ireland had in hastening the advent of free trade in England is well known. In John Bright's picturesque phrase, "Hunger against which we had so long warred joined forces with us." In Germany hunger stands in the way and forbids measures which, while benefiting one class would injure another which is sufficiently sore beset now. But the agrarians are showing great determination, their voting strength in the Reichstag is united, and their influence on affairs generally is exceptionally wide and deep—greater perhaps than any other single interest. The supposition is that the Chancellor will be able to hold them in check by threatening such measures as would unite several of the smaller cliques in the Chamber against them.

The next five years will see the most extraordinary searching of hearts in

TWO VIEWS OF RECIPROCITY

THE DINGLEY TWINS
—*The Detroit Tribune*

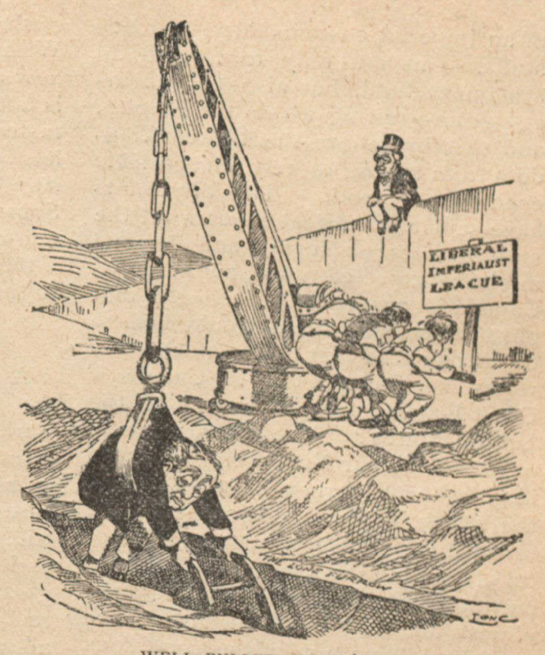
"EXPORT" RECIPROCITY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: "Take away all you want, but Uncle Sam and I will see that as little as possible comes in. That's reciprocal relations."—*Toronto World.*

regard to what is fiscal truth than has been seen in the world before. In spite of the opposition manifested by Austria and Italy to freer trade relations with Germany it is in the direction of customs unions between countries that the liberation movement will first manifest itself. The United States is showing the uneasy workings of the spirit within her borders. Poor as the South American markets are, the desire to command them is quite pronounced there. If the Americans could under some species of Pan-American agreement get preferential treatment in the markets of her neighbours to the south she would have all the advantages which colonial possessions offer, and none of the disadvantages. And European Powers would resent such an arrangement almost as much as if the sucking republics in the lower half of the hemisphere had been annexed. It is not hard to imagine how Germany would regard that colony of Germans who have settled in Brazil being wholly cut off even from commercial relations with the Fatherland, while the author of the Monroe doctrine did the trade.

This doctrine is being discussed with more than usual interest just now. Two utterances have served to endue it with fresh interest. The London *Spectator* ventured the opinion that there was nothing in the Monroe doctrine to which Great Britain took exception, and therefore she should recognize it as if it were practically a binding maxim of international law. Mr. Bourke Cochran had also something to say about it. A necessary sequence of the doctrine, he said, was that no European Power would be allowed to attack Canada, and that therefore a further sequence would be that Canada must not give such Powers an excuse for attacking her. Her participation in any of the wars of the Empire would, therefore, be a breach of this understanding.

The suggestion of the *Spectator* cannot be regarded as a happy one. While Great Britain may have no particular objection to the Monroe doctrine, there are certainly plenty of reasons to deter her from voluntarily offering to subscribe to principles whose application could scarcely be foreseen. Indeed, Mr. Cochran reminds us of one application that has been foreseen, and a very objectionable application, the most distasteful of all being the proposition that this country would in some sense owe its safety to the good offices of another Power. If once we admitted that principle, self-respect would prompt us to cease taking a man's part in the affairs of the world. It is only the ill-conditioned boy who stones his neighbours passing on the highway, and then hides from their resentment under the coat-tails of his Uncle Samuel. We do not want the privilege of stoning our neighbours, but when we engage in that exhilarating sport we want to stand to all the consequences of it. The Monroe doctrine will remain an indisputable international legend just so long as it is not to the interests of the nations to dispute it. When any of them chooses to dispute it, and tries to do something in contravention of its spirit, it will depend for its ratification or non-ratification on which of them has the most invulnerable fleet. So far as Great Britain is concerned, she can afford to regard the promulgation of such a doctrine with fine equanimity, seeing that she has already a goodly slice in the northern continent and some unconsidered trifles in the central and southern portions. But to offer to endorse it, while it might be prettily girlish, is scarcely what might be expected of a hard-headed nation.



WELL PULLED, BOYS !

It would seem that Lord Rosebery has at last been prevailed upon to come out of his "lonely furrow."
—*London "Daily Express."*

A remark somewhat in the same line might be applied to the question of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the substitution of a new convention therefor. Great stress is laid in both countries as to what the one or the other would be entitled to do in case of war. Much time need not be consumed in canvassing such points, because when the time comes for war, and we may sincerely hope that that will never be, neither Power will consult what it is allowed to do by treaty but will proceed to ascertain the best measures of attack and defence and take them accordingly. The only provision that would render rules and conditions measurably binding would be those guaranteed by the Great Powers of the world, but as in this the other Powers do not appear to have been consulted, the only guarantee is the disposition of the contracting countries.

An animated debate is going on as to how Great Britain could get her food supply if the United States and Russia were contemporaneously leagued against her. Those who fear such a possibility advocate the imposition

of an Imperial customs duty on foodstuffs, so as not only to furnish an armament fund, but also to encourage grain-growing within the Empire, and thereby relieve the United Kingdom from having to rely on possible enemies for food. The disputants have said a good deal about what the natural laws of supply and demand might be expected to do, but so far as Canada is concerned it is likely that physical considerations would have to be encountered first. How much grain would be shipped out of Canada if Great Britain were at war with the United States? The granary would of course be our Northwest, with that long railway journey between it and the sea. When 250,000 men have found it impossible to prevent a handful of guerillas in South Africa from cutting the railway again and again—almost daily at times—what chance would we have, under the conditions mentioned, of maintaining the uninterrupted communication necessary for pouring grain across the continent to the ocean? It is to be feared that the embargo would apply pretty thoroughly to the whole continent.

❧

It is true that Lord Kitchener appears at length to have solved the problem of defending the railways, by virtually planting block-houses along the lines almost within hail of each other, but such a means of defence is only possible where the defenders vastly outnumber the assailants. By this plan of operation the British general has unquestionably virtually finished the war. The weak point in his armour has hitherto been the railway. The necessity of maintaining his means of bringing up supplies has been paramount, and the time and energies of his men have been taken up in chasing marauders and repairing the breaches constantly being made in the line. With the railway impregnable, he can now methodically wear out the foe. It is not the sort of work that is to the taste of a high-spirited army, but it has to be done. It is gratifying to feel sure that the end is not far off now. Some system like this block-house system had to be adopted sooner or later if the country was ever to settle down to the ways of peace.

❧

A farcical incident, indeed, was the French naval expedition to the Turkish coast on a debt-collecting errand. It was crowned with almost immediate success, and we may be sure that henceforward Turkish loans will be the most popular form of security on the money markets of the great capitals. The Sick Man is really very sick. How long will he be allowed to manage the fair lands over which he has cast his blight? Even those states which have been torn from his grasp still perpetuate the vices of disorder which were learned in his school. A gang of bandits in Bulgaria seize defenceless women and hold them for ransom, feeling confident that they can escape or defy the feeble civil power. Here is a part of the earth within a ten hours' journey, according to modern means of travelling, of the city where Justinian gave laws to the world, and within about the same distance of those cities where two thousand years ago Lycurgus and Solon legislated, where Demosthenes spoke, where Philip and Alexander planned the mastery of the known universe. In fact, at the very birthplace of Western civilization we have incidents that would be disgraceful in the land of the Troglodytes. Could there be a stronger proof of the curse that Turkish domination has proved?

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE NEW YEAR.

THE year 1902 finds Canada in a most prosperous condition. Our total foreign trade in 1867 was 131 millions in value. In 1872 it was 200 millions; in 1898, 300 millions; and in 1902 (June 30th), it promises to be 400 millions. There have been temporary set-backs at various periods, but the progress has been fairly steady since Confederation.

Manitoba, which was unknown in 1867, has become a Province of considerable importance. The year 1900 was a wonderful one, the yield of grain being about 56 million of bushels. This record was eclipsed in 1901 by a yield of 85 million bushels, of which 50 millions was wheat. And yet greater possibilities are in sight for the new Prairie Province. It promises to be, for its size, one of the greatest wealth-producers in the Dominion.

The Territories are also rapidly filling up. Manitoba's progress is almost duplicated in the district which lies just west of it. The railway from Prince Albert to Edmonton will soon be begun, and what is practically a new Province will be thrown open for settlement. Fifty thousand people or more went into the western districts last year, and the number promises to be greater during 1902.

Canadians are at last realizing the development for which the country has waited so patiently. The confidence of the people has been strengthened. Their courage has increased. The pulse of the country is stronger and faster. The tide of immigration has turned northward. Wealth and capital are increasing. The sun of Canadian prosperity is approaching the zenith, after a dull and misty rising. The atmosphere is clearing and the new day has burst upon us. Commerce and industry are flourishing as never before, and the days of great wealth-gathering are at hand.

And in this new year there will be much to make people proud and thoughtful. The development of our industries, our commerce, our mining, our agriculture and our foreign trade will increase our pride. Canadians will need less to apologize for the slow growth of population, and for the number of young men who annually go to swell the population of the larger American cities. But with the development will come new responsibilities. To those who rule at Ottawa will come greater duties and burdens. On those at the Provincial capitals will be laid the responsibility of providing facilities for this new population and increased production. While these things may make us thoughtful, they need not cause us to be despondent. Canada has as good leaders in politics, trade and finance as she ever had, and the brains of the country may be trusted to keep pace with the increase in wealth and population.

FRENCH VS. ENGLISH.

The increase of population in Ontario is now shown to be mostly in the French districts along the Ottawa. The French in Ontario have increased 60,000 out of a total of 90,000 in ten years. On this fact some journalists have based strong articles on the ultimate domination of the French even in Ontario. Not long ago, an English resident of Montreal told the writer that he was certain that some day Toronto would be a French-Canadian city. A French-Canadian ex-Governor of the Territories has ventured the assertion that Manitoba will be French in twenty years. The figures given out concerning the increase of population

in the Province of Quebec do not bear out this theory. The total increase in ten years is 157,037, and of this 121,634 is French, and 35,403 English. In other words, the French population has increased 12 per cent., and the English population 11 per cent. If the French-Canadian is making so little headway over the English-Canadian in Quebec, there can be little fear of his crowding the English-speaking Canadian out of Ontario or any of the other provinces. The French-Canadian's standard of living is rising, and as it rises he will compete with the English-Canadian on more equal terms. The *habitant* is becoming a comfort-loving, liberty-loving agriculturist, and as such is neither to be feared nor despised. His advances, whatever they may be, will tend to make him more and more valuable as a citizen, with an influence on Canadian life which will make for independence and self-reliance.

FUTURE OF INTERCOLONIAL.

It is to be expected that now when transportation has developed to the "profitable" point, that control of the Intercolonial Railway should be sought by private capitalists. When it could not earn enough to pay its expenses, the men with money were glad to leave it in the hands of the state. Its discouraging statement formed a nice background for the statements of privately-owned railways, and would inevitably delay the day of state ownership of all railways. Now that an industrial development in the Maritime Provinces, a greatly increased traffic, and a fast Atlantic service to Sydney, Halifax and St. John seem assured, the case is changed. Private capital is now willing to take over the Intercolonial.

The announcement has been made through the Halifax Board of Trade which, by a small majority, has voted in favour of handing over the I.C.R. to the Canadian Pacific. The men who have managed the latter road have won a proud position in this country. They have been progressive, enterprising and generous. They have given the public an excellent service, and their stockholders handsome dividends. The adding of 2,000 miles of excellent road to the C.P.R. system would be quite spectacular. It would bring the C.P.R. into contact with that industrial development now exhibiting itself so prominently in Nova Scotia. The eastern terminus at Sydney would be, perhaps, the western terminus of a fast Atlantic steamship line with a hundred-hour connection between that port and Liverpool.

A transportation company which could sell tickets in London for Yokohama and carry the passengers more than half way round the world on its own steamers and railway trains would be in a position to do a large business in passenger traffic. Similarly, it would be able to take a very prominent position among the freight carriers of the world. All this would benefit Canada. The volume of Canadian commerce would be increased. The opportunities for Canadian traders of all kinds would be multiplied. The outlook is most alluring.

If the C.P.R. would guarantee a fast Atlantic tri-weekly service in exchange for a lease of the Intercolonial, giving the Government absolute control of the rates to be charged for all traffic on that road, there would be much to say in favor of the proposition. It is hardly likely, however, that the C.P.R. would make any such generous offer. The I.C.R. has an annual deficit of nearly a million dollars and no doubt the C.P.R. would desire the Government to guarantee a bonus equal to the annual deficit. This of course the Government would not do, because there is always the hope that the annual deficit may be reduced by a development of the traffic. It would be interesting to know just on what basis the Nova Scotia Board of Trade would be willing to see the I.C.R. taken over by the C.P.R. and just what terms the C.P.R. would be willing to make.

Of course there is another point. The C.P.R. is already a powerful or-

ganization and to increase its power twenty-five per cent. would be a grave question requiring much consideration. Some people would no doubt suggest that the Government should add the C.P.R. to the I.C.R. instead of adding the I.C.R. to the C.P.R. A Government-owned road from Sydney to Vancouver would also be an alluring prospect to many progressive economists and publicists. Australia, Switzerland and Germany have been experimenting with State-owned roads very successfully and there are many Canadians who believe the experiment would be worth trying in this country. It would not be difficult to secure enough money in Canada to buy up the hundred odd millions of C.P.R. stock. The Government would be making a large investment but it would be one which the people of Canada with over 400 millions on deposit in the banks would be willing and able to finance. They would be willing to buy the stock even though the Government alone had the power of choosing the directors.

Whatever may be done, the question of what is best is an attractive one to writers and thinkers. The Halifax Board of Trade has opened up a unique subject for discussion and it would do no harm if some of our best publicists would discuss it at some length.

A VALUABLE GIFT.

Mr. Gilbert Parker will visit Canada this month for the first time since his entry into political life, and he will be welcomed as one of Canada's representatives at Windsor. Mr. Parker has, as fully as any other Canadian resident in London, and much more fully than some, retained his interest in Canada and her affairs. He has recently made a valuable gift to Queen's University. When he last visited this country he purchased, from an engraver by the name of Sandham, a fine collection of autograph portraits of the governors of New France, Acadia, Cape Breton, and Canada. He has since supplemented this with other autographs and portraits procured in London and Paris, and made the set almost complete. He has further added to the series by portraits of the chief explorers and other noted personages connected with early Canadian history. This will be a valuable addition to the already large collection of Canadiana now in possession of Queen's University. It must be a matter of some pride to such an institution to possess something the like of which is not in existence, even in the archives of the Dominion Government. Nor can Mr. Parker's thoughtful generosity be too highly commended.

John A. Cooper.

THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

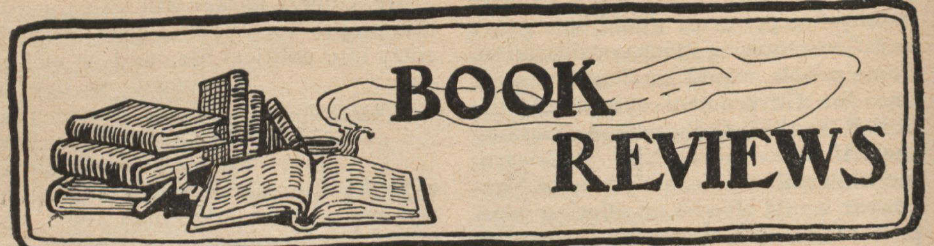
Canadian writers and artists must have a home market.

They will not have it until three reforms are accomplished.

First.—The two million pounds of foreign (not British) periodicals annually admitted free into this market must be taxed as books, unprinted paper and advertising matter are now taxed.

Second.—There must be a Canadian Copyright Act which will build up a strong publishing interest.

Third.—The postage rate on newspapers and periodicals to other parts of the Empire must be reduced from eight cents a pound to one. This will bring in British periodicals and let out Canadian.



CERTAIN obvious reflections concerning modern fiction occur to almost every one who thinks about the subject at all. Firstly, that the number of novels now being issued from the press is really enormous. Secondly, that a large proportion of readers of books read scarcely anything but fiction. Thirdly, that popularity has more to do with the success of novels than the judgment of professional critics or superior persons. This should make critics modest. They may think that the laws of literary art are immutable, and to ignore or question them is to be anathema. But the truth is that readers often revolt against the decisions of the mighty and cannot be got to accept Mr. That or Mr. This as the only writers who ought to be encouraged. Doubtless a number of people do subordinate their opinion to authority in their habits of reading. But the vast majority, we are convinced, read for entertainment, and fiction has become to so considerable an extent the most attractive form of amusement in current literature that novelists aim to please rather than to instruct. They exhibit astonishing skill in gilding the pill of knowledge, and the number of actually mischievous or worthless books is small. Among the numerous recent novels which combine amusement and instruction may be mentioned, for one, "God Wills It," a tale of the first crusade.* The author has been at pains to steep himself as far as a modern can do in the thoughts and feelings of those distant times, and to re-create for us a vivid idea of how religion and war went hand in hand in shaping the conduct of men and the policies of states. To the student or the scholar the result may appear frivolous, but to the average man it will seem vigorous, engrossing and dramatic. The heroine has, perhaps, more than a touch of our own century about her, since the courageous and clever woman in that age had less of the refinement and gentleness of our day than it would be safe to picture with exactness. But the reality of ecclesiastical influence is excellently pourtrayed, and the book has decided merits of its own both as a romance and as a version of history.

* God Wills It. By William Stearns Davis. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

VENICE OF OLD.

Mr. Marion Crawford is another literary artist who does his work well. In his new story* he goes to Venice when its craftsmanship and trade and strong government had built up a great commonwealth. There is much that is curious and impressive in the organization of the various crafts, their social influence and standing, and their political strength. The tale of Marietta and her lover, a foreigner who intrudes himself into Venice and by competing with "native products" renders himself liable to death, is highly interesting. Close corporations or guilds possessed all the tyranny of their modern prototypes. The lover has a most exciting time of it. They were very free with the dagger in Venice, both officially and unofficially, and the strong hand possessed a great advantage in being able to effect its end without

* Marietta: A Maid of Venice. By F. Marion Crawford. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

much interference from the law, while the waters of the Adriatic hid almost any crime. With these materials Mr. Crawford has done his best, and his best is good indeed.

STUDYING CANADIAN DEVELOPMENT.

It is refreshing to find so accurate and intelligent a study of Canada's place in the constitutional system of the Empire as Mr. Holland has just written.* His book marks the change apparent in English writings about the Colonies. Up to within recent years it was too much the custom to regard the Colonies from the standpoint of Downing Street. Their growth in self-government was treated too often as a petty struggle of no special importance. That their gradual breaking away from leading strings had any significance from the constitutional aspect was scarcely ever considered. Twenty years ago a change of sentiment occurred in respect to friendliness and kinship. Little attention was, however, bestowed upon the relation of colonial systems and the government of the Empire. To day, such steps as the creation of Australia, and the suggested reconstruction of an Imperial Court of Appeal, are turning men's attention to the story of how these things came about and the lessons imparted by this story. Mr. Holland's book is really a practical discussion on why Great Britain lost one set of colonies in North America and retained another, and his grasp of matters, as one is apt to view them from this side of the Atlantic, is almost remarkable, or, at any rate, valuable because honest and impartial. We can see much good to Imperial Unity of the most rational and less jingoistic sort from books like these, and if our universities are not devoting a course of lectures to the whole subject in all its bearings, it must be because they are behind the times.

* Imperium et Libertas : A study in History and Politics. By Bernard Holland. London : Edward Arnold.

THE LOST CAUSE.

There is a breathless excitement in the pages of "The Cavalier"* which is quite in accordance with the fitness of things. The tale centres in the Civil War between the North and South, and the blast of war is always sounding in our ears. Both hero and heroine are strenuous spirits actively participating in the hostilities. The sordid and contemptible characters who always figure in wars are apt to be passed over in favour of the glorious and noble, so that the glamour which great military events has for those who read about them does much to keep the war spirit alive. It was probably not Mr. Cable's intention to drive home the pitiless remark of the American General that "war is hell," but we cannot read this enlivening story without feeiing that the miseries and misfortunes brought upon a people by such a conflict as this are seldom justified by displays of gallantry, courage and endurance. "The Cavalier" is well told, full of incident, and written with the knowledge and insight of one who took part in the fighting himself.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

Outside the diplomatic circle, the politicians, and a few industrious investigators, who cares about the Alaskan boundary question? Of course, as a community, we are all vastly concerned in the settlement arrived at. But will not the average reader, when his eye catches the heading over this paragraph, turn wearily away to something more sensational? This is not a cynical reflection without warrant. When the Canadian authorities actually issue official maps with the western boundaries marked in accordance with the claims of the United States, surely it is time to awaken public interest in the matter. Such we take it, is the laudable purpose of Mr. Alexander Begg, the British Columbian historian, one of a very few

* The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

intelligent persons who have studied the question from the standpoint of our national interests, and who presents his conclusions in a brief summary of the principal arguments pro and con.* In his case local knowledge adds considerably to the value of his evidence. If for no other reason his booklet deserves attention. Except the official papers there is no great body of literature on the subject. The paper of Mr. Mills, the Minister of Justice, and the article by Mr. Gosnell, in the number of this MAGAZINE for January, 1896, are both valuable, and these, with Mr. Begg's paper, should be consulted. The controversy has been illuminated by an article from the pen of Mr. John W. Foster on behalf of the United States, but Mr. Foster's lack of candour is against him, and if the policy of his country is directed in the spirit that characterizes his writings we may well despair of a settlement ever being arrived at. In fact, as long as the United States Senate refuses to ratify treaties which contain concession for concession we do not see how civilized nations are to maintain fruitful diplomatic relations with the republic. Their outward relations may appear friendly. But for all practical purposes the United States attitude will remain as impervious to reason as that of the Chinese.

THE WAR OF 1812.

One of the most valuable books issued during the year is "The War of 1812," by James Hannay, D.C.L., published by the Nova Scotia Historical Association. In it Mr. Hannay gives a vivid picture of the struggle which Canadians then made to preserve this bit of American territory from being made a part of the United States. He is keenly alive to the unreasonableness of the war and to the animosity of such men as Jefferson, Clay and Calhoun. He also explains clearly President Madison's attitude, how he was waited upon by a number of leading men of the Democratic party, on March 2nd, 1812, and plainly told that the only terms upon which he could obtain re-nomination to the Presidency was by consenting to a declaration of war against Great Britain; and how Madison yielded against the dictates of his better judgment. He also paints in vivid colours, the despicable backdown of Clay. In a speech advocating the war, he said of the British: "We must take the continent from them. I wish never to see a peace till we do." In February, 1814, he "was glad enough to sneak off to Europe and to spend the better part of a year in begging a peace which had become absolutely necessary unless the United States were to be wholly ruined and the Union dissolved." Each of the various engagements of this three years of mortal combat is carefully described with full and illuminating details. The style is bright and most readable.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

A dear good preacher said the other day in his sermon, that if there was no room on the school curriculum for religious teaching, let them do away with grammar. He was led to make this foolish remark, no doubt, because grammar has been badly taught and because the text-books used in Canada are worse than the teaching. Grammar does not teach us to speak and write, but it enables us to make our speech and our writings conform to the best models. The educated man must know grammar. History, geography, botany, geometry and all the ologies may be left out of an education, but grammar cannot be omitted. If our writing and our speaking be not correct and grammatical, no other qualities will give us a standing as educated people.

A sensible, logical, practical grammar has just been issued in Canada. It is entitled "A Modern English Grammar," * and the author is H. G.

* Review of the Alaskan Boundary Question. By Alexander Begg. Victoria: T. R. Cusack.

* Toronto, George N. Morang & Co.

Buehler. It is edited for Canadian schools, with an historical appendix, by Pelham Edgar, Ph.D., associate professor of French in Victoria College, Toronto. It may be recommended to others than teachers; for it will interest and instruct every person desiring to improve his speech and his knowledge of the origin and history of the language.

NEW CANTERBURY TALES.

Charming the idea and workmanship of these "Tales"* undoubtedly are. Mr. Hewlett supposes a pilgrimage to Canterbury in the orthodox fashion, and he gathers together a company of people who are of different types, who are interesting in themselves, and who have good stories to tell. Of course, the English is modernized, and equally of course Mr. Hewlett is not Chaucer. Were it not for the deplorable ignorance of English people concerning their own language five hundred years ago Chaucer would be the most read of all our early writers, and any "new" tales would have little chance of popularity as compared with his. But this book has humour, a certain picturesqueness of style, and a variety of subject which render it attractive enough.

"IFTIKHAR TOOK FROM THE SEAT A LITTLE LUTE, TOUCHED THE STRINGS, AND SANG"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "GOD WILLS IT"

*New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

NOTES.

The fifty-fifth *Canadian Almanac* is as valuable as its years are numerous. The British census returns and other

Imperial information mark an extension of the Almanac's usefulness along the right lines. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

Montreal gives us few books, but usually those issued there are worth reading. "In the Paths of Peace," by Lily E. Barry, is a volume of short sketches and five-hundred-word essays, harmonious in tone and treatment. Mental Dignity, Provocation, Jealousy, Self-help, The Two Classes of Humanity—these are samples of the titles The book is illustrated by A. G. Racey, but either the drawings were too strong or the engraver spoiled them in the reproduction. They lack softness, although otherwise well adapted for the purpose. (Montreal: The Canada Engraving & Litho. Co.)

In the year 1886 appeared the first edition of "Tecumseh: A Drama," by Charles Mair, and copies of that edition are becoming rare. It has now been brought out in a new edition, with pictures of Tecumseh and the author, and with one hundred pages of Mair's shorter poems. "Tecumseh" should be in every Canadian's library, taking second place only to Heavysege's "Saul." The shorter poems include all those published in 1868 under the title, "Dreamland and Other Poems," and some others. Thus this new volume is a sort of three-in-one, a most valuable addition to our growing list of poetical Canadiana.

Some of the English correspondents with the Royal Party did not seem as much pleased with the Grand Trunk Railway as with the Canadian Pacific, and have been quite unfair to the former. The Grand Trunk is a well-managed, enterprising corporation, and Canadians fully appreciate the great improvements in recent years. To descend from the general to the particular, it may be mentioned that the advertising matter got out by this company is a credit to itself and to Canada. The Itinerary for the Royal Tour through Canada was a magnificent piece of artistic printing, and makes a superior souvenir of that part of the Royal journey. Its excellence is but an indication of the general excellence now running through everything done by the Grand Trunk.

People who have telephones in their houses, gas fixtures, water pipes, stationary tubs, plenty of dust and smoke, street cars and pavements, are envied by those who live in the country. And those who live in the country are envied by those who live in the city and have all the conveniences. J. P. Mowbray sees the funniness of it all, and in "The Making of a Country Home," he describes the attempts of a city couple to found a home in the country —a home in the city is only for millionaires. He makes his story delightful, and shows that dollars and brownstone fronts are not all of life, nor half, nor one quarter. Let all city prisoners, with their fur overcoats and patent-leather, coin-toed boots read it, and they will come to wonder why cities are not known as "places for the insane." (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)

To readers who are familiar with Mr. Lloyd's earlier work, "Stringtown on the Pike," no introduction is needed to "Warwick of the Knobs."* While the plot of the book is laid in Boone County (unlike "Stringtown") it contains very little dialect, and little attention is paid to Kentucky superstitions. The scenery, people, methods of worship, and the prejudices have all been drawn from actual life. Although properly classed as fiction, it is the fiction of fact. Some of the characters are so primitive, so stoical and so uncommon that one can only think of our North American Indians as possessing similar qualities. The scenery, people, customs and prejudices are drawn from actual life. Warwick himself is a fictitious personage, but represents very vividly the iron men of that time who clung to family pride and their narrow religion with a passionate love. He becomes a centre of strangely dramatic scenes of deeply pathetic incidents. His trials of faith are so severe that most mortals would be driven to agnosticism or infidelity, but this hard-shelled Baptist preacher remains true to his God and his faith.

*Warwick of the Knobs. By John Uri Lloyd. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

IDLE MOMENTS

AN EXCELLENT MEMORY.

THEY are now telling, in England, of the cleverness of the new Prince of Wales. Canada discovered him first as the following incident, taken from a daily paper in October, most plainly shows :

"Sir Adolphe Caron relates an interesting story of the Duke of Cornwall and York's memory for faces. At the dinner at Government House on Friday, the Duke was shaking hands with the guests, and on Sir Adolphe being presented, said : 'Sir Adolphe, I met you eleven years ago.' 'Yes, Your Royal Highness,' replied Sir Adolphe, 'in Liverpool.' Eleven years ago, when Sir Adolphe was Postmaster-General, he went to England to study postal matters, and received great assistance from Hon. John Morley, then the Imperial Postmaster-General. The day fixed for Sir Adolphe's return was also fixed for the laying of the foundation stone of the new Liverpool post office by the Duke, to which ceremony he was invited. Luncheon was afterwards served in the Mansion House, Liverpool, and it was on this occasion that he was presented to the Prince. Sir Adolphe mentioned the Duke's memory to Sir Charles Cust at the Rideau Club luncheon. 'Yes,' said Sir Charles, 'it is wonderful. He inherits it. The King, his father, has the same faculty. He will pick a man out of a crowd and say "That's so and so. I met him"—mentioning when and where.'"

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

MRS. HEWMAN.—I never saw such a busybody. Just because the doctor stopped at our house yesterday she immediately wanted to know what was the matter.

MRS. NAYCHER.—Yes, I wonder how she'd like her neighbours to be that curious about her? You know the doctor stopped at her house to-day, too.

MRS. HEWMAN.—You don't say? I wonder what's the matter there?—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A. D., SAY, 3000.

"Is there to be a challenge for the America's cup this year?"

"That is the report. No names are given out as yet, but it is understood an English shipbuilder thinks he can build a yacht to carry twenty-five acres of canvas, and yet weigh not to exceed ten pounds ; which is a quarter of an acre more canvas than last year's challenger carried, with an ounce and a half less weight. A leading manufacturer of fish glue is said to stand ready to put up the $250,000,000 which the boat will cost."—*Puck.*

ON HER ACCOUNT.

On her account they left the land
Where rich papa's soap-factories stand,
And 'mid the Old World's classic show,
Where rank is high, if funds *are* low,
She fought the fight mama had planned.

At that stragetic dame's command
She led her trumps for court-cards, and
At length kind fortune did bestow
On her a count.

And so she's titled, great, and grand ;
Mama is proud, the count is bland ;
All three are pleased, but this we know :
Most pleased are those he chanced to owe,
For now he draws with lavish hand
On her account.

—*Joe Lincoln.*

THE FRIENDS OF YOUTH.

"Oh, where are the friends of my youth?"
In a moment's reflection I cried ;
Through a door peeped a head, and the office boy said :
"There's a gent wants to see you outside" ;
'Twas one of the friends of my youth,
With emotion he grasped my hand tight :

"You will pardon these tears, I've not
seen you for years—
Could you loan me a V till to-night?"

—*E. P. Neville.*

SENSE.

Once upon a time a certain People experienced an Access of Sense.

The women now put Comfort before Looks, and the men formed the habit of chewing their Food.

But hereupon, there being no sale for Corsets or Patent Medicines, the Press speedily became a Thing of the Past, through lack of Advertising Patronage.

Thus it came about that this People woke up one morning to find themselves crassly ignorant of who all were at the Great Summer Resort and what they were doing there to say nothing of who had been murdered.

And they were given Pause, and fell to wondering if, after all, Folly in Moderation were not a Good Thing.—*Life.*

FOOLING SIR JAMES.

In the days of the C.P.R. controversy, Sir James Edgar (then Mr.) visited Victoria, and the town councillors "put up a game." A Mr. Drummond had a pocket full of $20 gold pieces, and going quietly among the councillors he gave five or six to each. Then getting Mr. Edgar among them, he suggested that they have a game of pitch-and-toss to while away the time until dinner was ready. Mr. Edgar did not want to play, so Mr. Drummond said: "Very well, we'll play without you," and taking twenty-dollar gold pieces the councillors played pitch and toss, while Mr. Edgar looked on amazed, wondering what riches the country must possess where common councillors could play pitch-and-toss with twenty-dollar gold pieces. The game went on gloriously. As soon as one man was broke more coin would surreptitiously be passed to him, and Mr. Edgar was kept astonished. What he reported when he returned East is unknown, but while in Victoria he often remarked that this must be a rich country indeed, when common councillors could play "pitch penny" with gold pieces.—*Victoria Colonist.*

SELECTED.

"But," protested the new arrival, as St. Peter handed him a golden trumpet, "I can't play this instrument. I never practised while on earth."

"Of course you didn't," chuckled the old man. "That's why you are here."

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient, "I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."

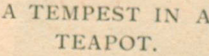
To confuse a witness is generally an easy task, and lawyers know no easier way than to make a witness explain the meaning of his words, knowing that very few people can do so without getting excited. Occasionally a victim resents this nagging, and answers in a spirited and unexpected manner. A lawyer was cross-examining a young girl of rather haughty temper. She had testified that she had seen the defendant "shy" a book at the plaintiff, and the lawyer had seized on the word.

"Shy—shy a book? What do you mean by that? Will you explain to the Court what the word 'shy' means?"

The girl leaned over the desk beneath the witness box, picked up a law book and threw it at the lawyer's head, who dodged just in time.

"I think the Court now understands the meaning of the word 'shy'," said the Judge gravely and the girl was allowed to finish her testimony without further interruption.

ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

WITH the exception of the season of the equinoctial gales, which though brief are sometimes severe, the valley of the Lower Fraser, in British Columbia, is remarkably exempt from high winds, and in the little vale about Burnaby Lake this feature of the atmosphere is accentuated to perfect stillness the greater part of the year. In the middle of February, 1900, however, we were caught in a small two-hours' cyclone, which set the forest roaring and crashing in all directions, and many an old giant of the woods measured its length on the ground in the breath of that short-lived storm. The accompanying pictures show some uprooted trees along the Haszard Road, which leads from the old road between New Westminster and Vancouver, down to Burnaby Lake. One view presents the tree-trunk and upper side of the root to the observer, the other exhibits the back or under side of the root with much of

AN UPROOTED TREE IN A BRITISH COLUMBIA FOREST

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME TREE-ROOT. THE MAN SHOWN IN THE PICTURE IS HOLDING UP A SURVEYOR'S CHAIN, SHOWING THE HEIGHT TO BE 33 FEET

the earth torn up still clinging to it. A figure of a man may be seen in this latter photo holding up a surveyor's chain, measuring the height from the ground, which proved to be thirty-three feet to the point of roots standing into the air. The tree is spruce, and about four feet in diameter at four feet from the base, and the trunk as it lies about two hundred feet in length.

A. D. W. H.

THE SMALLEST WATCH.

What is said to be the smallest watch in the world has recently been made. It is so small that you could get four watches of its size on an area equal to that covered by a 25-cent piece. The watch was made at Geneva, where special tools were constructed for the purpose. It contains 100 separate parts and weighs one-thirtieth of an ounce, avoirdupois. The hands are, respectively, one-eleventh of an inch and one-twentieth of an inch in length. The watch has been valued at $1,250.

THE RAREST STAMP.

The envelope depicted herewith bears the rarest stamp in the world. It is declared by philatelists to be worth over £1,000. It is a penny Mauritius stamp in an excellent state of preservation. Its colour, which is red, is as fine as upon the day of issue. The stamp was issued in 1847, and it bears the postmark of the second day of issue. Only one other example, now in the British Museum, is known upon the entire original envelope. The stamp was purchased by Mr. W. H. Peckitt, the well-known stamp-dealer, of 440 Strand, London,

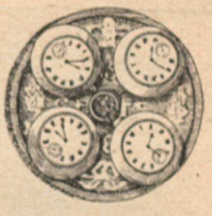
Eng. He gave the largest sum ever given for a single stamp for this unique specimen.

THE QUEEN OF VALOUR.

According to a London correspondent there appeared, a few weeks ago, some alluring advertisements which were especially attractive to those Parisians who love excitement, and who had had their appetite for such things tickled by the races of the Rue Pergolese. The attraction this time was a woman, Donna Tancreda, who, made up to resemble a statue, was to await, motionless in the arena, the assault of the bull, and to conquer it by her immobility. At the last moment this performance, which was to have taken place at Enghein, was forbidden. It did, however, take place at Roubaix. Here is an exact account of what happened at the "suerte" of the statue:

At a given signal from the president, the doors of the arena opened and a magnificent carriage appeared, all draped in red velvet, fringed with gold. In this carriage sat Senorita Mercedes del Barte, alias Donna Tancreda.

The "Queen of Valour" is dressed completely in white. Her face and hair are powdered. The carriage stops just in front of the presiding party, and she gets out, smiling and bowing, and throws off her mantle, talking with the ushers while the attendants arrange in the middle of the arena a pedestal of wood about two feet high. When all is ready the impresario addresses the public, and begs them to observe the most rigorous silence during the performance. This is indispensable. Then Donna Tancreda mounts the pedestal, helped by the matadors. She crosses her arms and faces the door from which the bull will emerge. The woman looks exactly like a marble statue. The arena is empty. All the ushers have disappeared behind the barriers and shelters. The deepest silence reigns in the vast auditorium. Half a minute passes thus. Then the door opens, and one sees in the shadow the enormous head of the bull Gitano. The spectators hardly breathe; many of the women cover their eyes with their hands. It is a terrible moment.



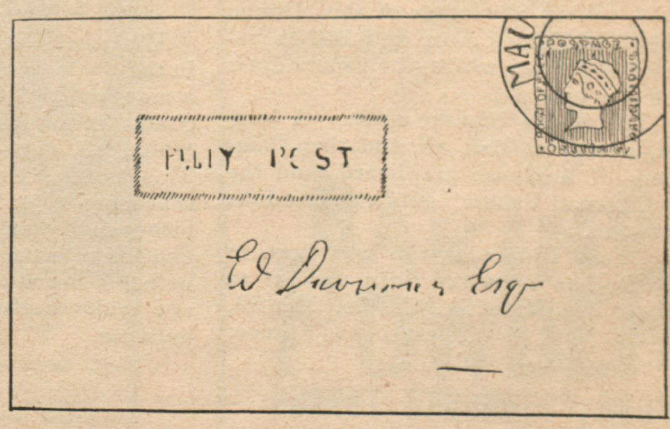
THE SMALLEST WATCH. FOUR ON A 25-CENT PIECE

The bull is a superb animal, with a powerful neck and long, straight horns. He raises his head, looks around, and at once bounds upon the white statue.

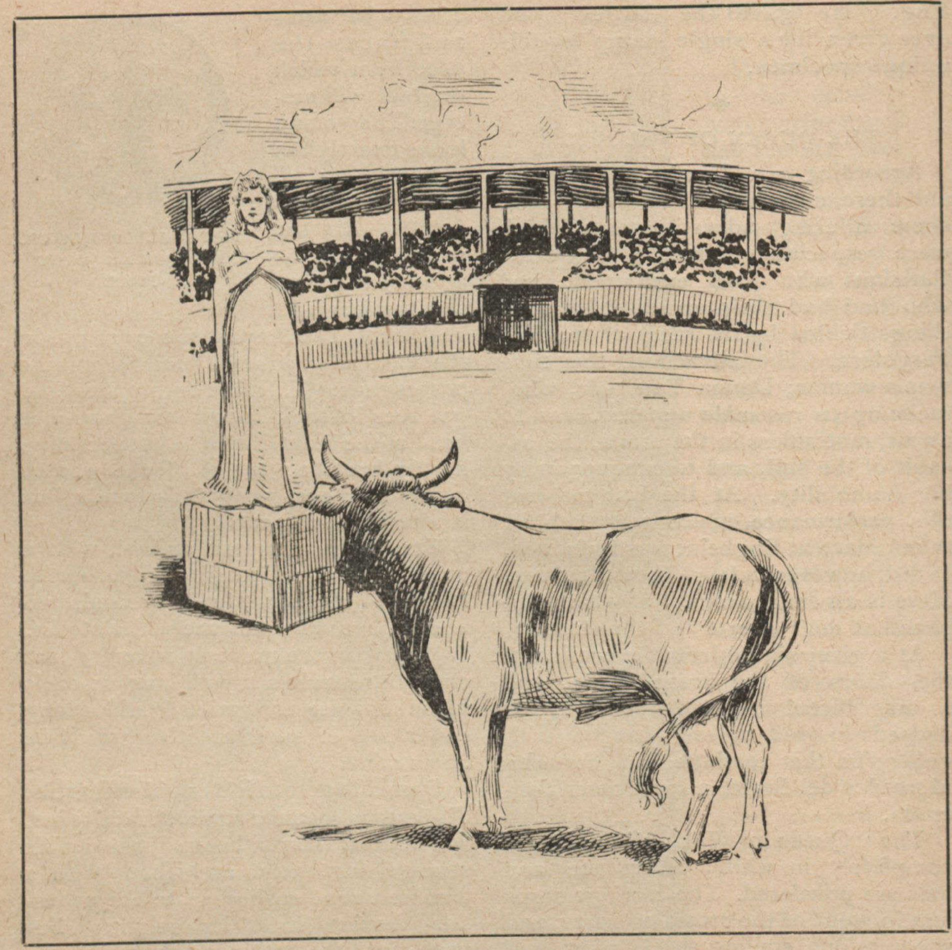
It is with the greatest difficulty that one can restrain a cry of horror; one's sensations are too painful, and a long endurance of such emotion would be unbearable.

Donna Tancreda is as rigid as marble. The least movement would be fatal to her.

The bull starts back, looks at his strange adversary, and then with a terrible bound rushes up to the pedestal. Anxiety is at its height. But once more the bull stops short without striking. He draws back a few feet,



THE RAREST STAMP IN THE WORLD



THE QUEEN OF VALOUR

and, taking advantage of this, Donna Tancreda jumps down and rushes behind a screen, whilst the ushers draw off the bull.

The people breathe again. A long sigh escapes from all, and then thunders of applause are heard, and the "Queen of Valour" gets a tremendous ovation.

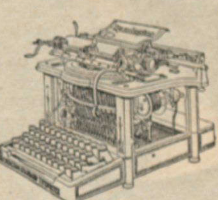
Donna Tancreda, who was born in Paris, has appeared with success at Barcelona, Valentia, Castile, Madrid, Seville and, for the first time in France, at Roubaix

A SIX-FOOT BEARD.

What is said to be the longest beard in the world is attached to the face of a man in South Carolina. The United States people are bound to have the "biggest" in every line of production. This man is six feet high and his beard touches the ground. It grows six inches each year. Whether or not the gentleman works, and what he does with his beard when he is working is not told. Perhaps he will go into a museum.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS ARE

MANY writing machines break down in their youth, but Remingtons have tough constitutions and, no matter how hard the work they do, they are sure to reach a hale and vigorous old age.



LONG-LIVED

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER CO. (Limited)
TORONTO 6 Richmond Street East OTTAWA—5 O'Connor Street
MONTREAL Spackman & Co., General Dealers, 119 St. Francois Xavier Street
WINNIPEG—David Philip, General Dealer, 362½ Main Street

42D ST. & PARK AVE., NEW YORK
Opposite the Grand Central Depot
European Plan
Rates $1.00 per Day and Up
Within easy reach of the theatres and shopping district. Reached by all the principal street-car lines of New York, the **GRAND UNION HOTEL** is acknowledged the most convenient and accessible hotel in the city.
FINE CAFÉ AND RESTAURANT
Good Rooms Moderate Charges

Pearline

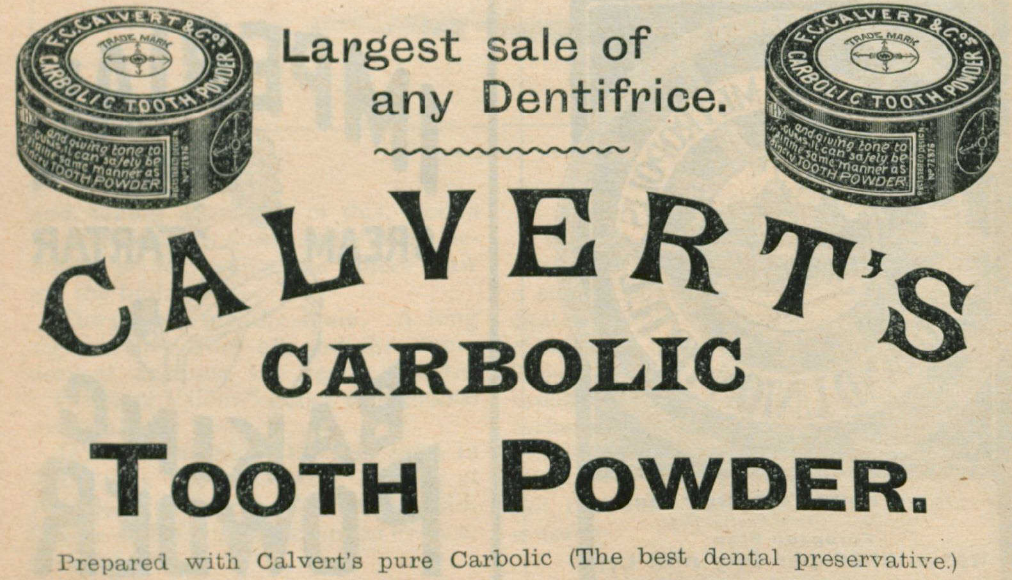
is the most widely imitated Soap Powder of the age

Beware of dangerous Imitations

Some Powders contain no Soap—others inferior Soap
Pearline the correct amount of
Pure Soap—Condensed Energy

S. 55

ELECTRO LIGHT ENG. CO. N.Y.



Brave the Winter Elements
with a Good Suit of

PRIESTLEY'S
Dress Goods

Best for Wear and Quality of Finish
The Most Reliable Dress Goods

That it is a PEWNY'S

IS ALL YOU REQUIRE TO
KNOW ABOUT

LADIES' GLOVES

YOU'RE ALWAYS SURE OF A GOOD FIT
AND THE LATEST SHADES.
AND BESIDES THIS YOUR DEALER

GUARANTEES THEM

Coke Dandruff Cure

The Only Hair Preparation Admitted to the Paris Exhibition.

The Only Positive Permanent Cure for Dandruff

A HAIR TONIC most cleansing and invigorating. It beautifies the hair while strengthening the roots to renewed vigor. It arrests falling hair and prevents baldness. Guaranteed a positive cure for dandruff or money refunded. Will send free sample to any address. Sold by Druggists, 50c. and $1.00 a bottle. **A. R. BREMER COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO**

GOLD MEDAL Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.) 1900

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND THE AGED

BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD

Market Place, Ashbourne, Feb. 1, 1896.

MESSRS. R. J. NEAVE & Co.

Gentlemen.—Enclosed I am sending you a photo of our girl twins—seven months old. They have been fed on your Food since being nine days old, and have never had an hour's illness all the time. They are perfect in temper, and the admiration of the town for their healthy appearance. Many mothers have specially called to ask Mrs. Lee how she feeds them. I thought you would like to see some fruits of your excellent Food for Infants.

I remain, yours sincerely. (Signed) J. C. LEE.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY

Manufacturers—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge England

Wholesale Agents—

LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal

Many Gelatines are offered for sale. Not all of them are pure. A few of them are **good,** but there is only one **best**—only one that is absolutely pure.

Knox's Gelatine

is manufactured from pure **Calves' Stock,** and I guarantee that it contains no adulteration whatever.

Here are a half dozen reasons why you should use the genuine Knox Gelatine:

1. It is made of absolutely pure calves' stock.

2. It is granulated. Cooks can measure it as easily as they measure sugar—by the spoonful.

3. It dissolves in one-tenth the time of any other gelatine. Two minutes is all that is necessary.

4. It sets quicker than any other kind—in half an hour.

5. It makes ten quarts of jelly, a pint more than any other package of equal size; a QUART more than some.

6. Each package contains pink color for fancy desserts.

All good grocers carry the genuine Knox Gelatine in stock. But remember there are many imitations, some of similar names, that are much inferior. The genuine is spelled K-N-O-X. See that you get it. Accept no substitute.

A TRIAL PACKAGE

mailed you on receipt of 5 cents in stamps.

Send me the label (or signature) cut from a box purchased from your grocer, with his name, and I will mail you **free** my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

CHARLES B. KNOX

69 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.

Exquisite Flavor

Great Strength

These are the four corners on which this famous Indian tea has built up such an enormous trade in England, and it is on the same foundation that the trade is being built in Canada.

RAM LAL'S
PURE INDIAN TEA

This tea is grown in India, under European supervision, for the English market, the most exacting in the world. It is not an expensive tea, for though it costs a little more per pound it more than makes up the difference in strength. It is put up in sealed packets only. Ask your grocer for

Uniform Quality

Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

Delicate Aroma

A REMEDY FOR ALL AILMENTS. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochia, Pennyroyal, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for $1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, TORONTO.

OR

MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.

APIOL & STEEL for Ladies PILLS

* * Beware of dangerous substitutes * *

If you are offered a substitute be suspicious of it

Sozodont Tooth Powder

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

A vegetable powder prepared from a collection of the purest and choicest ingredients. We pledge ourselves of its perfect purity and great efficacy in preserving and embellishing the teeth.

All stores or by mail, 25c.

HALL & RUCKEL
New York

Let no one sell you something "just as good"

* * There is nothing "just as good" * *

Personal to the Subscribers of "The Canadian Magazine"

We will send to every subscriber or reader of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, BY MAIL, POSTPAID, a full-sized $1.00 package of VITAE-ORE sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for at the end of thirty days' time if the patient can say that the medicine has been beneficial to him or her, that its use for the thirty days has caused more improvement in his or her entire system, more functional activity throughout the vital organs, than all the drugs and dopes of quacks and nostrum venders, or the prescriptions of good physicians which he or she has ever used. READ THIS OVER AGAIN carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only after the VITAE-ORE has DONE YOU GOOD, and NOT BEFORE. WE take all the risk, you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us NOTHING.

VITAE-ORE is a natural, hard, rock-like substance—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about 20 years for oxidation by exposure to the air, when it slakes down like lime, and a large proportion of its weight is soluble in water. It contains free IRON, free SULPHUR, and free MAGNESIUM, and one ounce of the dry ORE, mixed with a quart of water, making an elixir, is equal in strength, medicinal virtue and curative value to 800 gallons of the best mineral water on earth—not excepting any of the famous European mineral springs—when drank fresh at the springs. It is a mineral spring condensed and concentrated, and will do for the blood, the vital organs, constitution and general health, what no mineral water, drug, stimulant or man-made medicine can do. It is not a stimulant, as is whisky, but revives, strengthens, restores and builds up, where there is no total destruction of vital parts. It rehabilitates, but cannot create. Its power as a purifier may be judged from the fact that a few drops of the elixir, mixed with a quart of water in cities where the water supply is of such nature as to breed typhoid, malaria and diseases in the intestines, will precipitate the impurities to the bottom of the jar, and water drank from the top is absolutely pure and impregnated with life-giving, blood purifying constituents of matchless value. It would be worth its weight in gold for purifying ordinary drinking water alone.

It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added and from which there is nothing taken. It is as different from any of the advertised so-called cures, tonics, revitalizers, etc., as the brilliant sunlight from the tallow dip, and is the marvel of the century for checking catarrh in any of the vital organs, for giving new life to the blood, for curing all disease arising from a deranged or impaired condition of the excretory or secretory organs. We care not for your skepticism, but desire every reader of this magazine who suffers from pain and ills that have defied the medical world and desire better health to investigate this offer, and at our own expense, by writing to us for a package on trial. Give your age and ailments when answering, and do not write on a postal card. State that you are a reader of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, so that we will know you are entitled to this offer. Packages will be sent postpaid and FREE OF DUTY from our Dominion office. REMEMBER, NO MONEY UNLESS V.-O. BENEFITS YOU. In answer to this, address our Chicago office, as follows:

THEO. NOEL COMPANY
527-529-531 W. North Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Four Paris Salon Pictures

Fairbank's Calendar and Art Supplement for 1902, so extensively advertised in the Ladies' Home Journal, Delineator, Harper's, Century, Scribner's, Munsey's, McClure's and other prominent magazines, can be secured by sending 12 fronts of Copco or Glycerine-Tar Soap cartons, or by sending us 12 2-cent stamps.

The Four Free Pictures

are faithful reproductions in color of paintings by the world renowned French Artist, Edouard Bisson.

The subjects are "La Fiancee," "Satania," "L'Echo," and "Printanea." They are exquisite figure compositions, of the same size of the Calendar, 10¼x13⅜ inches, on heavy plate stock, without lettering to mar their beauty. This Calendar would sell at the Art Stores at 75c. to $1.00.

Send trade marks or the twelve two-cent stamps to Dept. YE

The N. K. Fairbank Company

Montreal, Canada.

Repeat

You can never tire of art in its highest form. It bears repeating. It is the crude tone of cheap pianos that becomes wearisome. The pure, rich, artistic Steinway tone is a thing of beauty—a joy forever. Age reveals its perfect refinement, but cannot destroy its charm.

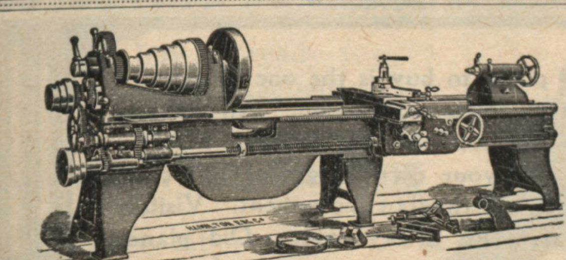
A complete stock of superb Steinways can be found at the store of

THE NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., Limited, 15 King Street East. Sole Agents.

Steinway

Delightful after Bathing. A Luxury after Shaving
A positive relief for **Prickly Heat, Chafing** and **Sunburn,** and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get **MENNEN'S** (the original), *a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.*
Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25c.** *(Samples free.)*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



Correspondence Solicited. *Send for Catalogue.*

John Bertram & Sons
Dundas, Ontario, Canada.

EQUIPMENTS FOR
Ship Yards, Boiler Shops, Locomotive Shops, Car Shops Machine Shops, etc.,

Consisting of Machine Tools for working Iron, Steel or Brass.

RADNOR From the heart of the Laurentides. Absolutely Pure.

THE PRESTON BOILERS
PRESTON
BOILER
CLARE BROS & CO
We are anxious to send a booklet about our **PRESTON HOT WATER BOILER** to everyone interested in Hot Water Heating. A postal with your name and address will bring it.
In the making of the Preston Boiler
Safety is attained by its **single-piece** construction; there can be no leaks.
Efficiency is ensured by having the circulation **vertical,** *i.e.*, along the lines of least resistance.
Economy is guaranteed by leading the products of combustion around both sides of the water section.
Send a sketch of your house for advice to
CLARE BROS. & CO., Preston, Ont.

THE WILLIAMS PIANO
The only piano to buy is the one that gives you the most complete satisfaction. All we ask is for you to examine the WILLIAMS PIANO and you can use your own judgment to decide that it is the best Canadian instrument. Visitors welcome. Warerooms always open. Old pianos taken in exchange. Easy terms arranged.
ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE
The R.S. WILLIAMS & SONS Co. Ltd. Head Office, 143 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

MIXTURES.

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.

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

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

ALL hardwood floors are not fine hardwood floors by any means.

Our business is the making, laying and finishing of fine hardwood floors. We have been doing this for over twenty years. We are specialists and have learned a good many things about our work while we have been at it—and are still learning. Any or all of this experience of yours is at our service when you need it.

Catalogue for the asking.

The ELLIOTT & SON CO., Limited
79 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

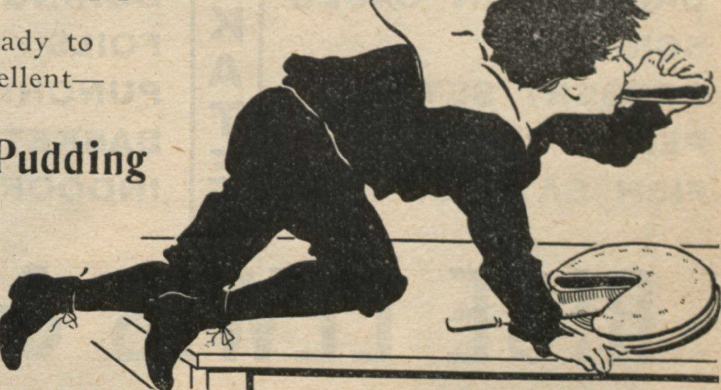
Clark's Mince-Meat

Provokes the Appetite

You buy it ready to cook—and excellent—

Clark's Plum-Pudding

is another labor-saving Christmas delicacy.



WM. CLARK, Manufacturer, MONTREAL

TO BE OBTAINED AT
ALL
DRUG STORES.

CARLSBAD NATURAL Mineral Waters

From the Celebrated Alkaline and Saline Springs,

SPRUDEL, SCHLOSSBRUNNEN, MUHLBRUNNEN,

At the Famous Health Resort of Carlsbad, Bohemia,

are now imported in bottles and may be used in the treatment of all cases in which the CARLSBAD Cure is indicated when patients are unable to visit the Spa for

CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,
HYPERŒMIA OF THE LIVER,
GALL STONES, DIABETES,
CHRONIC CONSTIPATION,
RENAL CALCULI, GOUT,

and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

The Natural Carlsbad Sprudel Salt

contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

To avoid imitations, please see that the WRAPPER round each bottle of SALT bears the Signature of the Sole Agents,

INGRAM & ROYLE, Limited,
LONDON,
LIVERPOOL and BRISTOL.

CUTLERY AND SPORTING GOODS

CARVERS IN CASES
SCISSORS
DESSERT SETS
PENKNIVES
FISH EATERS

SKATES

BOXING GLOVES
FOILS
PUNCHING BAGS
BASKET BALLS
INDOOR EXERCISERS

RICE LEWIS & SON

LIMITED

COR. KING AND VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO

Fry's Pure Cocoa

Nourishing, healthful, economical, because so pure. Rich and delicate. Over 200 Medals and Awards taken. A quarter-pound tin makes 50 cups, and costs but 25 cents.

Sold Everywhere.

AMERICAN SUCCESS SERIES

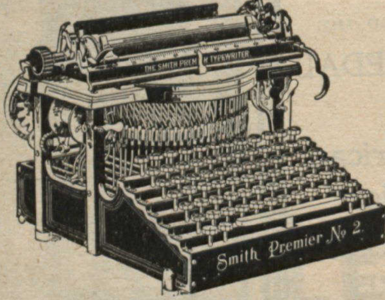
Hon. WM E. MASON,
United States Senator from Illinois.
Elected to the United States Senate in 1897.

From 1870 to 1873 he was a stenographer in a law office at Des Moines, Iowa. In his own extensive law practice, Mr. Mason has always found shorthand of the greatest convenience and it has been his habit to jot down bits of testimony and arguments on scraps of paper or on his cuffs Even to-day Senator Mason still uses shorthand.

In Senator Mason's shorthand days stenographers transcribed their notes with a pen or pencil at a rate of about twenty words a minute. Forty to eighty words by the average operator, and more than one hundred words a minute by the expert, may easily be written on the great American time-saver and

Success,

The Smith Premier Typewriter.

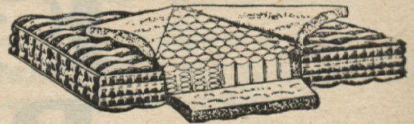


"Improvement the order of the age"
is the motto of The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. It was the first to adopt new improvements.

Handsome catalogue free.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
Syracuse, New York, U. S. A.

The Only VENTILATED Mattress



VENTILATION means **HEALTH**
HEALTH means **HAPPINESS**

RESILIENCY means **COMFORT**
COMFORT means **CONTENTMENT**

Our Construction means **DURABILITY**
DURABILITY means **CHEAPNESS**

You get all these and more in the MARSHALL SANITARY

They won't pack, and do not require to be turned oftener than twice a year

---

MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS CO.
TORONTO

Ask your dealer for it, or write us for Circular

100% is added to the beauty of a landscape picture—especially a winter landscape—if there is a natural cloud effect.

KODAK FILMS,

by their combination of orthochromatic and non-halation qualities, are far superior to glass plates in the correct rendering of color values in land or sky.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto,
Can.

Kodaks, $5.00 to $75.00. Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Corticelli Silk has absolute merit. Every spool has honest value—no light-weight, short-measure goods.

Corticelli Silk sews smoothly—no kinks, no knots, no weak places.

Corticelli is as good silk as can be made.

☞ Subscribe for "Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine," 35c. a year. No lady should be without it. Sample copies 10 cents. Address

Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que.

Competition is the Life of the Piano Trade

YES! but the most novel, pleasant and profitable form of competition is that to be found in our warerooms, 188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, where the product of many famous factories may be found in friendly competition side by side.

No wasteful advertising, no extravagant warerooms, no annoying canvassers; nothing but good instruments at fair prices.

Visitors always welcome.

Something up-to-date in piano lore—the new, illustrated Gerhard Heintzman Catalogue. We mail it free to any address upon application.

TORONTO, 188 YONGE ST. | HAMILTON, 66 KING ST. W.

THE UNDERWOOD

63 NEW UNDERWOOD

Typewriters were sold in Toronto during the month of October. (Call at office and see list.) A careful census places the number of all other makes of machines sold in this city during the same period] at 24. Remember, with the Underwood you can write letters, invoices, tabulate, make out bills of costs, fill in cheques, drafts, notes, etc. Write on cards, duplicate 10 to 15 copies, cut a clean clear stencil for mimeograph work. In other words —it's an all-round typewriter. Remember, too, that the writing is always visible, not a line or two and then disappears.

SOLE DEALERS

CREELMAN BROTHERS' TYPEWRITER CO.,

15 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.

LARGE FAMILY DINNERS

"Famous Active"

Ranges have every device for cooking big dinners. No fowl or roast too large for the Oven. Oven is ventilated so that juicy, highly flavored meats and dainty puddings can all be baked and roasted together, without the least fear of any of them being tainted. Range has four or six pot holes – lots of cooking surface to work with. High Closet will keep any quantity of delicacies warm and fresh while first courses are being served.

The **"Famous Active"** has numerous other good points. Forty-two styles and sizes. Burns coal, coke or wood.

Free Pamphlets from our local agent or nearest house.

McClary Manufacturing Co.

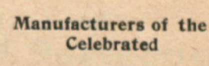
LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG,
VANCOUVER and ST. JOHN, N.B.

The DOMINION BREWERY Co.

LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALTSTERS

TORONTO



WHITE LABEL ALE

ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT OUR BRAND IS ON EVERY CORK

FAC-SIMILE OF
WHITE LABEL ALE.

Our Ales and Porters have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them Pure and Free from any Deleterious Ingredients.

WM. ROSS, Manager.

BESSON & CO. Limited

198 Euston Road, LONDON, ENGLAND

Gold Medal, (Highest Award) Military Exhibition, London, 1901.

Diploma, (Highest Award) Glasgow Exhibition, 1901.

"Prototype" Band Instruments

CANADIAN AGENTS

ORME & SONS, 189 Sparks Street - - - - - - - - - - - OTTAWA, ONT.
P. GROSSMANN'S SONS, 65 James Street North - - - - - HAMILTON, ONT.
CHAS. LAVALLE, 35 St. Lambert Hill - - - - - - - - - MONTREAL, P.Q.

IMPROVE YOUR SHAPE

We never use drugs, obesity tablets or pills of any kind to reduce fat as they weaken the system and often cause death.

OBESITY BELT.

FOR MEN OR WOMEN $ 2.50

We reduce the flesh without any discomfort to the wearer. Obesity belts used to advantage by corpulent people, both ladies and gentlemen, to reduce corpulency and give shape to a pendulous or relaxed abdomen. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate; also gives absolute safety from Navel Rupture; relieves the dragging sensation peculiar to a pendulous abdomen and improves the shape. We will send the belt to any part of the United States or Canada. **Special Price, $2.50.** Send measure around the largest part of abdomen when ordering belt.

Comfortable belts made to order to be used after any operation.

We also make belts invaluable to prospective mothers.

Those interested in the subject call or write and get an illustrated book—FREE.

We Manufacture Trusses for all Cases of Rupture.

HENRY NOLL

768 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

(Two doors below Wanamaker's, near Ninth Street.)

Ladies in Attendance for Ladies. Examination Free. Closed Sundays.

Established 20 years in New York.

The New Century

grows in popularity because of its

A 1

work and service.

Let us send you an illustrated pamphlet giving full details of its equipment.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE COMPANY, 302 Broadway, New York.

CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES:

A. MILNE FRASER, Halifax and St. John.
SAUNDERS & COMPANY, Winnipeg.
THE BROWN BROS., Limited, Toronto.
T. N. HIBBEN & COMPANY, Victoria, B.C.

THE PUREST COCOA IN THE WORLD IS

COWAN'S

Hygienic or Perfection

COCOA

COSTS HALF CENT A CUP, AND IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL, BESIDES BEING ABSOLUTELY PURE. GIVE THIS COCOA TO YOUR CHILDREN, AND DRINK IT YOURSELF.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Is used by every one who can afford to use the Best.

Beware of Manufacturers who attempt to sell a WORTHLESS imitation.

J. M. DOUGLAS & Co.,
Sole Canadian Agents, MONTREAL.

ELEVATORS

Passenger or Freight Elevators and Dumb Waiters built on most modern, up-to-date plans. Write for specifications and full particulars.

MILLER BROS. & TOMS, MONTREAL, P.Q.

To FAT PEOPLE

I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can the obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. **I am a regular practicing physician,** having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from **3 to 5 pounds weekly,** according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment if necessary. When you have reduced your flesh to the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, you will feel years younger. Ailment of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person; all correspondence is strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for my new pamphlet on obesity; its cause and cure;—it will convince you. Address

HENRY C. BRADFORD, M. D.,
28 EAST 23d STREET NEW YORK.

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

WARNING.—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS.

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

Depot—125 New North Road,
HOXTON, LONDON, ENG.

THIS ARTISTIC EASEL

in 14 colors, is the work of Paul de Longpre, the celebrated painter of roses, and W. H. McEntee, America's foremost portrait artist. It cost over $10,000 to produce, and could not be sold at any art store for less than $1.

This beautiful and unusual easel is a unique ornament, suitable to any home, and will be sent **Free** to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps, to cover postage and packing.

Pabst Malt Extract Dept., Milwaukee, Wis.

THESE BEAUTIFUL ROSES in exquisite natural colors, are not more beautiful than the roses which come with the use of

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

It brings health, bloom, beauty; produces natural refreshing sleep, and is a wholesome, nutritious tonic to tired nerves. At druggists.

Heart Disease

Ninety Per Cent. of it Really Caused From Poor Digestion.

Real organic heart trouble is incurable, but scarcely one case in a hundred is organic.

The action of the heart and stomach are both controlled by the same great nerves, the sympathetic and pneumogastric, and when the stomach fails to properly

digest the food and it lies in the stomach fermenting, gases are formed which distend the organ, causing pressure on the heart and lungs, causing palpitation, irregularity and shortness of breath.

The danger from this condition is that the continued disturbance of the heart sooner or later may cause real organic heart trouble, and in fact frequently does so.

Furthermore, poor digestion makes the blood thin and watery and deficient in red corpuscles, and this further irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible thing to do for heart trouble is to insure the digestion and assimilation of the food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores and which contain the necessary digestive elements in a pleasant, convenie:t form.

Thousands of people keep well and vigorous by keeping their digestion perfect by observing the rule of taking one or two of these tablets after each meal, or at least after each hearty meal.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain U. S. P. pepsin, diastase from malt and other natural digestives which act only on the food, digesting it perfectly and preventing acidity, gases, and the many diseased conditi ns which accompany a weak stomach.

When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used you may know you are not taking into the system any strong medicine or powerful drug, but simply the natural digestive elements which every weak stomach lacks.

So widely known and popular have these tablets become that they are now sold by every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

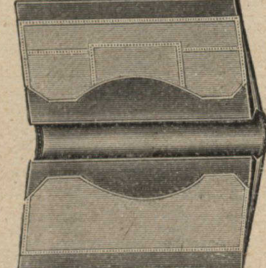
If you are having any trouble with the finish on your floors, or are not entirely pleased with their appearance, it is certain you have not used Liquid Granite, the finest Floor Finish ever introduced.

Finished samples of wood and instructive pamphlet on the care of natural wood floors sent free for the asking.

BERRY BROS., Limited,
Varnish Manufacturers.

NEW YORK—
252 Pearl St.
BOSTON—
320 Atlantic Ave.
BALTIMORE—
22 E. Lombard St.
PHILADELPHIA—
26 and 28 N. Fourth St.
CHICAGO—
15 and 17 Lake St.
CINCINNATI—
304 Main St.
ST. LOUIS—
112 S. Fourth St.
SAN FRANCISCO—
12 Front St.

Factory and Main Office—DETROIT.



Leather Goods

Our stock is complete in all the LATEST DESIGNS, STYLES and PRICES.

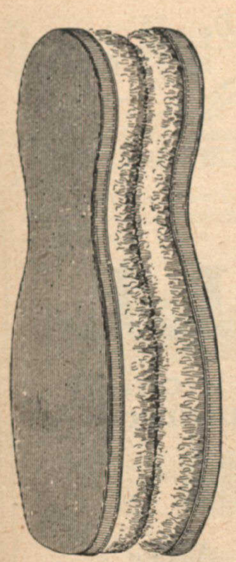
LADIES' CHATELAINE BAGS
LADIES' and GENTS' PURSES
PORTFOLIOS
LETTER and CARD CASES
PHOTOGRAPH and DRESSING CASES

We have just added to our assortment a splendid line of MEXICAN HAND-CARVED BAGS, PURSES, CARD CASES, etc., the finest and most stylish goods made. See them.

THE BROWN BROS., Limited

Manufacturers of
LEATHER GOODS, ACCOUNT BOOKS, ETC.

51-53 Wellington Street West, Toronto

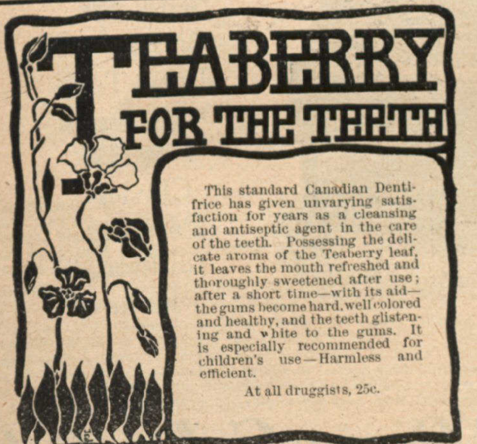


The "GEM" Lambs' Wool Soles

Warmest, Easiest Attached, and Most Stylish Sole on the Market.

These soles have a **tubular braid** to which the knitted upper is sewed, and only the finest white lambs' wool is used in same.

FOR SALE AT ALL SHOE STORES.
Be sure and ask for the **GEM.**



STAMPS **The Finest Stock at Lowest Prices**
Largest importers British Colonials in U.S.

List of prices paid for all used Canada Stamps sent for 2c. stamp.

5 Transvaal 10c, 10 Jamaica 15c, 6 U.S. Omaha 15c 50 Oriental, China, Corea, Siam, etc., 35c.; 8 Uruguay 10, 3 Congo 10c, 25 British West Indies 25c, 3 Crete 10c, 6 Newfoundland 10c. Cloth-bound Stamp Album for 600 stamps 10c. Write to-day for copy of our catalog.

We buy collections and solicit correspondence. Correspondents wanted in every country in the world; write for special foreign booklet.

Est. 1882. **W. F. BISHOP & CO., 1427 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.**

Dealers, Importers and Exporters of Postage Stamps exclusively.

In Olden Times

silver shoe buckles, coin, and odd pieces were made into spoons by Rogers Bros. After perfecting the process of electroplating, they discontinued making solid silver spoons, and stamped their plated ware

"1847 Rogers Bros."

"1847" indicating the year the brand was first made. This mark wherever seen is a guarantee of the highest grade of silver plated ware.

For new designs, send for Catalogue No. 53 M.

International Silver Co., Successor to

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

Authors and Speakers, Attention!

THE Canadian Literary Bureau, conducted by J. Macdonald Oxley, B.A., LL.B., is prepared to offer the benefit of its services to writers and speakers. Manuscripts carefully edited and revised, and advice given as to securing publication. Addresses, lectures and speeches revised, and improvements suggested. Expert typewriting done at reasonable rates. Send stamp for particulars and terms.

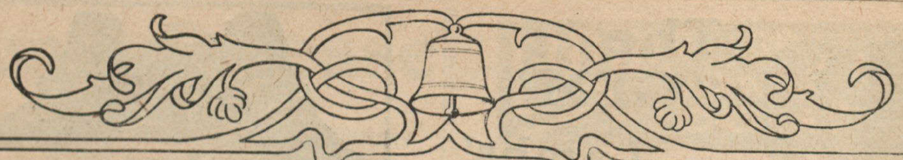
The Canadian Literary Bureau,
34 Huntley Street, Toronto.

HOUSEWIFE: The Dandy Scraper fits and cleans every pot, pan or dish. By mail 10 cents. Agents wanted.
DANDY MFG. CO., NEWARK, N.J.

BED-WETTING I will send FREE to any mother a sample of a simple remedy that cured my child.
MRS. G. SUMMERS, Box C, Notre Dame, Ind.

Page Metal Ornamental Fence. We now make fence that is ornamental, very showy and surprisingly cheap. It is just what is wanted for door yards, division fences in town lots, grave yards, orchards, etc. It is painted and retails at only **20 cts. PER RUNNING FOOT.** Just think of it. Let us send you full particulars. We also make farm fence, poultry netting, nails and staples.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 3



The ART BELL PIANO

REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST TYPE IN PIANO MAKING—

With its Illimitable Repeating Action Provides a Repetition and Delicacy in Touch Only Approached by a Grand

When Equipped with the Orchestral Multi-Tone Device and Practice Clavier Provides Additional Pleasure

The Bell Organ & Piano Co. Limited
GUELPH, ONTARIO

Does Not Disappoint.

The New Discovery for Catarrh Seems to Possess Remarkable Merit

A new catarrh cure has recently appeared which so far as tested has been remarkably successful in curing all forms of catarrh, wheth r in the head, throat, bronchial tubes, or in stomach and liver.

The remedy is in tablet form, pleasant and convenient to take and no special secrecy is maintained as to what it contains, the tablet being a scientific combination of Blood root, Red gum and similar valuable and harmless antiseptics.

The safe and effective catarrh cure may be found at any drug store under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

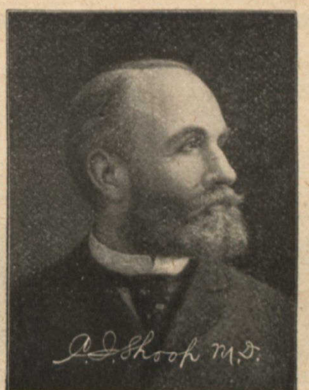
Whether the catarrh is located in the nose, throat, bronchial tubes, or stomach, the tablets seem to act with equal success, removing the stuffy feeling in head and nose, clearing the mucous membrane of throat and trachea from catarrhal secretions, which cause the tickling, coughing, hawking and gagging so annoying to every catarrh sufferer.

Nasal catarrh generally leads to ulceration, in some cases to such an extent as to destroy the nose entirely and in many old cases of catarrh the bones of the head become diseased. Nasal catarrh gradually extends to the throat and bronchial tubes and very often to the stomach, causing that very obstinate trouble, catarrh of the stomach.

Catarrh is a systemic poison, inherent in the blood, and local washes, douches, salves, inhalers and sprays can have no effect on the real cause of the disease. An internal remedy which acts upon the blood is the only rational treatment, and Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is the safest of all internal remedies, as well as the most convenient and satisfactory from a medical standpoint.

Dr. Eaton recently stated that he had successfully used Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in old chronic cases, even where ulceration had extended so far as to destroy the septum of the nose. He says, "I am pleasantly surprised almost every day by the excellent results from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. It is remarkable how effectually they remove the excessive secretion and bring about a healthy condition of the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and stomach."

All druggists sell complete treatment of the Tablets at 50 cents and a little book giving the symptoms and causes of the various forms of catarrh, will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.



I Will Cure You of

Rheumatism

No pay until you know it.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal, and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim, pay your druggist $5.50 for it. If it doesn't, I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it, and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail, I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay $5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it.

Simply state name of your dealer, and address Dr. SHOOP, Box 25, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men.
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

We are exhibiting some beautiful and original designs of

Pianos for our Xmas Trade

illustrations of which we shall be glad to mail to any one unable to call.

If you have ever thought of getting a piano, could there be a time more appropriate than **NOW?** Do you know of any one article that would be more likely to add to the cheer of Yule-tide?

Write us for full particulars about Mason & Risch Pianos.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO.

LIMITED

TORONTO. MONTREAL. WINNIPEG. LONDON.

A NEAT FIGURE, REAL COMFORT,
and Delightful Freedom by wearing McCallum's registered

'Kals'

instead of Petticoats and Underskirts. Once tried always worn. Price list of all qualities free, or Sample Pair, in Navy or Fawn, Mailed Free on receipt of **$1** and size of lady's waist and height. Best workmanship and guaranteed to wear well for at least a year. Thick Serge Kals at $1.70 Only obtainable *direct* from **Kals**, Limited, **Plymouth, England.**

FREE TO ANY LADY who asks for it—our little Booklet, "Kals: What Are They?"

Wilson's Scales

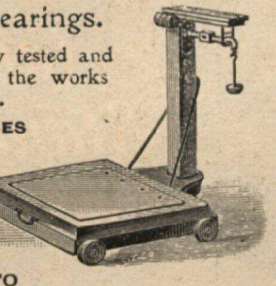
Diamond Steel Bearings.

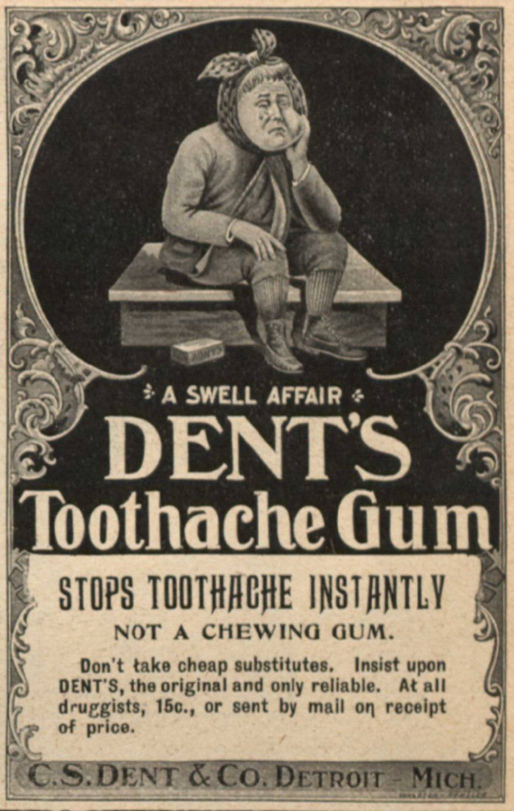
Every Scale accurately tested and adjusted before leaving the works Special terms this month.

ASK FOR PRICES

WILSON'S SCALE WORKS

49 Esplanade East
TORONTO





PURE GOLD GOODS

The Canadian Standard of Excellence

Pure Gold Chocolate Pudding is a perfectly delicious article. Prepared in a jiffy. Prove it by a fair trial.

Fifth Year.

DR. BROOKS' SANATORIUM

New Canaan, Conn.

For the Treatment of Diseases of the Lungs

Dr. Brooks' Sanatorium is a scientific and thoroughly equipped institution. It is closely patterned after well-known German Sanatoria of its kind, and is endorsed by the medical profession.

The treatment employed is known professionally as the "Brehmer-Detweiler" system, and every modern successful adjuvant is afforded.

The system has for its aim a cure, not mere palliation, and the percentage of actual recoveries is far greater than has yet been attained through any other method of treatment.

The institution is located at New Canaan, Connecticut, in a region of open country long noted for its fresh, pure and invigorating atmosphere.

Illustrated prospectus free upon application.

"YES,"

replied the salesman, "the Hartshorn Shade Roller always gives satisfaction—permanent satisfaction, because the best materials are used, and the rollers are scientifically constructed. The Improved

Hartshorn Shade Roller

REQUIRES NO TACKS

to attach the shade. It is equipped with patent grips for holding the shade, and saves time, labor and worry." Always insist on getting the genuine Hartshorn Shade Roller, which has the autograph signature on label of

Stewart Hartshorn

WOOD ROLLERS.
TIN ROLLERS.

Mothers

You will save your children much trouble from Chapped Hands, etc., by using

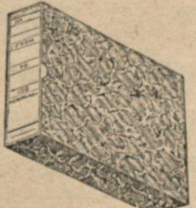
BABY'S OWN SOAP

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

SHANNON FILES

For keeping your letters, bills, receipts, etc. All in a compact, neat form, and in the most convenient manner possible to refer to them.

Price, complete, $1.00; less Perforator, 75c.



SHANNON BINDING CASES

Neat, compact, and secure to a degree for transferring from your files.

Price, complete, with Index, $3.00 per doz.

This File and Binding Case complete for $1.00 to any person not using one.

Office Desks, Chairs, Letter Cabinets, Sectional Book Cases.

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Limited

1744 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL. | Head Office: 77 Bay St., TORONTO, CAN.

Factories: NEWMARKET, ONT.

MANY BRIDES have received as a wedding present a "**Souvenir** Range," and nothing could be more appropriate. The "**Souvenir**" has become a household word with cooks throughout the entire Dominion, and all agree that for appearance—for durability—for convenience—for up-to-dateness—in appointments—improvements—economy in fuel and general service as a heater, cooker and baker it has no equal. Sold everywhere in Canada.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited, HAMILTON

Wholesale Branches—TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG

DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

The Finest Boots and Shoes for Ladies and Children are those that bear the Stamp of

J. & T. Bell

FINE FOOTWEAR

Hundreds of thousands, all over the world, use Vapo-Cresolene. **Do you?** **Cresolene** cures **Whooping Cough** every time; stops **Croup** almost immediately. **Colds, Asthma** and **Catarrh** cannot resist its healing virtues. I. N. Love, M. D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "I recommend that no family where there are young children should be without it." Anthony Comstock says: "**Malignant Diphtheria** in my house; Cresolene used; case recovered in two weeks; no others were affected." Descriptive booklet with testimonials free. Sold by all druggists.

LEEMING, MILES & CO., Agts., MONTREAL, CANADA

KARN PIANO IS KING

THE NEW SCALE.

When you buy a piano ask to see and hear "The New Scale" Karn. Its musical beauties are a revelation. There is a dulcet, flute-like quality in the middle register, a pearly crispness in the upper notes, and a sonorous majesty in the bass which are not to be compared with those of the ordinary commercial piano. Connoisseurs who have tried it carefully pronounce it a great success. Don't forget what to ask for, "The New Scale Karn."

The D. W. KARN CO., Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

KARN PIANO

J.R.H.

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Gentlemen's Traveling Bags

WE have the largest display of Traveling Goods shown in Canada.

One of our most popular styles is No. 938, made in the Natural Grain Black Leather, with sewed-in frame, leather-lined, 16-inch, $7.00; 18-inch, $7.50. Lettered and sent prepaid.

Our Illustrated Catalogue, No. 8C., is intended for those out of town, and from it one can select whatever is desired quite satisfactorily. We send it to you on request.

The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited, 105 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Through Drawing Room Sleeping Cars

NEW YORK to
PINEHURST, N. C.
SUMMERVILLE, S. C.
CHARLESTON, S. C.
AUGUSTA, GA.
AIKEN, S. C.
SAVANNAH
JACKSONVILLE
ST. AUGUSTINE
TAMPA
ASHEVILLE
MEMPHIS
NASHVILLE
ATLANTA
NEW ORLEANS

Dining Car Service on all Trains

MOST EXTENSIVE AND POPULAR RAILWAY SYSTEM IN THE SOUTH

From New York, Cincinnati, Washington, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, and Memphis, to

Florida, Cuba, and chief Southern Cities and Resorts, Mexico and California

"THE SOUTHERN'S PALM LIMITED" most luxurious train in the world, between New York and St. Augustine, begins service January 14, 1902.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY is direct line from all Northern, Eastern, and Western points to CHARLESTON INTER-STATE AND WEST INDIAN EXPOSITION at Charleston, S. C., opening December 1st.

New York Office, 271 & 1185 Broadway ALEX. S. THWEATT Eastern Pass. Agt.

J. M. CULP, T. M. W. A. TURK, A. P. T. M. S. H. HARDWICK, G. P. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE TRAVEL

... BY THE ...

WHEN THEY GO TO THE

NORTH-WEST

PACIFIC COAST
CHINA
JAPAN

AUSTRALIA
HONOLULU
FIJI

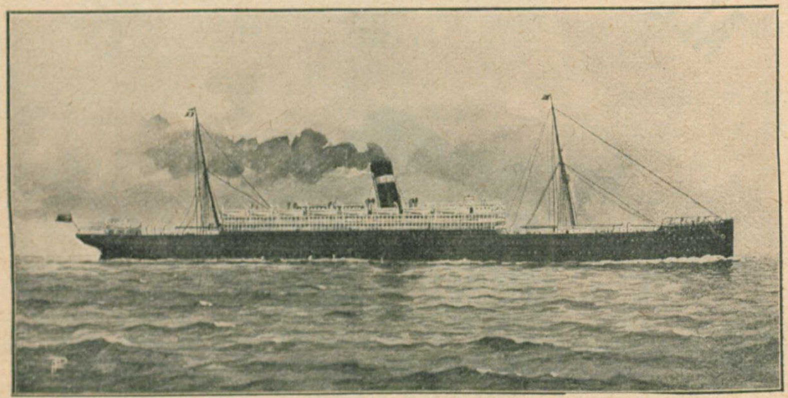
OR

AROUND THE WORLD

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

Montreal, St. John, N.B., or Halifax to Liverpool



The Allan Line Twin Screw Steamer "Tunisian."

IONIAN, New, Twin Screws, 10,000 Tons

BAVARIAN, Twin Screws, 10,375 Tons	**TUNISIAN, Twin Screws, 10,575 Tons**
CORINTHIAN, - - 8,000 Tons	**SICILIAN, - - - 7,500 Tons**
PRETORIAN, - - - 6,100 Tons	**PARISIAN, - - - 5,500 Tons**

These fine new Steamers, or others of the fleet, sail **Weekly** from Liverpool and from Montreal, St. John, N.B., or Halifax, 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 bilge keels have been fitted to all the Steamers which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels.

The hour of sailing is arranged to make connection with trains arriving from the West and South. No expense for transfer.

The distance is shorter than from any American port, and the rates of passage very reasonable.

For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, TORONTO
or H. & A. ALLAN, MONTREAL

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
SCENERY SPORT HEALTH AND PLEASURE.
A CHARMING BIT OF STONY LAKE.
MUSKOKA LAKES
LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT
MAGNETAWAN RIVER
30,000 ISLANDS OF GEORGIAN BAY
KAWARTHA LAKES DISTRICT
PERFECT IMMUNITY FROM HAY FEVER IN ABOVE DISTRICTS.
ON SHADOW RIVER MUSKOKA LAKES.
FREE PUBLICATIONS.
MUSKOKA LAKES FOLDER
LAKE OF BAYS FOLDER
GEORGIAN BAY FOLDER
HAY FEVER BOOKLET
FISHING AND HUNTING
THE TRAIL OF THE RED DEER
KAWARTHA LAKES FOLDER
THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW ENGLAND AND THE SEA FOLDER.
ALL INFORMATION, ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE, MAPS ETC. SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO
G. T. BELL OR GEO. W. VAUX.
GEO. B. REEVE, 2nd Vice Pres't & Gen'l Manager. MONTREAL.
W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager. MONTREAL.
G. T. BELL, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent. MONTREAL.
GEO. W. VAUX, Ass't G. P. & T. A. CHICAGO
H. G. ELLIOTT, Ass't. G. P. & T. A. MONTREAL.

"A great deal in a little space."
—*The Press.*

"THE FOUR-TRACK SERIES"

This is the title of a series of books of travel and education issued by the Passenger Department of the

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

These small books are filled with information regarding the best modes of travel and the education that can best be obtained by travel.

They relate specifically to the great resorts of America—to trips to the islands of the sea and around the world.

They also contain numerous illustrations and new and accurate maps of the country described.

A copy of the 40-page Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series" will be sent free, post-paid, upon receipt of postage stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

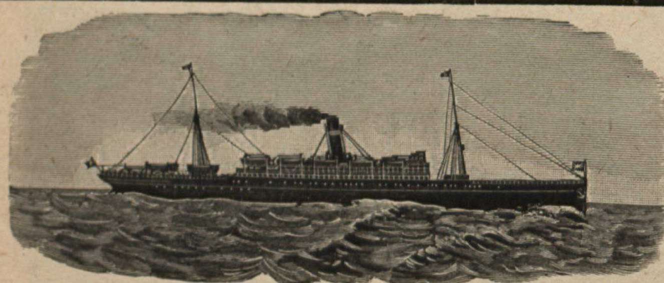
WABASH

Railroad Co.

If you are contemplating a trip south or west for the winter, please consider the merits of the Wabash line, the short and true route from Canada to the south and west, including Old Mexico, the Egypt of the new world; Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. Travelers will tell you the Wabash is the best equipped line in America, everything is first-class and up-to-date in every respect.

Passengers leaving Toronto and west via evening trains, reach Chicago next morning, St. Louis next afternoon at 2.00 p.m., Kansas City same evening at 9.30 p.m.

Rates, Time-tables and all information from any R. R. Agent, or J. A. RICHARDSON, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.



Dominion Line Steamships

PORTLAND to LIVERPOOL, Direct. **BOSTON to LIVERPOOL, Via Queenstown.**

BOSTON to MEDITERRANEAN PORTS.

FLEET OF PASSENGER STEAMERS

Portland Service.

Steamer		Tonnage
LABRADOR, (Building)	(Twin-Screw)	10,000 Tons
DOMINION	(Twin-Screw)	6,618 Tons
VANCOUVER		5,231 Tons
CAMBROMAN		5,500 Tons

Boston Service.

Steamer		Tonnage
COLUMBUS (Building)	(Twin-Screw)	13,000 Tons
COMMONWEALTH	"	13,000 Tons
NEW ENGLAND	"	11,400 Tons
CANADA	"	9,000 Tons

Amidship Saloons—Electric Lights—Spacious Promenade Decks. All Classes of Passengers Carried.

For rates and all particulars apply to any local agent of the Company, or

RICHARDS, MILLS & CO., 77 State St., BOSTON.

DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, MONTREAL and PORTLAND.

To
Canada's Winter Ports

ST. JOHN, AND HALIFAX,
N.B., N.S.

Try
Canada's Maritime Express

Leaving Montreal 12.00 Noon
Daily, Except Saturday

VIA

YOUR OWN LINE

THE

INTERCOLONIAL RY.

E. TIFFIN
Traffic Manager
MONCTON, N.B.

JNO. M. LYONS
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
MONCTON, N.B.

FOR THE WINTER GO TO BERMUDA

FROST UNKNOWN. MALARIA IMPOSSIBLE.

From New York, 48 Hours, by Elegant Steamships, Sailing Every Five Days.

FOR WINTER CRUISES
GO TO

WINDWARD WEST INDIES

"MADIANA"

6th FEBRUARY, 1902. 3,080 TONS.

For Pamphlets and Full Information Send to

A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents 39 Broadway, New York.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO., Limited

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent,
72 Yonge St., Toronto.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary,
Quebec.

Through Buffet Sleeping Cars
Daily between

BOSTON, NEW YORK, NIAGARA FALLS, CLEVELAND, DETROIT, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS

L. DRAGO,
Canadian Passenger Agent,
TORONTO, ONT,

H. PARRY,
General Agent,
BUFFALO, N.Y.

C. E. LAMBERT,
General Passenger Agent,
NEW YORK.

MUNSON LINE
TO
CUBA
Along the North Shore

MAP OF ROUTE FOLLOWED BY REGULAR STEAMERS

Round Trip { **New York** / **Baracoa** } **3 WEEKS**

$110. INCLUDING MEALS AND STATEROOMS ACCOMMODATIONS

Regular Service, Mobile, Ala., to Havana, Direct.

Also Tours to **Haiti** and **Jamaica**

Excellent cuisine, attentive service, individual electric fans in staterooms, etc.

Full particulars, illustrated literature, sailing dates, etc., at

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, General Ticket Agents, 25 Union Sq., N. Y.
MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINE, 27 William St., N. Y.

ROUND THE WORLD

Southern Pacific Company

The Route of all Routes for the TOURIST seeking

HEALTH
RECREATION
or REST

SUMPTUOUS TRAINS, PICTURESQUE LAND and SCENIC GLORIES.

For full information see Free Illustrated Pamphlets, Maps and Time Tables.

Lowest Rates Sleeping Cars and Steamer reservation.

Baggage checked, etc.

APPLY TO
E. HAWLEY, A.G.T.M.
L. H. NUTTING, E.P.A.
349 Broadway or 1 Battery Place (Washington Bldg.), New York.
F. T. BROOKS, N.Y. State Agent,
129 S. Franklin Street, Syracuse, N.Y.

For Fast Travel, Luxurious Accommodation and the BEST of everything take this Route.

"SUNSET LIMITED"
(HOTEL ON WHEELS)

THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

In addition to regular service between New York and the South, a special daily Pullman service will go into effect February 15th, between Old Point Comfort and Pinehurst, Camden, and Florida, *via* Richmond. This is an entirely new feature and will appeal to tourists wishing to make a "stop over" *en route* North and South.

THE PERFECTLY APPOINTED HOTELS

"CHAMBERLIN" AND "HYGEIA"

Are Owned and Controlled by the Old Point Comfort Improvement Co.

GOLF The HAMPTON GOLF CLUB, with its picturesque Club-House and excellent links, is easy of access from THE CHAMBERLIN, and guests of the hotel may secure all privileges of temporary membership. The course is kept in perfect condition and is charmingly laid out so as to afford delightful views of the sea.

GEORGE A. KEELER, Manager, Old Point Comfort, Virginia

Twenty-Nine Days' Voyage to the Tropics

Starting from Halifax and proceeding to Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, St. Lucia and Barbados. Returning to St. John, N.B., in 29 days.

Pickford & Black Steamers are the finest in the trade.

Inquire of R. M. MELVILLE, Toronto.
" " ROBERT REFORD & CO., Montreal.
" " SCHOFIELD & CO., Ltd., St. John.
" " PICKFORD & BLACK, Halifax.

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.

NOTICE
Packages
Specially Wrapped for post or Express

A. JOYCE, Manufacturing Confectioner.

Phillip's Square,
MONTREAL
EST^D. 1861.

Novelties from England and the Continent—
Costume Crackers and Mottoes, Dainty and Attractive Baskets and Boxes.
Fine Quality Chocolates, Fruit Creams, Buttercups, Caramels and Nougats.
Variety and Choice Flavours—one, two, three and four pound boxes—state preferences.
Maple Sugar Cream, a delicacy for friends abroad.
Special Wrapping for Post or Express Packages.
Iced Holiday Cakes, with any desired inscription or decoration.
Fancy Assorted Iced Cakes, Macaroons, Almond Sponge, Vanilla and Duchess Wafers, Shortbread, etc., for Dessert and Receptions.

Beware

They're "Joyce's".

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 53 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 *hauton* (a patient) :—"*As 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, Prop'r, 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, Stern's, Ehrich'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.

Davis & Lawrence Co. Limited, Montreal

Sole Agents for Canada

Cleaning Dainty Lace

REQUIRES a good bit of skill to clean fine laces. They must be cleaned in such a manner that they will have a new-like appearance. We give special attention to work of this character.

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners TORONTO

Head Office and Works, 787-791 Yonge St.

BRANCHES:

Montreal, Hamilton, Brantford, London, St. Catharines, Galt, Woodstock.

SAFFORD RADIATORS

Hot Water or Steam?

Which shall it be?—it pays to use care in selecting your Radiator in either event. No architect can possibly go wrong in advising the use of the "Safford" Patent Radiator, because for twelve years there has not been a word of complaint from those who have used it.

The reasons why are—no bolts, rods or packing—absolutely non-leakable—light, durable and perfect finish of casting—stands a pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch—quick circulation of heat. It fits curves, circles or angles. The ideal Hot Water or Steam heating Radiators are . . . . .

The Safford Radiators.

THE DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY, Limited

TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE VALUE

Of a Newspaper

As an advertising medium is best demonstrated by the amount of regular advertising it carries.

The Globe

TORONTO

Covers the richest field in Canada, and is considered by the best advertisers in the world to be without an equal in the Dominion.

Sworn statement of circulation and rates furnished on application.

The Globe,
Toronto, Canada

Phone Main 420

MATCHES

News
Manillas
Tissues
etc.

EDDY'S WARES

are again on deck. Quality as of old—unsurpassed.

Woodenware
Washboards
Paper Bags
Woodboard

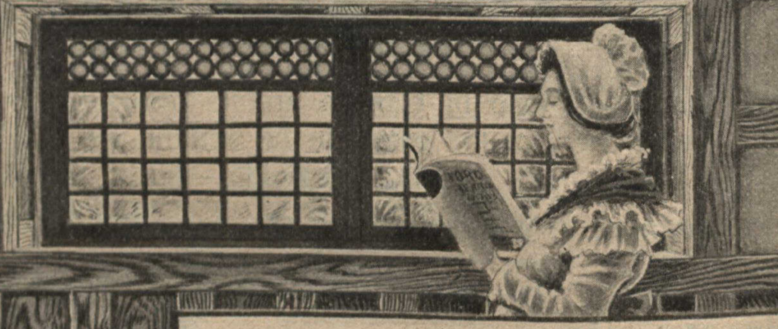
Indurated Fibre Ware

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited

Hull, Montreal, Toronto
Quebec, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, London
St. John, N.B., Halifax, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver

OXFORD
Hot Water BOILERS & RADIATORS.

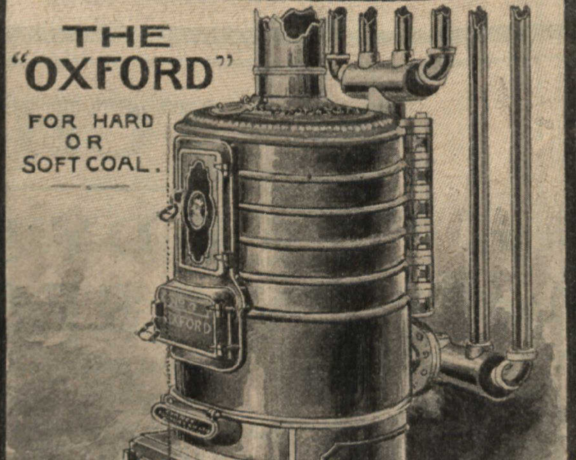
NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT AN "OXFORD"



OXFORD RADIATOR

THE "OXFORD"

FOR HARD OR SOFT COAL.



If your architect or plumber tells you there is another boiler just as economical as the Oxford, tell him he is mistaken—that the Oxford has imitators but no equals.

GURNEY FOUNDRY COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

GURNEY, MASSEY COMPANY, Limited - - - MONTREAL, QUE.

J.A. Holden.

Nature's Remedy for Constipation

Hunyadi János

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Insist on having the Genuine.

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English. . . . . Skin Fluid.

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, Disappear in a few Days.

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

Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agent, **LYMAN BROS., TORONTO.**

FEARMAN'S FAMOUS

ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON

THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE

For Sale by all Leading Grocers

OIL--SMELTER--MINES!

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO.

66 BROADWAY & 17 NEW ST., NEW YORK.

Bankers, Brokers, Fiscal Agents.

Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, and Los Angeles, Cal., Stock Exchange.

Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, Listed and Unlisted our Specialty.

Booklets giving our successful plan or realizing the large profits of legitimate Mining, Oil and Smelter Investments, subscription blanks, full particulars, etc., sent free to any interested on application.

BRANCHES. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Prescott, Ariz.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Hartford, Halifax, N. S.; St. John, N. B., Montreal & Toronto.

English Encyclopaedic Dictionary

Sold all over Great Britain at £5

SEVEN LARGE VOLUMES. NEARLY EIGHT THOUSAND PAGES.
ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND HEADINGS.
COST $750,000 TO MAKE. TOOK 17 YEARS TO COMPLETE.

A few Sets are available for Canada, and full particulars of a most extraordinary offer will be found on the opposite page.

$27.50 for $7.50

A GREAT OFFER

From now until the limited number of Sets of The Encyclopaedic Dictionary (see opposite page) are exhausted we will make the following most generous offer :

The Canadian Magazine for one year, ($2.50) and The English Encyclopaedic Dictionary ($25.00) for $7.50 cash

These seven wonderful volumes will be sent by express immediately on receipt of the above amount. The purchaser pays the express which will average 50 cents in Ontario and $1.50 in Manitoba and the Maritime Provinces.

This is certainly the Greatest Book Offer ever made by a Canadian Publication. ☙ ☙ Seven splendid volumes, well printed and bound in English cloth

We could not afford to deceive you. The offer is genuine in every way. There are only a few Sets bought at a bargain. A quick sale is what we want. The Canadian Magazine as a monthly visitor will brighten your home. It is Canada's brightest and best.

SEND $7.50 TO-DAY.

The Canadian Magazine

63 Yonge Street - Toronto

SURPRISE SOAP will wash any washable material without injury to the color or fabrics. White goods are made whiter, and colored goods brighter, by the use of Surprise Soap.

SURPRISE Soap is a pure, hard soap.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.

Factory at St. Stephen, N.B. Branch Offices in all the principal cities of Canada.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

How often the "Merriness" is changed to "Weariness" by bad digestion, Stomach Rebellion against overeating and overdrinking. During the Festive Christmas Season we are often careless in our living.

GOOD CHEER

and the good fellowship of the hour frequently tempt us to overtax our organs of digestion. We forget for the moment, but are sharply reminded by the Pain, Distress, Bloating, Heartburn or Headache.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets

are a scientifically prepared preventative of, and cure for, all Stomach Derangements. Two of these dainty Tablets, taken immediately after eating, will digest every particle of the most hearty meal. A full treatment will cure the worst case of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Biliousness, Flatulency, or other Stomach Trouble.

FIFTY CENTS A BOX.

Wherever Medicine is Sold.

ABSORB OXYGEN AND LIVE

(Trade Marks Registered in Canada, June 24, 1897; United States, November 24, 1896.)

OXYDONOR causes the whole body to drink freely of oxygen from the air through the pores of the skin and membranes, by the attraction it begets in the body imparting the strongest affinity for oxygen in the blood.

Plenty of oxygen in the system, with freely oxygenated blood, means life with the most vigorous functioning of all the minor and vital organs.

OXYDONOR has been fully tested in all diseases, and has brought health and happiness to sufferers from Rheumatism (Inflammatory, Muscular, Sciatic), Neuralgia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Bowel Trouble, Indigestion, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Trouble, Nervous Diseases, Blood Diseases, Typhoid, Malarial and all Fevers, Female Complaint, and Diseases of Children.

NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.

Col. R. B. Hamilton, Provincial Board of Health, Registrar General's Office, Toronto, Ont., writes August 7, 1901:—"My experience with Oxydonor has been most satisfactory in every respect. Personally I can vouch for its efficacy in acute cases, such as LaGrippe and a severe strain, in both instances its action being remarkably quick, and the results agreeable and permanent. For more chronic affections, such as Neuralgia and Rheumatism, my wife has experienced very great local benefit, and would not be without an Oxydonor for many times its weight in gold."

Mr. Adam Nelson, Proprietor Rossin House, Toronto, Ont., writes August 8, 1901:—"I have used your Oxydonor for a severe attack of 'grip,' and it cured me completely in twenty-four hours. I also notice that a great many travelling men carry Oxydonor with them all the time, and say they would not be without them for anything."

The record of cures is wonderful when you consider that many of them occurred in cases condemned by medical stars as incurable or dying.

Book containing information, prices and reports of cures, mailed free to any one. Dealers wanted in every county. Liberal discounts. We advise dealers how to build up a successful business. Write for terms and get ready for fall and winter business.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations.

The Genuine is stamped with the name
DR. H. SANCHE & CO.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., 2268 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL, QUE.

Toronto Office—Harbottle's Drug Store, Rossin House Block, Toronto, Ont.
Winnipeg Dealer—Wm. T. Gibbins, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.
United States Offices—261 Fifth Ave., New York. 61 Fifth St., Detroit, Mich. 57 State St., Chicago, Ill.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.

Belfast, Ireland, AND
164, 166, & 170 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Appointments to His Most Gracious Majesty the King, the late Empress Frederick, &c.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples Post Free

BORDERED.

Children's......30c per doz.
Ladies'......54c "
Gents'......78c "

HEMSTITCHED.

Ladies'......66c "
Gents'......94c "

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, & SHIRTS.

Price Lists Post Free

Ladies,' from 84c per doz.
Gents' 4-fold, $1.18 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from $1.42 per doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality, Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, $8.52 the half-dozen (to measure, 48c extra.)

OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-dozen.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 70c per doz.
Dinner " $1.32 "
Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c each.
Table Cloths 2½x3 yards, $1.32 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c each.
Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 46c per yard.

Roller Towelling, 6c per yard. Dusters, from 78c per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, $1.14 per doz.

N.B.—TO PREVENT DELAY, ALL LETTER ORDERS AND INQUIRIES FOR SAMPLES SHOULD BE SENT DIRECT TO BELFAST, IRELAND.

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

Libby's

Peerless Plum Puddings
Premier (concentrated) Soups

are among the good things prepared in Libby's famous hygienic kitchens, and particularly seasonable just now.

They make the holiday dinner problem an easy one.

Libby's Premier Soups are just good, pure, wholesome stock soups with the natural flavor of the meat and seasoning.

Libby's Peerless Plum Puddings, are nearer perfection and more like the carefully prepared home made, than any other Puddings on the market.

It will pay you (for economy's sake) to place a few convenient size cans of

Libby's Natural Flavor Food Products

on the pantry shelf, and be ready for emergencies.

Ask Your Grocer for Libby's.

Our little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free to everyone.

Libby's Atlas of the World with 32 new maps, sent anywhere for five two-cent stamps.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

"SWEET CAPORAL" CIGARETTES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD — Kinney Bros., New York

St. Ermin's Hotel

Close to Westminster Abbey.

LARGEST AND FINEST IN

LONDON, ENGLAND

Inclusive Terms, from $2.50 per day, or Moderate Tariff.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

Walter Baker & Co.'s

PURE, HIGH GRADE

Cocoas and Chocolates

Breakfast Cocoa.— Absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

Premium No. 1 Chocolate. —The best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice-cream, etc.

Sweet German Chocolate. —Good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

BRANCH HOUSE, 12 and 14 St. John St., MONTREA

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE

Walpole Bros.

LIMITED

"BELFAST HOUSE"

Established 1766.

DAMASK AND LINEN MANUFACTURERS,

For Excellence of Quality and Moderation of Price Stand Unrivalled.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.

HOUSE LINEN OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Ladies writing for samples and estimates to any desired amount will be pleased with what WALPOLE BROS. undertake to give.

All goods hemmed and marked in ink free of charge.

DUBLIN, BELFAST
AND
89 New Bond Street, LONDON, ENGLAND.

SOLID SUBSTANTIAL FLESH and good Brains are made from

Grape-Nuts.

Sold by grocers.

A HARD WORKER.

One of the "Kings" of the Coast.

Mrs. L. S. King, of Concord, Cal., is state organizer and lecturer for the W. C. T. U. of California. She had been carrying on her work without using proper food to sustain her body, and says:—"Before I found Grape-Nuts food I was suffering seriously with indigestion and my mind had become sluggish and dull, the memory being very much impaired.

"Hearing of Grape-Nuts as a food for rebuilding and strengthening the brain and nerve centres, I began its use. In two months I have gained four pounds in weight, never felt better in my life, and find a most remarkable improvement in my memory and mental activity. I never stood the fatigue and pressure of work as well as I do now. A short time ago I went to a new county, worked twenty-two days, almost day and night, without rest, and came home feeling fine. You may be sure I take Grape-Nuts food with me so that I may depend upon having it."

Y DUNN'S PURE MUSTARD

"FRENCH ORGANDIE"

Manufactured by THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited, TORONTO

the smar... Sold by most Stationers

IN ONE BOT... REQUIRES NO HEATING ... and Harmless ... Fabric.