

APRIL 1906

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## Easter Number

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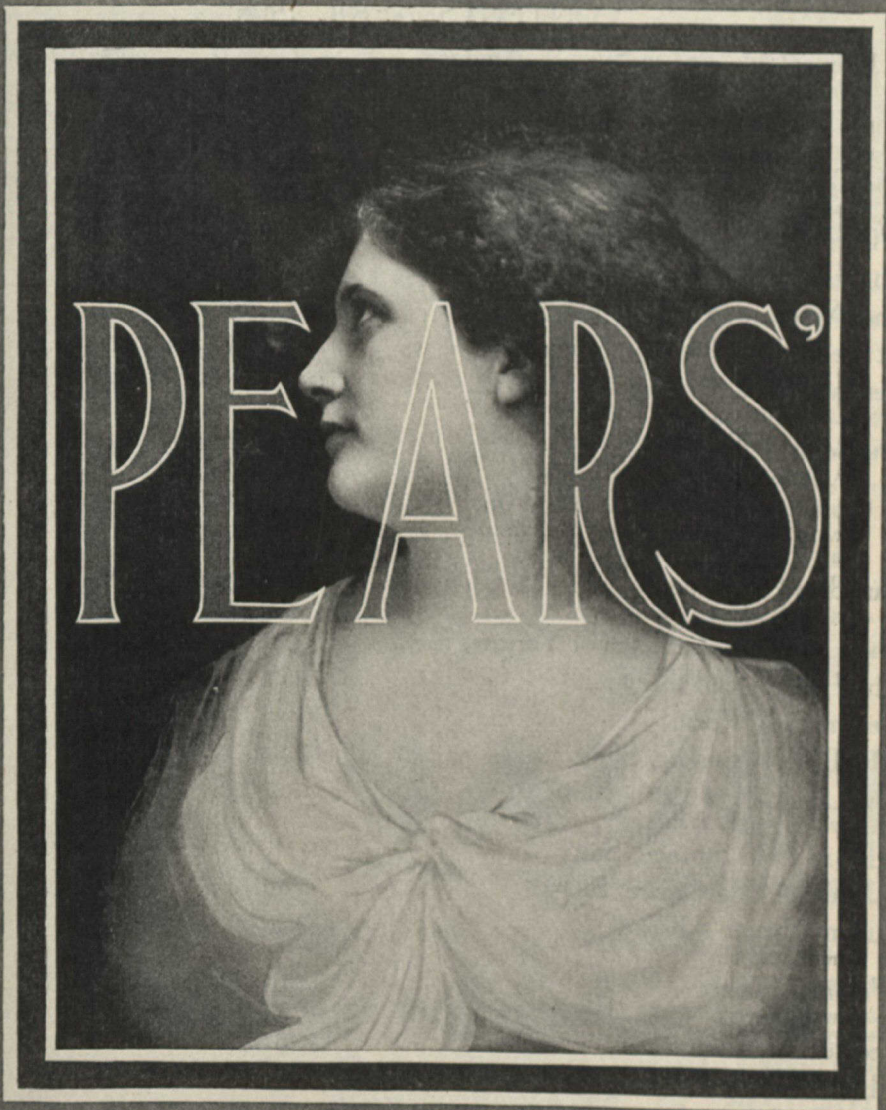
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI.

No. 6

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This April issue closes Volume 26. **The May number will open Volume 27.** For this volume much excellent matter has been secured, including a number of excellent short stories.

One of the leading features of Volume 27 will be a series of six articles by J. E. B. McCready, under the title "**When the Dominion Was Young.**" Mr. McCready was a committee clerk in the House of Commons, 1867 to 1872, and later a member of the Press Gallery, of which he was president in 1881. He is thus able to describe these events at first hand. The articles will be short and will be mainly reminiscent of the men and the notable scenes of those days. Mr. McCready is now editor of the *Daily Guardian* of Charlottetown.

"**Nova Scotia and Imperialism**" will be another reminiscent and historical article which will appear in May. The author is Mr. F. Blake Crofton of Halifax, who is an authority on this subject.

"**Winning a Seat in the Imperial House,**" by A. C. Forster Boulton, M.P., is a very readable article by one of the new Canadian members of the British House of Commons.

"**One Hundred Years in British Columbia,**" by Harold Sands, is an article which should attract attention. It was on May 20th, 1806, that Simon Fraser set out from his Rocky Mountain post on the journey which resulted in the discovery of the River which bears his name.

"**The Trent Valley Canal Fishing and Shooting Grounds,**" by Bonnycastle Dale, is the first of a series of nature and sporting articles for summer reading. Most of these will be well illustrated with new and rare photographs.

"**The New York Season of Drama**" will be described in two illustrated articles by J. E. Webber, a Canadian living in that city. He will review all the leading plays of the season and comment upon the characteristic tendencies that are not seeable.

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## Hints to Tourists

THE number of Canadians visiting Great Britain grows yearly. Most of these land at Liverpool. Upon landing, the traveller finds himself worrying about his baggage. He goes into a large baggage-room where all is grouped in alphabetical order. He finds and opens his own, has it passed by the customs authorities and he is free. He gets a porter, whose name is legion, tells him what station he wants to go to, and takes a cab to that point. The charges are low, about a shilling per head, and there is little difficulty in getting just where he wants to be. Some railways have stations on the docks.

The run from Liverpool to London is about four hours, and second class is the one most used. The first-class fare is 29/; the second-class, 20/8. Sleeping cars are to be had at night. Usually there is a dining car on the train, or a lunch-basket may be ordered through the guard.

Arriving in London, a man with a trunk and other luggage will take a "four-wheeler" which will carry all his impedimenta. A porter will search out and transfer his bags for a few pence—not exceeding six. The cab-rate will be found inside or the traveller may ask the hotel porter when he arrives what the fare is. To this should be added a few pence for the driver.

The choice of a London hotel should be made before starting. Most of the good hotels advertise in the leading Canadian journals. The Russell, Cecil and Grand are large hotels, well situated for Canadians. The Langham and St. Ermins are also well known, while the Kingsley, Thackeray and Wilds are family hotels with excellent accommodation. At all these, double rooms may be secured from 5 shillings a day up, meals extra.

Travellers going on to the Continent should consult some agency for general information, such as Cook or Pitt & Scott.



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THE WEST STRAND AND CHARING CROSS STATION (RIGHT)

This is a view looking east towards Fleet Street which is really a continuation of the Strand. The Strand has been considerably widened in recent years. Three centuries ago it was bordered by Palaces. The last one to disappear, Northumberland House, remained until 1874. Somerset House farther east is the only one remaining.

J. M. BARRIE

In "My Lady Nicotine," page 17, says:—

If there is one man in London who knows tobaccos, it is myself. There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is *deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue*. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister. That is a tobacco to live for.

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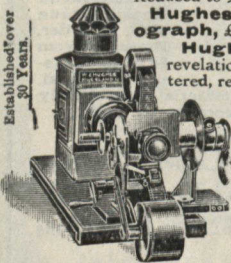
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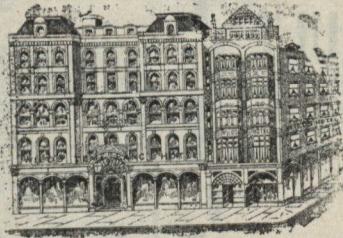
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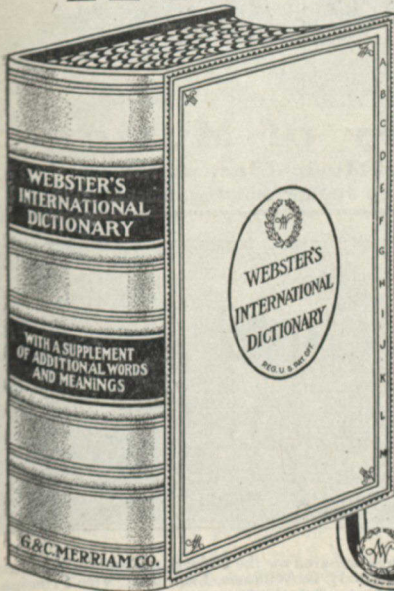
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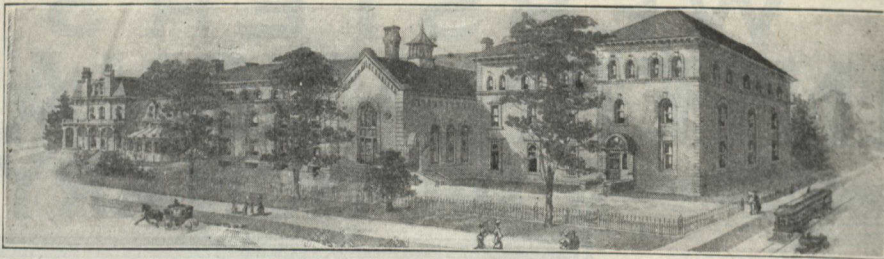
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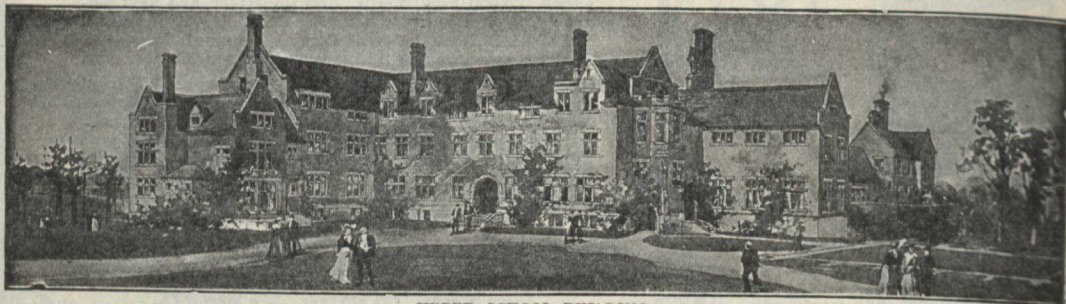


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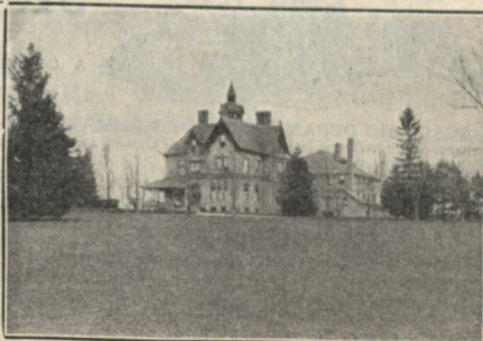
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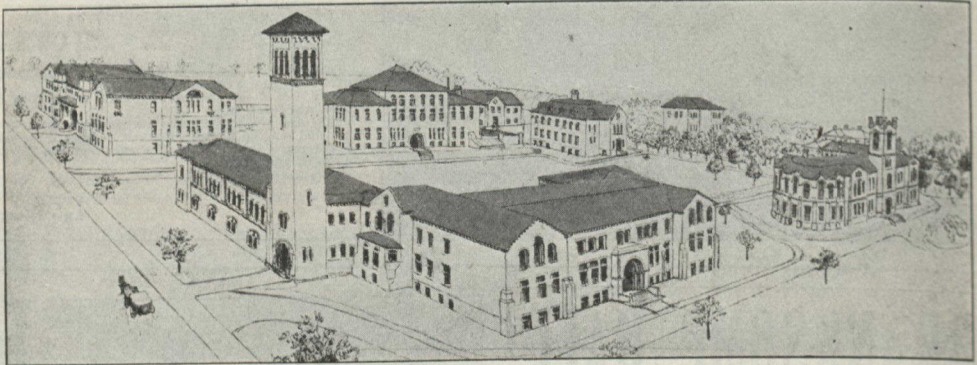
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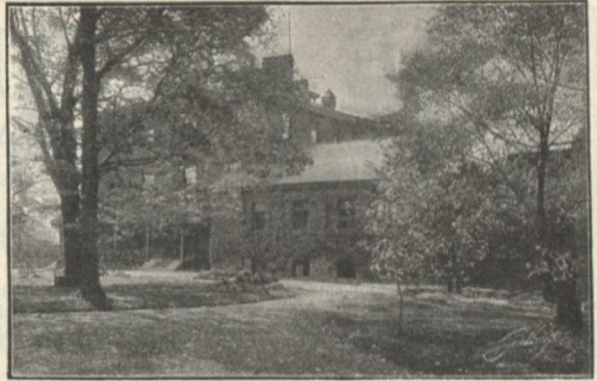
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# THE MUTUAL LIFE

## OF CANADA

### DIRECTORS' REPORT

Your Directors have pleasure in submitting for your consideration the 36th Annual Report for the year ending December 31st, 1905, together with the Financial Statement duly audited.

In every department, the business has been entirely satisfactory, and largely in excess of any previous year.

**Insurance Account.**—The volume of new business was 3,637 Policies for \$6,014,576, being an increase over 1904 of 185 Policies for \$966,408. With the exception of \$65,000 written in Newfoundland, the new business was all written within the Dominion of Canada. The total amount of assurance in force is \$44,199,954, under 29,788 policies, being an increase over 1904 of \$3,722,984.

**Income.**—The total income for the year was \$1,956,518.91, derived from Premiums \$1,547,506.45, Interest and Rents \$407,563.94, and profit from the sale of Real Estate \$1,448.52.

**Payments to Policyholders.**—The payments to Policyholders consisted of Death Claims, \$231,924.10; Matured Endowments, \$159,450; Purchased Policies, \$64,188.68; Surplus, \$87,928.85; and Annuities, \$9,422.56, being a total of \$552,914.19. The Death Claims which fell in during the year amounted to \$269,214, and, though slightly in excess of those in the preceding year, were very light and much below the expectation.

**The Expenses and Taxes** were \$348,491.76, and Profit and Loss \$1,519.18, making a total of \$350,010.94; or 17.8 per cent. of the total income.

**Assets.**—The cash assets at the close of the year were \$8,846,658.42, and consisted of Mortgages, \$4,265,533.86; Debentures and Bonds, \$3,245,401.89; Loans on Policies, \$988,670.39; Premium obligations, \$28,810.60; Real Estate including the Head Office building, \$56,281.08, and Cash in Banks and at Head Office, \$261,960.60. Adding to this the due and deferred premiums \$272,121.08, interest and rents due and accrued \$177,312.65, the total Assets amount to \$9,296,092.15. It will be observed that, as in the past, we still continue to invest our funds in securities of a non-speculative character, and that we hold them on our books at their net cost.

The interest on our investments has been very well met, especially in the City of Winnipeg, where on Mortgages amounting to \$745,555 the interest in arrear at the close of the year was only \$227. In the Province of Manitoba and the West generally, there is a tendency to defer payment of instalments of principal on account of the desire to purchase more land. All payments both for Interest and Principal have, however, been very well met, and were quite equal in that respect to the previous year. In Ontario and elsewhere the Mortgage collections have been exceptionally good, and at the close of the year there was interest in arrear of only \$16,317, the largest part of which fell due in the closing days of the year, and has since been paid. The active demand for money during the year kept our funds well employed at good rates of interest. The average rate realized on our funds was 5.1 per cent.

**The Liabilities** were again computed on the same standard as in former years, viz.: Combined Experience Table with 4 per cent. interest for all business up to January 1st, 1900. From that date to January 1st, 1903, on the Institute of Actuaries' Table with 3½ per cent. interest; and thereafter on the same Table with 3 per cent. interest. The reserve computed upon this standard of valuation amounts to \$8,210,064.24, and the total liabilities are \$8,342,091.03. The Surplus over all Liabilities on the Company's standard of reserve, as above mentioned, is \$952,001.12, being an increase for 1904 of \$179,928.25. On the Government standard of valuation our Surplus would be \$1,261,905.

R. MELVIN, President.

The various reports having been adopted, the retiring Directors, Robert Melvin, Sir F. W. Borden, W. J. Kidd, B.A., and Wm. Snider, were unanimously re-elected. After a number of able and thoughtful addresses had been made by members of the Board, prominent policyholders and others, the meeting adjourned.

The Directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. Robert Melvin President; Mr. Alfred Hoskin, K.C., First Vice-President, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, Second Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

(Booklets containing full report, comprising lists of death and endowment claims paid, of securities held, and other interesting and instructive particulars, are being issued, and will in due course be distributed among policyholders and intending insurers.)

Waterloo, March 1st, 1906.

GEO. WEGENAST, Manager.

W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

— THE —

# MUTUAL LIFE

## OF CANADA

### 36th Annual Statement for the Year 1905

**INCOME.**

Premiums.....	\$1,547,506.45
Interest and Rents.....	407,563.94
Profit from sale of real estate.....	1,448.52

---

\$1,956,518.91

**ASSETS.**

Mortgages.....	\$4,265,533.86
Debentures and Bonds.....	3,245,401.89
Loans on Policies.....	988,670.39
Premium Obligations.....	28,810.60
Real Estate.....	56,281.08
Cash in Banks.....	257,730.37
Cash at Head Office.....	4,230.23
Due and Deferred Premiums (net).....	272,121.08
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	177,312.65

---

\$9,296,092.15

Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation, \$1,261,905.00.

**DISBURSEMENTS.**

Death Claims.....	\$ 231,924.10
Matured Endowments.....	159,450.00
Purchased Policies.....	64,188.68
Surplus.....	87,928.85
Annuities.....	9,422.56
Expenses, Taxes, etc.....	348,491.76
Profit and Loss.....	1,519.18
Balance.....	1,053,593.78

---

\$1,956,518.91

**LIABILITIES.**

Reserve, 4 p.c., 3½ p.c., and 3 p.c.....	\$8,210,064.24
Reserve on lapsed Policies liable to revive or surrender.....	2,400.31
Death Claims unadjusted.....	64,680.00
Present value of Death Claims payable in Instalments.....	35,654.98
Premiums paid in advance.....	14,378.42
Amount due for medical fees.....	5,883.50
Accrued Rents.....	805.33
Credit Ledger Balances.....	10,224.25
Surplus on Company's Valuation Standard.....	952,001.12

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\$9,296,092.15

**GAINS IN 1905.**

In Income.....	\$ 231,210.01	In Surplus (Company's Standard).....	\$ 179,928.25
In Assets.....	1,075,561.70	In Insurance in force.....	3,720,984.00

Audited and found correct, Waterloo, Feb. 1st, 1906.

J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A., Auditor.

### HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

ROBERT MELVIN,  
President

GEO. WEGENAST, Manager

A. HOSKIN  
HON. JUSTICE BRITTON, } Vice-Presidents

W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary

# FEDERAL LIFE

## Assurance Company

### of Canada

The Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders was held at the Head Office of the Company, Tuesday, 6th March. Mr. David Dexter, President, in the chair, Mr. W. H. Davis Acting Secretary, when the following Report was submitted:

### DIRECTORS' REPORT

Your Directors have the honor to present the Report and Financial Statement of the Company for the year which closed on the 31st December, 1905, duly vouched for by the Auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand four hundred and fifteen applications for insurance, aggregating \$3,532,579, of which two thousand three hundred and twenty-eight applications for \$3,329,537.08 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the Company have been increased by \$275,140.56, and have now reached \$2,423,913.93, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for Policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$3,293,913.93, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$2,213,698.75, showing a surplus of \$1,080,215.18. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to Policyholders was \$210,215.28.

Policies on seventy-eight lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$156,886.00, of which \$8,911 was re-insured in other companies.

Including Cash Dividends and Dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, with annuities, the total payment to Policyholders amounted to \$236,425.35.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the Company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of nearly thirteen per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the Company now amount to \$17,294,136.11, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the Company's service.

Your Directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the Company for the past two months of the current year has been better than in the corresponding months of last year, and the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

# Financial Statement for 1905

## RECEIPTS

Premium and Annuity Income.....	\$ 583,279.73	
Interest, Rents and Profit on Sales of Securities.....	121,197.07	
		\$ 704,476.80

## DISBURSEMENTS

Paid to Policyholders.....	\$ 236,425.35	
All other payments.....	215,313.47	
Balance.....	252,737.98	
		\$ 704,476.80

## ASSETS, DECEMBER 31st, 1905

Debentures and Bonds.....	\$ 747,790.37	
Mortgages.....	834,937.59	
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.....	487,234.35	
All other Assets.....	353,951.62	
		\$2,423,913.93

## LIABILITIES

Reserve Fund.....	\$2,170,425.45	
Death Losses awaiting Proofs.....	31,686.00	
Other Liabilities.....	11,587.30	
Surplus on Policyholders' Account.....	210,215.18	
		\$2,423,913.93
Assets.....	\$2,423,913.93	
Guarantee Capital.....	870,000.00	
Total Security.....	\$3,293,913.93	
Policies were Issued Assuring.....	\$3,329,537.08	
Total Insurance in Force.....	17,294,136.11	

Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing-Director, in moving the adoption of the report, said: "I beg leave to submit for your consideration and adoption the report of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1905. In doing so, I am pleased to say that it is the most satisfactory your Directors have had the privilege of placing before you. As compared with the preceding year it shows a gain of seven per cent. in premium income, thirteen per cent. in interest earned, twelve per cent. in total income, ten per cent., \$319,038, in amount of new assurances placed, seven per cent. in amount of assurances in force, twelve per cent. in assets, fourteen per cent. in reserves held to provide for the payment of policy contracts now in force and forty-three per cent. in the surplus over all liabilities.

The profits paid to policyholders also show an increase of sixteen per cent., and the payments made to policyholders, eighteen per cent. in excess of the previous year.

The reserves now held to meet assurance obligations as they mature are in excess of the present requirements of the Insurance Act, additions being made from year to year to meet the higher standard of reserves on assurances written prior to the year 1900, which the act requires that we shall hold at the expiration of a term of years. All policies of assurance written since the year 1899, and many previous thereto, are secured by reserves on a 3½ and 3 per cent. basis.

The profits to policyholders have been maintained in so far as it was possible to do so in the face of the inroads thereon from various sources which may be summarized as follows: The increased cost of new business owing to the methods adopted by competitors, particularly some of the American Companies; the fees and taxes charged and levied by Provincial Governments; the greater privileges and advantages granted to the policyholder under the modern policy contract.

I would here remark in explanation of the last item that these additional privileges and benefits are increased privileges, of travel, residence, occupation and continuance of policy, the same becoming nonforfeitable after three years until the reserve thereon is exhausted in payment of premiums. It will be readily understood that some of the causes which I have mentioned have tended to increase the cost of assurance and others to impair the sources from which profits formerly accrued.

The shareholders who provided the paid-up and additional guarantee capital for security to policyholders when such a provision was necessary, have in no way encroached upon the profits to policyholders, but have had much less in return for their cash investment than the average rate of interest earned by the Company on investments.

Your Directors have always endeavored to the best of their ability to select safe as well as profitable investments for the funds entrusted to their care, and the securities held will bear the most rigid inspection.

Your Directors decided to erect a first-class office building on the very desirable site owned by the Company and situated on the north-west corner of James and Main streets, to meet the Company's requirements. Competitive plans were obtained for a steel frame fireproof building of eight storeys. Tenders were received and a contract let for the construction of such building to be completed in August next. We are confident that the building will prove to be a satisfactory investment, affording a reasonable return in office rentals, as well as desirable offices for the headquarters of the Company.

Lieut.-Col. Kerns seconded the motion which was unanimously carried. The retiring Directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. David Dexter was re-elected President and Managing-Director, Lt.-Col. Kerns and Rev. Dr. Potts were re-elected Vice-Presidents.



## LIFE AND MONEY

and our attitude toward them—in the present and for the future—are subjects for careful thought. The wise expenditure of one's income—the judicious investment of a part of it as a provision for the declining years of life—require the exercise of the best judgment.

As a means for providing for this period of life—and at the same time of protecting dependents from possible want—there is nothing which will so surely serve this purpose as a policy of endowment insurance—in a strong Canadian Company such as the

## NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Policies issued on the non-participating system—at rates as low as consistent with safety; a definite contract to pay—with no uncertainty.

**HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.**

J. L. BLAIKIE - - - President  
L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Man. Director  
W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., - Secretary

1905

Another Successful Year

FOR THE

# Northern Life

Insurance written . . .	\$1,383,385.00	<sup>GAINS</sup> 7%
Insurance in force . . .	4,710,554.00	14%
Premium income . . .	151,440.51	16%
Interest income . . . .	23,278.21	9%
Total assets . . . . .	588,344.73	21%
“ Government reserve as security for Policyholders	394,269.91	27%

To Agents who can Produce Business  
Good Contracts will be Given

JOHN MILNE, Managing Director  
LONDON, ONTARIO

## ANOTHER YEAR OF GREAT PROSPERITY

is recorded in the Report for 1905 of the Great-West Life.

During the year more than SIX MILLIONS of new business has been placed, giving a total business in force of OVER \$24,000,000. The surplus to Policyholders amounts to \$612,213.45, an amount steadily increasing year by year.

The average interest earned on investments is over 7%, and again the Directors are able to state that since the inception of the Company not one dollar has ever been lost on investments.

From every point of view the Report is a most satisfactory one, and indicates an ever-increasing recognition of the value of Great-West Policies. ASK FOR A COPY.

**THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**

HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG

Branches at Vancouver, Calgary, Toronto  
Montreal, St. John, Halifax.

# NATIONAL-TRUST COMPANY-LIMITED.

18-22 KING ST.E. TORONTO.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000 RESERVE \$400,000  
ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION \$9,400,000

ACTS AS—

Executor and Trustee under Will.

AFFORDS ITS CLIENTS—

1. Security.
2. Business Management.
3. Prompt Investment of Trust Funds.

## THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital paid up,	-	-	\$1,000,000
Reserve Fund,	-	-	\$1,000,000
Undivided Profits,	-	-	\$ 133,133

### DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq., President  
HIS HONOR W. MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.  
JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.

D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-President  
THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.  
JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

W. D. ROSS, General Manager

GENERAL BANKING  
BUSINESS

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
AT ALL BRANCHES

# Bank of Hamilton

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON

HON. WILLIAM GIBSON - - - - - President  
 J. TURNBULL - - - - - General Manager

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 2,500,000  
 Reserve..... 2,500,000  
 Total Assets..... 29,000,000

**Branches:**

- |                   |                    |                     |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Abernethy, Sask.  | Fordwich           | Manitou, Man.       | Ripley             |
| Alton             | Georgetown         | Melfort, Sask.      | Roland, Man.       |
| Atwood            | Gladstone, Man.    | Miami, Man.         | Saskatoon, Sask.   |
| Battleford, Sask. | Gorrie             | Midland             | Simcoe             |
| Beamsville        | Grimsby            | Milton              | Southampton        |
| Berlin            | Hagersville        | Minnedosa, Man.     | Stonewall, Man.    |
| Blyth             | Hamilton           | Mitchell            | Swan Lake, Man.    |
| Bradwardine, M.   | " Barton St.       | Moorefield.         | Teeswater          |
| Brandon, Man.     | " Deering Br.      | Moose Jaw, Sask.    | Toronto—           |
| Brantford         | " East End         | Morden, Man.        | College & Ossing'n |
| Carberry, Man.    | " West End         | Niagara Falls       | Queen & Spadina    |
| Carman, Man.      | Hamiota, Man.      | Niagara Falls South | Toronto Junction   |
| Chesley           | Indian Head, Sask. | Orangeville         | Vancouver, B.C.    |
| Delhi             | Jarvis             | Owen Sound          | Wingham            |
| Dundalk           | Kamloops, B.C.     | Palmerston          | Winkler, Man.      |
| Dundas            | Kenton, Man.       | Pilot Mound, Man.   | Winnipeg, Man.     |
| Dunnville         | Killarney, Man.    | Plum Coulee, Man.   | Winnipeg, Man.—    |
| Ethel             | Lustowel           | Port Elgin          | Grain Exchange     |
| Fernie, B.C.      | Lucknow            | Port Rowan          | Wroxeter           |

Correspondents in Great Britain—The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited.

Correspondents in United States.—New York—Hanover National Bank and Fourth National Bank Boston—International Trust Co Buffalo—Marine National Bank Chicago—Continental National Bank and First National Bank Detroit—Old Detroit National Bank Kansas City—National Bank of Commerce, Philadelphia—Merchants National Bank St Louis—Third National Bank San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank Pittsburg—Mellon National Bank.

Collections effected in all parts of Canada promptly and cheaply Savings Banks at all offices.

Correspondence Solicited

**3<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>%** Interest on DEPOSITS.  
 Paid half-yearly on the daily balance. Subject to cheque.

**4%** Interest paid half-yearly on DEBENTURES. Repayable on 60 days' notice.

Capital Subscribed - - - \$2,500,000  
 Capital Paid Up - - - 1,250,000  
 Reserve - - - 800,000  
 Total Assets - - - 7,046,397

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

# THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE  
 HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets - - - - \$3,293,913 93  
 Paid to Policyholders in 1905 - - - 236,425 35  
 Assurance written in 1905 - - - 3,329,537 08

Most Desirable Policy Contracts

DAVID DEXTER  
 President and Managing Director



**4** <sup>0</sup>/<sub>0</sub> **DEBENTURES** Issued in sums of \$100 and upwards for terms of from One to Five Years. Interest paid Half-yearly. Interest computed from date on which money is received.

**These Debentures are a Legal Investment  
for Trust Funds**

They are a favourite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British and Canadian Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than  
**ONE MILLION DOLLARS**

Send for a Specimen Debenture, copy of Order-in-Council authorizing Trust Funds to be invested therein, and our last Annual Report.

**CANADA PERMANENT**

MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET

TORONTO, ONTARIO

**A Contented  
Mind**

Is Most To Be Desired of  
Earthly Blessings

A POLICY FROM

**THE EMPIRE**

Accident and Surety Company

Will Bring You Contentment  
As Nothing Else Will

A CANADIAN CONCERN

THE  
**London Life  
Insurance Company**

LONDON, CANADA

HOLDS

No Speculative Securities

EARNs

A High Rate of Interest

ON ITS INVESTMENTS  
(5.73% IN 1905). PAYS

Profits Equal to Estimates

Get full particulars from any Agent  
of the Company or write direct  
to the Head Office

# NO PERSON

whose life is worth anything can afford to be without life insurance.

---

A life insurance policy is a friend which will never fail you. It is payable when your family is most in need.

---

No better contract can be secured than the Accumulation Policy issued by the Confederation Life.

---

This policy furnishes the maximum of protection at the minimum of cost. It is free from conditions and contains clear and definite guarantees.

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A letter to the Head Office, Toronto, or to any of the Association's Agents will bring you full and interesting information which it will be greatly to your advantage to have.

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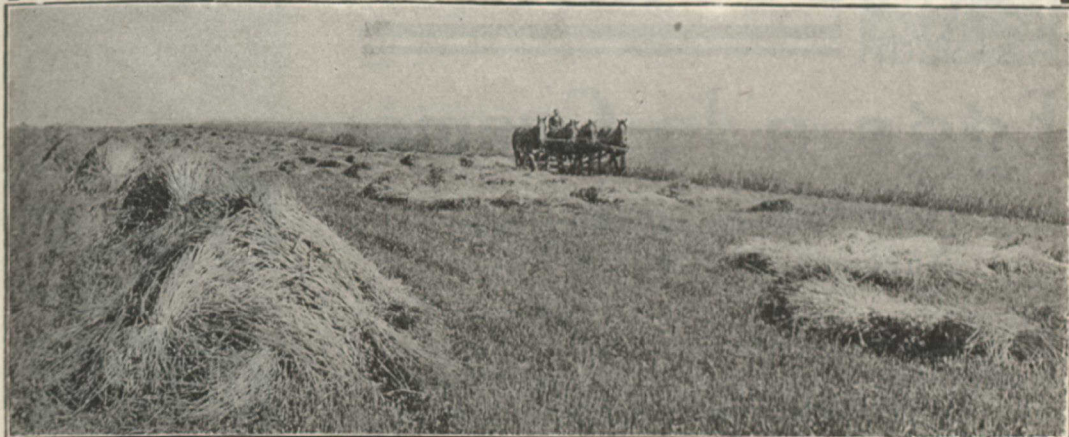
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## CONFEDERATION LIFE

ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO

# WESTERN CANADA



PRODUCES THE MOST REMARKABLE YIELDS  
OF

## GRAIN, ROOTS AND VEGETABLES

Write for information about free  
grants of land for settlers, to

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION  
OTTAWA - CANADA

OR TO THE

CANADIAN COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION

11-12 CHARING CROSS - LONDON, W.C., ENGLAND



# For Easter Breakfast

## Eggs a la Creme

Dainty, Delicious and Wholesome  
Anyone Can Prepare Them

6 Eggs	1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Tablespoonful Butter	Salt to Season
½ Pint Milk	Pepper to Season
½ Teaspoonful Armour's Extract of Beef	

### Directions for Preparing

☞ Boil the eggs fifteen minutes; remove the shells and cut them in halves crosswise. Slice a little off the bottom to make them stand. Put the butter in frying pan to melt, then add the flour. Mix until smooth, add the milk, and stir constantly until it boils. Add the Extract of Beef, (previously dissolved in water) salt and pepper. Stand the eggs on a heated platter; pour the sauce over and around them. Serve very hot.

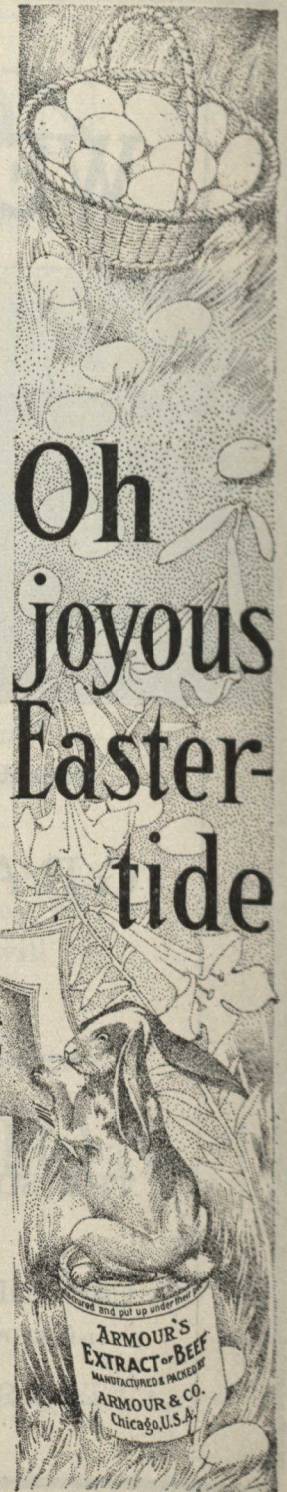
☞ There are fifty other recipes or more in Culinary Wrinkles. Sent postpaid on request if you enclose a metal cap from a jar of

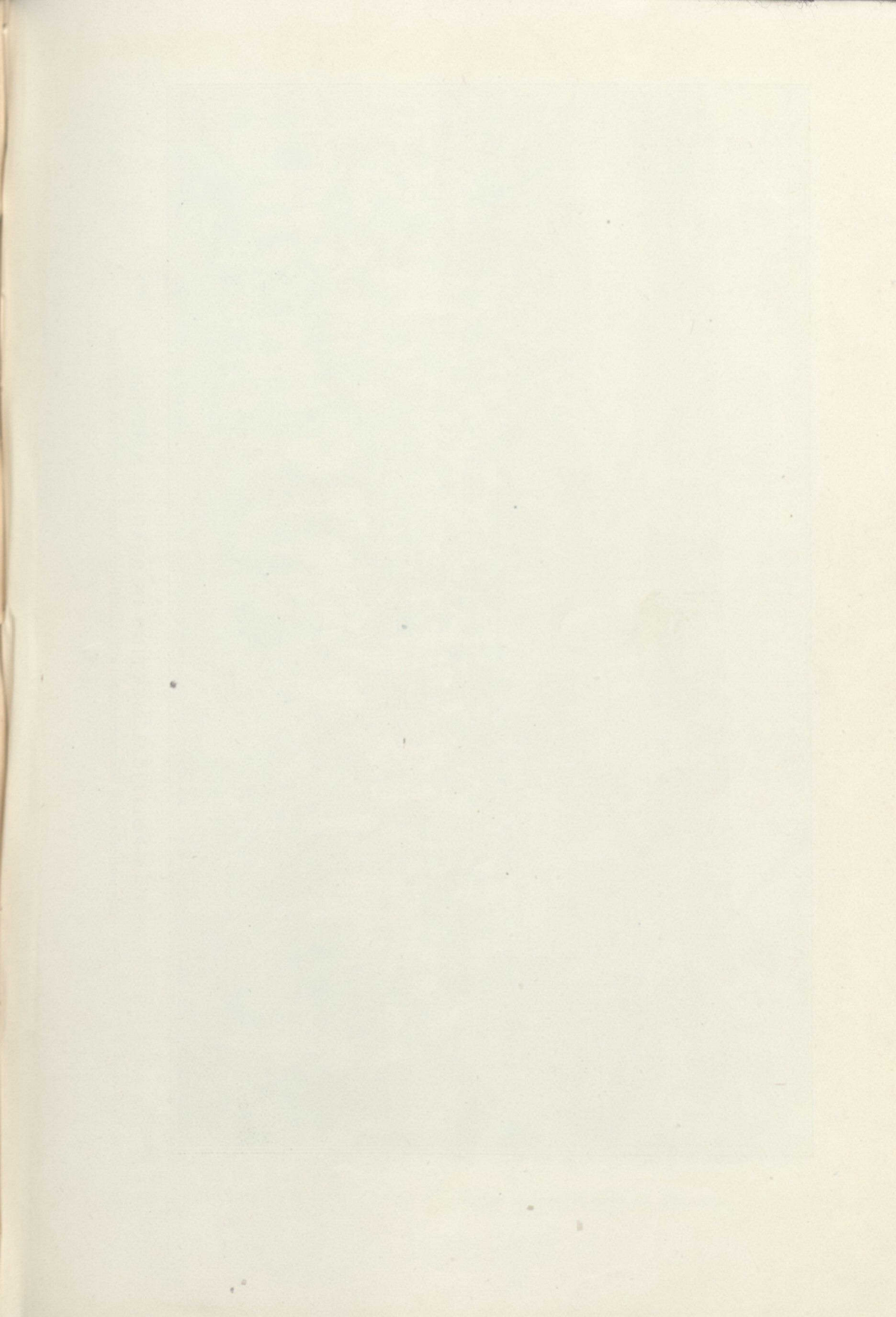
## Armour's EXTRACT OF BEEF

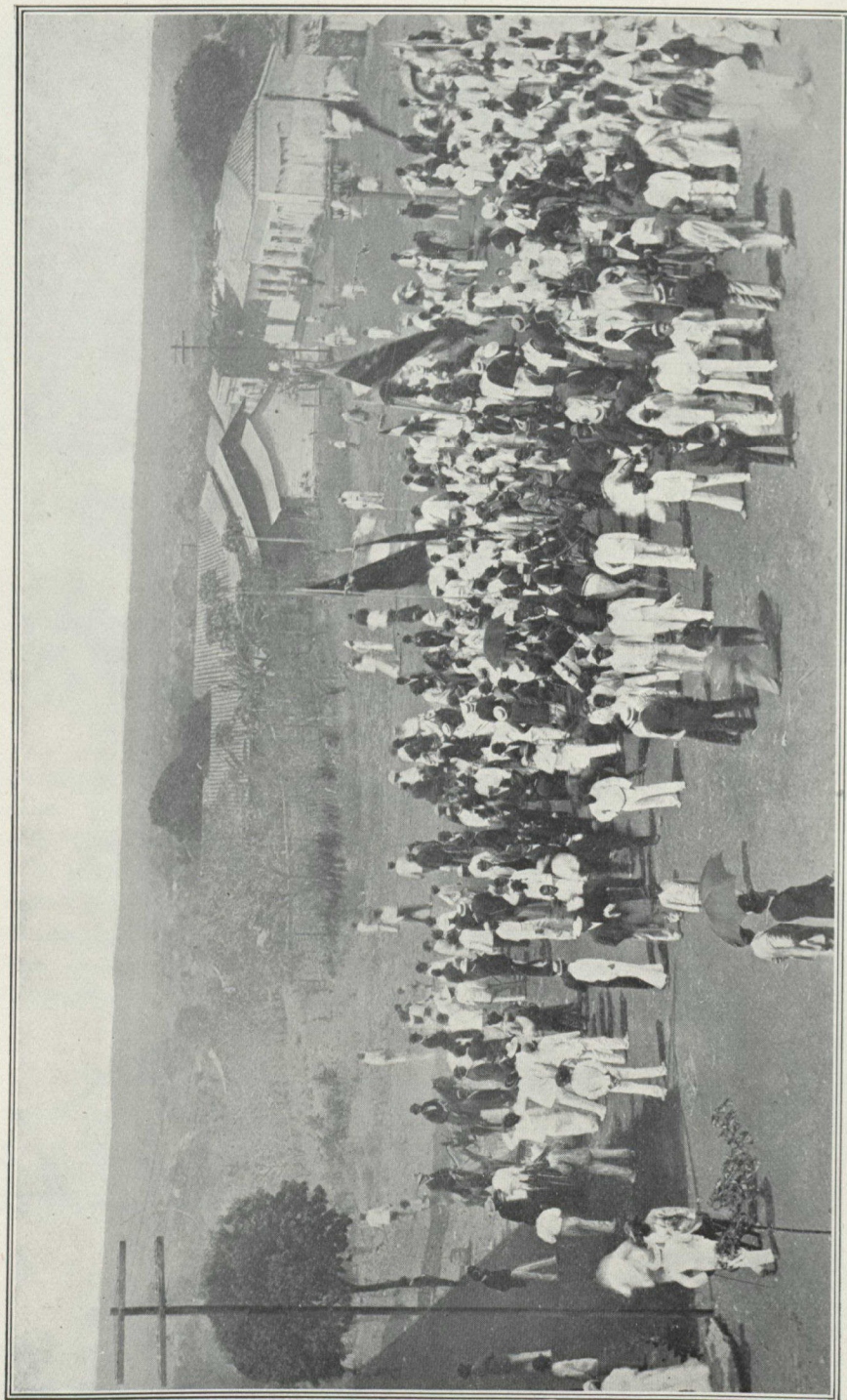
The BEST EXTRACT  
of  
The BEST BEEF.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers

ARMOUR LIMITED  
Toronto







**A POLITICAL MEETING IN SPANISH AMERICA**

This particular scene was photographed at Ciudad Bolívar, Venezuela, by Mr. G. M. L. Brow

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI

TORONTO, APRIL, 1906

No. 6

## The Orinoco—A Wasted Waterway

By G. M. L. BROWN



F all the great rivers of the world, with the exception, perhaps, of the Zambesi, and, of course, those emptying into the Arctic Ocean, the Orinoco is the least known to commerce. Less remarkable for its length than its volume, in which it is exceeded by only eight other rivers, it has half a dozen tributaries larger than the St. John or the Ottawa. It drains a territory of 360,000 square miles, more than half the surface of Venezuela, or equal to the combined area of Italy, Spain and Portugal.

Its actual length is estimated at 1,450 miles to its source in the sierras of the mysterious Guiana region; but to the head waters of the Guaviare, one of its upper branches, the distance is, perhaps, 1,600 miles or more. This tributary is about the size of the River Loire in France, but the Meta, the Arauca, and the Apure—the latter of which is regarded by some authorities as the true upper course of the Orinoco—all exceed the far-famed Rhine both in length and in volume, and in the rainy season roll down a vast flood such as few rivers of their size have ever been known to discharge. The Orinoco itself averages more than twice the volume of the Danube, and could gain or lose a dozen Hudsons without appreciably affecting its regular rise and fall. On the other hand, it must be remembered that two rivers on the same continent greatly surpass it both

in length and volume—the La Plata and the Amazon, the volume of the latter being estimated at six times that of the Orinoco.

Apart from its size, the Orinoco is remarkable for several peculiarities, notably for its communication with the Amazon system through the Cassiquiare, which, it may be noted here, is not the sluggish canal at one time described, but a swiftly flowing river which divides its waters in the ratio of two to one, the Orinoco receiving the lesser current. The famous delta, with its thirty-six channels, is also an interesting feature, though less unique than the inland delta formed by the Arauca and the Apure where they join the main stream. This has been caused by the enormous force of the "winter" floods, which break through the soft mud banks, forming a confused network of "caños"



INDIAN CANOE IN TOW OF STEAMER



VENEZUELA—A GROUP OF CARIBS OF THE ORINOCO DELTA REGION

or channels, which relieve first one and then the other of the streams they so intimately connect.

Like most rivers that flow through vast alluvial plains, the Orinoco is wide and shallow, and contains many shifting sandbars, which hinder the summer navigation; but this is not true of all of its course, for hills of blackened granite are seen at places, with here and there a huge boulder projecting above its muddy surface. At the port of Ciudad Bolivar (formerly Angostura) the river is so constricted that it attains great depth, and in the wet season sweeps through its narrowed channel with such force that "lanchas," or sailing barges, have sometimes been known to take a week in passing this point. Its average rise at the narrows is between 40 and 50 feet, but in 1892 it attained the incredible height of 75 feet above low-water mark, and actually flooded the city, which in the dry season is perched high on the hillside, making a prominent landmark for approaching vessels.

The Orinoco is navigable at all seasons

from the Atlantic (including seven of its mouths) to the Atures rapids, a short distance above the mouth of the Meta. A special class of steamer has to be used, of course, for this up-river navigation, and the vessel in the accompanying illustration will serve as a type of all the steamers plying west of Ciudad Bolivar, except one recently added to the fleet, which is an exact copy of the boats of the upper Nile, and draws just twelve inches. This latter is designed for the river Meta, the navigation of which has heretofore proven difficult for boats drawing three feet or more, except in "midwinter" (*i.e.*, July and August), when it is easily navigable to the edge of the Colombian highlands. The Arauca presents conditions similar to the Meta, and receives one steamer during the rainy season, which ascends to the village of Arauca, situated on the boundary between the two republics. The Apure, however, has a more uniform course, and is said to be navigable for more than 600 miles; but regular steamers certainly do not ascend that distance, the

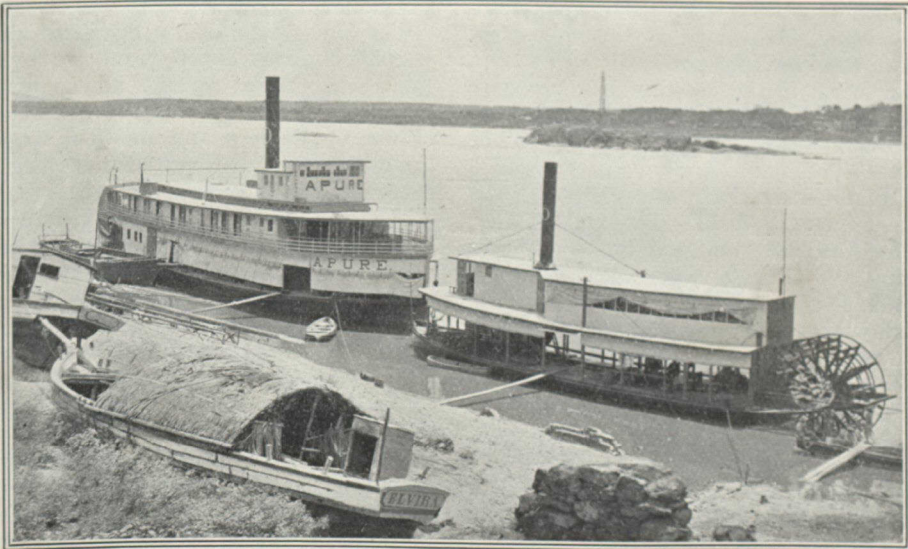




THE MOSCA—AN ORINOCO "LANCHA" OR SAIL-BOAT

traveller being fortunate if he can get comfortable passage above San Fernando. Even this important town is frequently isolated during February, March and April, as the writer learned to his dismay on his arrival from the Llanos. The

stranger, to be sure, will suffer no great hardship by the delay, since the town contains many well-appointed stores, and can boast of an ice factory, a Chinese laundry, a small daily bulletin containing foreign cablegrams, and for his entertainment a



VENEZUELA—TYPES OF BOATS AND STEAMERS ON THE ORINOCO



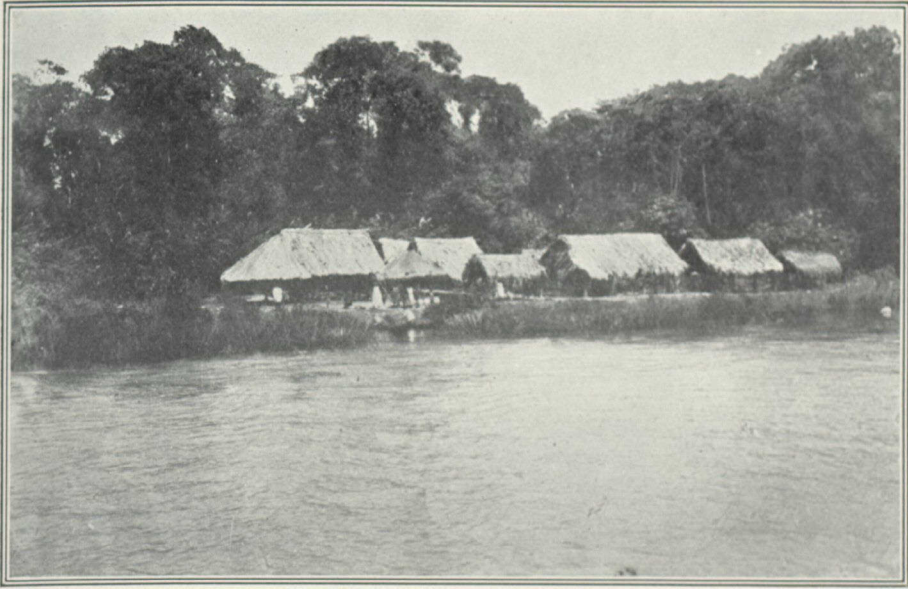
A STOPPING PLACE IN THE DELTA OF THE ORINOCO

primitive bull-ring! But even these attractions and the charming hospitality of the people pall upon him, and he constantly watches the sluggish current, hoping against hope that a rise may occur. Fate was kind in the writer's case; a tropical storm in the far-distant Andes gave the necessary increase, and the town one morning was awakened to activity by the whistle of a small stern-wheeler which carefully felt its way over the bars, and crept in to the bank. Six months later, I reflected as I watched this diminutive craft, the greatest vessel afloat could be made fast at the selfsame spot, and the ground on which I stood, and, indeed, perhaps the whole town, besides countless leagues of savannah, would lie several feet below the onrushing flood.

A short distance above the Atures is another rapids, the Maypures, these two forming the only obstruction to the navigation of the Upper Orinoco, the Cassiquiare, and thence through the Rio Negro to the Amazon, as well as of the

Guaviare, already mentioned, which drains the vast and otherwise inaccessible region south-east of Bogota, and is said to be navigable for 500 miles.

The navigation of these waters was attempted about fifteen years ago by a French company which had acquired valuable rubber concessions in the region of the Cassiquiare and the Rio Negro (known as the Rio Negro district), where extensive forests of the very finest Para rubber exist. The company, at great cost, transported a small steamer in sections to the foot of the rapids, and thence overland to the Upper Orinoco (their intention, I believe, was ultimately to build a connecting railroad here), launched the vessel, and began to exploit these priceless forests. Unfortunately, however, as has been the case with so many French companies on this continent, the project failed through gross extravagance and mismanagement, and the little steamer was soon abandoned to the mercy of the floods. The present "Orinoco Line of Steamers," who own or



VENEZUELA—AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN THE DELTA REGION

control all vessels on the entire Orinoco system, informed the writer that they intend repairing this boat and encouraging trade with the Upper River; but until this is done, we have the astounding spectacle of more than a thousand miles of navigable inland waterways undisturbed except by an occasional canoe or lancha.

The lancha is simply a light scow, or flat-bottomed boat, fitted with a single mast, from which, however, an enormous sail can be spread. With the summer trade-winds blowing from the Atlantic good progress up stream is often made, but for the return trip the mast and sails are stowed away, and the force of the current is depended upon, aided in the dry season by the use of poles or oars. If the westerly winds have set in, of course, it can sail back as well, and at times a little craft may be seen with sail set, tacking down stream in the teeth of an easterly wind; but this is sorry work. On my trip from San Fernando de Apure, indeed, we picked up a passenger from a lancha hailing from the town of Arauca, who informed me, with no little disgust, that the voyage had already lasted two months, and Ciudad Bolívar was still far distant. The lancha, if I remember correctly, reached port

just two weeks after we did, and of course by no possible good fortune could the owner sell his little cargo of hides so as to make the trip profitable.

Speedier, and more picturesque than the lanchas are the "bongos" or large dug-outs, one-half of which is sheltered by a wicker of palm-thatched canopy; and a sight never to be forgotten is the passing of a bishop or faithful "padre" with his Indian boatmen, making a round of parochial calls requiring, perhaps, several months' almost constant travel. The instant this craft is recognised, the steamer or lancha slackens speed, and when the padre glides alongside he solemnly blesses the voyagers, then thankfully accepting such contributions as are offered him, and exchanging a courteous farewell, resumes his solitary way. His garb, his half-naked boatman, and the primitive bongo make the traveller wonder for a moment if he has not beheld a vision of early colonial days when the hardy fathers fearlessly set out to plant the Cross in the remotest regions of the interior, and a glance at the shore line of tangled primeval forest and the still, lifeless track of waters in his wake almost confirm him in the strange fancy.

∞ The history of the navigation of the



SAN FERNANDO DE APURE—DURING THE RAINY SEASON

Orinoco is a sad recital of government monopoly and official corruption. The only port open to foreign vessels is the city of Ciudad Bolivar,\* a restriction that has wrought untold hardship to mining and trading companies, who often lose on the extra transportation to and from this city the small profit necessary for the working of their concessions, and innumerable enterprises have failed owing solely to this short-sighted policy. The exclusion of all vessels but those of the river fleet from the Macareo channel of the delta, the shortest and safest route to Trinidad, is equally absurd; but these abuses are insignificant compared with the absolute monopoly of the up-river steam navigation which is in the hands of the company already referred to, the "Orinoco Line of Steamers," who are the successors of the famous Orinoco Steamship Company, an American firm which was accused of aiding Gen. Matos in his ill-fated revolution, and was promptly snuffed out by President Castro. The nominal owners of the present line, indeed, are likewise an American banking and trading house at Ciudad

\*A small town near the Delta has recently been declared a port, but its position favours only the shipment of cattle.

Bolivar, but the president is a silent but very aggressive partner, and dictates the policy of the company, which, it is needless to add, is extortionate in the extreme, as are all other enterprises controlled by him. To the credit of the American management, however, it must be admitted that an excellent service exists between Trinidad and Ciudad Bolivar, and that at least something is being done to better the communication with up-river points.

The outlook, however, is not very promising, and it is doubtful if the Orinoco country will be properly opened up during the present generation unless a radical change of administration takes place. Its population to-day is believed to be actually less than it was nearly four centuries ago, when the Spanish explorer Ordaz ascended to the mouth of the Meta; and the Indian stands in such fear of the Venezuelan and his government that he frequently prefers to follow the smaller waterways of the Guiana region, or take overland trips through the virgin forests rather than use the broad highway that is his rightful heritage from countless ancestors.

This disappearance of the Indian has greatly impeded the gathering of rubber, tonca beans, and other natural products,



A STREET IN CIUDAD BOLIVAR IN TIME OF FLOOD

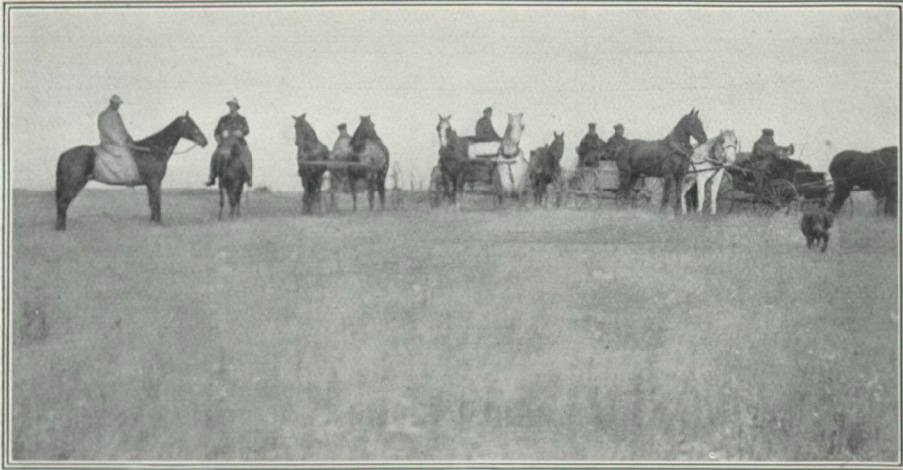
and since immigration is not encouraged and continuous revolutions have scattered or killed the settlers of European and mixed descent, it would seem that the country is steadily retrograding.

The writer sailed 200 leagues down this giant waterway, and was amazed at the primeval condition of the country. Between San Fernando and Ciudad Bolivar, which are about the same distance apart as are Toronto and Quebec, it is estimated that there are less than 2,000 permanent settlers, apart from the inhabitants of Caicara and one or two other small villages. Most of these settlers, moreover, live among such wretched surroundings that one wonders that they find life endurable. The only evidence of modern progress that I witnessed during the entire trip was a windmill, and of the various craft we sighted not one was propelled by steam.

Yet the natural wealth and fertility of this region is boundless. The cattle of the llanos, as is well known, yield the finest hides that the shoe manufacturer can procure, and with cheap river freights, the traffic in hides from San Fernando alone should employ a fleet of steamers. During my visit to that town, however, the

cattle industry was so depressed that animals on the hoof brought only \$5. The rubber forests of the Upper Orinoco are as yet almost untouched except on the margins of the streams, and the valuable balata rubber, which is comparatively new to commerce, is found at various points from the delta to the Rio Negro. Hardwoods of an infinite variety, dyewoods, medicinal plants, vanilla, tonca beans, turtle oil, and alligator and crocodile skins, will all in time become important exports, as will rice, sugar, tobacco, cacao, and many other agricultural products when the land is taken up and cultivated.

To-day, however, the Orinoco country remains a veritable wilderness, and the Orinoco can best be described as a wasted waterway. Were it not for the attractive little city of Ciudad Bolivar and the enterprising town of San Fernando de Apure, one would not hesitate to call it one of the most backward territories of its size in the world. Yet the climate is healthful; the forests, mineral, and agricultural resources are limitless; and the whole region, with the exception of the highlands and sierras of Guiana, is rendered easily accessible by a magnificent river system.



MR. MORSE (GENERAL MANAGER) AND PARTY GOING OVER THE SURVEYED LINE OF G. T. P. THROUGH THE PRAIRIE REGION OF THE WEST

# The Grand Trunk Pacific

By *NORMAN PATTERSON*



WITH the acquiring of the Northwest Territories and the entrance of British Columbia into Confederation came the problem of Canada's first transcontinental railway. It was a problem which almost staggered the public of the period. It was courageously faced, and in spite of enormous difficulties arising from the pessimism of legislators and capitalists, the length of the line, and the physical difficulties, the road was opened for traffic from Montreal to Vancouver in 1885. After fifteen years of slow but steady national development, it became evident that another transcontinental line was necessary. One railway does not make a nation.

The next step in this direction was the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway from Port Arthur to Winnipeg, which also secured a charter for a line from Winnipeg to the coast. It was evident, however, that even this would be insufficient for the expanding settlements of the West and ineffective for the development of Ontario and Quebec. Another project was mooted in 1901 under the

name of the Trans-Canada Railway. This was to run from Quebec on the St. Lawrence to Port Simpson on the Pacific, touching at James Bay in Northern Ontario, and running north of Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis.

While the Trans-Canada project was still in its infancy, the announcement was made in November, 1902, that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway had decided to build a line from North Bay, in Northern Ontario, through Ontario, Manitoba and the Territories to the British Columbia coast. As this was announced by the General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway System, it was presumed to have the backing of the people connected with that great railway, and it at once aroused great attention. It was seen by all acute observers, that with such backing it must place the Trans-Canada and other projects in the background.

A general discussion of the Grand Trunk Pacific project ran through the newspapers for the next few weeks. On March 27th, 1903, a petition was presented to the House of Commons asking for the incorporation of the company with a capital of

\$75,000,000, and four days later the Incorporation Bill was introduced. About July, it was intimated that the Government were taking a serious view of their responsibilities in connection with the project, and that a contract between the Government and the company was a possibility. This contract or agreement was finally completed on July 29th and signed on behalf of the Government by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. W. S. Fielding, and on behalf of the company by Messrs. Charles M. Hays, Frank W. Morse and William Wainwright. An Order-in-Council was issued the next day, and on the 31st, Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced in the House an "Act to provide for the Construction of a Transcontinental Railway." The measure consisted of two parts. The first provided for a commission of three persons, to build the line for the Government from Moncton to Winnipeg via Quebec and Lake Abitibi. The second ratified a contract which had been concluded between the Government and the G.T.P. Company.

It will thus be seen that the project had grown by the extension of the line from North Bay eastward via Quebec to Moncton; and had been essentially changed by the Government undertaking to construct that portion of the line between Winnipeg and Moncton and then leasing it to the company for a long term.\* By the ex-

\*The rental payable by the Company under the terms of its lease of the Eastern Division will be as follows: For the first seven years of the said term the Company shall operate the same, subject only to payment of "working expenditure"; for the next succeeding forty-three years the Company shall pay annually to the Government, by way of rental, a sum equal to three per cent. per annum upon the cost of construction of the said Division, provided that if, in any one or more of the first three years of the said period of forty-three years, the net earnings of the said Division, over and above "working expenditure," shall not amount to three per cent. of the cost of construction, the difference between the net earnings and the rental shall not be payable by the Company, but shall be capitalised and form part of the cost of construction, upon the whole amount of which, rental is required to be paid at the rate aforesaid after the first ten years of the said lease, and during the remainder of the said term.

At the expiration of the period of fifty years, the company has the privilege of an

pansion and this change, the Government avoided the necessity of making a land grant or giving a bonus, while the company secured a greater transcontinental line, and through a government bond guarantee† secured a basis for the financing of its undertaking. Every Province of the Dominion was to be benefited by the new road, and its termini as well as the entire line were to be in Canadian

extension of the lease for another period of fifty years, in the event the Government then determines not to undertake the operation of the said Division; but should the Government take over the operation of this Division, the Company shall be entitled, for a further period of fifty years, to such running powers and haulage rights as may be necessary to continuity of operation between the said Western Division and other portions of the Company's system and the Grand Trunk Railway System, on such terms as may from time to time be agreed upon.

By the terms of the lease to the Company of this portion of the railway, it will also be seen that the Company will practically have the free use of it for a period of seven years, and taking into account the time allowed for construction, which is fixed at seven years, no payments will require to be made on account of rental until 1919.

†Owing to the physical character of the country the Western Division is sub-divided into the Prairie Section and the Mountain Section; the former extending from Winnipeg through Edmonton to the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains, a distance estimated at eleven hundred miles, and the latter, as its name indicates, being the section over the mountains to the Pacific Coast, a distance estimated at seven hundred miles. This Division will be built at the cost of the Company, the Government aiding by guaranteeing First Mortgage Bonds of the Company, principal and interest for fifty years, to the extent of \$13,000 per mile on the Prairie Section, and for three-quarters of whatever the cost per mile may be of the Mountain Section, the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada guaranteeing an issue of bonds of the Grand Trunk Pacific Company, principal and interest, for fifty years, to provide the remainder of the cost of construction. The Company is to pay the interest on the bonds issued on the Prairie Section and guaranteed by the Government, from the date of issue (the interest during construction being provided for in the cost of construction), but the Government will pay the interest on the bonds guaranteed by it on the Mountain Section for the first seven years after the completion of the line, with no recourse on the Company for the interest so paid. Thereafter the Company will pay the interest on the bonds guaranteed by the Government.



PEA VINE GROWING LUXURIANTLY ALONG THE PEACE RIVER, HUNDREDS OF MILES NORTH-WEST OF EDMONTON

territory. It was to be a transcontinental road of such kind as to best suit the needs of Canada as a nation. The Bill passed its third reading on October 20th, after nearly three months' discussion in Parliament.

In April, 1904, a further discussion of the Act took place because of some necessary amendments. The latter were duly passed and the great enterprise was fully launched.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway as fully organised has the following list of directors and officers:

#### DIRECTORS.

Sir C. Rivers Wilson, G.C.M.G., C.B.	London
Alfred W. Smithers	London
Sir W. Lawrence Young, Bart.	London
Geo. Von Chauvin	London
Alexander Hubbard	London
Charles M. Hays	Montreal
Frank W. Morse	Montreal
Wm. Wainwright	Montreal
E. H. Fitzhugh	Montreal
W. H. Biggar, K.C.	Montreal
Hugh A. Allan	Montreal
E. B. Greenshields	Montreal
Hon. George A. Cox	Toronto
E. R. Wood	Toronto
John R. Booth	Ottawa

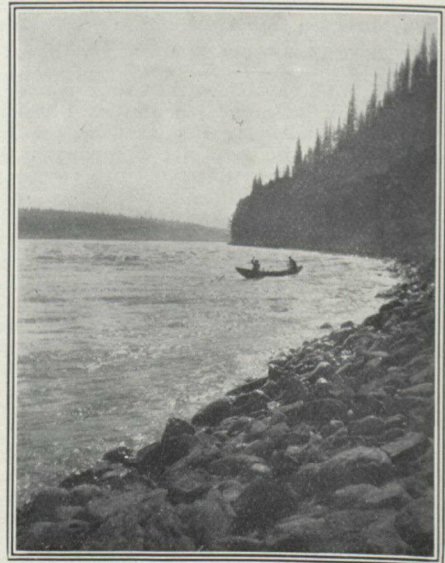
#### OFFICERS.

Charles M. Hays, President	Montreal
Frank W. Morse, Vice-President and General Manager	Montreal
Wm. Wainwright, Second Vice-Pres.	Montreal
Henry Philips, Secretary	Montreal
Frank Scott, Treasurer	Montreal
B. B. Kelleher, Chief Engineer	Montreal
H. A. Woods, Ass't Chief Engineer	Montreal

The authorised capital has been reduced to \$45,000,000, of which \$20,000,000 may be issued as preferred. The Grand Trunk Railway System, which owns and operates about 4,000 miles of railway in the older portion of Canada, and which is practically the oldest railway corporation in Canada, is to acquire all the Common Stock in consideration of certain guarantees and investments, and must retain a majority of this during the period of the agreements with the Government.

#### A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Perhaps no more comprehensive plan of railway construction was ever conceived. It rivals the great Trans-Siberian Railway, undertaken by the Russian Government, and the famous Cape to Cairo Railway, which is to connect the two ends of the continent of Africa. When completed, there will be about 3,600 miles of main line, with a thousand or more miles of branch lines. Two of these branch lines



PEACE RIVER—A CANOE RUNNING PARLE PAS RAPIDS



are of considerable length, one of 199 miles, running southerly from the main line to Fort William and Port Arthur, the great twin grain ports on Lake Superior, and another of about 229 miles, from the main line south to connect the main line with the present Grand Trunk System at North Bay. The building of 5,000 miles of new railway is no small task, and yet it is being undertaken with the cordial approval of the Canadian people, and with every assurance of a prompt and successful issue.



FORT ST. JAMES, STUART LAKE—IN NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA WHERE G. T. P. WILL CROSS THE MOUNTAINS

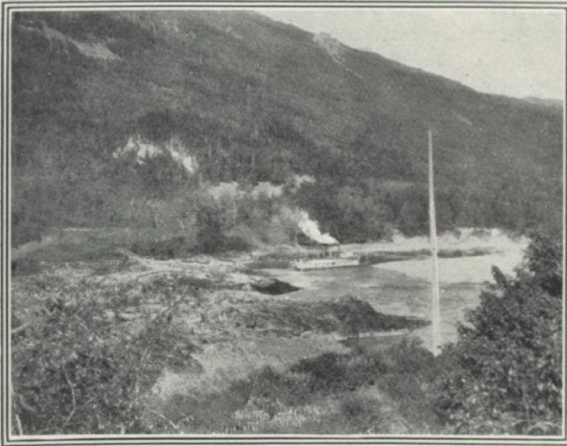
#### REASONS FOR THE UNDERTAKING

It was peculiarly fitting that the Grand Trunk Railway should be connected with the building of this, Canada's first national and transcontinental line. The Grand Trunk is Canada's pioneer railway, having been incorporated in 1852. It has grown up with the older portion of Canada, and has 3,800 miles of track in Ontario and Quebec. In Ontario especially, its main line and branches reach almost every centre of population. Its track between St. John's, Que., and Montreal on the east and Niagara Falls,

Windsor and Sarnia on the west is the only double-tracked road in Canada.

Since the West began to open up, the Grand Trunk has been collecting settlers and merchandise, and carrying these part of the distance, then handing them over to a competing road to take them the remainder of the journey into the West. It was not to be expected that the Grand Trunk would be content to be a feeder to another line in regard to western business. It was too large a corporation to occupy a subordinate position. To remain as it was, in view of the great western development, would have been fatal. Hence it was the highest wisdom for it to seek a connection of its own, so that the goods and passengers collected by it in Eastern Canada could be delivered by it in Western Canada and on the Pacific coast.

There was an additional reason why this was necessary. At the present time, the Grand Trunk handles a considerable proportion of the grain products of the North-West which find an outlet to the Atlantic. It receives this grain at its ports on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, Depot Harbour, Meaford, Collingwood, Goderich and Sarnia. The



ON THE WAY TO THE COAST—HEAD OF KITSILAS CANYON, SKEENA RIVER, NOT A GREAT DISTANCE FROM THE NEW TERMINUS, PRINCE RUPERT

traffic has grown enormously, and a considerable portion of the whole has fallen to the Grand Trunk, as the following figures show:

*Grain Received by G.T.R. on Lake Huron and Georgian Bay*

	Bushels
1901.....	9,662,000
1902.....	22,051,000
1903.....	26,102,000
1904.....	27,995,000
1905.....	29,764,000

Speaking of this to the shareholders in England, Mr. Hays said in 1904:

"We are to-day handling from 15 to 20 million (since increased to 30 million) bushels of grain, which comes across the lake from Lake Superior down to our ports, feeding the whole Grand Trunk System throughout Ontario, and thus contributing a very large portion to our earnings. We cannot hold that to our system if we do not take some means of fastening it to us. That business to-day is given to us by our competitors. It is not collected by the Grand Trunk itself."

In order to keep and extend this business, it was necessary that the Grand Trunk should be in close alliance with a railway which would plunge straight across the continent into the heart of the new provinces. Only by doing so could it guarantee that its eastern inland ports and its eastern lines would hold a fair share of the traffic originating in the new portion of Canada.

As a result of these considerations, and the movements which have resulted, it is expected that by the fall of 1907 the Grand Trunk Pacific will be collecting grain from the prairies of Saskatchewan and Alberta, carrying it to Port Arthur, sending it by water to the eastern ports on Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and from there carrying it over its numerous lines converging upon Montreal and other Atlantic ports.

In order further to facilitate the control of what promises to be a great and growing traffic, the Grand Trunk has purchased the Canada Atlantic Railway, which gives them another good connection between Georgian Bay and Montreal. They assumed the operation of that road on Octo-

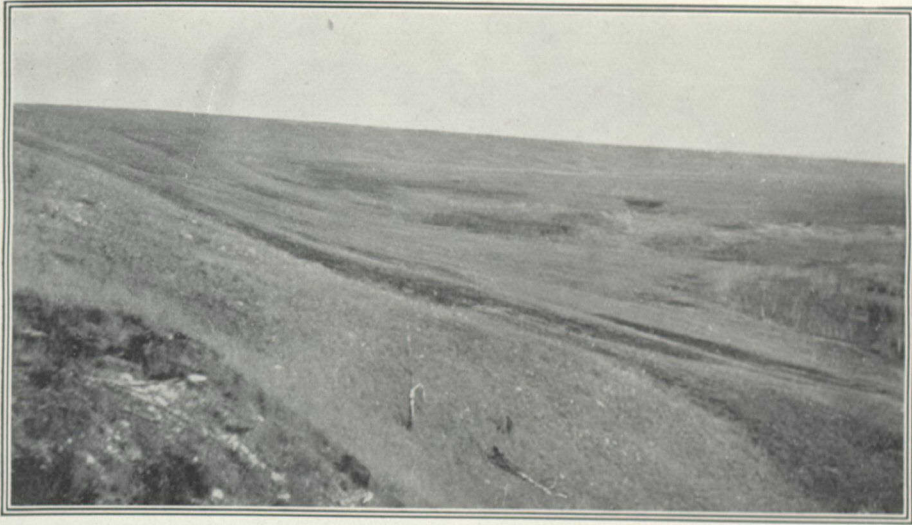
ber 1st, 1905. Along with this 468 miles of valuable road, they secured the Canada Atlantic Transit Company which operates a fleet of freight steamers on the Great Lakes between Chicago, Milwaukee, Port Arthur, Fort William on Lakes Michigan and Superior, and Depot Harbour on Georgian Bay. This means that it will have increased facilities for transporting the grain brought to Lake Superior by the Grand Trunk Pacific for shipment to the Atlantic seaboard.

In short, the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific are being solidly entrenched by the boldest and most vigorous railway policy ever conceived by one set of men. When the whole scheme is worked out, the system will be equal to if not greater than any other transportation system in the world. The courage with which the situation has been met, the enterprise and foresight which have been displayed, and the success which has already been met with are decidedly stirring and inspiring. There have been some great things done on this continent, but there has been nothing greater attempted in railway building than this.

#### IMMIGRATION

However confident the promoters of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the optimistic statesmen who assisted in framing the plan for the new road may have been, the development of Western Canada since 1902, when the first move was made, has been enormous. The influx of people into the wheat-growing areas of the West has exceeded all expectations. The annual arrivals are five times as numerous as they were eight years ago. Nor has the flood tide yet been reached. During 1906 and 1907, unless all signs fail, the population of the Canadian West will increase fully half a million. By the time the Grand Trunk Pacific is ready to haul grain from the new Provinces to Port Arthur, the annual crop will be about double what it was when the project was first conceived.

Not only have the immigrants increased in number but they have improved in quality. A large proportion is made up of farmers from the United States, men who have learned by experience how to meet the problems which nature presents



A VIEW OF THE VIRGIN FIELDS IN THE ASSINIBOINE VALLEY, WESTERN MANITOBA, THROUGH WHICH THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC WILL RUN

in these particular regions. They know all about wheat and how it may be grown successfully. Moreover, these settlers have capital and are at once able to engage in production on a large scale.

Further, the immigration from Great Britain is on the increase, which means considerable from a national and Imperial viewpoint. For the twelve months ending September 30th, 1905, the returns show the arrival of 81,995 persons from Great Britain. Not all of these went to the West, but most of them did. The gratifying increase in British immigration in recent years may be most clearly seen from the table which follows:

1899.....	16,897
1900.....	18,047
1901.....	16,042
1902.....	24,174
1903.....	59,016
1904.....	69,013
1905.....	81,995

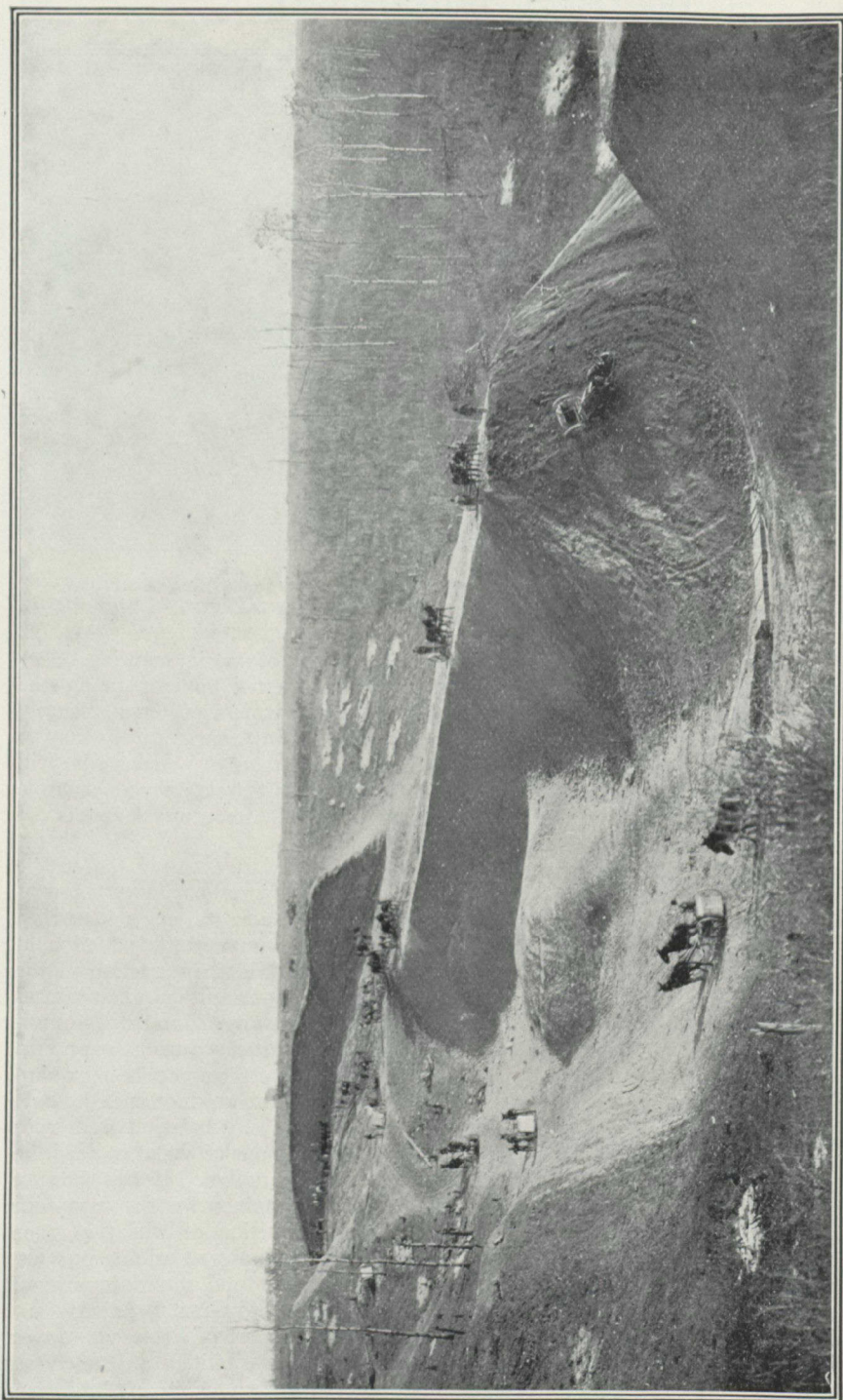
At the present moment a number of powerful agencies are at work looking to the migration of large numbers of Britishers from England to Canada, and it is safe to assume that the number of arrivals during the next few years will show still further increase. The work of Lord Rothschild and of the Salvation Army in this connec-

tion are worthy of special mention. Canada is now better known among the labourers and farmers of Great Britain, and it is becoming comparatively easy to secure large numbers of persons who will make, with a little experience, suitable settlers for the unoccupied areas of Canada.

#### HARVEST INCREASE

The influx of new settlers has had an immediate effect upon the production of the West. The wheat production of the three Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta approximated one hundred million bushels during 1905. In addition, there were corresponding quantities of other farm produce such as hay, oats and potatoes. As compared with twenty-three millions of wheat in 1901 the increase is remarkable. If this rate of progress is maintained for the next four years, the production of wheat in 1909 will be over two hundred million bushels, or as much as the total annual imports of wheat and flour into Great Britain.

The special report of Professor Mavor on the wheat possibilities of the West, made for the British Board of Trade, has but confirmed the forecast made two years ago. Dr. Saunders, Director of the Dominion Experimental Farm, then estimated



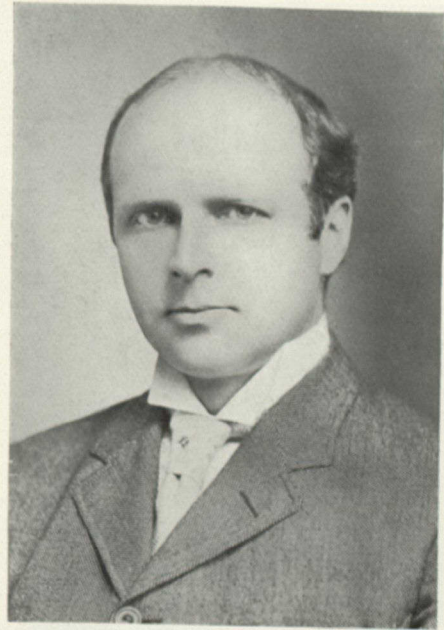
*Photo by Bayler, Carberry*

**THE FIRST BIG FILL**

Building the Grand Trunk Pacific through Western Manitoba



MR. C. M. HAYS, PRESIDENT

FRANK W. MORSE, VICE-PRESIDENT AND  
GENERAL MANAGER

## DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

that in the three new Provinces, 171,000,000 acres of land were suitable for wheat growing, and made the following prophecy:

"The total imports of wheat and flour into Great Britain in 1902 were equivalent in all to about 200 million bushels of wheat. Were one-fourth of the land said to be suitable for cultivation in the three Provinces under crop with wheat annually, and the average production equal to that of Manitoba for the past ten years, the total crop would be over 812 million bushels. This would be ample to supply the home demand for 30 millions of inhabitants (supposing the population of Canada should by that time reach that figure), and meet the present requirements of Great Britain three times over. This estimate deals only with a portion of the West, and it leaves the large Eastern Provinces out of consideration altogether."\*

An item which both Professor Mavor and Dr. Saunders have omitted, is the possibilities of Southern Alberta. This region has until recently been given over

\*CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. XXII, p. 563.

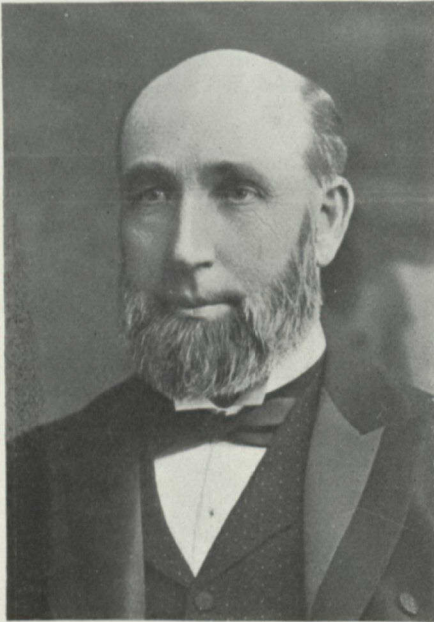
almost entirely to ranching, ordinary spring wheat not doing well there. Experiments, however, have proven that good fall wheat can be successfully grown there, and last year, two million bushels were harvested. This will shortly be increased to ten or fifteen millions.

These facts and figures show that any doubts there may have been in 1903 as to the possibility of the Grand Trunk Pacific securing sufficient traffic in the Middle West have been dissipated. There will be plenty of traffic there for three or four transcontinental railways long before that number is attained.

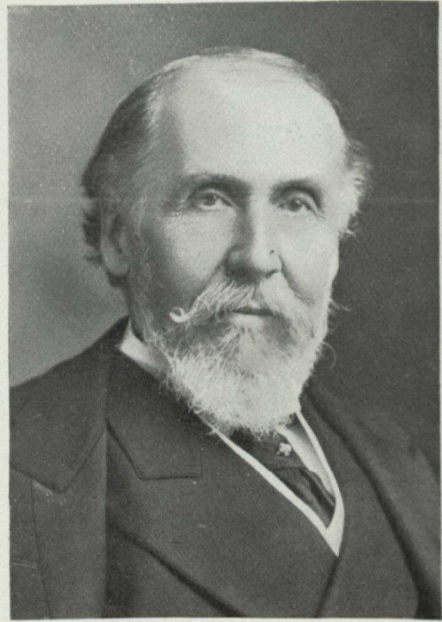
## THE ALL-RAIL HAUL

One question which has caused considerable discussion relates to the economic possibility of drawing grain all-rail from Winnipeg to Quebec, a distance of about 1,200 miles. The solution of this seems to be a question of grades rather than distances.

The Canadian Pacific now hauls a small quantity of grain all-rail from Winnipeg to St. John, 1,905 miles, over a road



HON. GEO. A. COX, TORONTO



SIR CHARLES RIVERS WILSON, LONDON

## DIRECTORS GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

a considerable portion of which has very heavy grades. Some of the grain goes to Portland, the distance from Winnipeg being slightly less, namely 1,721 miles. Considerable quantities of wheat go all-rail from points west of Chicago to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, a distance almost equal to that between Winnipeg and Quebec. In securing this traffic, the American railways have the keenest competition from the lake and rail route, but their low grades and excellent road-bed enable them to compete on very fair terms. The Grand Trunk Pacific will have the same competition, but there are many reasons for assuming that when the road is got into good condition that considerable quantities of wheat and flour will go all-rail from Winnipeg to Quebec at a rate which will be profitable. This of course means that low grades, easy curves and a fair road-bed must first be acquired, and that means time as well as care in construction.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will not, however, be entirely dependent upon the possibility of that traffic. There will be a direct connection between Winnipeg

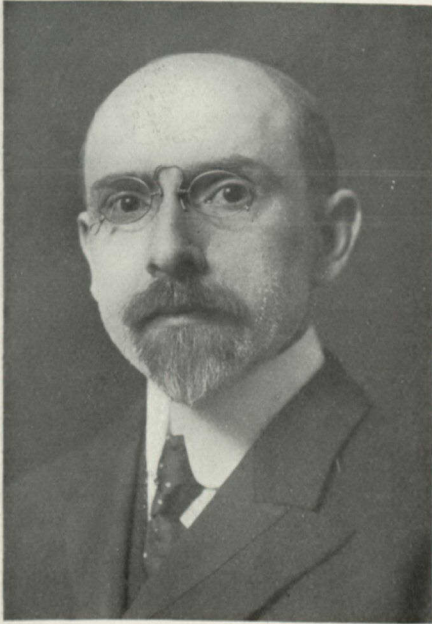
and Port Arthur, such as is now possessed by the two roads that carry all the present traffic. At Port Arthur, the wheat will be transhipped from Depot Harbour on Georgian Bay, where it will again be handed over to the Grand Trunk, to be taken to Montreal or Quebec. In this way an alternative route will be available during the season of navigation on the Upper Lakes. In fact, this lake and rail route will be available during the next year, because only the portion between Winnipeg and Port Arthur requires to be built.

With these two routes, the one for the navigation season, and the one for the winter season, the Grand Trunk Pacific, working with the Grand Trunk, will be in a superior position which should ensure the securing of a fair portion of the traffic offering.

## CHEAP RATES

That the Grand Trunk Pacific will be in a position to handle traffic cheaply, and to earn a fair profit seems a probability.

In the first place the grades will be low. Heavy grades make expensive hauling.



MR. E. R. WOOD, TORONTO



MR. HUGH A. ALLAN, MONTREAL

## DIRECTORS GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

Every effort will be made in the eastern and western sections to keep the maximum grade down to .4 per cent. (or 21 feet to the mile). In fact, in most cases, it is hoped that the grades will be lower. In the mountain section no grade will exceed, it is claimed, 1 per cent. (or 53 feet to the mile). The Pine River and the Peace River passes have an extreme summit of 2,500 feet, as compared with the Great Northern's summit of 5,202, the C.P.R.'s 5,299, the Northern Pacific's 5,567, the Santa Fe's 7,623, and the Union Pacific's 8,247. Therefore, in the matter of grades, the Grand Trunk Pacific should be in a much more favourable position than any other transcontinental railway in North America.

The cost of construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific is estimated for the Prairie Section at from \$20,000 to \$25,000 per mile, for the Mountain Section at from \$50,000 to \$60,000 per mile, the Eastern Division at \$30,000, and the Lake Superior and North Bay Branches at \$30,000 per mile, or a total cost of about \$135,000,000, and the surveys already

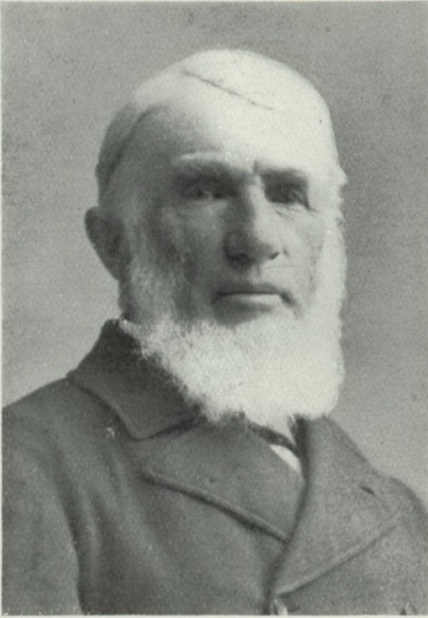
made indicate this estimate is nearly correct. In addition to the construction of the railway itself, the Company are required to provide rolling stock to the value of \$20,000,000.

While it is thus seen that the G.T.P. will be favourably situated as regards amount of capital on which interest is to be paid, it must also be remembered that the Government guarantee enables it to get money at about three and a half per cent. on the average, while other roads have had to pay from five to seven.

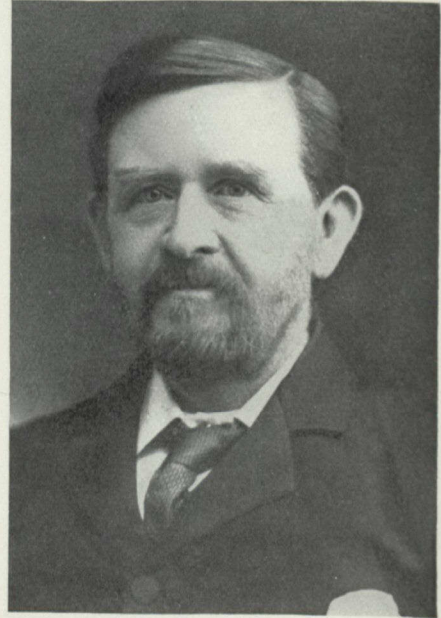
It will thus be clear that this new company will be in a remarkably favourable position as regards its yearly interest charge, and therefore in a position to give favourable rates on all traffic, and yet earn a good dividend.

## LOCAL TRAFFIC

The builder of the first transcontinental line across the United States predicted that 97 per cent. of the revenue of the road would come from through business, and 3 per cent. from local traffic. To-day these figures are reversed. When the



MR. J. R. BOOTH, OTTAWA



MR. WM. WAINWRIGHT, SECOND VICE-PRES.

## DIRECTORS GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

C.P.R. was being built from Montreal to Vancouver, it was predicted that it would not earn enough to pay the axle grease. That was in 1880. In 1904, its gross revenue was 36 millions of dollars. These roads made their own traffic, and so will the Grand Trunk Pacific.

One cannot predict what will happen in Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario. To-day these regions are known only to a few Indians, fur traders and some government surveyors. For years settlement there has been retarded by a fiction. Every person believed that the farther north, the greater the cold and the deeper the snow. Now, it has been discovered that once you cross the height of land near Lake Nipissing, when you get into the region where the rivers flow north, you go down into a warmer climate. The water in the rivers that flow north into James Bay are said to be three degrees warmer than the waters of Lake Superior. The summer day is longer, and the power of the sun is greater. The Grand Trunk Pacific will run north of the height of land, through a great clay belt known to

contain at least 15 million acres of land suitable for farming. This land is no farther north comparatively than the most southerly portion of Manitoba. Some not-distant day will see great quantities of wheat grown there. Besides wheat there are mineral deposits of great possibilities, and timber resources which are rapidly increasing in value. Already settlement and an Ontario Government railway have been pushed two hundred miles beyond the height of land, and a railway connection between Toronto or Montreal and Moose Factory on James Bay is a matter of two or three years. In short, the Grand Trunk Pacific will open up a new empire in the northern parts of Ontario and Quebec.

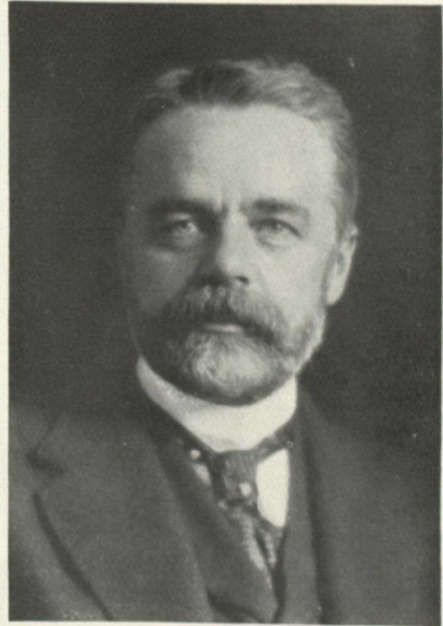
As for the new country to be opened up in Saskatchewan and Alberta, there is little to be said. Here the Grand Trunk Pacific will not be the farthest north railway, for two lines of the Canadian Northern run still nearer to the Arctic Circle. The Grand Trunk Pacific will, however, run through the richest region in the West—the Saskatchewan Valley. In 1907



G.T.P. trains will be operating in this district, but the railway will not beat out the farmer. He is there to-day, standing on the hills watching the gangs of men grading the road which will bring him in supplies and carry away his golden grain. When the G.T.P. elevators and grain cars are ready, the wheat will be ready. And such wheat! It is better, even than that grown in Manitoba, and Manitoba wheat is the finest in the world. The soil is not quite so heavy and sticky, and can be worked earlier in the spring than most Manitoba soils. The climate is more equable, and grows more so as you go north-west to Edmonton and beyond. Here and there are small districts suitable only for mixed farming, and some only good for ranching. It is not all gold, this region, but on the average it is equal to any other district in North America. And the size of it? The continent of Europe excluding Russia does not equal it in area. The Saskatchewan River is a thousand miles long, and it is not far behind the Mississippi in size. The local traffic in this region is awaiting the coming of the new line—it needs no creation.



HENRY PHILIPS, MONTREAL  
Secretary Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

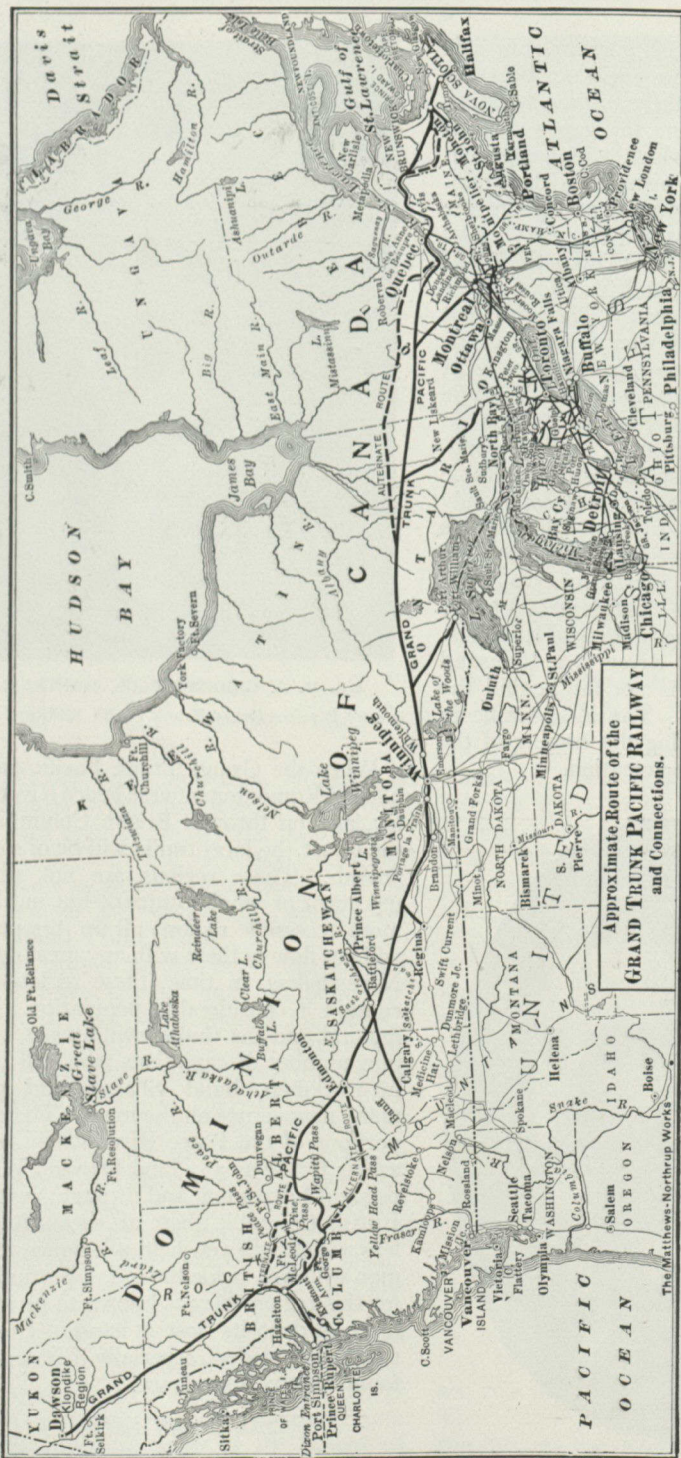


MR. E. B. GREENSHIELDS, MONTREAL  
Director Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

When the Grand Trunk Pacific passes beyond Edmonton into the Peace River valley, and on through British Columbia to the Coast, the local traffic will be of slower growth. These regions are not wholly unknown or wholly untried, but until the more accessible regions fill up, the people will not flow in there with any great speed. Nevertheless, in time, these regions will contain a considerable population. The mineral and the timber will attract a certain number of capitalists who will bring in workmen, build villages, and plant many new names on the map. There are portions of the Peace River valley which are as fertile as any land between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and through Northern British Columbia there are beautiful valleys which will yet yield allegiance to the man who will tickle the soil. Fortunately for this region there is known to be splendid coal deposits close at hand. This will mean a great deal, especially if iron ore be found in any abundance.

#### THE OCEAN PORTS

The eastern ports of the Grand Trunk Pacific will be Quebec, St. John and Hali-



THE ROUTE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

This new transcontinental highway across Canada, from Moncton in the east to Prince Rupert in the west, is now being surveyed and built. Some portions of it will be in operation in 1907, and the whole line will be completed in 1910 if no great difficulties are encountered. It is expected, with its connections, to furnish the shortest route from Liverpool to Yokohama

fax—Quebec during the summer season and St. John and Halifax for the winter season. The selection of Quebec has been amply justified by recent developments, several lines of large steamers having since decided to make it their terminal point on the St. Lawrence. There is a prospect, too, that by the use of ice-breakers, the season may be lengthened from six to nine months. The harbours of St. John and Halifax are free from ice all the year round. Halifax is 183 miles from Moncton, the nominal terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and St. John 89 miles. There will thus be an excellent and advantageous choice in routing cargoes so as to reach available shipping, and an equal advantage in collecting cargoes from two ports instead of one.

The Pacific coast port has been named Prince Rupert, and it will be situated near Port Simpson, at the mouth of the Skeena River. Being much farther north than Vancouver, it will be nearer the Yukon and Alaska, which is likely to be an advantage, and nearer also to Yokohama, the great port of Japan.

LIVERPOOL TO YOKOHAMA

From Liverpool to Yokohama by the Suez Canal the distance is about 11,250 miles. From that great British port, via Berlin, Moscow and the Trans-Siberian Railway, the distance is 9,650 miles. Over the Grand Trunk Pacific, the distance will be even less, and in some respects more favourable. The distances via Quebec are as follows:

Liverpool to Quebec (S.S.).....	2,632
Quebec to Prince Rupert (Rail)..	3,025
Prince Rupert to Yokohama (S.S.)..	3,860
<hr/>	
Total.....	9,517

This is nearly two thousand miles shorter than via the Suez Canal, is more than a thousand miles shorter than via New York, Union Pacific and San Francisco, and about five hundred miles shorter than via Quebec, C.P.R. and Vancouver. And even five hundred miles is a considerable saving, since it is a fast vessel that covers that distance in twenty-four hours.

To possess the shortest routes to the opening markets of Japan and China will be of enormous benefit to Canada, Great Britain and the Empire generally. The great trade development of the twentieth century is likely to be in the Pacific Ocean. It will mean much to the manufacturers of Great Britain to have an all-British route across the continent, affording them the quickest access to those distant markets. It will mean even more to Canada if a large proportion of the productions of Europe are sent across this country to Asia, and if the products of the East are sent to Europe in Canadian vessels and over Canadian railways. It would seem as if the dream of Columbus and the great men of his day is about to be realised.

A FINE FEATURE

There is one excellent feature in the agreement between the Government and the Company which is worthy of especial mention. There is a clause which says that all specifications in connection with the building of the Eastern Section by the Government must be approved by the G.T.P. engineers before contractors are asked to tender. This will ensure that that portion of the road will be up to the proper standard, and fully equal to the purpose which it is designed to serve.

This is further strengthened by another clause. In order that the Government Commission shall not make contracts at extravagant figures—a thing that political commissions have been known to do—the G. T. Pacific Company has the privilege of tendering on every portion of the work in competition with all other contractors.

These two provisions ensure the Government getting a good piece of road at a respectable price, and are also a guarantee that the amount of money on which the G. T. Pacific Company must pay interest will not be unduly enhanced by extravagant contracting. The arrangement is ingenious, is in the public interest and is worthy of both parties to the agreement.

# Winter Patrol in the West

BY CHARLES HERBERT LAKE

WHEN the Law hands out the warrant,  
And the Sup.'s stuck on the seal,  
It's the North-Policeman's duty  
To serve it out, not squeal;  
He's not supposed to argue,  
And he's not supposed to fail;  
He's never told to fear the cold,  
But hit the bloomin' trail.

So he works out his mad on the huskies,  
On the stealin', snarlin' dogs that draw his sleigh.

He may have to run a fortnight,  
To follow a Wood-Cree thief,  
Or tackle a scrofulous Wetigo,  
Or swap blood with a dirty chief.  
He's not supposed to question,  
And he's not supposed to fail,  
It's a Departmental plan to bring in one bad man;  
He got his orders when he hit the trail.

So he works out his mad on the huskies,  
On the stealin', snarlin' dogs that draw his sleigh.

It may be a cattle rustler,  
With a ten days' running start,  
And cute enough to smother,  
Or run his tracks apart.  
The Cop is supposed to reason  
His direction from the trail,  
He's to follow the track, and bring the man back,  
And land him in the jail.

So he works out his mad on the huskies,  
On the stealin', snarlin' dogs that draw his sleigh.

If he gets his man in a corner,  
And the bluffing buck offers a fight,  
His orders are clear—"Bring him in,"  
There's nothing about shooting on sight.  
And he's not supposed to wonder  
If the cowardly cur has a gun,  
But pile right in, then fight like sin,  
And bring his man in on the run.

So he works out his mad on the huskies,  
And the lousy, frowsy sleigh-dogs plod away  
With the Departmental Cop, who never talks his shop,  
To the Departmental prisoner in the sleigh.

# The House of Lords Question

By H. LINTON ECCLES of the London "Chronicle"



NOW that a strong Liberal Government is in power, backed by a splendidly adequate majority at the polls, those people who have their country's interest at heart will be asking what is the Government going to do with its majority? The reaction from the backsliding of the late Government has come with no uncertain force, and it has brought back to Westminster a democratic and progressive party. Since the time when it first felt its own independence, the British democracy has shown that its good sense can be relied upon, and there is certainly no reason to think that it is lacking in this sense to-day. The democracy of the present generation is not the democracy of the later Georgian and earlier Victorian age, which had so hard a struggle for bare existence, let alone to make its voice heard in the management of its affairs. To-day we see an educated country, a nation which can be relied upon to govern itself, a people which is neither too blind nor too prejudiced in its politics to stand in the way of its progress.

The Liberal party, as it appears at the opening of this Parliament, is undoubtedly a progressive party—nobody seriously denies that. It is representative of a people that has smarted under the introduction of measures which are contrary in principle and in motive to its wishes and ideas, and it looks to the new Government to rectify or abolish those measures. Not only so, but it expects further legislation which shall tend to increase the comfort and lessen the distress of the whole, or the greater part, of the working-class population, which shall, in short, have for its object the benefit of the many as opposed to the advantage of the few.

Lord Randolph Churchill, always at heart a true democrat, was fond of saying "Trust the people," and surely the Englishman of our day, with his advantages of education and comparative independ-

ence, is to be trusted? There is less room in England to-day for despotism and capitalism than there ever was. The people of this country were never so liberal in their ideas and principles as they are at the present time. The country has sent to Westminster as its representatives, besides a Liberal party, a Conservative party and a Nationalist party, a definite Labour group—a factor which will have to be reckoned with in the future. We are not obliged thereby to go into hysterics, talk fifty years ahead of our time, and imagine that the country is taking the highway of socialism towards anarchy and revolution. The English people is as loyal to the constitutional government as it was in the time of Elizabeth. There is a new voice in the House of Representatives, and the sooner we accept and realise what that means the better it will be for our own peace of mind. The rising of the new party is but a natural step in the march of civilisation. True, it can be a force either for good or ill. But the Labour party may be considered at present, at all events, the left wing of the Liberal party, however much its extremists may cry out in the intoxication of their success for complete independence. Their ideals in the main are identical with those of the Government, therefore co-operation between the right wing and centre and the left wing of the Ministerial side is the sanest and safest policy towards future good government.

We have said that the people are expecting from the Liberal party reformative and ameliorative measures; indeed, the Government is pledged to use its utmost endeavours and its majority to pass those measures. Some of the problems which confront them call for immediate treatment, and will not be shelved or ignored. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said truly not long ago, that the possession of a substantial majority in the House involved proportionate responsibilities. The Prime Minister has need

of firmer courage and more careful disposition of his forces than he had even when the party was a discredited and almost disregarded opposition. The Government has now strength and ability, but the right application of those qualities depends upon loyalty and harmonious co-operation, and the submission of the interests of the few to the interests of the majority.

There is not the least doubt—and preliminary actions of new Ministers have proved it—that there is the desire to institute useful reforms. Much good may and will be done, but has the Liberal party, notwithstanding its great majority, a free hand to further and establish its fundamental principles in legislation? The Prime Minister will carry the Commons, but there is confronting him a huge Tory majority in the Lords. The dearest objects in life (they are called “constitutional rights”) of the peers, are those affecting the maintenance of their own position, and these objects stand between the people and freedom. They are the last hurdle before the winning-post is reached, but they are also the greatest obstacles the people’s government has to deal with, judged by the opposition that will be aroused.

The peers are not elected to their seats, therefore they are bound by no real ties to the people. They do not represent the people’s interests; therefore, they must either represent their own, or they go to the House simply as a means of passing away time. There are 591 peers at present entitled to sit in the House of Lords—only 80 members less than are elected to the Commons. Five hundred and sixty-four of them are there because their fathers were before them, or because they themselves have been elevated to the position; three sit there by Royal prerogative, whilst the remaining twenty-four are ecclesiastics, who may or may not—according to their own ideas of representation—represent the interests of their dioceses. The House of Lords is the last remaining relic of feudalism in England. If it dies at all, it will die hard. The men who will have the courage to tackle its abolishment will be almost worthy to be enthroned as saints; certainly they

should be assured of eventual interment in the Abbey. The House of Lords is undoubtedly a formidable bar to progress, and the inevitable ending to this gigantic and glaring anomaly is that its power will have to be considerably reduced, if not altogether crippled. The question comes to us, is it not now the time to carry this reform, since it will clear the way for almost every future reform of importance? The people have no need to be told that the House of Lords has a “constitutional right” to throw out any or every measure humbly (more or less!) submitted for its gracious approval. Most of us have had practical experience of their lordship’s eccentricities in this direction. Not only can they effectually veto the good work of the Commons, but any measure except the Finance Bill can be wilfully dismembered of its good points and shorn of its usefulness, until it is a Bill only in name and worth little more to the country than the outlay in stationery expended upon it. The peers are unmoved by the wishes of the people. The masses exist for them only as raw material in the hands of the merchant. They have no need—if, indeed, they had the desire—to solicit the approval of the people on their accomplishments, and they are not in the least moved by the opposition engendered, providing that opposition does not menace their personal safety.

The great point is, should not the will of the Commons—and so the will of the people—be the presiding voice, the last word, in legislation?

If the great majority of the people are not desirous that the House of Lords should be abolished, what sensible reason is there to urge why all peers from the rank of dukes downward should not be elected? The number of representative peers ought to be reduced to two-thirds, and they should be elected jointly by the local authorities and the members of the House of Commons, who are the delegates of the people, each Commoner having two votes as against the single vote of the representative of a municipal body? Amendments or resolutions passed by the House of Lords should be settled in draft, and finally dealt with by a special committee chosen from among the mem-

bers of both Houses. This course would be obviated in cases where a Bill could be passed through the Lords unaltered in its main characteristics.

The House of Lords so constituted would be a useful institution in the government of the country, instead of being a spoke in the wheel of progress and reform. Those peers who are not seriously troubled by their country's affairs would not, it is presumed, take the trouble to seek election, and it could scarcely be said that their presence in the House would be missed, especially if it had been missed so frequently before as to come to be looked upon almost as an unnecessary intrusion. The question would have to be settled as to what district a peer should

be elected to represent in cases where he resides, or has property in more than one locality. The peer seeking election need not "descend" to electioneering, for, beyond a form of election address setting forth his principles and policy (if any), no electioneering would be needed. This would greatly reduce the cost of the elections.

The passing of this suggested reform would tend to solve some and decrease others of the difficulties which stand in the way of honest and progressive government; the people would be better and more adequately represented, and there would be, in the long run, less delay and more efficiency in the administration of the country's affairs.

## The Apostasy of MOUNG PYU\*

With Something About the Foolish Missionaries

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



HE four trails that lead out like a Maltese Cross aboard the world never get beyond the land of the simple life. And this is a simple account of MOUNG PYU's crusade for spiritual betterment for himself and the three hundred villagers of Mindak, in Burma.

MOUNG PYU was born a Buddhist; he sat at the feet of the Talopins and imbibed theological wisdom from the sacred book, the Vini. The Deputy Commissioner of the District took a fancy to the dark-eyed, yellow-skinned little Burman, and had him placed in a government school. Then MOUNG PYU got a clerkship, and after a time he was made Deputy Assistant Magistrate of the third grade, and *Woon* of his own village, Mindak.

What MOUNG PYU thought, Mindak thought, and when MOUNG PYU advised, Mindak concurred. Even the Chief Commissioner at Rangoon knew this, and whatever there was to be settled or adjust-

ed in Mindak District was encased in large, official blue envelopes, tied with red tape, closed with the awful seal of the British Raj, and sent to MOUNG PYU. There was never any worry after that. The Chief Commissioner sighed with satisfaction; the Commissioner of Aracan nodded his old head in wise appreciation; the Deputy Commissioner got the *kudos* (glory) of it all, and MOUNG PYU, Deputy Assistant Magistrate of the third grade, adjusted the unpleasantness.

He was a dapper little man, with his jacket of white cloth, his gay silk putsoe, that had been made in the hand looms of Mandalay, and the white handkerchief wound jauntily about his heavy black hair, the two ends sticking up like the wings of a bird—this was the insignia of a village elder, and MOUNG PYU was that in excelsis.

Under MOUNG PYU's rule Mindak was Utopia. The Buddhist priests, the Talopins, waxed sleek in content, and the little pagoda on Tiger Hill had been regilt with pure gold leaf, till its slender, tapering

\*MOUNG PYU (pronounced Pu) translated is Mr. White.

form rose from a dark emerald setting of mangoe tree, and padouk, and tamarind, and pencilled the blue sky a gleaming plinth of reflected sunlight. This had come from the purse of Moug Pyu. He could not forever be sending away the little bags of rupees that so mysteriously appeared upon his writing table, so he exercised the little devil of corruptive influence that was in the silver discs by putting them to work for the spiritual betterment of his people.

Poh San, who had been Woon before Moug Pyu, had kept all these little gifts that are the *dustoor* (perquisites) of native officials and had married six wives. At the last when the shadow of Nirvana threw a chill over the soul of Poh San, he prepared a little cave temple in the soft rock of Tiger Hill, placed in it a square-toed, alabaster Buddha, and died full of honour and sanctity. That was Poh San's way, which was the way of all rich, good Burmans. But Moug Pyu beautified the pagoda and repaired the priests' *zyat* (dwelling), and married but one wife; and after a time she died, and left two little girls with Moug Pyu.

The religion that the Talopins taught was mystical, altogether simple and beautiful. It was a sin to take life, because all life was one under different forms; so Moug Pyu ate not even an egg, lest the spirit of some ancestor might have come back to assume the feathered garb of a fowl. And the Vini read that liquor—so much as might cling to the point of a knife—was harmful; so Moug Pyu drank milk and water, and the milk of cocoanuts, and pondered over the wise sayings of Gaudama Buddha.

The religion of the sahibs that were down in Phrang he judged of entirely by the canons of his own faith. The sahibs ate the flesh that had carried life, they drank the forbidden liquor; they also did other things that the priests said were wrong and evil in the eyes of Buddha Gaudama.

But it happened that even in the eyes of the Talopins there was one godly person of the white man's faith, a woman, "Craig Memsahib." She was a Baptist missionary from America. Her husband had died in harness in Burma, some years

before, and she had gone on in a simple, Christian spirit, after the manner of Christ himself. All through Aracan were children whose fathers had been white men, and who had gone back to their own country. Craig Memsahib gathered these half-orphaned ones into her train of poor followers whenever she could. It was a gladsome sight to see her wandering about the districts, from village to village, with her devoted children. When they were small she had them placed in schools; the larger ones she took with her.

Craig Memsahib came many times to Mindak, and because of his knowledge that she was indeed a holy woman, Moug Pyu commenced to listen, at first with doubting curiosity. But as gently as a soft hand opens a flower, Craig Memsahib discovered for the Woon the beautiful truth of a life as Christ would have it. He began to see that the Talopins taught all of the flesh life, or of nothing; all was of the earth, and returning to earth, a chain of existence leading to nothing but the end of everything.

All this came not as it may be told in a day, or a moon, but in many moons, and in the end Moug Pyu gravely announced that all his people—the people of Mindak—now were Baptists. He had read and pondered and come by a more beautiful truth than was in the Vini, or in the shaven-headed craniums of the yellow-robed Talopins, and his people would now profit by his discovered blessing and become Baptists.

This wholesale conversion of three hundred Buddhists brought prayers of thankfulness from the simple Christian woman, Craig Memsahib.

But, unfortunately, the fame of it came to the ears of the Reverend Beldon Hobbs, of Phrang. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, the Established Church, which means first claim on all things spiritual. In addition, the Reverend Beldon Hobbs was many other things akin to arrogance. He was large and pompous, and doled out religion as alms, holding that he had full vicarage from the Lord for the salvation of all peoples. So he blustered, and went in righteous indignation to the Deputy Commissioner—the Church and the State were inseparable.



That three hundred souls, bound in allegiance to the British Raj, should come under the dominion of a church that was no church at all, was, according to Hobbs, altogether an outrage. They might as well turn dacoits at once.

Just at that psychological moment a serious calamity occurred. The brave little Craig Memsahib died, ministering to the people of a village stricken with cholera. The metamorphosis of Buddhist Mindak had not been quite completed, for the villagers were to have been baptised *en masse*, when Craig Memsahib arrived, bringing an ordained Baptist minister, the Reverend John Blackmar, from Phrang. Now she was dead, and MOUNG PYU, dreading the spiritual dominion of Reverend Hobbs as something worse even than the power of the Talopins, took the matter in his own hands, and dipped the obedient villagers, declaring that now they were indeed of the faith of the holy woman they had all revered.

Then came the Reverend Blackmar, too late for his baptismal function. He was a zealous, narrow-minded little man—a stickler for tenets and observances, and religion according to prescribed method. He meant well, but he didn't know. To him the Buddhists were pagans, benighted worshippers of graven images. He used to say these things honestly enough, but without understanding. So he reprimanded MOUNG PYU for his assumption of ministerial power, and explained that becoming a Baptist was not a haphazard affair.

MOUNG PYU was wise enough to know that neither the Reverend Blackmar, nor the Reverend Hobbs, nor even the holy teacher, Craig Memsahib, were Christianity itself. But the manner of faith that had won MOUNG PYU was the sweet Christly love-religion of Craig Memsahib; and this other repellent, formal dogmatism that was of the little sharp-nosed minister drove MOUNG PYU into revolt, and he declared with Burmese vivacity, that if they were not now Baptists they were indeed not Baptists at all.

So the Reverend Blackmar preached to the big, pink-clustered padouk tree, whilst the villagers went down to the many-caved temples in Tiger Hill with offerings of rice and sweetmeats to the alabaster Buddhas;

and in the end the conscientious minister went disconsolately back to Phrang, sorrowing over the instability of the Oriental.

The little pilgrimage to the cave temples had been solely a polite intimation to the minister, and not a real re-apostasy, for the Woon was still disturbed in his mind over the incompleteness of Buddhism.

By this time the Reverend Beldon Hobbs had harassed the Deputy Commissioner over the Woon of Mindak's apostasy, and through him the Commissioner; and the Commissioner, with repugnance in his soul, had memorialised the Chief Commissioner. The correspondence, with notes and comments, had all come back as weapons of offence to Padre Hobbs. So he went up into the land of Mindak with a flaming sword, bearing an order from the Deputy Commissioner that he was to have carriers and transport, and boats, and whatever else his sweet will desired. That was essentially Padre Hobbs' way—the repellent, enforcing method, so unlike the love manner of Christ and Memsahib.

He had gone by boat from Phrang to Oung, and from Oung it was two days' travel by jungle path to Mindak. But when the men of Oung refused to convey him to Mindak, because a pair of man-eating tigers had made a preserve of the jungle bordering the trail, Padre Hobbs showed his order to the village Headman, and explained that the latter would lose his place and the village would be fined, and the people would sit forever in the black disfavour of the Commissioner, if the carriers and the bullock-carts were not forthcoming.

Padre Hobbs always had his way, even in Phrang; so the Headman forced the frightened villagers out into the jungle, and there the Padre, who was large in self-reliance, explained that desertion would be a personal affront, and he would deal with it personally to the utter extermination of the misguided deserters.

Once, fearing the blood thirst of "Stripes" and his wife more than the Padre Sahib's anger, two carriers loitered behind looking for a chance to desert. The Padre Sahib put this little matter of delinquency right, in his promised way, and foolishly, so far as the Christian faith

was concerned, struck one of the men with his walking-stick. Individually Padre Hobbs would have paid this debt (of hate incurred) quickly enough, but officially he represented the British Raj, the Sircar, so all that happened in the way of retribution was the relating of this story in Mindak when they arrived. And because of the story the clergyman might as well have sat in Phrang, for the Talopins explained that the new religion of love and soul, and other beautiful things, had died with Craig Memsahib, and this was altogether a different affair. It was not religion at all—it was *zabbardasti*, which means force by men in power. Thus the Padre's arrogant personality subverted the true thing, and the Talopins saw to it that it did.

Moung Pyu, being an Oriental, had greater wisdom than a serpent, for, when it was all for the best, he could preserve a silence that was of the most refined gold. So he said to his adherents: "The Padre Sahib is of low caste, for the men of high caste do not lose their tempers, except when the swords drink blood. But what he has done we have not seen, and what he has said we have not heard. If he departs in peace then there will be peace in Mindak, for one of his hands is the law, and one of his hands is the Sahib's way of faith, and these two things are greater than the Padre Sahib, or the people of Mindak."

It was a crude jungle parable which the villagers but half understood, but Moung Pyu had said it, therefore it stood as a saying of King Theebaw's had in the old days. And the English clergyman wallowed back to Phrang unctiousing his soul with the credit of martyrdom because of the sweltering jungle pilgrimage, and there he wrote in the records that three hundred converts had come into the fold of the Established Church.

The Deputy Commissioner groaned and administered the law with fierce relentlessness for days when he realised that the Padre's disturbing influence had extended out into the District; for now there would be endless complaints from the Talopins of illegal interference, and many other tribulations.

When the Padre had departed Moung Pyu sat down and wrote to the Commis-

sioner for six months' leave of absence. And when the leave had come he said to Mindak: "I am going across the big black water to the land of the Sovereign, to Bilatti (England)."

Mindak was astonished, but it didn't say so. What it said was: "The Sovereign will be graciously pleased to see Moung Pyu, and when Moung Pyu returns he will be as wise as the great Commissioner Sahib in Rangoon."

Moung Pyu said a few words of wisdom to the Talopins, advising them to meditate deeply amongst themselves while he was gone; that their lacquer trays for receiving votive offerings of food would be well supplied if they preserved an intense holy seclusion. And to the village elders he said: "Till the rice fields diligently and keep out the opium, and guard against the dacoits, and when I come back again we will discuss this question of what is to be when we pass away, because now we have heard Craig Memsahib and the Baptist Mission Sahib, and the great Church Sahib, who is Hobbs, and our own Talopins, and it is like a case in my court where there are many witnesses on both sides, and judgment cannot be given until the case is all clear. If there had been no one but the Talopins the case would have been simple, or if the others had been all like Craig Memsahib, we might have understood; but now we are like children, we do not know what is being taught us."

Moung Pyu left the two little girls with their grandmother, Mahtsee, saying: "Let them read from this book that Craig Memsahib gave them, for it is a good book. And in it is written that even the elders must become as little children to understand this great secret."

Then the Woon went to Phrang, and passed to the British India steamer that would carry him to Calcutta to catch the big steamer that crossed the black water to England.

What came the way of the Burman in England would make a story of itself, and this one bears only on the intricate matter of his many conversions in Burma.

Five and one-half months from the date of Moung Pyu's departure, it was known in Phrang that he would arrive back by the *Karagola*. But the telegraphed list of

passengers published in the *Phrang News* the day before the *Karagola's* arrival contained not the name of MOUNG PYU.

No one in Phrang suspected that the "Mr. White" in the list was the Woon of Mindak, Anglicised—but it was. And MOUNG PYU stepped from the steamer at Phrang as Mr. White, the most extraordinarily metamorphosed Oriental that ever caused a man to rub his eyes in bewildered astonishment.

Mr. White wore a tall silk hat, and the heavy black hair had been cut away to exceeding closeness. A stiff white collar was graced by a most intense four-in-hand tie, reflecting the blood-red glitter of a ruby-studded pin. A frock coat and gray-striped trousers, cut in the latest fashion, draped the slim figure of Mr. White down to gray spats and buttoned patent-leather boots. His slim, gray-gloved fingers jauntily carried a gold-headed cane.

The Sahibs who knew MOUNG PYU, and loved him for his fealty to the British Raj, screamed with joy. It was so like the stirring little Burman to do the business thoroughly if he did it at all. And he had—there could be no manner of doubt about that; the ocular evidence was complete.

But there was still something more—something very much more, for beside the dapper Mr. White walked a sweet-faced English girl whom he introduced as Miss Estella Roydon. Miss Roydon had come out as governess for Mr. White's two motherless girls.

When this was told at the Gymkhana Club the Sahibs laughed merrily; when they carried the story home the Mem-sahibs laughed sarcastically. Everybody in Phrang laughed, except two men—Padre Hobbs and One Sahib.

Padre Hobbs rolled his eyes in horror; then he spoke words of angry denunciation, and the One Sahib, who was like a blood brother to MOUNG PYU, drew his face into a frown of commiseration, and then went and talked to the little man.

First he asked him questions, and learned this: that MOUNG PYU had found a woman in England who was as simple a Christian as Craig Mem-sahib had been. And there, where there were so many workers, she was very poor—though her

people had not always been poor. And MOUNG PYU had reasoned that if this good woman came to Mindak and taught his children the same Christian love wisdom that Craig Mem-sahib had known, the girls would grow up like the teacher, and the villagers would also become like that, and there would be no doubting because of Hobbsism or Blackmarism, or the soulless faith of the Talopins.

When MOUNG PYU told this child story, that was really so very wise, the One Sahib knew and believed that it was all and all; but he also knew what Padre Hobbs had said about this new, impossible, intolerable thing. So, very sadly, he told MOUNG PYU that his Utopian dream wouldn't do, and explained why. The why was, that nobody in India believed anything but evil where there was a woman in the case, and evil would be believed of it. Even if the Sahibs wished to be charitable Padre Hobbs wouldn't let them.

Then the One Sahib went back to his bungalow and said to his wife: "For God's sake go and bring that English girl here to stay with you, before the gentle Padre makes it impossible."

The One Sahib knew also that the outrageous clothes and hat, and spats, that turned the splendid little Burman into a paroquet were due solely to MOUNG PYU's desire for betterment and his inherent Burman love of finery.

The Padre was not a meditative man, not one to sit and let fruit ripen before he judged of its flavour; so, bubbling with indignation, he sallied forth and swooped down upon the man, large in his Bond Street apparel.

MOUNG PYU's black Burman's eyes opened very wide in astonishment as Padre Hobbs talked with vociferous eloquence. And after a little the Burman eyes grew cloudy with red anger.

"Woman?" he queried. "There are many women of my own kind in Mindak, Padre Sahib."

But the Padre buried his rubicund nose in a big handkerchief and trumpeted in condemnatory unbelief. To him MOUNG PYU's words were but the duplicity of a Burman. However, thank God, no subtle Oriental could pull the wool over his eyes. It would be an outrage against the

Church—the Commissioner would certainly interfere—somehow it would reflect upon the state of society in Phrang, for Phrang represented the District, if this matter were not put an end to.

This ready acceptance of evil intent where there was none, was a disquieting revelation to the boy-minded Burman. Somehow, as Padre Hobbs talked, the English clothes became distasteful to MOUNG PYU; they seemed to drag him into this atmosphere of contaminating suspicion. In his own putsoe and little jacket he could have spoken out indignantly as a simple-living villager; all the people of his village were moral. Poh San had married six wives, but he had *married* them—it was according to their law. MOUNG PYU looked down at the glittering buttoned boots and the silly spats—indeed, they were more of that life he had seen in London, with its many stories of complicated lives, than of the village where no one would even have hinted at what the Padre spoke so plainly about.

So presently MOUNG PYU, answering, said: "You are altogether wrong, Minister Sahib, but I think you are right. I am a Burman, and to be a good Burman is very good—for a Burman. Miss Roydon is too good a woman to be here, where

people speak ill of her, so she must go back to England. I will pay all the passage and for her trouble."

When the Padre had gone, MOUNG PYU took off his silly make-up and gave the clothes to a half-caste clerk in the Telegraph Service. He sighed in loose-hearted relief as he shoved his feet into the canvas shoes that had been made by a Chinaman at Phrang, and adjusted his silk putsoe with happy carefulness. Then he went to the One Sahib's bungalow and gave the Sahib a large cheque on the Bank of Bengal for the English girl's expenses, said good-bye to her, and went back to Mindak.

There he summoned the Talopins beneath the padouk tree, and said: "We must keep to all that is good in the faith of our fathers. Buddha taught us no evil; the evil comes of ourselves. The Christian religion is also very beautiful because of Christ, and if at any time one like the Craig Memsahib comes again, who can keep us close to their Christ, and teach us so that we can understand, perhaps we will listen."

What the girl said to the One Sahib when he put her on the steamer for home was: "MOUNG PYU is the gentlest Christian I ever knew."

## At the Breath of Spring

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

LIFTS the slumber from the sleepers,  
 Comes a stirring everywhere—  
 Hear the sound of winter's reapers  
 As her harvests disappear,  
 With an all incessant dripping,  
 Melt and sink and disappear.  
 Notice how our world is making  
 Welcome to returning wing;  
 Note the hamadryad's waking,  
 Rousing at the breath of Spring.

# Reminiscences of a Loyalist

The Manuscript of Colonel Stephen Jarvis, or Jervis, a Soldier of England in the War for Independence. Afterward, in Canada, Adjutant-General of Militia, and later "Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod" in the House of Parliament. Born Danbury, Connecticut, 1756. Lived 84 years. Now published for the first time.

*Edited by STINSON JARVIS*



IN the fall of 1811, Governor Gore left the Province on leave of absence, and Major-General Brock took the administration of the Government and was Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the Province. I solicited an interview with the general and communicated my business to him. He received me very civilly, but at the same time coolly, asked me why I had not settled my business with Governor Gore instead of leaving it for him, a stranger, who knew nothing of what my claims were.

I was thus obliged to tell Governor Brock the story about Governor Gore, and that I had yet to learn what I had done or who my accusers were—that I did not wait on him to ask any favours, but simply for my right, and that only. I asked him to complete the promises the Government had made me, I having fulfilled the conditions by paying the fees stipulated on my coming to the Province; and at the same time I wished him to investigate my conduct from the time I left home as a minor to join the British Army until that moment, adding that in consequence of my loyalty I had become an alien to my family, who were all Americans, and that I had documents to prove my services in New Brunswick, where I equipped Militia at my own expense and maintained same for fifteen years.

He replied, "I make you no promises. You have referred me to His Majesty's Council here. It will be sufficient for you to state your requisitions on paper, and I will give them due attention, as I think your merits deserve."

This was as much as I could expect, and I took my leave, returned to my house and wrote a memorial stating the promises made me by the Government, praying for

a special location. In a few days I received an answer, that if I would point out any vacant land in the Province in the power of the President to grant I should receive it.

However, before I could find a piece of land to suit me, the war came on, and all my expectations were again blasted. The winter passed away; I had received all my remittances from New Brunswick, which I had principally expended on our new farm. My son had got up a log house, had about fifteen acres of land cleared, when the war broke out and he was obliged to leave it and go into the army.

I had now been in Mr. Jarvis's office two years, and I continued there till the war began in June, 1812, when the flank companies of the Militia were called into actual service. I then offered myself, knowing that I would be of some use to the Militia and render service to my country. The only advantage I received from this offer was an order for some farming utensils and a few pairs of hinges from the Government stores, and I also received a pair of plough irons, a set of harrow teeth, a shovel, a spade, Beeth rings, a hand saw and a hammer, which were useful to my son.

There was a young American by the name of Thomas who had been in business in York for two or three years and who wished to take advantage of General Brock's declaration and return to the States. He was advised by a Mr. John Smith to place all his properties, that he could not remove, in my hands, and, as he thought the war would not last long, gave me a Power of Attorney to take charge of his business. He allowed me a certain sum for my services for one year, taking my bond as security for the property left behind. Consequently I took charge of

his affairs, and he went back to the States. But I soon found that what Mr. Thomas was to allow me would not support my family, particularly in war time; and I therefore commenced business as a commission broker.

Mr. Guy Wood\* entrusted me with my first orders, which were profitable and enabled me to maintain my family and keep my son, George Stephen, who had joined the 49th Regiment, comfortably supplied with money. George was taken prisoner in the battle of Queenston (when the gallant General Brock fell), but he was exchanged in the course of three or four days.

In the spring, Major General Sheaffe, who then commanded in Upper Canada, gave me the appointment of Adjutant-General to the Militia, and I acted in that capacity when the American army made a descent upon York, the 27th April, 1813. My son, George Stephen,†

\*Brother-in-law of Bishop Strachan.

†The life of George Stephen Benjamin Jarvis, elsewhere published, was in some respects more eventful than that of his father. He was close to Brock when he fell at the storming of Queenston Heights, and in General Sheaffe's report was specially mentioned for bravery on the field. For several subsequent days he was a prisoner in the camp of General Stephen Van Rensselaer. After his exchange he was on the staff of General Sir Roger Sheaffe, and was engaged in the affairs of Fort Schlosser, Beaver Dam and Black Rock. Appointed Ensign in the 8th (King's) Regt., he was present at the capture of Fort Erie and in the subsequent disaster of Chippewa. At Lundy's Lane (then just 17 years old) he commanded a company, and at the storming of Fort Erie, perhaps the bloodiest strife of the war, he was again taken prisoner, and after a series of singular adventures escaped. There were many other expeditions and skirmishes, and at the close of the war, the 8th marched to Montreal and embarked for England, where his grand-uncle was stationed at Windsor Castle. After changing to the 104th, in order to get back to Canada, this regiment was disbanded, and he then studied law; was a bencher of the Law Society in 1834, and was a judge for over fifty-one years. In 1836 he was a Member of Parliament, and in subsequent troubles raised a force and went to arms again as Lieutenant-Colonel, after which he was presented with a sword. In a long life he was an uncompromising Churchman, a strong friend and supporter of Bishop Strachan, and proclaimed it the duty of every Churchman to set apart a tenth of his income for church purposes.

happening to be then in York, General Sheaffe gave him command of one of the sections, the Grenadier Company of the 8th Regiment. He took into the field twenty-five men in his division and returned with only three, the rest being either killed or wounded.

During the day I had several narrow escapes from the shot of the enemy's cannon. One struck under my horse's belly, and several others very near me. Never was anything so ill-conducted. Had the troops been properly disposed and the militia properly brought into action I have no doubt but that we might have defeated the enemy, although I do not think we could have prevented the vessels from working into the harbour and taking the ship that we ourselves destroyed.

After the enemy got possession of the garrison, General Sheaffe ordered the magazine to be blown up, and in the explosion many of the enemy were killed, and one or two of our own people were lost on the occasion. The American General, Pyke, was here killed. Had the explosion not taken place quite so soon, the whole of the enemy would have been destroyed. As it was, they suffered much, and were thrown into so much dismay that if we had been prepared to charge them, they would have been defeated. Some of the officers afterwards acknowledged to me that they were near retreating to their shipping, and that, had we advanced, they would not have been able to keep their men together.

After the regular troops left it, the town capitulated, and I was ordered by General Shaw to assist in making terms for the inhabitants.

The enemy kept possession of the town for nearly a week. (They sailed for Niagara on the 2nd of May.—Ed.) We lost a great many men. (130.—Ed.) The Grenadier Company of the 8th Regt. was almost entirely cut up.

After the British troops had left York, many of them returned and were taken prisoners, particularly those of the Artillery, and they allowed the two field-pieces also to be taken, which might have easily been carried off. However, to my great regret, I saw the Americans take possession of them and carry them

away. This was on the 27th of April, 1813.

The next morning we received our paroles, and, as Adjutant-General, I certified the number of prisoners. The exact number I have forgotten, but in this number were old men of seventy to boys of twelve years of age. To the everlasting shame and disgrace of the people of the country, they were hourly coming in from the country and giving themselves to Major-General Dearborn as prisoners.

General Sheaffe, now Sir Roger Sheaffe, had given me a promise that if anything offered in which he could serve me during his administration, he would be happy to give it to me, and promised me the first vacancy, and he soon had an opportunity. The Clerk of the House of Assembly, a Mr. McLean, was killed by the enemy, and I put His Honour in mind of his promise, but unfortunately for me I was too far off, and such powerful interest was made in favour of Mr. Grant Powell, that I failed in my expectations. But, in lieu of that, I was called upon by Sir Roger's A.D.C., Captain Loring, who said that the office of Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Assembly would become vacant in a short time, and that I might depend on having that appointment.

However, before that took place, Major-General Drummond came into administration, and when the vacancy occurred a Mr. McNabb was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms, so that I was again disappointed, and as I was a prisoner of war my pay and allowances were stopped.

About this time a detachment of the 104th Regiment had arrived at York, and my son-in-law, Major Maule, commanded the detachment. He had left his family in Quebec. My son, Frederick Starr, had been appointed to the head of the Waggon Department, which in some measure relieved me from some expenses, as he was now able to support himself without my assistance. I was able to pay strict attention to my own business, which increased, and I began to feel a little more independent. The hand of adversity did not press so hard upon me, and I began to feel new

life and vigour. It was a pleasing consolation that I could relieve the poor wounded soldiers in the hospital, and could entertain the officers of my acquaintance without distressing my family.

I was most anxious to see my daughter, Mrs. Maule, whom I had not seen for three years, and I prevailed on Major Maule to allow me to bring them to York; so I set off in a boat that was going to Kingston with some American prisoners. These might, however, if they had been disposed, have easily made their escape, for I frequently on the route found the sentinels asleep upon their posts at night; but as I had no command over them I could only give them a caution to be more alert.

At Kingston I was introduced to His Excellency Sir George Prevost, who was on his way to the frontier. I found little difficulty in procuring a passage to Montreal in one of the Government bateaux. We had a short passage, and I then had the happiness to meet my daughter, who had a few days before reached Montreal under the care of Major Hunter, of the 104th, who was on his way to join the flank corps on the frontier. I applied at headquarters to General Sheaffe, who was at this time at Montreal, for a conveyance for Major Maule's family, which was readily granted, and on the return I hired calèches for Mrs. Maule and the children, so that we reached Prescott several days before the boat with our baggage.

Colonel Pearson commanded at this place, and Mrs. Maule received great attention from him and his family. Mr. Green, the Commissary, gave a ball in compliment to Mrs. Maule in the New Fort. We were obliged to wait several days at Prescott for the return of the gunboats which had gone to Kingston, and, when they had arrived, we set off with a Miss Coffin, sister to Mrs. Pearson and daughter of General Coffin of New Brunswick. She went with us as far as Brockville, where we halted for the night and slept at Dr. Hubble's. Miss Coffin, after tea, returned to Prescott with an officer who had come with a carriage for her.

Before we reached Prescott I had intelligence that the Americans had again

visited York and had burned the garrison, which they had not destroyed when they were there in April; but I kept this a secret from Mrs. Maule. However, I heard at Johnstown that they had done no damage to the town itself. We saw the account of their landing at the head of the lake, and of the admirable disposition which Major Maule had made to upset them (which deterred them from attacking his post at that place)—and this renewed my daughter's spirits, and she was very cheerful all the rest of the way.

At Kingston we took up our quarters with the Rev. Mr. Stuart. Mrs. Stuart was an American lady, a daughter of General Brooks, of Boston. She was our most intimate friend whilst Mr. Stuart was the rector of the parish church at York. Mrs. Stuart was in a deep decline and soon after went to her long home.

We left Kingston in a bateau with a detachment of sappers and miners under the command of Lieutenant Youle, of the Engineers. The voyage was made safely till we came opposite York, when a heavy black cloud overcast, and there was an appearance of a violent gust of wind, so I landed the women and children. Seeing at the same time my young son and some other lads on the shore, the bateau put off immediately, as I supposed my son had a boat to convey us to town. But here I was mistaken. He, with his comrades, had left town in a leaky canoe, which had swamped with them, and our communication was cut off from the town.

In this situation we endured a very severe shower of rain. Two of the young lads made a raft with sticks and boards, on which they put their clothes and swam across the creek, when they went to the town and procured the boat in which we got safely to the mainland.

My family were anxiously waiting to receive us. Mrs. Maule remained with us for some time, and then joined her husband at the head of the lake, a place called Burlington.

This campaign was very disastrous to our army and navy, but I shall confine my remarks to what relates to me and my family. During the winter and spring of 1814 my business was successful, and with five hundred pounds in cash I went to

Montreal and loaded a bateau with goods which I brought safe to York, and I then ordered an additional supply, which I received before the winter, and a very large amount which did not leave Montreal until the winter, when the goods were conveyed to Kingston by sleighs.

To save a heavy expense in transporting my goods from Kingston, I allowed them to remain there during the winter; but unfortunately for me the Yankees got tired of war and made a peace, by which I not only lost a profit but sank more than fifty per cent. on the original cost. This was so heavy a stroke that I was not able to make my remittances. Mr. Thomas then took the opportunity of revisiting York, and it required all my ready money to pay him and take up my bond.

I struggled on for two years; but to no purpose, and at last I was obliged to surrender my all. To add to my difficulties, my beloved wife was taken very ill whilst I was in Montreal, and though she in some measure recovered, yet she was almost entirely helpless.

At the close of the war Colonel Maule, who had now been promoted, left York with the 104th Regiment for Quebec, where he remained for about twelve months, when he was ordered to take command of an outpost at Drummond Island (in the northern part of Lake Huron) and he arrived at York with his family in June, 1816. He left his family with me at York, Mrs. Maule remaining with us until the 1st of September, when I set out with her to join her husband at Drummond Island.

The mode of travelling was, for the first thirty miles, by land; then in a bateau across Lake Simcoe about fifty miles to the head of Kempenfelt Bay; then a portage of eight or nine miles more, when we took the water again and went to the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, which empties itself into Lake Huron. At this point there was a naval establishment under the command of Captain Hambly, of the Royal Navy, and who paid every attention to Mrs. Maule and her children.

I had it in contemplation to make a fur-trading establishment at Drummond Island for the purpose of dealing with the natives, but as I was ignorant of the Indian language, and also of French, I foresaw



many difficulties, and therefore relinquished the idea.

Mrs. Maule was so weak at this time that we were obliged to convey her across the portage in a hammock sling, carried on men's shoulders. My daughter Isabella, who had been with her in Quebec, accompanied her on this route.

We embarked on board one of His Majesty's ships of war that had been taken during the war. She was a fine sailing vessel, and commanded by a Mr. King-kum, of the navy. We had a fine passage until we came within a few miles of Drummond Island, when we were decoyed by an Indian light and ran ashore on a reef of rock, where we lay beating upon the rocks with a considerable surf running from nine at night until ten the next day.

We fired muskets from the masthead, which were heard at Drummond Island, and about midnight Colonel Maule, with a bateau of officers and soldiers, came to our assistance. By this means we got an anchor out astern of the vessel and hauled her off the rocks—arriving at Drummond Island about two o'clock, where we landed in safety.

The harbour at Drummond Island is very picturesque, surrounded with islands; but the shore where the barracks are built is a bed of limestone. With great difficulty they had cleared the ground and planted some roots and other vegetables. We stayed at Drummond Island only to overhaul the vessel, and were happy to find that she had sustained very little injury.

I had the year before (1815) paid a visit to my aged parents in Connecticut, and found them comfortable for such old people. The object of my journey was to have my father make a will, so that in case of his death, I might inherit some of the property he should leave behind him—which, otherwise, as an alien, I could not. On my return to Canada I found my affairs in so disastrous a state that it became necessary for me to make the best terms I could with my creditors; and at last, by selling my house and all my wilderness lands, I obtained a discharge in full, with a few hundred pounds remaining on hand.

Whilst this business was arranging,

Governor Gore had again left the Province, and the administration devolved on the shoulders of the Honourable Samuel Smith. He was an old acquaintance and much my friend. It occurred to me that a Mr. Cameron, a great favourite of Governor Gore's, would succeed Mr. William Jarvis in the Secretaryship, and if so, the Registry of the County would be in the gift of Mr. President Smith. In conversation with him I mentioned the probability, and asked him for the appointment should it become vacant. He promised I should have it, and in August, 1817, Mr. Secretary Jarvis died, and a few days after, the President told me he was exceedingly glad I had been so early in my application. Yet after this I was at a party at the house of the Attorney-General, who said he feared the situation of Registrar was already promised. This gave me not a little alarm. But on the 9th of March, 1818, I assumed my duties as Registrar, having in the meantime made arrangements with my creditors. My youngest son had been in the Secretary's office for some time, and had acquired some money, and as I was about to quit my dwelling, I desired him to make an offer for a certain house, which he did, agreeing to pay one hundred pounds down, and one hundred pounds at the end of the year.

On the first of June I took possession of the new habitation as tenant to my son; paid nineteen hundred and fifty pounds to my creditors and got a receipt in full. Col. Maule and family here left us for England, taking my daughter Isabella with him, and it was pleasing to me that I could give her eighty-five pounds as pocket money.

These arrangements being completed, and having disposed of the remnant of my property for the support and comfort of my family, I began to think of once more paying a visit to my aged parents, and as the health of my dear wife seemed to be rather increasing than otherwise, I thought I could not do better for my children than to embrace this opportunity to secure what I considered my due in share of what my father should die possessed of. I left on the 14th October, 1818, and sailed across

the lake (Ontario), landed at Niagara, went to Queenston and crossed to the American side the next day, and in five days more reached Albany, where I remained until Saturday, the 22nd, when I took passage on board the steamboat and landed in New York the next day at 11 o'clock.

I had written from Albany to my sister, Mrs. Hitchcock, who lives at Amenia in the State of New York, that I should be at Danbury by the sixth of November, and requested that she and my brother should meet me at that day, to celebrate my birthday at my father's, with the rest of my brothers and sisters and as many of my other relatives as could be collected.

Taking the stage, I arrived at Norwalk that evening and called on my good old uncle, Hezekiah, where I met my usual affectionate reception, and the next day set off in the stage for Danbury, finding my father and mother uncommonly well. He was 90 and my mother 86 years of age.

In New York I found my relatives well and glad to see me, and I here met a cousin, Mr. John Bloomfield Jarvis, who was the engineer of the Erie Canal, and afterwards joined the waters of the lakes to those of the Hudson River. I took up my lodgings with my cousin, Mr. Noah Jarvis, as headquarters, and the next day went to Bloomingdale with a brother of his, a Mr. Stephen Jarvis, who lived at Chester; in the former residence of the late Bishop Jarvis of Connecticut.

We were very joyfully received by our cousin the Reverend Samuel Farmer Jarvis, son of the late Bishop, and rector of that parish (Bloomingdale). Here I made an agreeable visit and had the most flattering attention paid me by both Mr. Jarvis and his amiable wife, whom I lamented to find had been suffering for some time from illness, and the ravages of disease had greatly destroyed the beauty of a most captivating face and figure. Here I spent several days with great pleasure.

With him I attended the consecration of the new church at Mott Street—he being one of the officiating clergy—and

after divine service he introduced me to the Right Reverend Bishop Hobart, who asked me to dine with him that day, and where I met at dinner twenty clergymen of the Episcopal Church.

While in New York with my cousin Noah, I visited the theatre several times. Some of the performances I was very well pleased with, and others ought to have been hissed off the stage. A Mr. and Mrs. Bartley from England had just arrived, and Mrs. Bartley made her first appearance in "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage." She received great applause, but I must say I was disappointed in her appearance. Her figure was a fright, her voice was harsh, and she had too much action. However, she was the best performer in tragedy I ever saw.

I dined several times with Mrs. Hamilton, the wife of the late General Hamilton, whom I have before mentioned as having introduced me to General Washington.

I also dined with a Mr. Nutter, who had been a Loyalist, but whose interest had got the better of his principles, and for interests' sake had become a Republican, in word if not in deed. He, however, could not hide his partiality for the British Government, and drank the King's health with much sincerity; and I passed a very agreeable day. Mr. Nutter had married a widow of Captain Livingston, whom I once knew in the British army. Mr. Nutter urged me to spend a longer time with him, but my time was now so limited that I was obliged to take my leave.

There were many people in New York I had to see, and a number of friends who had formerly been my neighbours in New Brunswick, among whom were a Mr. Knox, a Mrs. Smith, a Mrs. Gerard, and her sister Miss Glass. There were also many others to see, but I spent most of my time at Bloomingdale with the parson. After taking a most affectionate leave of him and his family, I returned to New York.

At Danbury I met my sister, Mrs. Hitchcock, who had received my letter and obeyed the summons, also my brother Samuel and his wife. Here we

all remained till the 1st of December, when I took leave of my aged parents and accompanied by my sister Hitchcock set off for Amenia, her place of residence, passing through New Milford, Sharon, Salisbury, Sheffield, Barrington and Stockbridge; stopping at different places and meeting many friends, some of whom I had not seen for over forty years.

As I had to take advantage of the Boston and Albany stage, I took leave of my sister and reached Albany that evening. This was a very cold day, and the ice was collecting fast in the river, which that night closed, and communication by water was stopped. At the post office I found a letter from my cousin Noah, of New York, and another from the clergyman at Bloomingdale, together with a keg of oysters to take with me to Canada. I stayed at Albany two nights, and dined on Sunday with Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, who married a sister of Mrs. Grant Powell, and on Monday morning at three o'clock set off for Canada with my keg of oysters. The road was excessively bad. We travelled seventy-two miles that day, and at night I could hardly get out of the stage, I was so much jolted. But the next morning I was so well as to be able to proceed, and after the first three days' journey the road became even, and when I reached Canada I felt myself much better than on the first day. I reached Mr. Jarvis's at Queenston in time to partake of a good dinner which they had just set down to, and which I was prepared to enjoy, having travelled fifty-two miles that day.

I asked of the news from York, as I had received only one letter since I left home, which contained favourable reports. I now heard that Mrs. Jarvis had been unwell, but was much better, so I was not alarmed at this; but after I had dined I again asked particulars as to her illness, when Mr. Jarvis replied that she had received a paralytic stroke and was now much better, though her life had been despaired of.

I then prepared to leave for home and enquired where I could get a person to convey me to York, and rather than that I should give an extravagant price for a conveyance, Mr. Jarvis insisted on my

taking his horse. I left my baggage with him, and at eleven o'clock at night set off on horseback, taking with me a shift of clothes in a valise. I reached the Forty-Mile Creek about two hours before daylight, when I halted to feed and rest the horse; but as he would neither feed nor drink I concluded he was sick and, finding a person who was going as far as Ancaster with a pair of good horses and a sleigh, I prevailed upon him to give me a seat as far as Stoney Creek, ten miles farther, where I engaged a Mr. Hopkins to see me as far as York.

He was going as far as Dundas Street with his sleigh and horses (had I not wanted his assistance farther), and we expected to find snow as we advanced; but in lieu of this we were under the necessity of walking fourteen miles, and then we got saddles and mounted on horseback, and in this way, after riding all night, we reached my own house about sunrise on Monday morning, 21st December, 1818.\*

To describe the melancholy condition of my poor wife would be impossible. She was perfectly insensible to everybody, and took no notice of me nor of any of the family. She continued in this way for three months, when her mental faculties returned and she began to recover strength and could converse rationally. She had her rest tolerably well, gained the use of her limbs so that she could with help walk from her room to the parlour. At the end of three months she was again deprived of the use of her limbs, and lost all her mental faculties for some time, when they were again restored.

A few days previous to the 28th November, 1819, she appeared so much better that my daughter expressed a wish that Miss Purcell, a lady of our acquaintance, would take family dinner with us the next day, being Sunday; but when I went to her lodgings for the purpose of asking her, my poor wife was taken with convulsions. I conceived it impossible that she could survive many minutes, and sent for the physician, also for Miss Purcell, but before

\*By the old road he followed, leading back of Hamilton and through Ancaster, this journey of two nights and a day was over ninety miles in length—fourteen of which were walked.

their arrival she had recovered, and her pulse was so regular that the physician suggested that we had been too much alarmed. She was, however, again attacked, and after the convulsions passed off and she again became tranquil, lying in a stupor until Thursday, at 4 o'clock p.m., when she drew her last breath and resigned her soul to God who gave it, leaving us to mourn over her lifeless lump of clay.

And it is now, since she is placed in the silent tomb, that I feel the irreparable loss which I have sustained. God grant that I may mourn with resignation, and find consolation in the firm belief that she has quit a world of misery to receive a crown of glory. May I find forgiveness, so that when it shall please God to call me hence I may be prepared through the intercession of a blessed Redeemer to meet her at the Throne of Grace.

Thus have I given an account of a life of sixty-four years, during which I have been guilty of many transgressions and have been justly punished. I bless God that I have been spared to see all my children grow up to be respectable and valuable members of society, and I hope through His grace to be assisted to put my thoughts on things above and not on things below—for the short period I may yet have to live—which God in His infinite mercy grant. Amen.



#### EDITOR'S NOTE

Until a copy of this journal was being sent to the publisher the fact remained unnoticed that its first lines and its last lines refer to one person. When asked for the story of his life the writer went unerringly to the year when life seems to then begin—

“At the age of eighteen years I fell in love with a young lady.” And he ends his history when he lost her. The vow of 1776, “that nothing but death should part them,” had been kept.

But although his health partly failed here when the light of his life went out, the uses of this useful existence were by no means ended, and Fate was not prepared to muster him out at this time when he was ready to “break off.” In fact, he had only lived about three-fourths of his life when he buried the honoured wife. Later in the Canadian House of Parliament, he was “Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod,” an office subsequently held by his son Frederick Starr, and also, in London, by an English cousin. The late Dr. Scadding, an aged writer who knew him well, says in his book called “Toronto of Old,” that Colonel Jarvis was the last man in Canada to give up the style of hair-dressing in peruke that was the fashion of Washington’s time. At the ceremony of opening the House part of his duty was to make several very fine bows, and his appearance is thus described: “When in his shoe buckles and silk hose, with lace ruffles under chin and about his wrists, with sword in hand and hair tied peruke, he was the last of a picturesque type now unknown. His courtly manners and distinguished bearing made his official bows the despair of all successors.” If memory rightly serves, these bows were made into empty space—to the supposed presence of a king, who to him, as to the other Loyalists, was an unseen ideal—the “fountain of honour” and the supposed personification of all the known virtues. He had been doing this always. Figments of the imagination were his life’s anchorages. To these he lived, loved, fought and died loyal. For wife, children, friends and king—a Loyalist.

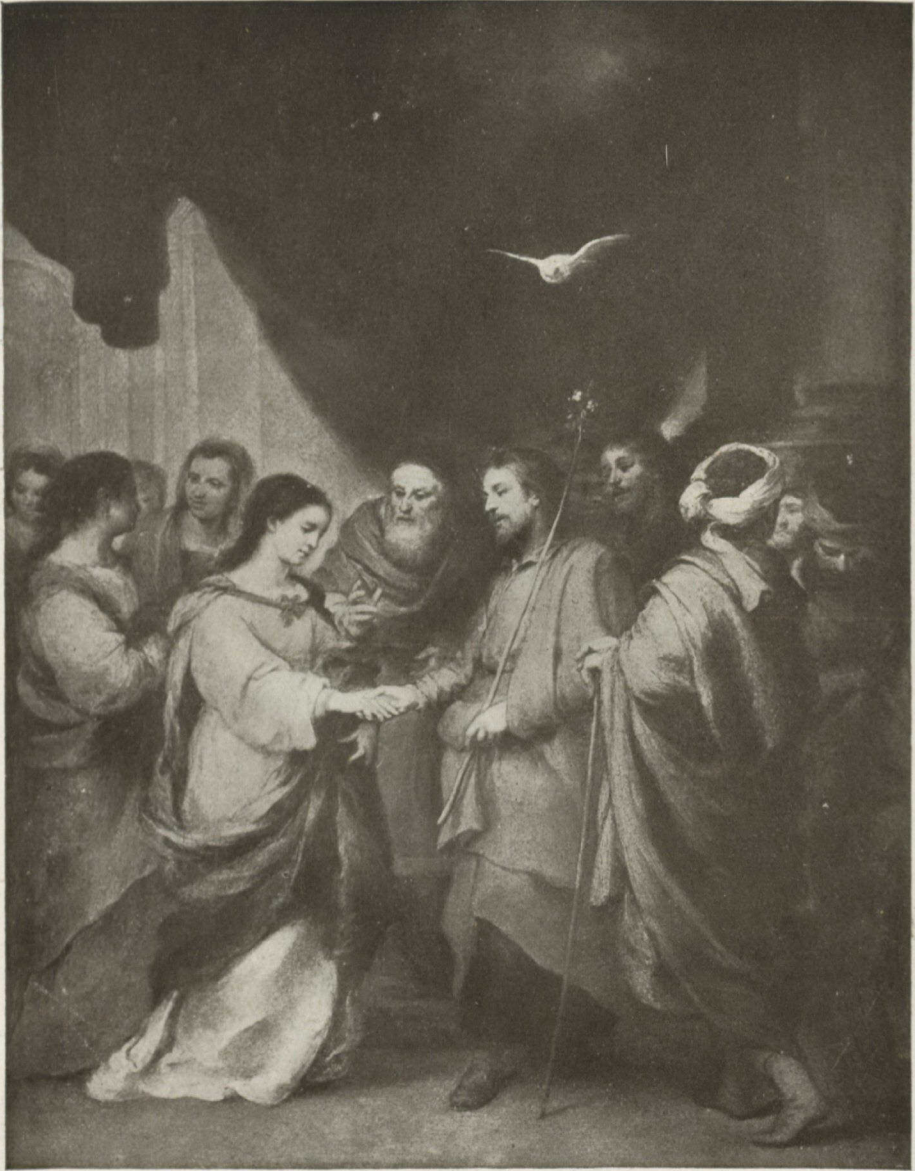
THE END





"ECCE HOMO"

BY GUIDO RENI



### THE MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN

From a Panel by Murillo—Wallace Collection, London

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo was a fellow-townsmen of Velasquez, both being born at Seville, Spain. In 1660, he founded the Seville Academy of Painting. Thirteen of his canvases are in the Wallace Collection and several in the National Gallery. There are others at Aspley House, Bath House, Bridgwater House, Grosvenor House, Hertford House, Stafford House, and other London collections. There are also a number in St. Petersburg, though much of his work is still in Madrid and Seville. Most of his subjects are religious.



### THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

From an engraving of the Painting by Paolo Caliari or Paolo Veronese—Berlin Gallery

The subject of this picture is the aged Simeon receiving the child Jesus in his arms, saying, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Only Simeon and the Mother know the character of the child, and Joseph who stands behind Mary seems to be surprised at the extraordinary interest manifested by the aged Priest. This picture was painted about 1595. The artist was born at Verona in 1528, his father being a notable sculptor. One of his most famous pictures is "The Marriage of Cana," in the Louvre. Many of his masterpieces are in Venice, notably in the Church of San Sebastiano, where he did his first work in that city. There are six of his pictures in the National Gallery, London, including the well-known "Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander."



### THE HOLY FAMILY

From the Painting by Murillo in the National Gallery

This large canvas shows the almost feminine charm of Murillo's style. The tenderness is marked. Apparently, the artist was trying to embody in this picture the divinity of the Christ child.





### THE SHADOW OF DEATH

From a Painting by Holman Hunt

Holman Hunt's pictures of Christ are famous, especially his "Light of the World." This is one of his most striking conceptions and is reproduced from a photogravure in "The Gospels in Art," a recent publication of merit. Hunt studied in the Royal Academy Schools in London with Millais and Rossetti, with whom he afterwards formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, who have attempted to paint pictures of feelings and scenes that each artist *realises*, to endow every canvas with genuine feeling and passion as well as artistic value.



SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

From the Painting by Otilie Roederstein

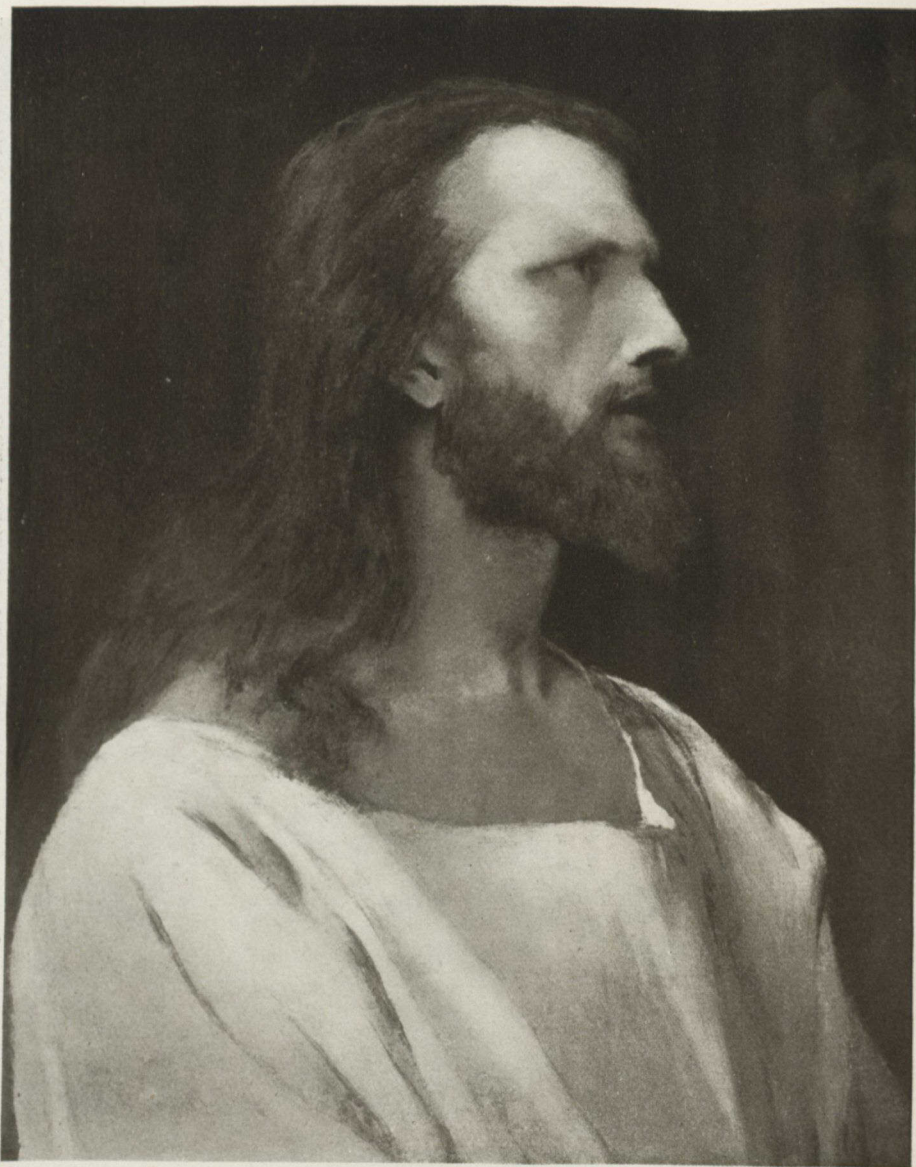
Many artists have attempted to portray this historic scene, than which there is none more beautiful in the life of the Man of Nazareth. It appeals to every human heart with its mingling of gentleness, pity and fatherliness, the while it teaches one of the most powerful of lessons.



### THE RAISING OF LAZARUS

From an engraving of a Painting by P. P. Rubens in the Berlin Museum

The male characters are well conceived, but the women are, like nearly all Rubens' women, merely "well-fed Flemish beauties." Rubens was a native of Antwerp and died in 1640. Besides being a prolific painter, he was one of the most noted diplomats of his day. Under cover of painting portraits of Royalty, he visited the various Royal Personages of the time on behalf of the Netherland authorities. His pictures are said to be over 2,000 in number, many of which are in the galleries of Vienna, Munich, Madrid and London.



### JESUS CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

From the Painting by M. De Munkacsy

This portrait by a Hungarian painter is one of the most noble of the representations of Him who "was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." This artist's real name was Lieb, but being born at the town of Munkacs he took the name of his birthplace. This particular picture and "The Crucifixion" won him a gold medal at the International Exhibition of 1889. They were afterwards sold to Mr. Wanamaker.



### THE BURIAL OF CHRIST

From an engraving of the Painting by A. Vandyck in the Berlin Gallery

Vandyck was a student of Rubens and his subjects lack the same refinement of character. All the later works by Vandyck were portraits. He was born in Antwerp, but died in London in 1641.

# A Canadian Painter and His Work

By J. W. BEATTY, A.R.C.A.



THE Art Exhibitions of Canada are, to say the least, disappointing to one who believes in the possibilities of a distinctly Canadian school of painting. We see, year after year, a collection of landscapes, with an occasional unimportant figure subject—unimportant from a standpoint of Canadianism. These are painted by the same men and women, now fast growing old in the service and who, when art was in its infancy, were painting in much the same style though not quite so well. They have reached an age when there is no longer any hope for a radical change, anything new, as it were, in their work. They have and are giving the best they are capable of and must be honoured for their sincerity, even if their efforts fall so far short of what this country should be and is able to produce.

True there are scores of amateurs who contribute their mite to the exhibitions, but I speak of those men and women who make a profession of painting to the exclusion of all else, and who should be making the art of Canada. Time after time there has been seen the work of some promising student, and it has given rise to the hope that he (or she) might develop into a distinctively Canadian artist. The hope is short-lived, and after a year or two they are missed altogether or are represented thereafter by some unimportant picture or summer sketch. Perhaps they have drifted into commercialism or have left the country fully convinced of the truth of the opinion so very prevalent at the present time, that one cannot make a living in Canada by painting only. There are a number of young men in Canada whose ability, if applied to painting instead of illustrating and newspaper work, would place them in a short time in the front rank of the painters not only of this country but of the whole continent.

The result of this lack of faith is that the art of the country is starved, and there are but few young painters coming along

to fill the places of those pioneers who in the natural course of events will shortly complete their earthly labours.

There is some slight justification for this pessimism, since the great majority of the picture-buying public are indifferent to the work of Canadian painters, and particularly to Canadian pictures. They prefer foreign subjects. Yet in spite of all this there are a few who have weathered the storm and who have proven that by close application and sincere effort it is possible to overcome all the difficulties which beset the path of the artist. They are able to gain a livelihood by their brush alone and to even produce better work. A notable instance of this is Mr. F. S. Challener, R.C.A., who though still young has gained for himself a place in the front rank of painters in this country.

Of his birth or antecedents we have little to do. Suffice to say that he was born in 1869 of humble parentage, in Whitstone, county of Middlesex, England, a village about 10 miles north of London. He has resided in Toronto since 1883, with the exception of about two years spent abroad. It is a satisfaction to know that Mr. Challener has not studied in any school outside of Canada, the whole of his artistic training having been acquired at the Ontario School of Art and in Mr. G. A. Reid's private studio. It was about 1887 that visitors to the O.S.A. and Academy exhibitions were first treated to those delightful little landscape and figure studies of his. These were never very large; they were almost miniatures, but were full of beautiful colour, and teeming with the true feeling of out-of-doors. It cannot conscientiously be said "of nature," for they were lacking sometimes in that one great quality, so necessary to a landscape—the bigness of the subject. They were small in feeling but thorough in draughtsmanship, with good feeling for composition, and bore indelibly the stamp of a coming painter.

That the public interest was aroused



THE SINGING LESSON

From the Painting by F. S. Challener, R.C.A., in collection of John Firstbrook, Esq., Toronto

was proven by the avidity with which they bought his works; at a very moderate figure to be sure, but still sufficient to give him an income large enough to enable him to continue his studies.

As an instance of the prices which he obtained at this time, and in fact up to 1891, after he had been elected a member of the O.S.A., and an A.R.C.A., an exhibition and sale "by auction" might be mentioned. One hundred of his pictures and sketches realised the magnificent sum of \$600.00, an average of \$6.00 each. Nothing daunted away he went to England where he spent about nine months visiting the exhibitions and galleries, studying the methods of the masters old and new. That he was greatly benefited by what he saw is proved by the fact that immediately upon his return he commenced to paint

more important subjects, though it was not for years after that his postage stamps, as he himself calls them now, ceased to greet you in the windows of the different picture dealers around Toronto.

His first work of any real importance, "A Song at Twilight," was purchased by the R.C.A., and is now in the national collection at Ottawa. Another, "Forty Winks on a Sunday Afternoon," was purchased by Mr. Jas. Tees, of Winnipeg, and was afterwards destroyed in the Manitoba Hotel fire in that city. The most important picture he has yet painted, the most distinctively Canadian thing, is his "Milkmaid." Who has not during their visits to a Canadian farm seen this thing over and over again? It is a Canadian cow, a Canadian stable, and a bright, healthy girl of a type found only in this



INDIANS TRADING AT FORT ROUILLE (TORONTO)

Mural Decoration in King Edward Hotel, Toronto, by F. S. Challenger, R.C.A.

if Mr. Challenger chose to obliterate those features of a cow stable that might be objectionable to some fastidious minds, it is a purely personal matter. That he has created a picture that is satisfying in every detail is the great point. This work was first exhibited at the old Palette Club's exhibition in Toronto, and later at the Academy in Montreal, and at the World's Fair in St. Louis, where it won for the artist a bronze medal. It is now reposing in the Provincial collection in the Normal School, Toronto.

His diploma picture, "Workers of the Fields," deposited on his election as an academician in 1900, when but 31 years of age, is not nearly so satisfying as "The Milkmaid," nor yet "The Singing Lesson," the interest being too much scattered. The details are well painted, yet in a little too high a key. The canvas could be cut in three and leave as many fairly satisfactory compositions. That is a weakness to be sure. The fact that this work was exhibited at the Pan-American Exhibition and secured a bronze medal may prove this judgment to be faulty, yet it does not alter it. In "The Singing Lesson," in the collection of Mr. Firstbrook of Toronto, the artist is much happier. Though not nearly so important, the picture is much more satisfying. The colour scheme, a fine harmony in yellow, grey and brown, in a rather low key, and the unity of the composition stamp it as one of the artist's best efforts.

Canada of ours. It may be said that the stable is rather well kept, the cow well groomed, but what of that? It is not pure realism that we look for in any picture, and

and masterly studies of firelight effects by this painter would be a grave oversight; indeed, it can be safely said that there has never been a Canadian painter who has



given so much attention to this class of subject, nor one who has succeeded so admirably in the rendering of it. One very good example, "A Reverie," is to be seen in the Normal School, Toronto.

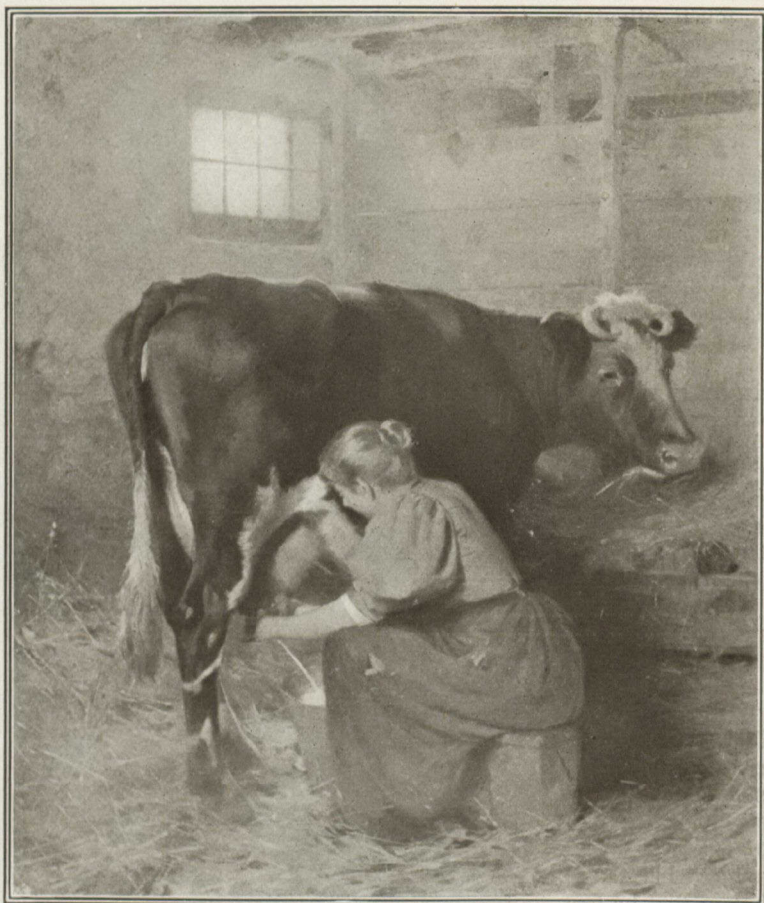
That a man with Mr. Challener's fondness for light and colour should be attracted to the Holy Land, is not surprising, and thither he went in 1898 to spend some months studying the people and customs of that country. This trip, while furnishing him with endless data in the shape of small sketches, was not very fruitful as far as pictures were concerned. The only canvas of any importance that has so far resulted is Rachel's Tomb, exhibited at the O.S.A. exhibition a year later. There are promises of greater things to come as a result of his visit to this most interesting part of the world.

It was after his return from this trip that he first turned his attention to mural painting, a branch of art for which his ability as a draughtsman and his fine sense of colour eminently fit him and to which he has since devoted much of his time. His first commission was for two ceiling panels for the Nile and Rose rooms in McConkey's restaurant. In the Rose room he chose for his subject "Night and Morning," and in the other "Life is a Dance." The result was two fine harmonies of colour and line, though the general effect is very much marred by the electroliers which the architect insisted



MURAL DECORATION STEAMER "MONTREAL"

By F. S. Challener, R.C.A.



THE MILKMAID

From the Painting by F. S. Challenor, in the Normal School, Toronto

on using in the lighting of the rooms. Following those came in quick succession the procenium arch in the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, the panels on the steamers *Toronto* and *Kingston* of the R. and O. Line, and other minor commissions. The most important of his mural works are those in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, and in the *Montreal* of the R. and O., plying between Montreal and Quebec. In the former instance he has chosen for his subject "Indians trading at old Fort Rouille," which stood on the site of the Industrial Exhibition grounds, Toronto, in the times when Canada was a French colony. The accompanying reproduction gives a good idea of the composition, the

colour and general handling of the whole being just a little too near realism for mural decoration. In the panels in the *Montreal* he has been much more successful, and altogether they are much the best work in this line that he has done as yet. He has taken for his theme "The Day from Dawn to Night," not that the subject matters much, as the thing that appeals most to one is the beautiful harmony of colour, running from the rose and gold of early morning to the blue and silver of night, with the figures peeping out here and there. They are splendidly drawn and in perfect harmony as to colour and tone. The whole scheme comprises two panels, one large and the other smaller. The smaller



WORKERS OF THE FIELD

From the Painting by F. S. Challener, R.C.A. Diploma Picture in National Gallery, Ottawa

canvas was completed and in place when the boat was gutted by fire, and of course had to be painted over again.

This brief resume of Mr. Challener's efforts as a decorator may seem weak in the eyes of some of his admirers. Should he decide definitely to continue to make a specialty of mural decoration, and there is good reason to believe that as yet he has not done so, there is no doubt he has the ability to succeed. Nevertheless, the transformation from realism, and to a great extent his trend has been in that direction, is not so subtle as to be accomplished in a year or two. The painter must, to a great extent, forget all that subtle modeling which has been acquired by years of study and aim at broader, simpler plains. A mural decoration should lie flat and become a part of the ceiling or wall that it is intended to adorn.

To deal briefly with the work that is at present occupying the attention of Mr. Challener, a recent visit to his studio it

was that gave rise to the belief that he has not yet altogether forsaken his old line of work, for he has under way and rapidly nearing completion four quite important canvases that would gladden the heart of any good Canadian. Three of them are purely landscapes, the fourth a semi-decorative composition; all of which will be seen at the coming spring exhibitions. It would have been a valuable addition to this article could a reproduction of at least one of them have been secured (for the sake of comparison).

Of the many schemes of decoration that have been proposed by Mr. Challener in association with several other Canadians, and of the time spent in trying to bring the civic fathers and political rulers of this country to a realisation of the necessity for beautifying of the public buildings of Canada, it is unnecessary to speak, but we may all join in the hope, "be it ever so vain," that their efforts may one day meet with that measure of success that is their due.





MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL

*Photo by Lapres and Lavergne*

## Canadian Celebrities

No. 69—MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL



MONTREAL has from time to time produced lawyers of acknowledged ability; writers whose work commands attention at home and abroad; men pre-eminently fitted for public service, and patriots who, here in perhaps greater degree than in any other part of Canada, find opportunity for service to country and empire in promoting a better understanding between the two great divisions of population. There are not many, however, among its extended citizenship who combine all these in one person so successfully as Mr. W. D. Lighthall. He is a type of citizen of whom there are all too few—a man who has studied history to some purpose, and who knows that

problems arising out of the dual race system must be met and solved, not ignored. An English-speaking Canadian, he enjoys in a marked degree the esteem of all French-speaking citizens. For many years he has been an apostle of peace and good-will, and the improved relations and more intimate understanding which now exist in this city are due in a considerable measure to his efforts. He has been one of the leaders of a small band who several years ago decided that if Montreal was to fulfil its great destiny as the metropolis of Canada, it could only be by the hearty co-operation of all creeds and classes. Their work has borne, and is bearing, a fruitful harvest.

For this reason it may be said that

while Montreal has done much for Mr. Lighthall, he has done more for Montreal. The city has given the man the invaluable experience which cosmopolitan conditions almost invariably produce—patriotism, so imperial in character that it knows neither race nor creed, more catholic tastes and ideas, and that saving quality of toleration so necessary among public men in a city like Montreal. It has given him many opportunities for the exercise of his reforming tendencies. On the other hand, Mr. Lighthall, through his varied activities and his immense enthusiasm toward any movement tending to the advancement of the city, his zeal in preserving the ancient landmarks and historical relics, and his ceaseless efforts to eradicate racial discord, has placed the city under a heavy debt of obligation. It has frequently benefited by his creative ideas, the latest of which is his proposition to create a Montreal Island Commission to administer the inter-urban affairs of the city and suburbs along broader and less parochial lines.

Mr. William Douw Lighthall, although of an old Province of Quebec family, connected with one of the seigneuries, was born in Hamilton, Ont., where his father was studying for the bar, but was brought to Montreal as an infant. He was educated at Montreal High School and McGill University, and was called to the bar in 1881. He is a descendant on his father's side of a patroon family of New York State, which counts its descent particularly through the Schuylers of Albany, who not only took a leading part in the events of the Revolution, but also in the long train of Imperial events preceding, and during the French wars. Many of the connection were Loyalist officers of distinction, and filled high places in the British army. His mother was a member of a well-known Scottish-Canadian family of the Chateauguay district, his great-grandfather being Major James Wright (or McIntyre, for the stock was really Highland) who, as captain, commanded the local forces at the time of the battle of Chateauguay, and it was at his home that de Salabery and de Watteville, and their staffs, made their headquarters. These few biographical facts

explain much of the man, his fighting spirit, his enlightened patriotism, his championship of minorities, and his love for historical research.

It is notably true of Mr. Lighthall that he is in great measure the product of his environment. It is reasonable to assume that, developed in any other province, his mind and energies would have taken a much different turn. Here, however, he found work to his liking, and his progress, not only in his profession, but as a publicist and writer, has been extremely rapid. A man out of Parliament, he exercises great influence on legislation through his connection with the Union of Canadian Municipalities; occupying no professor's chair, he is "guide, philosopher and friend" to a large number of students, to whom his library and his information are at all times accessible. His views on all important municipal questions affecting Montreal are received with respect. For many years, although he is a young man still, he has devoted close attention to many matters peculiar to Montreal. He was one of the leading spirits in that movement launched in the middle nineties to bring about reform in the management of affairs at the city hall. He had an intimate connection with the origin of those ideas of Mr. Ames which took form in the Volunteer Electoral League, and that hard-fought campaign, which resulted in the return of a majority of aldermen pledged to reform, and marked the turning point in the government of the city. The preparation for this was the joint foundation by the two friends of the French-and-English Club, an organisation devoted to the promotion of a better understanding between the two races. This club, while limited in numbers, was composed of English and French-speaking members, Protestants and Catholics, Liberals and Conservatives. The members met once a week, and one of the rules was that no subject was to be debarred from discussion. Many controversial topics were thrashed out, but always in good spirit. The result of this apparently risky experiment, which was carried on for several years, was the development of a school of public men

of high ideals of statesmanship, whose influence has already been felt in the Federal arena.

Mr. Lighthall has always been keenly interested in the nation-making process now going on in Canada, the right development of our institutions, and our part in the Imperial scheme of development. He was the founder of the Canadian National League, formed in October, 1892, just before the first Canadian Club at Hamilton. Its purpose was to demonstrate the workability of a Canadian National Society. The central feature was to be an annual "Canadian" entertainment, at which some eminent orator would discuss some patriotic theme, and elements be introduced to interest the public and elder school children. The first of these was held in Windsor Hall, Montreal, on February 17th, 1893. Sir Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona) presiding. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, delivered the address of the occasion. The list of officers then included Sir Donald Smith, Sir James Grant, Lt.-Col. Denison, Principal Grant, Hon. Justice Baby, W. R. Brock, the late S. C. Stevenson and Senator Murphy. The League remained in existence until the Canadian Clubs and Empire Day were established and took up the same work.

Another outlet for Mr. Lighthall's dynamic energy, and a good illustration of the fact that beneath the delicate-looking exterior and the ascetic cast of features there runs the fighting blood of his martial forbears, is the campaign he has waged on behalf of Canadian municipalities against franchise-seeking monopolies. He is that rare combination, a practical idealist. The dreamer of dreams can be a man of action, too. Of a somewhat retiring disposition, he does not stop to consult his own inclinations in advancing any cause which appeals to his sense of public duty. He was the originator of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, a past-president, and from the beginning its honorary secretary-treasurer. The great success of the Union in safeguarding municipal rights is fairly well known to Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but the amount of energy Mr. Lighthall expended in getting it fairly under way is

known only to the few who were most intimately connected with the project. It is characteristic of him that he has kept himself as much as possible in the background, preferring that the Union should be known as a thing of ideas rather than of men. With him a cause is greater than its converts.

Similarly, although the door to a political career has been open to him on several occasions, Mr. Lighthall has refused to accept public office, except in his home suburb, Westmount. That he may soon consent to enter political life is a hope shared by all those who know his high ideals of public trust, and how well he is equipped to occupy a prominent place in Parliament. He was a member of the Westmount Council from 1896 to 1903, the last three years being mayor. During his regime he inaugurated several reforms in the administration of the town's affairs.

He has always taken a hearty interest in anything pertaining to the early history of the city, and is an authority on the subject, having written several books and pamphlets which are regarded as standard works. He took a prominent part in the movement to secure the Chateau de Ramezay—the residence of one of the French and several of the British Governors—as a home for the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, of which he is the vice-president. Mr. Lighthall conceived the idea of acquiring the chateau and establishing in it an historical museum in connection with the Society. This is now one of the show places of Montreal. It was also on his suggestion that the Society decided to erect historical tablets throughout the city. In view of the popularity of these two enterprises among both English and French-speaking citizens, it seems somewhat strange that they were not thought of earlier. Probably they may have been, but if so, by some one who had not Mr. Lighthall's enthusiasm and ability to do things as well as the imagination to conceive them. The reminders of the past constitutes one of Montreal's chief charms to him, as to many others, but it was reserved for him to give scope and direction to the work of preserving them for future generations.

Mr. Lighthall's writings have not been

confined to historical and economic subjects. He is the author of several books of romance, verse and philosophy. One of his best works is "The False Chevalier," a romance which was favourably reviewed both in Canada and England. He also conceived and was editor of "Songs of the Great Dominion," and the companion collection of Canadian poems in the Canterbury Poets Series. These works were published in London. He has just completed a prose romance entitled "Hiawatha of Hochelaga," giving as a picture of prehistoric life the Iroquois version of the story of Hiawatha. It will probably be published early in the summer. Mr. Lighthall enjoys a wide friendship among the leading literary men of Canada. His standing in the literary world is shown by the fact that he is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of Great Britain, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

The regrettable feature is that he has not sufficient time to devote to literary work. The Muse should be all in all; to him it is only a part. That he has undoubted literary gifts his work shows. His prose style is direct and convincing. His poetry has imagination, and at times considerable power. If literature alone occupied his whole attention there is no doubt he would soon be known as one of Canada's ablest writers. But many inclinations hold him, and as yet he has not chosen. However, there is still time for him to hear and heed the one dominant call, and then, and not till then, will his genius flower in its fulness.

He has done much and gone far along many lines of endeavour, making a success of each. He will, unless all signs fail, go much further, for the gods were liberal to him with their gifts.

*R. S. Somerville*

## The Linties on the Braes of Yarrow

BY FRANCES W. GIBSON

(When Dr. Norman McLeod was travelling in Canada, he met a Scottish farmer who told of his prosperity and happiness in his new home. "But," he exclaimed, "there's nae linties in the woods, and nae braes like the Braes of Yarrow.")

MY hame in Canada I loe;  
Ye'll gae far to find its marrow—  
But in the woods nae linties sing,  
An' the braes are nae like Yarrow.

The sun shines bright o'er this fair land,  
But I miss wi' heartfelt sorrow  
The linties singin' in the woods  
On the bonnie Braes of Yarrow.

My thankfu' heart makes willing hand  
As my fields I plough and harrow,  
But still I miss the linties' sang  
On the far-famed Braes of Yarrow.

In Scotland, mist creeps o'er the hills  
An' fills the glens sae narrow,  
But sweetly still the lintie sings  
On the bonnie Braes of Yarrow.

# The Farmers and the Tariff

By E. C. DRURY



ONE of the surprises in connection with the recent tour of the Canadian Tariff Commission has been the unity and strength which the farmers have shown in presenting their views. From east to west they have appeared before the Commission, making the same statements and the same requests with a most remarkable unity of purpose and opinion. This fact is the more remarkable because the farming interests have no general organisation, and had made no previous preparation for a campaign in support of their demands. With the manufacturers, the presentation of their views before the Commission came as the culmination of a long campaign in favour of higher protection, which they have been conducting through their association.

The spontaneous and general movement among the farmers to oppose the demands of the manufacturers, argues a wide public opinion, not aggressive it is true, but deep-rooted and strong, which will offer a most firm, while reasonable, opposition to any demands for a higher tariff.

The representatives of the farming community who have appeared before the Commission have very generally urged the following reasons in support of their views:

(1) That no protective tariff can be of any benefit to Canadian farmers in general.

(2) That the present protective tariff bears heavily on the farming class, in that it enables manufacturers to exact higher prices for their products, many of which are raw material for the farmer. Further, that by means of the protection they receive, manufacturers are enabled to enter into unfair competition with the farmer for labour. Any increase in the scale of duties would proportionately accentuate these conditions.

(3) That the farming class stands more in need of relief than any other.

(4) That, owing to the above-mentioned

conditions, the farming class has not been able to hold its own numerically, at least in the older sections of the country, and that this thinning of the farming class must work a great injury to the country at large.

If the above statements are true, even the most enthusiastic protectionist must admit that the demands of the farmers are worth considering. That they should feel the burden of increased prices in what they must buy, and of artificially stimulated competition for labour as a result of the protective tariff, without receiving any compensating advantages, is a great injustice. That this injustice should cause a thinning of the agricultural ranks, with all that this means, is a great national calamity. The case of the farmers is a very strong one, provided only that the facts are as stated by their representatives. If these statements are true, they have made out a case, not only of strong special pleading, such as has been presented by others before the Commission, but one involving great national issues, sufficient to engage the attention of statesmen and patriotic citizens alike. The one great question to be decided, then, is whether these statements are true. Let us proceed to inquire.

(1) Is a protective tariff of any value in raising the price of Canadian agricultural products?

Canada is normally a very large exporter of agricultural products. Reference to the Statistical Year Books of Canada (See Year Book for 1904, pages 134-35) will show a list of agricultural products too long for reproduction here, which are normally and continually exported. This list includes all the products of the mixed farm, and many things which are classed as special productions, and totals for 1904 a value of 98 millions of dollars; for 1903, 112 millions; for 1902, 94 millions, etc., showing a very large and continual exportation of agricultural products. It is true we are at the same time to some extent, importers



of the same things, but this seeming discrepancy is caused by the local trade extended along a border of 3,000 miles, which sometimes finds it more profitable to pay the duty than to buy the things required from more remote parts of our own country. Deducting these imports from the exports, we find that, supposing a protective tariff were wholly to exclude foreign agricultural products, we would still be very large exporters. Nor is it likely that in the near future home consumption will more nearly approach home production. The one greatest undeveloped resource of Canada is her agricultural lands. With millions of acres of the finest agricultural land awaiting the plough it seems certain that for a very long time at least we will continue to be very heavy exporters of agricultural products.

Combinations are impossible among the farmers. Besides being law-abiding citizens, they are far too numerous for anything of the sort. Under these circumstances the price of the farmer's total output is regulated by the price received abroad, in the world's markets, for the exportable surplus. To suppose otherwise would be to suppose two prices, one for home consumption and the other for export, and these could not be maintained except by means of combination among the farmers. This is sound reasoning, and it is borne out by the practical experience of every farmer who finds his prices rise and fall in exact relation to prices in England. It is ridiculous to suppose that even the total exclusion of foreign agricultural products could help prices for the Canadian farm.

The firm belief of the farmers in the foregoing line of reasoning, backed by their practical experience during all the years in which protection has been the policy of Canada, enabled their representatives before the Tariff Commission to offer to forego all protection on agricultural products, in exchange for lower duties in other things. It is true some minor interests, such as the tobacco-growers, the producers of early fruit and vegetables, and a few others appeared before the Commission to ask for higher duties, but these interests are very small and insignificant compared with the whole of Cana-

dian agricultural interests. It is the general and firm belief of Canadian farmers, that protection on their products is and can be of no use to them.

(2) Does the protective tariff enable manufacturers to exact higher prices for their goods, much of which is raw material to the farmer, and to unfairly compete with the farmer for labour?

It is claimed by our manufacturers that they want protection not to exact higher prices for their goods, but to get the whole trade of the country, and that, once having secured this trade they will supply goods as cheap and good as could be bought abroad. For over a quarter of a century they have enjoyed all the advantages of a protective tariff which at first was assured us to be only a temporary measure. If they can ever do it, why not now? But they are farther than ever from this desired end. Our imports of manufactures, which were \$35,000,000 in 1889, have risen to \$95,000,000 in 1904. From this we would gather that our manufacturers are farther than ever from being able to compete with the foreigner, let alone to compete among themselves to keep down prices. We are, and will long continue to be, importers of manufactures, and our tariff undoubtedly does operate to raise the prices of these things, many of which are the farmer's raw material. He must pay the enhanced price for all his implements, harness and farm supplies, which are necessary to his business, as well as for his personal supplies, which all consumers must pay. This places him in an especially disadvantageous position.

Further, the manufacturers, enjoying enhanced prices for their goods, have been able to raise their rates of wages, which indeed was necessary, since the cost of living for the workman has been increased, through the higher price of the goods he uses, as the result of the operation of the tariff. This has had the result of raising the price of farm labour, which is now nearly double what it was a quarter of a century ago and, indeed, has now reached a point where the farmer can no longer afford to hire the labour he requires. This is probably an evil which presses as heavily as any other on the farmers to-day.

Thus the farmer, who, we have shown,

receives no benefit from the tariff, is oppressed by it in two very important ways, the price of his farm implements and necessaries and the price of his hired labour. This, in itself, constitutes a great injustice. It is unnecessary to say that the only way to remove this injustice is to remove, or lessen, the duties which have caused it.

(3) Do the farmers stand more in need of relief than the manufacturers?

This is an enquiry which, if the manufacturers had not forced it upon us, we should not make. We take it the fiscal policy of our country should be based on justice and equity, and should not be a sort of paupers' relief measure. The farming community in the past have not paraded their neediness before the Government in pleading for their rights. It was left for the manufacturers to whine and plead poverty, while the farmers stood the storm uncomplainingly, like men. Since, however, the sort of pleading used by the manufacturers has been largely successful, and since our country seems to have adopted the policy of giving to the beggar who whines loudest, the farmers have been driven to present this aspect of the case.

It is not easy to get any exact figures showing the total farm income and expense for the Dominion. The census figures, while very satisfactory in many ways, fail utterly here. The best that we can do is to point out general conditions, and to give the figures representing the income and outgo of an Ontario farm, which we may take as a general example of its class.

This farm consisting of 200 acres, of which 100 acres are cropped land, 80 acres are pasture, and 20 acres are woodland, I have taken, not because it is the average of Ontario farms, but because it represents the average of the up-to-date, scientifically managed farms. We do not ask, as the manufacturers do, that the tariff should be regulated so as to keep the farmer going if he does not do his best. We do not want help for the ill-managed farm, but if it can be shown that, with his farm managed on the best principles, the farmer cannot make a reasonable profit, then we have made out a strong plea for relief. The farm cited, which does not

belong to the writer, but of which he has minute knowledge, is managed in the best possible manner. The land is kept free from weeds, and in a high state of fertility. A well-approved rotation of crops is followed. Practically the whole field crop of the farm is turned into live-stock products, thus securing the maximum of profit, and increasing the fertility of the land. Lastly, in the whole management of the farm and the living of the family, the greatest economy, care and thrift prevail, coupled with sound judgment and good business methods. Here, if anywhere, it should be possible to make a fair profit.

The following is a summary of the accounts of this farm for last year:

Income—Value of produce sold:	
Sales of beef cattle.....	\$1,098.10
Dairy products.....	275.00
Hogs.....	772.90
Sheep.....	94.00
Clover seed.....	43.87
Grain sold.....	220.54
Potatoes.....	4.50
Apples.....	3.50
Eggs and fowl.....	28.00
Pasture (let to neighbours).....	32.00
Rent of house (an insured one, rented to labourer).....	30.00
Total.....	\$2,602.41
Expenses—	
Wages.....	\$ 62.19
Threshing.....	42.50
Running expenses of farm.....	125.00
Taxes and road work.....	77.33
Insurance.....	10.00
Interest on mortgage.....	334.00
Feed purchased.....	34.05
Household expenses.....	340.37
Implements purchased.....	38.80
Beef cattle bought for fattening...	593.35
Total.....	\$1,657.59
Balance.....	944.82
	<u>\$2,602.41</u>

This apparently leaves a profit of \$944.82, which one would think a reasonable one. Besides the expenses listed, however, which represent only the actual cash outlay, we have to count the following:

Wages to two grown sons per year..	\$500.00
Five per cent. interest on capital (balance owned beyond mort- gage).....	450.00

Additional expense thus represented \$950.00

The family in this case consists of the farmer and his wife, two grown sons, and

two grown daughters—all of whose work goes into the farm. The result, then, of the year's operations is, that after paying interest at 5 per cent. on the investment, and allowing wages to the sons, the farmer and his wife and two daughters give their year's work for \$5.18 less than their keep. This is on a well-managed farm, on one which was declared by other farmers before the Tariff Commission, after the presentation of these figures at Toronto, to be far above the average. Considering this fact one is tempted to say, "Heaven help those who are unable to farm even as well as this." A large majority of the farmers of Ontario are in that position, and very many of them, after working harder than any of their hired help, and besides, doing the mental work necessary to direct their business, can no more than make both ends meet. Under these circumstances, it seems clear that no class, and certainly not the manufacturers, are more entitled to consideration or more in need of aid.

It will perhaps be objected that these figures do not represent the true facts, and the fact that farmers are paying off their mortgages and improving their places will be cited as evidences of their prosperity. True, they are doing so. The farmer whose accounts are given is doing so. The whole surplus, representing his sons' wages and the interest on his investment will go towards either the reduction of his indebtedness or the improvement of his place. And so it is all over the country. Farmers are accumulating simply because they are thrifty, because they are the only class in the community that lives within its means. The farmer's savings represent, not large profits, but his own and his family's wages, together with a low interest on capital invested. Clearly he does not belong to the same class as the manufacturer. He is certainly more in need of relief, and more deserving of consideration than those who run whining to the Government when they cannot show a good dividend.

(4) Is the rural population decreasing, and is this decrease, if any, harmful to the nation?

A glance at the census returns will answer the first question. The following are the comparative figures, by provinces,

of the rural and urban populations in 1891 and 1901:

	1891		1901	
	Rural	Urban	Rural	Urban
B. Columbia..	60,945	37,228	88,478	90,179
Manitoba....	111,498	41,008	184,738	70,473
N. Brunswick..	272,362	48,901	253,835	77,285
Nova Scotia...	373,403	76,993	330,191	129,383
Ontario.....	1,295,323	818,998	1,246,960	935,978
P. E. I.....	94,823	14,255	88,304	14,955
Quebec.....	988,820	499,715	992,667	656,231
N.W. Territ'es.	66,799	.....	120,767	38,173

These figures show that in all except Manitoba, the Territories, and British Columbia, where new land is being settled, and where consequently we could not fail to have an increase of rural population, and in Quebec, where the high rate of natural increase of the people, and their somewhat fixed habits, give a slight increase, the rural population is decreasing, while the urban is increasing rapidly. In Ontario, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, the seat of the older and more advanced agriculture, the rural population is decreasing. Moreover, this decrease, as a further reference to the census returns will show, has been steady and continuous since 1881—that is, the depopulation of the rural parts of the older provinces began about the time the system of protection was introduced and has continued ever since, showing a striking connection between the two.

The national results of this state of things are far from good. In the provinces named, where rural population is decreasing, there is yet infinite room for agricultural improvement. A great deal more land could be made profitable if the farmers could get the money to expend upon it, or the labour to improve it. Much that is not cultivated could be brought under cultivation, and of that already cultivated, nearly all of it could be made to give greater returns. This would be possible with a more prosperous farming population, and a more thickly inhabited country, and would react to the betterment of the whole country. Instead of this sort of progress we see the rural population decreasing, the area of pasture increasing at the expense of the arable land, and the whole agriculture of the older provinces suffering because the protective tariff has placed urban industry in a relatively better position than rural. Such a condition cannot

fail to have disastrous effects upon the nation at large, not only on its material prosperity, but on its political, social and moral life, the backbone of which is and must be, the farm home.

We have endeavoured to point out the reasons with which the farmers backed their demands before the Tariff Commission, and to show that these statements were entirely true. In view of the justice of their cause, and the weight of their reasons, we might have expected sweeping demands for reform. Such demands could have been made, and backed by the best of reasons, both from the standpoint of the farmer and that of the nation at large. The farmers, however, with characteristic moderation, made no such demands. They might, with justice, have asked for free trade, so far as it could be had. But they demanded only:

(1) That the scale of duties, if changed, should be lowered rather than raised.

(2) That duties should be lowered on articles that are the farmer's raw material, particularly agricultural implements.

(3) That the British preference should be made as great as possible.

How moderate and reasonable these demands are will at once be apparent to the thoughtful reader. Their moderation entitles them to the greater consideration of all thoughtful men.

The merits of the farmers' case demand the careful consideration of all statesmen, of whatever party. The issues we have endeavoured to point out are too weighty and too far-reaching to be ignored. Every statesman, every patriotic citizen should consider them, and pass judgment upon them fairly and independently, despite the interested sophistry of the special pleader. Even politicians would do well to consider the strength of feeling on this subject among the great consuming classes of the country. True, the Manufacturers' Association claims the sole right to speak for Canada, and for all classes therein, including the farmers. We challenge that right. Their interested motives are apparent to all, behind their assumed benevolence. They have forced themselves into prominence in the councils of our country, not because of the soundness of their claims, but because of their much speaking. But there are other people in Canada beside the Manufacturers' Association, and among these, the unorganised and quiescent masses of the consuming public, whose numbers are made up mostly of the farming class, there exists a definite and strong feeling in favour of a lower tariff, as the only relief from the ills that now oppress them. That feeling may make itself felt, at no very distant date, in the politics of our country.

## RESURRECTION

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

**I** BURIED Joy; and early to the tomb  
 I came to weep—so sorrowful was I  
 Who had not dreamed that Joy, my Joy, could die.

**I** turned away, and by my side stood Joy  
 All glorified—ah, so ashamed was I  
 Who dared to dream that Joy, my Joy, could die!

# The Devil's Muskeg\*

The Second of Four Western Stories

By HERMAN WHITAKER



HOULD it ever be your fortune to shoot over the country that lies between White Man's Lake and the Riding Mountains, keep a loon's eye open for the Devil's Keg. It will pay you. There is little to distinguish it from the common hay slough, but you may know it by this—no water gathers in the centre. Around its edges giant reeds, like regiments of bushied grenadiers, raise their brown polls on high, and spiky sedges turn a cutting edge to grasping hands. Its surface is of fat black muck, snowed with alkali, apparently dry; but if you would not follow Hamiota, the Cree, down to bottomless depths of slime, keep your feet from its treacherous levels.

Two days after I had this story of Pete Brousseau, I asked him to swerve from his beaten trail to take a look at the Devil's Keg. As it lay only a mile to the east of his string of traps, Pete readily agreed. Besides, we had just killed a red fox; its hot entrails dragged from the toboggan head, and it would pay well to trail the scent.

Ten minutes afterwards the ponies plunged through the encircling wall of tangled reed and drift, and swept on to the dead level of the muskeg. The sun shone brightly down. A foot of snow all glittering and spangled with frost diamonds hid the black muck; and the ten feet of frozen slime which crusted the quaking deeps would have given firm footing to a running mammoth.

"See, m'sieu!" said Pete, pointing to a poplar stump that projected over the sedges. "There it was the Cree went down, an' Jean le Gros so nearly followed. He is a good boy this Jean. Ma foi, yes! But too fond of the ladies an' they of him. Never was there a man could please them so! An' because of this he nearly die.

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It is not good to love too much, but worse to love too many."

The year before the Red River flood—the point in time from which all Pete's stories date—Towobat, headman of a small tribe of Crees, pitched his tepee on the north bank of White Man's Lake. After he had decorated the adjacent willows with strips of white rag—med'cine for devils—erected the tribal totem, and gone through all the other minutiae of shaking down, he loaded his big-wheeled Red River cart with his latest catch of skins, and creaked off to Pelly Fort.

There he got gloriously drunk; and, in his ecstasy, maundered of a marriageable daughter of surpassing beauty. Her eyes, he confidently whispered to Pete Brousseau, would shame the full moon, her waist was slender as that of the Factor's daughter. She was round, full-bosomed, could bake bannocks that were not as blankets, and pack a hundred pounds through the heavy snow. So beautiful was she that common report had it that he, Towobat, was not her father, but that she was sprung from a god who came on her mother sleeping in the grass. All of which perfections, virtues, and accomplishments were exchangeable for one rifle, two horns of powder, and three bottles of strong water.

Unfortunately Pete was already contracted to a woman of the Pellies, who kept a sharp hatchet against the coming of possible rivals; so, finding he would not trade, Towobat loaded himself, some bacon, and a couple of hundred of flour into his cart and creaked off to White Man's Lake. But his talk brought results. Within a week Jean le Gros stalked into the Indian camp and took a look at the girl.

She was certainly pretty, tall, well built, graceful—for an Indian, with large black eyes. In her hair nestled the white feather, the maiden's mark. Her skin was almost white. Whatever doubts

might be cast on her divine ancestry, Towobat was certainly right in disclaiming parental honours; and a musket and two horns of powder was a small enough price.

"Waugh!" grunted the Cree, when Jean proffered it. "Him drunk, heap drunk, at Pelly! Squaw strong, big, fat, plenty work! At Norway House him fetch two rifle, four horn powder, an' sack flour."

Now, the difference between Indian drunk and Indian sober hardly justified a fluctuation in values of two hundred and fifty per cent., but Towobat held to his price. For nearly an hour they haggled. Then a hint of a possible journey to Devil's Drum, where squaws were short, brought Jean to time. The bargain was closed. Towobat pouched a birch *chit* to the Factor, and pounded his ragged pony every inch of the trail to Pelly, while Jean stole off to seek his bride.

He found her on the outskirts of the camp. She was sitting on a ridge that runs out into White Man's Lake. Behind her the brown prairies scorched in the sun; across the lake loomed the green mountains. A gentle breeze checkered the water with vivid patches of crimson, brown and yellow leaves. She rose at his step, and stood looking sulkily upon him.

"Lau is now my woman," he said in Cree. "Let her come to my tepee." She made no answer, but stood, pouting her full lips that were red as the wild cherry. "Yes," he added, by way of compliment and to tempt her; "it is said that Lau's bannock is fit for the Commissioner, and that the venison tenders in her hands. In my tepee is much flour, also bacon; great stores of sharp knives, and red blankets that are very warm."

She made no answer. Generally the Indian girls were over-ready to take a white husband, and, though puzzled, he put out his hand to take the white feather from her hair. His fingers had almost closed on it when, with a laugh, she sprang from beneath his hand. Her robe dropped from her shoulders. He got one flashing glimpse of a rounded body outlined against the silvery birch; then, like a brown arrow, she shot through the air and clove the sunlit waters.

Now, the summers of Jean's youth had been mostly spent on the mighty bosom of the St. Lawrence, and though a man may forget relatives, friends, enemies, even the wife of his bosom, skill in swimming he may not forget. So, when the girl rose fifty yards from the shore she found Jean speeding along in her wake. He swam heavily to be sure, and puffed like a gram-pus, but his great body shore through the water. And the girl, too, swam well, with a long overhand stroke. At every reach her body flashed its length in the sunlight, lay for an instant cradled in foam, then sank in the limpid water.

By the time they had half crossed the lake, Jean's strength began to tell. Gradually the distance lessened until he could have placed a hand upon her shoulder, but when he reached, she dived, coming up twenty yards to the right. Again he caught up, to have the dive repeated; and again and again, and still again, she slipped from his hand. Yet despite her every trick and turn he kept so close that when she left the water he was close behind.

Once in the woods the waving branches marked her passing, and in five minutes he had run her down. Hot, gasping, panting like a chased hare, but still defiant, she faced him in a woodland dell. Jean the Big looked down on her with smiling eyes. He was wet, his clothing clung to his body; he looked and felt like some huge amphibian, yet he was still Jean the Good-Natured.

"The Cree maidens swim like the jack-fish and run like the red deer," he laughed. "Could they but fly like the mallard, they might escape the marrying yoke." He reached towards the feather, but she drew quickly away and smote his hand smartly. "So!" he exclaimed, softly. "She must needs fight!"

Seizing her by the shoulder, he pulled her towards him, and the next moment was lying on his back. The moment he pulled she had pitched forward, tripping at the same time, and Jean had thrown himself. It was a wrestling trick of his own, but who would have expected it from a girl? Angry and ashamed, he sprang up and seized her. She struggled fiercely, but her obstinate resistance simply made him more

determined. Grasping her by the waist, he tore her loose and swung her up to the stretch of his arms. And there he held her, watching the fear gather in her eyes.

"Pouf!" he exclaimed, suddenly setting her down. "There is nothing to fear, little one. Jean le Gros wants love that is freely given. Let Lau return to her father's tepee."

As he turned to go a low laugh sounded in the dell, and a gentle hand touched his shoulder. Slipping to her knees, Lau slid the feather from her hair and laid it shyly in his palm.

Being thus well married after the fashion of the Crees, who stole the rite from the Bones, who took it from the Mound-Builders, who inherited it from Father Adam, Jean le Gros built a cabin hard by White Man's Lake and settled down to family life. Lau was now a person of importance in her tribe, and bore herself accordingly. She walked, *nez retroussé*, by the bucks, who in the days of her virginity had laid fat puppies at her feet, while her tribeswomen turned a greedy ear to her tale of bead and skin, blanket and provision, and other wondrous matters of her housekeeping. To these, her own people, she was cold and haughty, as became the wife of a *mooniah*, but Jean she loved with the furious passion that is sometimes disconcerting to its less emotional object.

Yet this excess of love had its advantages. She sought to do the things that pleased him best. His cabin was always neat and clean, his bannock sweet, his meat well cooked and tender. And she was greedy to learn. One day Father Francis found her squatting in his kitchen at Ellice while she gravely noted the movements of Pierre Recard, the mission cook. And ten minutes thereafter a tremendous smash brought him flying to the rescue of the same Pierre who lay amid the ruins of his largest platter, with Lau brandishing a cleaver above his head. Then there was great inquisition. For three days Pierre did penance for the sin of his eyes, but Lau had to go elsewhere for lessons in cookery.

But soon winter closed in. Ten feet of solid ice mailed the lake, and the Devil's Keg gurgled helplessly beneath its winter coat. Sometimes a blizzard tore over the

lake, threatening to twist Jean's cabin up by the roots, and then the frost would come out of the north; the mercury would drop to seventy and odd below, and a great hush, broken only by the pistol crack of freezing trees, brooded over the forest. But it was warm within the cabin. A half cord of dry poplar crackled in the wide chimney, and sent a stream of spark and flame high above the roof-tree. On milder days Jean cut wood and visited his traps.

And so the winter passed. The sun returned from the southland to the music of running waters. Day by day his arc increased across the sky; but it was in this, the eighth month of her married life, that Lau's sun went out. With the first spring days came orders for Jean le Gros to trail north and run the season's pack from Norway House.

The evening before his departure they were at the cabin door, looking down the lake. A thunder shower had just blown by. The air was cool and sweet, the wind moaned in the poplar, and shadows of gray clouds leadened the white-capped water. Jean leaned against the wall smoking; Lau crouched at his feet.

"We have been happy." She spoke in dull, hopeless tones.

"I shall return."

"But the daughter of the Factor of Norway House?" she went on, with darkening eyes. "She is beautiful, it is said. I hate her!"

"Am I not married to thee, Lau?"

She nodded. "Yes, after the fashion of my people, which binds not the men of the Company. Was not the Factor of Devil's Drum married to Saas, daughter of Clear Sky, the Sioux? She bore him three children, yet did he afterwards marry a soft woman of his own breed?"

"Bah!" Big Jean stooped and lifted her to his knee. "I am not Black Jack, but Jean le Gros. There is none like my Lau. See you, little one, this is an order of the Company. I go to Norway House? Yes! But surely will I return to thee."

"Some day! I know it," she returned, thoughtfully. "And after that will marry with one of thy own race. But it is meet," she continued, resignedly, "that wolf mate with wolf. But the little she-fox that ran with the wolf—what of her?"

For her folly shall she be torn and eaten. Yet I have loved."

Creeping close, she ceased, and allowed present joy to smother prescience of coming sorrow. For hours they sat thus; but when at last the copper moon slipped from behind a storm-cloud, they rose and closed the cabin door.

A month or so after Jean le Gros crossed the fifty-fourth parallel on his journey northward, the wander lust entered into Towobat and his band, and laid them by the heels. They made great preparations for a moose hunt, northerly to the Pasquia Hills. Towobat would have liked well to take Lau along. Unmarried trappers were plentiful at Fort a la Corne, and Towobat's experience did not lead him to expect the return of Jean le Gros. There was really no reason why she should not take another man. But when he entered her cabin and gave orders to pack, she turned on him, hatchet in hand. Towobat fled. It was nip and tuck. For twenty yards he ran a smart race with death, and won—by a nose. But he lost an ear. As he shot through the doorway her hatchet whistled by, shaving the ear as clean as a surgeon's knife. And while the hatchet stuck quivering in a tree, Towobat increased his lead, thanking his gods the while for the excess of rage that offset his daughter's lack of filial piety.

So the tribe marched without her. For a week the smoke of burning bush by day and the red sky glow at night kept her posted on its movements; then, as the deer scared to the north, the sign failed. Jean had left her well supplied. Of flour and bacon she had enough to last the summer. Jack-fish she speared in the shallows, where the lake overflow seeps into the Devil's Keg; saskatoons were to be had for the picking on the prairie, and cranberries were plentiful in the bush.

She was happy after a fashion, living, woman-like, in her dream of love, though the practical savage way of looking naked truth in the face assured her of its ultimate ending. But he might come back—for a little longer. Often she walked over to the hogs'-back where Jean found her, and slipping eel-like from her blanket, gazed on the reflection in the water. A dark

face flushed with red, white teeth, misty black eyes, these she saw dancing eel-like. With the rounded body she had no quarrel; nor with the masses of knee-long hair, save perhaps they were a trifle straight. But that dark skin! Frowning, she would dash her foot across the image, dissolving it in a thousand ripples, then quickly diving she would swim over the old course, plunge into the woods, and lie in the little dell.

But in the third month of her loneliness she received news of Jean, and it came in this wise. Returning from her fishing, she saw at a hundred yards her cabin door standing wide. Surely Jean must have returned, she thought. Eagerly she flew over the intervening space, but halted dead on the threshold. On the mud floor a blanket was spread, and on it was piled her store of beads and moccasins, knives, cooking utensils, the skins from her bed, and all her provisions. Behind the heap, calm, impassive, but threatening, stood Hamiota, the Lamé Wolf, the one of all her former suitors whom she feared.

"Waugh!" he growled. "Lau has been long at the fishing. Tie up, that we may be going." He pointed to the bundle.

Laying down her fish and spear, she stepped forward, sullen but obedient, her lashes cast down to hide her eyes.

"I have paid," he continued, pinching his fingers into the flesh of her arm, "a great price in skins to the old fox, Towobat. Come!"

She sank beside the pile, drew together the ends of the blanket and knotted them, then, rising, waited for further orders.

"Marche!"

She hoisted the bundle and stepped to the door, then stopped and set it down. "Stay," she said, "there is the money of the Red Bear—the big dollars of silver buried in the earth beneath the bed."

Tearing the bunk to one side, she drove the fishspear into the ground close to the wall. The Cree stood over, watching with greedy eyes. Presently, when the ground was well loosened, she began to throw out the dirt. A little more digging, and the spear stuck in something solid. It looked like a square box. She stooped down and tried to raise it, but failed.

"It is heavy," she panted.

"Lau has become soft," sneered the



Cree. "She has lain too close and warm. Stand aside!"

As he bent to the hole, she raised the sharp fish spear and struck down betwixt his shoulders. Through and through it pierced, standing out beyond his breast. Shuddering he fell forward, driving the barb back within his breast, and writhed on the ground wormlike, the black blood pouring from his mouth.

"So Lau is soft?" she cried. "Yet would it have tried the strength of even Hamiota to lift the sill of the cabin. Now listen," she went on, stooping to the level of his eyes; "Hamiota would have forced me to mate with him. Like a fish he wriggles. And when the Red Bear comes to his den, then shall I, lying in his arms, tell of the folly of Hamiota, and how he died at the hand of a squaw."

Through the man's dulling ear the name penetrated to the darkening chambers of his brain. He looked up. His eyes were glazing, his tongue srove desperately with the black blood for one last utterance.

"The—Red—Bear!" he gasped. "The—Red—Bear—mates with—one of—his breed!"

Lau caught her breath, and for a brief space looked down on the dying man. Then she seized him by the shoulders and shook him violently. "Liar!" she muttered, hoarsely. "Liar! Tell me more of this."

But the Lame Wolf had already limped over the great divide, and answered not her challenge. She rose with fear and trouble in her eyes, and sat down on the bed to think. For a long half-hour she brooded. Her gaze rested on the stricken Cree, but she saw him not; her thoughts were travelling to Jean le Gros. Was it possible that Hamiota had news of him?

"Bah!" she exclaimed, rising and passing her hand across her brow. "He was ever a liar!" She spoke confidently, but a deadly fear gripped her heart. And though she kept on assuring herself that he had lied, she felt there would be no peace till she knew for certain.

Hastily she dragged the body forth and loaded it on her wood-sled. Ten minutes therefrom the Devil's Keg opened its greedy maw, and with a sucking splash the Lame Wolf started on his long journey

in its bottomless depths. Then, after ridding up her house—for Jean le Gros might come back while she was gone—Lau broke trail for Pelly.

There she got news: Jean was to be married shortly to Virginie, daughter of the Factor of Norway House. When the last word was spoken she drew the blanket over her head, and, unmindful of pitying words, departed for her place. They watched her down the trail, a lonely figure limping its solitary way over the illimitable prairies back to the savage woods. On the third day following her departure, worn, weary, hopeless, she crawled into her cabin and lay like a stricken deer.

"You will have notice, m'sieu," said Pete Brousseau, when telling this story, "what a great hunter is the devil? See you, a man makes his cake, but the devil bakes it. An' so it is with this Jean le Gros. He is by order of the Company named Factor of Big Grass Post. He will marry presently the prettiest girl of the North. Yes! Then, by Gar, he must needs kiss good-bye to his ol' sweetheart! Was there ever so much of a fool?"

But when Jean le Gros rode south to get his appointment of the Commissioner he had no intention of seeing his Indian wife. His mind was perfectly at ease in the matter. Had he not made full confession to Father La Rivière, and received absolution along with the intimation that it was his duty to marry with his own kind and raise stout children to Holy Church? Then, he had but done as others did. Lau would probably follow his example and take another husband. Here came the first twinge of conscience. For, though man loves to browse in pastures new, it shocks him not a little to think that similar inclinations may trouble his womankind.

While under the smile of the Factor's daughter, the feeling was bearable, but its strength increased in proportion to the distance he travelled south; and at last it was sufficiently strong to swerve him from the path of duty—as laid down by the holy father—and the Pelly Trail.

"What think you?" he said to France Dubois, his fellow-traveller. "Would it not be one shame to pass so near the old cabin an' no' bid the girl adieu?"

Being unmarried and of a warm fancy,

France agreed that it would. Now that he was thus committed, Jean's feelings underwent a further revolution. The figure of Lau danced before him, clothed with all the fascination of the forbidden. After all, he reasoned, she knew nothing! Why disturb her happiness? Let her love a little longer! Then, there could be no harm in it. As for Virginie—well, she was a sad flirt. Even now she would be making eyes at the English clerk.

Thus it came about that at Ten-Mile Forks France held on to Pelly, while Jean spurred hotly to White Man's Lake. As his horse splashed through the shallows where Lau took her fish, the dusky sun sank over the edge of the world, but the great flat moon sailed high and lit him up the bank. Bathed in its brilliant light, lake, wood, and bluff stood clearly out, lacking but the colours of the day. Over him a black cloud swept with a rush of beating wings, the ducks quacked and quarrelled on the waters, the frogs chattered, and the owls hooted in the forest.

At the top of the bank he reined in, clapped hands to mouth, and gave forth a piercing bush-yell. Shrill and clear, it reverberated from shore to shore and raised a thousand echoes in the sleeping woods. Before the last answer died, he was riding along the bank above the Devil's Keg. Beneath him it fell sheer to the black morass; a false step, a stumble spelled death.

Suddenly he reined his horse back on his haunches, almost throwing him over the bank. A sombre figure, like a black pillar in the white light, stood squarely in his path. For the space of a dozen breaths he sat his horse, staring; then the blanket rolled from the figure's head.

"Lau?"

"Yes," said I, she answered, talking to herself. "He will come again—once. Then will the little she-fox be torn in many pieces."

The tone was low, but he heard. "See you, little one," he laughed, "said I not that I would return? Here am I! There is none like my Lau!" The words rang cheerily, but the consciousness of their fakeness kept him at his distance.

"Hast thou truly returned, Red Bear—to me?"

He hesitated. Her face looked strange.

The moonlight softened and toned down the harsh lines of sorrow, but her eyes glowed with a black fire. Once, of a dark night, he had gazed into the eyes of a mountain lion just before he made his leap. They looked like these.

"Truly I have come back to thee!" Perhaps he meant it—just then. His words sounded sincere.

"Liar!"

She ran forward, arms stretched above her head. The horse snorted, reared, wheeled, poised for a second in mid-air, then launched out over the Devil's Keg. As he left the bank Jean slipped the stirrups—too late! The brute shot from beneath him, and they dropped, a few feet apart, into the sucking clutch. Over them, clearly outlined against the dark-blue sky, stood the mad woman.

"Truly," she cried, laughing shrilly, "thou hast returned to me!"

She stretched over the gulf. Jean had already sunk to the knees, and the keg sucked and pulled on his feet. He stood still and quiet. This was death, slow death, for cowards; for him simply burial. Already his knife was in his hand. Two yards to his right the horse weltered in a flurry of black mud, sinking deeper at every struggle. Leaning over, Jean cut the brute's throat. There was yet plenty of time for himself. The Devil's Muskeg does not haste in devouring its victims. It needs not, for there is no escape.

"Thou hast returned!" she called again. "Come then!" She spread wide her arms. "No? Then open for me!"

With the last word she sprang wildly out and fell beside him. Jean sheathed his knife, slipped his arm about her, and tried to lift her clear. Then he bent over, scooped the mud from her ankles, and tried again. With a squelch, her feet pulled from the clutch of the keg, and he swung her up to the full stretch of his arms; and, looking down, Lau remembered the day in the forest. The cloud swept from her hot brain; she saw, and realised where she was.

"Set me down," she said, quietly, all trace of madness gone. "Set me beneath thy knees and let me die the first; for I brought this trouble on thee, my love."

"No!" he answered, looking into her eyes. "In this thou art innocent, and I

am well served. And there is work for thee. Go to the Factor of Pelly, and tell him to send word of this to Norway House. There is one there that should know. Though," he muttered, "she will soon be comforted. And bid him also," he continued, aloud, "tell Father Francis to say a mass for the soul of Jean le Gros."

There was no time for more. The Devil's Keg lingers over its victims like some huge gourmand, but beneath the double weight Jean was sinking fast. Just opposite, a cave-in of the bank had swung a leafy poplar down and out over the muskeg. The branches trailed in the mud a few feet beyond his reach. On this he fixed his eyes. Swinging quickly back he threw smartly forward and hurled Lau's light body up into the tree.

She landed fairly in the centre, striking her head against the trunk, and lay stunned. Up and down tossed the tree. It seemed as if its living freight must drop back. Jean watched with anxious eyes; if she fell, it would be beyond his reach. But soon the heaving subsided, the tree rested, and she still lay among the branches.

With a sigh of relief Jean turned to his own affairs. He was already down to the waist. The keg gurgled beneath him, and sounds like the smacking of great lips were all about him. The clutch at his heels throbbed with the rhythm of a pulse. Slipping his knife he got ready against the time when the mud should touch his armpits.

Ten minutes passed—fifteen—and the girl had not moved. Five minutes more, and the chill slime touched his breastbone. Now it was time. Raising the knife, he turned a last glance on the still figure. Surely she stirred! He hesitated. She moved, sat up, and caught the glint of steel in his hand.

"No!" she cried. "No, Jean! Not yet! The horse! The horse! The lariat at the saddle bow!"

The beast's last struggle had brought him within easy reach. A ray of hope shot into Jean's mind. Leaning over, he paddled in the mud. She watched him breathlessly. Presently he raised his hand, and a black, dripping string followed it above the surface. A slash of the knife freed the saddle end, and Lau caught the noose as it flew from his hand.

She fastened it in the tree, and Jean le Gros began his battle with the Devil's Keg. The gluey, viscid muck seemed to suck with a thousand mouths, but slowly he drew towards the tree. When his strength failed, he passed a turn of the rope about his waist, and the woman held what he had gained. Inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, he fought his way, and at last, pale, trembling, damp with sweat, he fell against the bank.

Lau slipped from the tree and helped him up the steep; then she took his head on her lap and wiped his brow. He was drained of strength and lay weak as a child.

"I have not deserved—" he began, but she covered his mouth with her hand. He kissed it and lay still. Half an hour slipped by. A great hush brooded over the forest. The frogs had ceased their chatter, the owl his solemn questioning, and the lonely bittern forgot his solitary cry.

"Come," he said rising. "Let us go home."

She paused, questioning him with her eyes.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The—other—woman?"

"There is but one woman," he answered gently. "Come! For to-morrow we go to Father Francis."



# The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER VII

### HOW THE QUETTA WENT DOWN



It was the evening of the 28th of February, 1889, and the British India Company's steamship *Quetta* was steaming into Torres Straits, making for Thursday Island.

Dinner was over and almost all the first-class passengers were on deck enjoying the comparative coolness. Some strolled up and down and lounged on canvas chairs. Many were preparing their letters for posting at Thursday Island, the last point of touch before Batavia. It was a still, tropical evening; the sea was scarcely rippled; there had been a gorgeous sunset which etherealised the tiny islands and the coral reefs dotted about, with their groups of palms like tufts of feathers sticking up out of the water. The passage is proverbially dangerous. Fearsome tales of wreck were told now by those acquainted with these seas, and more than once people on board here had seen the dismembered carcass of some unfortunate vessel lying bare at low tide. But none on the *Quetta* thought of danger to his own ship. She was steaming slowly in a smooth sea. She was a favourite boat, her captain reputed careful, the charts and soundings said to be accurate.

Mr. and Mrs. Leitch, an elderly official in the Government Service and his wife, were deep in their letters, and the girl who belonged to them—Oora Galbraith—was pacing the deck putting off the task of beginning hers. Just now she was leaning against the bulwark of the vessel, gazing over towards the Australian coast with a sad expression on her very expressive face, for she was sorry to leave her native land even for so short time as a year. As she stood there a good many eyes were turned

upon her both from the upper deck and the lower one in which the second-class passengers collected. She was not by any means a strictly handsome girl, and in fact there were moments when she looked positively plain. Yet there was something about her which made everyone glance at her a second time and then gaze at her as often as possible after that. She was scarcely more than seventeen, but already she had received several offers of marriage in Brisbane.

There was no likeness at all between her and her sister Susan. Oora had nothing about her of the virginal saint. She was just an ordinary featured, palpitating bit of feminine humanity, teeming with vitality, and having in a remarkable degree that indefinable magnetic quality which is sometimes defined as "temperament." Her head was uncovered, and the hair—coal black, crisp and wavy, each hair seeming to have separate life of its own. She had a fairly good nose and a wide red-lipped mouth, with a suspicion of dark down on the short upper lip. The lower part of the face was slightly heavy and the skin was rather sunburned and naturally sallow, as olive complexions like hers are apt to be. Oora's eyebrows had not the delicate arch of Susan's but were level and thickly marked—dead black, as were her eye-lashes, which were so long and thick that they stood out beyond the bridge of her nose when her face was in profile. The eyes themselves were exceedingly curious and were Oora's most captivating feature. They looked as if an artist had carelessly mixed up on his palette sea-green and gamboge yellow with a dash of black, and discovering a new colour scheme had painted the blend into the drawing of a brunette face; then, to accentuate the scheme, had smudged in bistre shades round the eye orbit. The effect was peculiar and extraordinarily attractive. If

Oora Galbraith had been an old hag instead of a young girl, her eyes would still have exercised an uncanny sort of fascination—over men in especial.

For the rest, her body was slight to apparent attenuation. But it was a false leanness, for her bones were so small that very little flesh was needed to cover them. Yet it was easy to see that she was strong and wiry, and probably had greater enduring capacity than many a robust woman.

She seemed to have carried out the colour scheme in her dress—probably unconsciously. Her gown was of some thin woolly stuff of a brownish yellow tone with an indefinite pattern shaded into orange and red with splashes of black, while at her breast and in her hair were knots of velvet—sea-green blended with tawny red. Coiled twice round her neck she wore a quaint chain made of the yellow green New Zealand fossil shell called *apericulum*—which on one side resembles a human eye—linked with beads of green New Zealand jade, and having some sort of queer object at the end of it.

She was twisting this chain round her fingers as she moved from the vessel's side to the middle railing and stood looking down on the second-class and steerage quarters which stretched forward below the upper deck. It was the chain which first caught the eye of a man who was travelling second-class and who sat huddled on a blanket against a hatchway. He looked very ill, and was evidently down with fever—the Dengue, that scourge of the north. He seemed scarcely to have strength to lift himself and was shivering even in this damp tropical heat—as Oora noticed while she watched him for a minute or two before he glanced up and perceived her.

They were a motley set, the second-class passengers, a few women, some with babies; adventurous looking men, of the digger and stockmen type, bound most likely for the Port Darwin side of the Gulf of Carpentaria or for New Guinea; pearl fishers for Thursday Island; traders for Java and the South Sea Islands; a missionary or two; men in charge of horses for India and a sprinkling of better class Chinamen for Singapore. Lower in the social scale and farther forward in point

of present location were beach-combers, Cingalese, Lascars, and others of the lowest scum of humanity.

Oora's gaze encountered that of the sick man and she was drawn by his eyes which were dark and fiercely melancholy. They looked as if they had a history behind them, and she wondered vaguely why he was among the second-class people, seeing that he seemed much more of a gentleman than most of the men in the saloon. He was examining her in an interesting manner as though she reminded him of something or somebody, but she could not remember ever having seen him before. Wolfe—for it was he—did not, however, identify her with the photograph that had been shown him at Narrawan, for the *Quetta* had never been mentioned in his hearing as the vessel in which Oora was going to England; and, moreover, the Narrawan picture gave no suggestion of the peculiar eyes and distinctive colouring which made Oora unlike other women, but had merely seemed to him the likeness of a rather plain, dark girl. Oora appeared a little disconcerted by his persistent stare and, turning abruptly, she joined the Leitches, who were closing up and directing their letters.

"Have you finished, Aunt Rachel? I haven't begun. I think I'll go down and write at the saloon table. Only a line to tell Dad and Sue I'm all right so far. I shall wait until I get to Batavia for the real long letter."

She passed the captain who was walking up and down with a very sweet-faced woman and her husband, the manager of an important bank, who was taking his wife home to see her own people. The three stopped and chatted for a minute and the captain said cheerily:

"Have you got your letters ready, Miss Galbraith? I expect to be at Thursday Island by daylight. We are making splendid headway this fine weather."

She laughed and nodded, and the captain pointed to a little cloud of smoke on the horizon and the rakish shape, very small in the distance, of a funnelled ship.

"A man of war," he said; "the *Clytie* no doubt. She's cruising about Torres Straits."

People left their chairs to look at the

tiny black object, which hung, as it were, between an amethyst sky and a purple sea. The passengers were in good spirits, congratulating themselves upon having got over the first sea-sickness, and saying it was like a pleasure trip and so nice to have land constantly to look at—at which remark the captain shrugged his shoulders grimly. Certainly, the little coral islands and the bold mountainous outline of the mainland which they had been skirting was most picturesque, and it was admitted that the passage between the Great Barrier Reef and the Australian coast can show some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

Oora did not stay long amid the buzz of chatter, but settled herself in the saloon and began her letter. Others were there too, busy writing, and some men at one of the tables were drinking, while another group was playing cards. The kerosene lamps were lighted, but so calm was it that neither they nor the rack over the table swayed at all, and the boat went softly on in her way with the lap of the waves and the noise of the screw making a dreamy sort of accompaniment to her progress.

Then, without an instant's warning, the gliding motion of the vessel was sharply arrested. There was a crash; a harsh grating noise and the ship quivered through all her joints and framework as if she were a great live thing which some terrific weapon had suddenly smitten with a mortal blow. Oora was thrown forward upon the table, but started up and extricated herself from the arms of her chair. She felt sure the ship had struck on something—a sandbank probably, for had not the captain been saying at dinner that his charts gave every reef in the Sound, and that the calm weather made him feel exceptionally secure from the proverbial danger of that passage along the coast! This was Oora's flashing thought, but it brought only sorry reassurance. The men at the tables had sprung up, asking each other in tense tones: "My God! what has happened?"

All round rang the noise of shrieks and ejaculatory questions. Then through the babel of voices came an ominous roar as of the letting off of steam or the in-rush of water, and still the ship quivered like a

wounded creature in mortal agony. Cabin doors were flung open and there was a frenzied dash towards an open space at the foot of the companion way in front of the bar, but at that moment, the ship heeled and all were hurled against the wall of the cabin. Oora heard a frightened call and found herself clutched by the girl who shared her cabin, and who, being tired, had gone down early to her berth. The girl was in her nightgown.

"Oh, Oora," she cried, "what is it? Oh, are we all going to be drowned?"

"No, no, May. I expect we've struck on a sandbank. Try to keep quiet," Oora answered with a show of confidence she was far from feeling. The captain's voice, with the warning note in it of imminent peril, rose above the confusion.

"All women and children on deck at once"; and Oora ran to her cabin, snatched up a wrap which she threw round May and dragged the girl up the companion steps to the music-room which opened on deck, and where many of the first-class passengers had congregated. On deck, men were running wildly, and at the davits on each side sailors hauled at ropes to lower the boats.

Oora could not see her uncle and aunt among the white-faced throng in the music-room. She heard a woman she knew, who was clinging to her husband, implore him not to leave her: "Oh, Claude, dear, you will take care of me?" the wife pleaded piteously. But most of the people seemed too dazed with fear to speak; it had all happened so quickly. Now she heard Mr. Leitch calling sharply outside:

"Oora, Oora, where are you? Come along, and follow me quickly." She ran out, leading May, but her uncle seemed to have disappeared. The captain, hurrying towards the bridge, was shouting:

"Aft, all of you, aft," and she tried to stop him, asking, "Is there any danger?" but he only answered sharply: "Don't be frightened! Go aft," and hurried on, still shouting "Aft—aft—for your lives!" And indeed Oora realised that there was no need to say more for the ship had heeled up at the stern and was dipping forward.

"Uncle James," she called, and had the presence of mind to give her own peculiar

“Coo-ee” of the bush, which he knew. Her aunt answered it, and then she had a glimpse of the two caught in the throng which pressed round one of the boats, frantically signalling to her to join them. She tried to reach them but the rush of people prevented her. She glanced desperately about her for some friendly arm, and one of the saloon passengers—a Mr. Crane—caught her by the shoulder and pushed a way for her and the other girl towards the boat which was being let over the side of the steamer. Her aunt and uncle were in it, and stretched out their arms, bidding her jump and beseeching the ship’s officer, who was making a vain effort to maintain order, that he would let her through. The boat had barely touched the water when a number of dark forms, leaping from the lower deck, rushed her—Cingalese, Malays, and Lascars—all crowding within upon the whites already seated, and overturning the boat, so that Oora saw only a tangle of struggling forms and the agonised stare on her aunt’s face before she disappeared.

The girl shuddered from horror. There was another boat being lowered, but now Oora knew that the ship was sinking fast. The night was dark and the lurch of the vessel had put out the deck lights, but she saw that a little farther forward the water was level with the bulwarks. It crept up the slant of the deck, and through the riot and terror she had two distinct impressions which all her life she never forgot. One was the picture of that sweet-faced woman and her husband standing back against the wall of the music-room, locked in each other’s arms, and on the faces of both an expression of sublime resignation as they determined to face death together. The wife could not swim and they would not be divided. A fitting end to what Oora knew had been an ideal love-marriage. . . . And the other impression was of the sea rising and curling over the side of the doomed ship, with a glimmer of white on the edge of the curl like the gleam of white teeth in the maw of a hungry beast closing on its prey. Above her, the stern was still uncovered, for the ship sank at the bows. Oora felt the water coming up over her feet, and cried to Mr. Crane and May who were in front

of her: “Get on quickly; don’t stay here.”

May seemed half stupefied. Her cloak had been torn off and she stood in only her white nightgown. Mr. Crane dragged her forward, stepping along the bulwark, and Oora went after them, trying to encourage the trembling girl who kept on exclaiming: “Oh, I shall be drowned . . . I can’t swim. Oh, let me get into the boat!”

The second boat on that side was launched nearer the stern and Mr. Crane lifted May over the side of the ship with the intention of dropping with her into the boat. But they missed it, and fell into the water, while Oora, whose dress had caught in a bolt hung back to disentangle herself. When she was free, the water had risen round her ankles, and she knew that her only chance was to jump clear of the awning or that she must be sucked down without possibility of escape. As she gathered her skirts together for the leap, she heard May’s screams and Mr. Crane’s voice adjuring her: “Hold on, May; I will take care of you.”

They were the last sounds Oora heard from the lips of either. She plunged in the direction of his voice. But now came the most awful sensation she could ever have dreamed of in a nightmare. She felt herself being drawn down—down under the water, and pressing round and upon her a multitude, as it seemed, of people fighting desperately for their lives, so that their legs and arms entwined her, and she received several blows on her head from men’s boots which almost stunned her. Every second she felt would be her last, but mercifully, she kept her senses, for from childhood she had been so accustomed to swim in deep sea water that she could hold her breath almost as long as a black diver. The thought came to her that she must dive and free herself from this struggling mass of humanity, and she took a header as best she could, darting under the shoal of drowning persons and after a few seconds came to the top.

She found herself at the edge of the eddying swirl where the *Quetta* had gone down bows foremost in thirteen fathoms of water. It had been an affair of minutes. Not more than seven had elapsed from the

time of the first crash to the present moment. Oora swam a few yards outside the wreckage. The night was clear and starlit, but there was no moon yet, and she could only make out floating objects scarcely to be distinguished as human beings, sheep or cattle. Shrieks rent the air—cries in all tongues, imprecations, pious appeals, husbands and wives, parents and children calling for each other; shouts of Allah mingling with the names of Hindoo and Javanese gods, and cries to Christ and the Virgin for aid. Oora gave her own "Coo-ee," but neither her uncle nor aunt replied. She called to May and Mr. Crane, but they did not answer. For several minutes she swam about searching for them and sickening sights were dimly visible—the most horrible, a rippling and displacement here and there of the phosphorescent water, and the swift movement of a dark fin, and the gleam of a shark's belly as it turned over to make the fatal spring. And often the water beneath her nostrils smelt foul and was bloody. The sights and sounds turned Oora sick and filled her with a terrible fear. Instinctively, she felt for the jade and aperculum chain, and for the sharp triangular thing that hung from it beneath her dress. Perhaps there was something after all in the blacks' charm, for as yet no sharks had come close to her. She contrived to make another twist of the chain round her neck, so that she should be in less danger of losing it. These dreadful moments of suffocation and immersion had weakened her, and she turned on her back and floated for several minutes in order to rest and take breath. Her clothing encumbered her in swimming. Her skirts being heavy with sea water, and realising that she would probably have to swim for her life, she partially undressed herself, as she had learned to do, in the water. She felt intensely thankful that she had been taught by the blacks on the coast off Bundah, their former station, to be almost as much at home in the sea as on land. She took off her skirt and petticoat, her bodice and stays, lastly her shoes, and in her light woollen underclothing she felt much freer. She hoped to find a spar of some sort by which she might support herself, but the *Quetta*, having gone down so sud-

denly in calm weather, had left behind but little floating debris—except that which had life, and Oora could see no friendly plank. For some time she floated and swam by turns round the scene of the wreck, "coo-ee-ing" all the while and calling for May, her uncle and her aunt, until she was forced to believe that she would never see any of them again. As night deepened the sky clouded over, but by-and-bye the moon shone out, giving enough of light to intensify the weirdness of that waste of water, but not enough to enable her to distinguish objects around her. She had drifted some way, but there were dark and light masses floating about and one of these came near her.

She called, asking what it was, and a man's voice replied shakily:

"It's a raft of sorts."

"Is there room on it for another?" she inquired, and he returned: "Yes, come along." But his invitation was cancelled by some surly remark, interlarded with oaths, from another occupant of the raft.

The first man's voice was weak and hoarse, as if he were physically spent, but he said something in a fierce growl that silenced the other.

"Come on," said the first man to Oora, and she swam to the raft which turned out to be no more than a bit of wooden grating about three feet square, to which three men—two white and one black—were clinging. Oora put her hand on the raft and rested again. One of the white men—he who had objected to her coming and who now showed her scant civility—had a life belt, and she held on to the string of this and to the grating alternately. The man who had spoken to her and who had dropped back into the water to make room for her, she recognised in the moonlight as that sick-looking man who had stared at her from the second-class deck. She saw, too, from the difficulty he had in supporting himself and from the helplessness of his limbs in the water, that he could not swim, but he showed no lack of courage and appeared perfectly collected. The other man, on the contrary, was blustering and dreadfully frightened and made it harder to hold on to the raft by the splashing that he did, as he said, "to scare the sharks."

"Can you swim?" asked Oora.



"Yes," he answered gruffly; "but I shall save my strength as long as I can."

"You ought to give your life belt to this man who can't swim," said Oora.

"No fear!" returned the other, with a coarse oath; "to-night it's every man for himself and Devil take the hindmost."

Oora expostulated no further. She noticed that Wolfe had on a tightly closed upper garment—a sort of Norfolk coat, or what is technically termed in the bush a "jumper," and that he had got water into his lungs and needed to have his neck freer.

"I advise you to take off your coat and to undo your collar band; you see I have taken off my skirts," she said; "you'll find it better for keeping afloat."

The man laughed a reckless laugh with a musical ring in it, which even in this hour of danger attracted her.

"I'm afraid I can't," he answered. "If I try I shall lose hold and be drowned as I can't swim, and I'd rather put off supplying a shark with his supper as long as I am able."

She pulled herself up closer to him. "I'll do it for you; I'm a good swimmer," and she undid the buttons of his jacket and helped him out of it, then opened his shirt at the neck, thus giving him better play for breathing. He submitted reluctantly. The operation was not easy, and during the time she kept herself up paddling with her feet and clinging with one hand to the grating.

"I'm a cowardly fool; you shame me," he said, and his tragic eyes met hers in the moonlight with an expression in them that roused in her a pitying sympathy. "I'd much rather drop off at once. If ever I get out of this cursed sea I swear that I'll not go on it again till I've learned to swim, now that a girl has shown me the way."

"Why do you speak so contemptuously? It isn't my fault that I'm half a fish. And a good thing for us both," she added, "to-night."

"Heavens, you've got spirit!" he exclaimed. "How did you come to be half a fish?"

"The blacks taught me."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"What of?"

"Sharks."

"I've got a charm against them, a shark's

tooth. The blacks gave it to me. See it, on my neck."

"You're the girl with the queer chain and the green eyes. I saw you on deck."

"And I saw you. You've been ill."

"I've had Dengue fever; I'm not over it, and I'm as weak as a rat and feeling just about as contemptible as a drowning rat!"

Something went by them—a woman's body—the woman's dead face showing plain in the water, as the moon glinted out for a second. Oora gave a little scream and shuddered all over.

"Do you know her?" he said.

"It's my aunt," she answered in a choking voice. "I was travelling with her. My uncle must be drowned too."

"You're alone then?"

"Yes."

"Poor child!" he exclaimed, and there was a silence for some time. The ghastly thing went out of sight. The moon was veiled by a cloud. The man with the life belt swore steadily. The black man—he was a Cingalese—gabbled in his own tongue. The cries of people and of animals struggling in the sea had almost ceased. A little wind rose that struck chill to Oora's bones. The man clinging to the grating beside her was breathing in a queer stentorian way. He began to shiver; she could hear his teeth chattering and he lost his grip. She roused him, pulling him as well as she could and made him lean over the raft.

"What's the good?" he gasped. "I'm nearly done with fits of these damned shakes I've had all day. You'll want your strength. Don't waste it on me. Good heavens, I'd rather make a shark's meal at once than be a drag on a girl!"

"The sharks won't touch you—not while you're with me."

"Look here, I can't stand this," he cried hoarsely as she put her arm under his head to support it. "I shall let go. You'll have more room then. Get up and take my place."

She clutched his neck with her fingers.

"No, keep still. I shall take care of you. And you've got to protect me, mind; we'll very likely get carried by the tide on to a sandbank. It won't be so long before it's light. I'm only a girl. You're a

white man and a gentleman. Don't leave me to the mercy of brutes like those." She spoke in a hard whisper and jerked her hand against the other white man who was pressing on them and who, with the black man, took up the best part of the raft.

"I'm not afraid of sharks, but I *am* of Lascars," she said.

He lifted his head and tried to brace himself. The fever stupor was evidently creeping on him; he put out his will to shake it off. He could see her white set face and the glint of her yellow-green eyes between the thick black fringe of eyelash. Her black hair floated on the water as she paddled with her chin upon her hand at the edge of the raft. She seemed to him like some spirit—of that mysterious waste alive with the life of pallid moonbeams and sea phosphorescence—a supernatural, fascinating being who was giving him vitality, protecting him; not he protecting her.

"All right," he said. "You're a witch, I think—a sea witch, and I believe what you say. I believe that I'm safe from sharks and drowning while I can stick to you—and by the Lord! I'll protect you against humans as long as I can lift a hand."

Just then a large black thing went by a few yards from them. It was a raft, much less crowded than their own small one. Oora hailed it and again called the names of her uncle, May. Mr. Crane—and then, "Who are you?"

A woman's voice gave in answer some names she did not know and added, "You're a woman, aren't you? Come on. We've got a good raft."

The man with the life belt was on the alert at this chance of bettering his position. He plunged from the grating with a great splash, and swam to the raft, the black man following. The grating tilted and Wolfe went under for a minute; when his head came up the other raft was some distance away and they could hear only faintly sounds of oaths and scuffling and women's moaning entreaties not to shove them off, as the strangers boarded the raft. Now, Wolfe and Oora were alone.

"We are better here," she said. "But we must keep her balanced."

He was a big man though frightfully lean and she a very small woman, and they

were almost under the water again as they tried to settle themselves on the grating. It was only by clinging together that they could do so and they put their arms round each other and so maintained themselves with comparative steadiness on the frail bit of planking which was all that kept him at least from sinking to the bottom. So they remained for a long time and nothing more came near them, except occasionally carcasses of sheep and cattle, of which there had been a good many on the *Quetta*. And it was the number of these which provided a plenteous banquet for the sharks in the pass that night and saved some humans from a gruesome fate.

The man made a valiant effort to overcome the stupor of fever that was creeping over him. At first he tried to support her; tried to encourage her; talked to her in broken, kindly fashion as he might have done to a child; and then it came about that they changed parts, for it was she who encouraged him, supported him, and when his head fell forward, from the heavy sleep that came on him, she drew it down upon her shoulder and cradled his face upon her breast, while her heart went out to the helplessness of this great man who in ordinary circumstances could have tossed her up as he might have tossed an infant—with something of a mother's yearning to her babe. Curious it is that part-maternal, part-sex instinct that women of a certain exotic type possess! Oora, maid as she was of barely eighteen, had inherited to a remarkable degree from her half-Spanish mother this. To-night the sex-element in her discovered itself in a way that would have been impossible under ordinary conditions. The shock of being suddenly confronted with death; the grim realism of her surroundings; the peril and romance of their situation thus alone together between sky and sea, he and she, strangers yesterday and now locked in intimate embrace, was an experience sufficiently startling to call into activity all her latent capacity for emotion.

This first troublous contact of her young, sensitive body with a man's form—heavy-pulsing heart, his big bones, tense muscles, nerves like electric wires—seemed to have changed her in a moment from child to

woman. Oora felt vaguely that womanhood was revealing its secrets and that she understood, without being able to put the sensation into words, how a girl must feel towards her bridegroom; how a mother must feel to her child. She knew herself capable of what she supposed was passion—a something akin to great mysteries—to the heaving heart of the sea, to the fruitful giving forth of broad-bosomed earth, to the rise and thrill of the sap in trees, to the resistless swell of the tide that was bearing them on, she knew not whither.

## CHAPTER VIII

### SEA-WITCH

OORA must have slumbered by snatches. In the dead blackness of night, she was awakened by a splash and the tilting of the raft and by a sudden feeling of desolation and terror. She had unconsciously relaxed her grasp of Wolfe and he had slipped from her arms into the sea. She was so frightened that a sharp thrill of pain went all through her and from that time onward during the night she was seized with fits of cramps. Fortunately, the shock had roused Wolfe. He was clinging desperately with his hands to the grating and she contrived with much difficulty to help him on to the raft again. He lay across it and she, keeping herself up with her feet and gripping the edge of the raft with one hand, laid her other arm across to make a rest for his head so that the water should not reach his face. The pain of the cramp was intense and she dared not keep her feet still for a minute lest they should become powerless.

Those who have been through any somewhat similar experience will understand how in such conditions the values in existence become suddenly changed. Oora did not think much about herself or about her own people. The only thought which seemed of real importance was that she should save Wolfe from death, and the fact that up to now he owed his life to her made his preservation appear in her mind the one thing in the world that really mattered.

Once or twice after that she raised herself on the raft and slept for a few minutes

with her head on Wolfe's shoulder, her arms gripping him tight. Thus, she thought, she would be sure to know if he moved. Then she would awake with a sense of apprehension and with the pain of the cramp and would slip off the raft and work her feet swimming.

By-and-bye she saw on a level with her head the first streak of dawn defining the waste of sea and gradually the horizon lightened. Drawn against it she could discern the faint outline of land very far off; here and there she saw sticking out of the sea also, at a great distance, the tops of coconut palms that were growing on some sandbank or coral islet. But how to reach them! How to steer when she had no means to propel the raft, except indeed her cramped aching feet and her arms which she needed to hold Wolfe! As she looked at his face in the dawn, she thought at first he must be dead, it was so still and white. Then she found that he was breathing yet and, freeing one hand, chafed his forehead and rubbed her cheek against his, and that, or the warmth of the sun's rays brought him back to consciousness. He opened his eyes and stared wildly into hers which were gazing anxiously upon him.

He smiled strangely.

"Sea-witch," he said. "Little sea-witch, where are we?"

"We have been all night on the raft," she answered.

His brows puckered in the effort to think, and he looked vacantly around.

"I remember," he said; "I have been lying here, helpless, taken care of by a girl, instead of my looking after her. And I can do nothing for you—nothing." Presently, he added: "I fell off the raft and you with your little frail arms pulled up my great helpless body again. It wasn't worth it. Sea-witch, I'm ashamed!"

"No, no," she cried. "You pulled yourself up. Don't hurt me by saying such things."

He was silent and closed his eyes. After a minute or two he opened them and said: "Little Sea-witch, I owe you my life."

"I'm glad of that," she answered.

He turned on the raft and the water lapped his chin. She raised his head.

"Still floating," he murmured in a

wandering fashion. "Floating—floating you and I—alone on a wide, wide, sea. You and I, Witch—you and I. What are you looking at, Witch?"

"We are not alone," she answered. "There's somebody over there swimming in the water"; and lifting herself, she coo-eed in a weak, cracked voice.

Not far from them was a floating object—a pole on which two men supported themselves, swimming feebly. They looked young and were strongly made, but seemed exhausted. One of them coo-eed back, and they made immediately for the raft. They had been floating about with the pole all night, they said. At Oora's suggestion they got the pole under the raft and the two men sat upon it in front, rowing with their hands, while she swam behind with the pole on her shoulder, turning it in this direction and that so as to steer for the distant land. They went on in that way for some time; the meeting with these fellow-creatures put hope into Oora, though they were rough specimens of their kind. Wolfe had relapsed again into unconsciousness.

The sun mounted the heavens—a brassy globe giving promise of an extremely hot day, and the growing warmth of the water eased the pain in Oora's limbs. She steered and swam mechanically, her eyes half closed. Suddenly a hoarse shout from one of the men in front: "Land! Land!" made her look ahead. There was a curious sight in front of them—a silvery shore with trees growing up it, and houses and gardens, which they seemed to be approaching quite closely, and which yet, as they got near, receded. It was several minutes before they grasped the fact that the scene was a mirage. Sometimes they fancied that they saw boats, and then those too faded. After a while the men on the pole got tired and said it was no good trying to breast the tide. They ceased paddling and the raft drifted out of line with the islands, so that only immeasurable sea stretched to the horizon.

The two men had got on to the grating on the other side of Wolfe. Oora, still trying to steer with the pole, came up to rest every now and then on the edge of the raft and to watch Wolfe, who was lying across the end of it. She would listen if

he breathed, and never had she known such keen anxiety as when she laid her cheek near his mouth or her ear to his heart. It was as though her life were bound up in his. As she looked at him, she could not help noticing the fineness of his features, the silkiness of his hair and his appearance of high breeding. But oh, she was weary and faint and aching; her tongue was parched, and she wanted food! Nothing but this strange rush of tenderness for him and her determination to save him, prevented her from giving up like the two other men.

By-and-bye, as if aware of her scrutiny, he opened his eyes.

"Sea-witch—Sea-witch!" he muttered. "You're putting a spell on me. . . . If you go on looking at me with those green eyes you'll make me belong to you, and we shall go down together—down, down to rise no more. Not till the sea gives up her dead—till the sea gives up her dead," he quavered deliriously, and she knew the line of a song was running in his mind.

Her poor hoarse voice trembled as she spoke encouraging words: "Keep heart, keep heart," she whispered. "We are going to be saved. I'm certain of it. I shall be able to save you. Fate has thrown us together like this and it isn't for nothing. I was meant to take care of you. You shouldn't mind that it gives me a sort of power over you. . . . For it does. Yes, you *are* mine in a kind of way," and she went on, a thrill of triumph in her voice: "All night I have kept you from being drowned and now I am sure that you must belong to me."

The flickering light in their eyes as the green and the dark fire mingled became a flame. The sun shone down upon them and put life into their spent bodies, scorching their half-bared breasts. His glance fell on the chain of green jade beads and aperculum shells, glistening from wet, and with the jagged triangular tooth at the end of it.

"Your charm," he said.

"I'm going to give it to you—and then, whatever happens, you'll be safe."

He tried to refuse, but she raised her head and supporting herself by the pole and the raft managed to get the chain off her

neck. She put it on his, winding it twice round.

"There! That will keep you from harm. My spell is on you, remember. . . Didn't you say that? . . . And you do belong to me."

"Kiss me, Sea-witch," he said.

She bent her face, and fastened her lips on his, breathing her own breath into him. She had the fancy that he revived. The other men stirred. They had been sleeping.

"Come, wake up!" she cried to them, jeeringly. "Are you going to let a girl tow you into safety? The tide's turning. Can't you put some spurt into yourselves and pull again?"

The men roused at her taunt, and one of them slipped into the sea, taking her place at the rudder end of the pole. "Here, you can take a spell," he said.

His companion growled at Wolfe, calling him a "useless lump of carrion." Oora turned on him in wrath that took him by surprise.

"How dare you? Don't you see that he's a million times better man than either of you? *He* wouldn't speak like that before a woman. Don't you see that he's almost dying. He's got Dengue fever. He can't swim. I've just kept him alive holding him all night so that he shouldn't fall into the sea. You're strong. You should be ashamed of your selfishness. Go now, you cowards, and do your turn, and let me rest a bit.

The man looked cowed, and without any further argument swam out to the fore end of the pole and towed the raft. Oora sank down, her head on Wolfe's chest, and her arms round him. Thus, she thought, she would awaken if he moved. She heard him murmur:

"Sea-witch! Brave little Sea-witch!" and the sound was like a lullaby.

When she awoke it was long past noon. The men had become tired again and were floating on their backs, the pole swaying in the calm water. Her sleep seemed to have put fresh life into Oora, and the sun's heat had relaxed her stiffness, though her skin smarted horribly from being scorched and blistered. Wolfe was watching her, and she thought that his gaze was clearer and saner. He, too, was

terribly blistered, and his lips and tongue were so blue and swollen with thirst that he could hardly articulate.

"Look . . . A boat!" he managed to say.

She followed the direction of his eyes and some way off saw a dark thing on the water in which there appeared to be moving figures. She called to the men who were floating on their backs with eyes shut and bade them "coo-ee" for their lives. She herself could only whisper, and when she raised her voice it cracked and broke. They all tried to shout, but there was no possibility of the sound carrying. Oora plunged into the sea, her resolution taken.

"I'm going to swim to that boat, it's our only chance," she said. "I shall come back again for you. Pull, pull with all your might, and don't be curs. Just keep her head that way. And, listen, I put *him*"—she pointed to Wolfe—"in your charge, and if you don't look after him I'll track you down if you're alive and my curse will be on you if you're dead. I mean it, I tell you."

The best natured of the two laughed coarsely. "All right, miss, we won't chuck your sweetheart overboard. No fear."

Oora put her face close to Wolfe's cheek.

"Good-bye," she whispered. "Only for half an hour or so. I'll come back. Keep up—for my sake. You're mine, remember."

"Brave Sea-witch! It's no use. I'm done for, little one."

"You must live—you must—you must. I'll save you. . . Because. Listen. Kiss me again—I'll say it in your ear. . . Because you've made me care for you."

A feeble ejaculation came from the blue swollen lips to which she put hers. She plunged into the sea and struck out with the stroke of a practised swimmer in the direction of that dark thing, which, far off as it was, she could see was being rowed by means of an oar at the end of it.

It took her longer to get near it than she had bargained. Her spirit was strong but strength failed her. She would flag and then put on a spurt again, and indeed it was marvellous that she accomplished the task. When she got nearer she saw that

it was a raft densely crowded with yellow and black men and her heart sank. She did not want to spend an iota of her small store in force in turning to hail it, but kept steadily on. At last they saw her, and the man with the oar at the end—a Lascar—pushed at her with it shouting “No room.” She swam round to the side of the raft and caught at it with her hands, and then she saw that in truth there was hardly a spare inch of space. Scowling faces turned upon her—faces like those of demons she thought, and many of the men shouted fiercely each in their own tongue—and made gestures forbidding her. She hung frantically on to the raft, trying to make the men understand that there were others to be rescued whom she had left behind, and pointing to her own blistered arms and shoulders from which the clothing had been torn, and which were swelled and scarred from the exposure to a tropical sun and to sea water. But the Javanese and Lascars had no pity, and at last seeing that she would not loose her hold on the raft a Malayan deliberately drew his knife and slashed at her fingers. She fell back at that, and had just sufficient presence of mind to turn on her back before she fainted. When she came to herself again the raft was a black blot against the sky.

She took the points of the compass by the sun and swam feebly in the direction which she thought she had come. She could see nothing of her own raft. All round the sea spread a vast blank. Her most pregnant agony was the thought that she had lost perhaps forever that unknown friend who in this short time had made an impression upon her that she knew was ineffaceable. She called him friend, but she had the conviction in her heart that he must always be much more than friend; that the twelve or fifteen hours they had passed together counted really as so many years—as so many centuries—if it were true, as she had read that souls linked closely, if but for a very little while here, were permitted to return again and complete their union on earth, as well as in the life beyond. What would it matter then that they two had only discovered each other on the stroke of death? But something told Oora that their earthly destinies were not meant to be cut short, but that

they would meet again and fulfil the fate allotted them.

She was not given to such superphysical theories and now, as she gazed up at the sky and over the watery waste, a speck, as it seemed, in infinity, appeared. Oora’s brain reeled and her sober common sense appeared to be deserting her. She was indeed alone—alone on a wide, wide sea!

About sundown the wind rose, making waves on which it was not easy to float, and as she battled with them in the mere instinct of self-preservation she almost lost the sense of her actual condition. But there came a period in which she was no longer buffeted by the sea. The tide washed her on to a sand bank, bare at low water, and there she must have lain until the tide drifted her off again. Or perhaps she floated in a half-conscious state during part of the night, for she had a dim recollection of seeing the steep side of a ship with lighted port-holes through which she heard the sound of men’s voices. She remembered trying to raise her own voice and being unable to make it audible. Not till afterwards did she become aware that in the darkness she had actually passed *H.M.S. Clytie*.

When the sun rose again she was still in the water; delirious fancies beset her. For a time she thought that she was in a great hotel where were music and dancing and a magnificent banquet spread. She seemed to hear the champagne being poured out and yet none was brought her. Then she was in a garden, under a vine trellis from which hung bunches of luscious muscatel grapes—the kind they had at Narrawan. But every time she sprang to pluck a bunch it retreated and swayed high above her. And now, she was bathing in the old bathing place at Bundah; only the gins with whom she had been wont to play water pranks had run away from her and left her. Then she imagined that a canoe filled with savage blacks was bearing down upon her and that the blacks were going to carry her off from home, and she laboured with her hands and feet to swim and escape them. . . . But the canoe came closer. She saw that it was a boat and that there were white men in it, and that they looked kind—not like the Malay who had drawn his knife on her. She

tried to call out and ask them if they had picked up the stranger on the raft, but her tongue would not utter a sound; it seemed like a big burning coal in her mouth. Then one of the men stooped over the boat to examine her. She saw pity and horror in his face and afterwards glad surprise when she contrived to move her arm and sign to him. The sight of her own arm as she lifted it impressed her in a fantastic manner. It looked just like the crackling on a roast sucking pig that she had seen Ah Hong serve at Narrawan.

The man in the boat seemed to be waving back his companions while he stripped off his coat and threw it over her in the water. Then she felt herself lifted carefully over the side of the boat, and the pain of that kindly pressure upon her swollen and excoriated skin was as the rubbing of salt into a raw wound.

After this she remembered nothing more.

When Oora awoke to the knowledge of her surroundings she was in a bed with mosquito curtains festooned from the tester above, and her whole body was smeared with healing ointment and swathed in soft linen. There were strange people around, among them a doctor from Thursday Island, and her nurses were the wife and daughter of a man she had often heard of—squatter, explorer, pearl-fisher—who lived on a high hill overlooking Albany Pass. It was to him that the first news came of the *Quetta* disaster, and he immediately manned a boat and went forth with a rescuing party, bringing Oora to be cared for at his own home.

He had seen nothing of the raft with the two men on the pole and the fever-stricken stranger. It was possible, he said, that they had been picked up by the boats of

the *Clytie*, which at the time of the wreck had been anchored in the Pass; but Oora gathered from the talk that a greater number of the crew and passengers of the *Quetta* might have been saved had it not happened that some visitors from Thursday Island were being entertained that evening on the *Clytie*. Thus, the weather being calm and no catastrophe being dreamed of, a less vigilant watch was kept on board the man-of-war; and when it was reported that objects had been seen floating about which might have been sheep, cattle or human beings, so vague was the testimony that no orders were given to get up steam or lower the boats. Later, when the truth was known, it became clear that fortunately for the survivors, the sharks in the Pass had been well glutted with butcher's meat that night. The details of the wreck were horrible and heartrending. Only now did Oora really learn what had happened. In spite of the captain's confident assurance at dinner that last evening, one rock had been omitted from the charts of the surveyors—a needle rock of coral formation, that rose clear out of the deep water to within a very few feet of the surface. It seemed an irony of fate that the *Quetta*, steaming calmly on through a sea like a mill-pond, should have gone straight upon that knife-like point which had literally ripped her bottom open and sent her down bows foremost in less than seven minutes.

On the day after the wreck, the news was telegraphed all over Australia. Woolgar, the nearest telegraph station to Narrawan had sent a horseman post-haste with the tidings. The horseman was immediately followed by another with a second wire despatched by the man who had rescued Oora, informing the girl's distracted relatives of her safety.

TO BE CONTINUED



# Eden in Cold Storage

By MARJORIE C. H. JARVIS



HERE was certainly something wrong with Godfrey. I saw that at once; but then a war correspondent has to be quick to notice little things, and it was merely little restless tricks of manner, unusual in so quiet and self-contained a man, that gave me this impression. When I hinted that he didn't seem quite fit, he put me off with some trifling remark, which, however, only strengthened my suspicions. But when I let him see that I was really anxious, he half tentatively, half defiantly, but with magnificent calmness announced, "Well, I've discovered Eden."

"The deuce you have!" I ejaculated. I had not been far out then—the fellow was in love, and a bad attack at that. "Who's the lucky girl?" I continued curiously, for Godfrey was well known for an inveterate woman-hater.

"The lucky girl, as you're kind enough to call her, doesn't exist—I say, Jack, if I tell you this yarn you'll say I'm mad, or lying, or both, but"—rummaging in a large, old-fashioned desk, and producing a sheaf of papyri covered with queer hieroglyphics—"what do you make of that?"

"Nothing," I answered truthfully.

"It's ancient Egyptian"—the study of the dead languages was one of Godfrey's hobbies—"an old legend handed down from the time of the Deluge and written out, as the superscription shows, for Joseph when he was Pharaoh's prime minister, by one of the court scribes. I am tolerably familiar with the Hieratic characters, and managed to puzzle out most of the old document. It's an account of the Garden of Eden. Man, think of that for a discovery!—Then—you know Penhurst?"

"What, that fool inventor?"

"Perhaps—I thought so once. Anyhow he *did* invent *one* thing, and it *was* an invention, by jove!—an entirely new style of locomotor—one can hardly call it a boat—for Arctic exploration. It is hard

to describe; but try to imagine a cigar-shaped shell made to revolve at the rate of a thousand revolutions per minute. Inside, a car is suspended in stable equilibrium, and fitted after the fashion of a submarine. The head of the shell is of nickel steel amalgam, and, for the purpose which will presently appear, it can be kept at a white heat by means of some radio-active 'contraption'—another of Penhurst's inventions, and"—

"But," I interrupted, "what in thunder has all this got to do with the Garden of Eden?"

"Don't be so confoundedly impatient, will you, sonny? I made out from this document that the scientists are quite right in their theory, that this old world of ours once upon a time 'took on a bad list to starboard' (as our sailing master described it); consequently, what were once the subtropical regions have changed places with the polar. So the topographers, who try to locate Eden in the vicinity of the modern Tigris and Euphrates, are considerably off their trolley, so to speak. I am not a skeptic, mind you, not even an agnostic, and I do not know enough to set up for a higher critic. I believe the good old Book from cover to cover, but Genesis was not written to teach Geography. Nevertheless, with this old MS. for a commentary, anyone possessing a smattering of astronomy and equipped with a good compass and a Penhurst locomotor, could make his way to the cradle of our race, as easily as you, dear boy, by virtue of an uncensored cram, can transform two little squads of men potting away at each other from behind distant boulders, into two divisions engaged in 'the greatest battle of the war.'"

I considered a contemptuous sniff a sufficient reply to this sally and maintained a discreet silence.

"Now look here,"—he'd been at his desk again—"this is Mercator's projection, and there's a chart of the northern heavens. I take a pair of compasses, and turning to



the MS., it says—yes here's the place—'Cast, therefore, thine eye upon Pleiades, and then laying a course as it were a cubit on the great chart to the nethermost of Arcturus'—

"Oh! cut it short!" I interrupted. "I know as little of astronomy as you do of journalism. Let's go back to our muttoms—'Paradise regained,' don't you know."

Godfrey, with a deprecatory look in his dreamy eyes, gathered up the charts and the MSS. with exasperating deliberation, and lighting a fresh cigar, resumed his narrative.

"This boat of Penhurst's was so designed that it could travel equally well on, or under water; and, as the whole enveloping cylinder was groved spirally from stem to stern, it could develop a tremendous amount of speed. But its distinguishing feature (a la Pierpont Morgan, who financed the invention) was its *nose*. If you have followed my description, you will see that it was meant to travel *right through* ice as naturally as the 'slithy Toves' are wont to 'gire and gimble in the wabe'—if you remember your 'Jabberwocky.'

"The daily papers made great fun, perhaps you recollect, of 'Penhurst's corkscrew.'" (I took my pipe out of my mouth long enough to explain that I had been a special correspondent in Cuba at the time, and therefore could not be held responsible for any of these lampoons.) "But I had absolute faith in his invention, and he reciprocated by accepting *ex animo* my reading of the papyrus, so we decided to join forces and, like St. Brandon, 'sail the northern main.'

"The idea got about that we were off on another quixotic hunt for the North Pole, and we rather encouraged the notion. Everyone knows the pole must be up there somewhere, but—the Garden of Eden!—Why, bless me, I wouldn't face the funny men of the papers with such a story for all 'the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.' Even our unregenerate sailing master did not know the secret of our quest. When interviewed the day before we sailed by a representative of the N. Y. *Tribune*, he was decidedly non-committal. All that could be got out of him was 'North Pole

be jiggered! Stranger, we're jist carcaltin' to git as fur from the latitood, and (incidentally) the climate of Hell as convenient; and that will take us a long way from Noo York harbour, and don't you forget it.'

"Well, my son,' said the baffled reporter, 'wherever you go in that direction, you won't have to worry about the return trip anyhow. You've paid your fare back in full. We have Hell-gate right here, sure, but you are booked a long way t'other side it.'

"There, Jack, I see you're getting impatient again, so I'll skip a whole lot. After the lapse of a few months, as the novelists say, behold us well within the Arctic circle. How far we sailed, I can't tell you. I completely lost track of time and place; we just seemed to go on and on. When there was smooth water we would go on top; when it was rough we'd dive, and when we came to ice we'd corkscrew our way through, after the manner of a N. P. rotary snow plough, only a deal faster. It was wonderful. You'd traverse some lake—snow everywhere, blue skies, blue water, great white cities, forests, mountains, castles—wherever your fancy cared to see, piled up everlastingly in icy splendour. Then you'd bore through the ice and come to another like scene, exceeding magnificent. Imagine week after week of that sort of thing, seeing no living creature, hearing no noise but what you made yourself, and the 'siz' of the water as we sped through it—all this till you almost forgot what green fields or (gazing affectionately out of the window) dear old sky-scraper New York looked like.'

"But at last there came a change, and we got to comparatively open sea. A storm happened along at the same time, and raised Cain. Of course, it couldn't hurt us; we kept under water while it lasted, but it made things decidedly unpleasant. When the storm had gone to seek—let us say—green fields and pastures new—it left us a souvenir behind in the shape of grey lowering skies, and grey restless sea. Even the white caps were a dirty grey; and you may bet your life, we were all in a pretty grey humour withal. I never fought with anyone in my life as much as I did with Penhurst those days;

although (reflectively) you and I, old man, can give folks a few pointers on the subject of friendly scraps. The solitariness and sombre grandeur didn't impress us at all, as it should have done. It only put us in confoundedly bad tempers.

"It was rather towards evening, after a particularly grey day, I remember, and Penhurst was swearing at me like a fishwife, when all of a sudden the look-out shouted, 'Land, ho!' We sprang to our feet and hurried to the main conning port. The crew—discipline flung to the winds—rushed from their quarters, fighting for a place at one or other of the little peep holes forward. 'Land!' After all these months of snow and ice, and grey heaving water—no wonder we were all a bit excited, cabin and fore-castle alike eager for the first glimpse. 'Land!' And such a land! We had just cut through an iceberg, and were so near, when it was sighted, that its full glories burst upon us at once, as when the curtain rises upon a new scene in the theatre.

"I can see it now. Just in front, a few hundred feet of water, grey and gloomy; then a narrow little ledge of snow; then rising straight upward, till it vanished into space, a great wall of ice, the thickness of which we could not guess, but it was transparent as a sheet of the thinnest and purest glass; and beyond it—well it was Eden, there could be no doubt of that.

"Vivid green in the foreground, fading away into blues and greys, all merging into the distant purple of the everlasting hills that stood in majestic outline against the golden sky. And oh, the trees! They faintly resembled some I'd seen in the tropics, or had read about. But everyone was perfect—trees laden at the same time with blossom and fruit, while the ground beneath was a veritable mosaic of grass and flowers stretching as far as eye could see in iridescent undulations. A lake lay in the middle distant, with all the beauty and colour of its banks mirrored in the crystal depths below. It was fed by a great cataract, compared with which, Niagara is like the outpourings of a child's mug.

"But the wonder of it all was the absolute stillness everywhere. The diamond-dusted spray of the cataract hung motion-

less in mid-air. There was no commotion in the lake where it seemed to empty, no upheaval where the mighty torrent seemed to fall into it. The very animals and birds, strange and beautiful in form and plumage (I cannot name them), were as still as if their life had been stopped short in an instant, as if there was a great spell brooding over all, and it looked as if all might have stood thus transfixed for ages." He drew a deep breath.

"I can't describe it," he said, despairingly. "A Milton might attempt to give some faint notion of it. It was unspeakably awful. We couldn't take it in." He picked up a volume of Grey's poems and read:

"Hark how the holy calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,  
Whisp'ring in still small accents from the  
ground

A grateful earnest of eternal Peace."

He paused, and neither of us spoke for a minute or two.

"I think I can understand it a little, Godfrey," I said in a subdued voice. "Go on."

"Well you can see, that with such emotions quivering within us, Penhurst and myself wouldn't exactly feel like breaking in upon a scene where angels might well fear to tread. But the crew did not feel that way a little bit. From the sailing-master down they mutinied to a man. They seemed to have gone absolutely mad. Penhurst and I had not the slightest control over them.

"It was awful to watch their delirious struggles to enter the forbidden garden. They turned on the dynamo and tried to bore their way through that ice wall, as we had been accustomed to negotiate the icebergs. Again and again they dashed at it; each contact sending a sickening shock through the boat. At last, with machinery broken down and hull badly damaged, they were forced to desist, or we should have gone to pieces, I believe, then and there. Then they tried to force a passage with pick and axe. They might as well have tried to make an impression on adamant. They would throw themselves against the walls, and beat them with their fists till they dropped from sheer exhaustion. We lost nearly half the crew,

frozen to death, poor devils, before a few of the saner, or less mad spirits decided to cruise along looking for an opening. We found one.

"Jack, if you can picture to yourself a great gateway; sheer glittering pillars of ice towering to heaven on each side, and the centre one mass of flame—clear flame, no smoke, no heat—cold glittering flame (if flame can be cold, certainly it did not melt the icy columns on either side). It was like lightning, only continuous and twenty times brighter and more vivid; never still an instant, darting, and flashing and piercing—God, it was terrible, terrible!

"Jack, I shudder even now to think of all that followed. It is too horrible. The 'flaming sword that turned every way' seemed to possess an awful fascination for those poor, crazed creatures. God knows, Penhurst and I did what we could to restrain them and get them away, but they had become utter demoniacs. At last we succeeded in dragging three of them off, utterly cowed, broken wrecks. All the rest perished with *the sword*. Oh, Jack, that awful gateway!" He was now trembling visibly, and covered his face with his hands as if trying to shut out some overpowering and terrifying sight. He re-

covered himself after a few moments, and then went on in a quieter voice:

"How we got home, I don't know. My mind seems almost a blank till we were picked up by some whalers in Behring's Sea, and none too soon, for our ill-starred craft went to the bottom before it could be secured—*Requiescat in pace*.

"What became of the men I don't know; they never fully recovered their reason. Poor Penhurst died on the way home. On board they didn't believe our story, and he seemed to feel *that* worse than anything when he lay dying. The people on the schooner thought us mad, and probably they'd think I'm mad yet, but I am perfectly sane. It really did happen just as I have told you. Jack, you believe me? You don't think me—?" he clutched the arms of his chair, and leaned towards me with a pitifully anxious look.

"Of course I believe you, old man," I answered, bent on soothing him; "so would other people, only they're so confidently prejudiced in favour of the Tigris and Euphrates." I talked on at random for a few minutes, trying to divert him with clumsy chaff, then picking up my long-since-cold pipe, I left Godfrey still staring moodily into the fire.

## A Tale of Old Quinte

By T. MURIEL MERRILL



QUIET by the shores of Quinte lay the Indian village, Jee-yoh-day-hoon-wawdaw-day. The squaws went busily about their work, while the men lolled in the sun, one carving a pipe bowl, another smoking, while still a third told of his prowess in war and in the chase.

It was the time England had made the conquest of Canada. Peace had been restored in the land, but the settlers had not yet commenced their migration to this new country. The Indians still

wore at their belts the dried scalp locks of their enemies, and in the village was a slave whom they had captured to the south of the great lake—a white woman with unfamiliar speech.

Now she was toiling back and forth between the village and the shore, carrying armfuls of driftwood for the fires. Once she was ordered on some errand by the shrill voice and graphic gesticulating of a squaw.

Then, when a few spare moments came, she wandered down to the shore. Leaning against a fallen tree she watched the

water as it caught the gold rays of the setting sun. The ripples lapped her tired feet, gently caressing them.

Presently a canoe came round the point, propelled by a solitary paddler. As he drew nearer, the girl's heart throbbled, for there was something strangely familiar in his figure and the swing of his paddle.

A hand fell on her shoulder, and as she was roughly hurried away, she heard the word "Yengese"—English—pass from mouth to mouth.

The canoe touched the shore. A man in the garb of a hunter leaped out, drawing it up after him. The Indians saw that it was laden with bundles, and they greeted him with friendly ejaculations.

The hunter answered them in their own tongue, the while glancing anxiously around. They led him up to the village and offered him meat, fish, and a pipe to smoke.

He carried up one of his bundles and threw it down near the greatest of the fires. The Indians, seeing this, brought out from their bark houses many fine furs.

"Where is the white maiden who stood by the shore as I came up the Quinte?" questioned the hunter, the while undoing his bundle.

The Indians bestowed uncomprehending looks upon him. "There is no white squaw here. My brother's eyes have lied to him," said the Chief.

"Mine eyes tell me nothing but the truth," the hunter answered; "they saw a woman here whose skin is more white than mine own."

"This is then perhaps the one whom our brother saw?" They thrust forward a young girl, fairer than the others, but still decidedly Indian.

"No," without hesitation, "this is not the one." The girl withdrew.

The Chief glanced at him reproachfully. "Perhaps my brother has some illness?" he asked concernedly.

The bundle now lay open. In it were

bright cloth and strings of beads which glistened in the fire-light. He handed the beads to the Chief as a present.

Then a brave stepped forward, a mink skin in his outstretched hand. But the hunter spurned the fur from him.

"I want not furs," he said. "Look," turning to the Chief, "all this I will give thee for the white squaw who stood by the shore."

The Chief's eyes gleamed avariciously, but he shook his head.

"Nay," said he, "'tis not enough."

The hunter carried another bundle from his canoe. In it were cloth, and sharp knives and hatchets.

"Nay," said the Chief, "it is not enough."

A third bundle was brought forward. More beads, a brass-bright kettle, and gilded ornaments were contained therein.

"Yet not enough," said the Chief.

The fourth bundle was carried up and untied. Twisted, rope-like tobacco, some tools, and a great black bottle came to view.

The Chief shook his head. "It will not do," said he, though he could scarce take his gaze from the bottle.

The hunter straightened himself. "There is no more." His voice came near to breaking. "There is no more. It is this or nothing."

The Chief leaned forward, his eyes shining greedily. "All this," he said, "and the gun—and the gun. Then is the white squaw yours, but not before."

The hunter handed him his rifle.

"It is well," said the Chief.

"It is good," replied the hunter.

They led the girl out to him.

"Come," said he, as he put his arm gently round her. Then he helped her into the canoe.

He paddled steadily out into the night till the camp fires dwindled into bright points, with only the new moon hung in the west to light their way.

"Roger," she whispered, "I knew that you would come."



# Current Events Abroad.

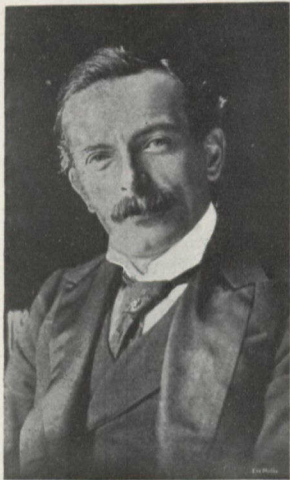


THE conferrees at Algeciras are not much further forward than when this page went to press last month. The things that have been settled did not need a conference to settle them, and the one thing that necessitated an international meeting remains much where it was. It perhaps may be said that the two interested powers are closer together. Germany, for instance, is not indisposed to accept the control of the police by France and Spain under a neutral inspectorship, and the proposition was not displeasing to the French representatives, but the specific acceptance of it hangs fire. A correspondent of the *New York Sun* supplied his paper with an interesting, if apochryphal, despatch recently in which he represented the French and German representatives conversing with amazing frankness of the possibility of hostilities between the two powers if they failed to agree. The Frenchman flattered himself that his country would be in the position of Japan in the recent war, namely, driven to defend herself against an aggressive neighbour, and prophesied a parallel outcome to the conflict, to wit, the humiliation of the strife-maker.

The *Sun* correspondent declared that at that stage of the proceedings Germany stood alone on the main questions, and he attributed this situation to the diplomatic finessè of the English King. It will be intolerable if the cloud-compelling German Emperor has to acknowledge that he has been worsted by his slippered and pantalooned uncle—a mere constitutional monarch who, in William's opinion, doubtless, is a tyro in world-politics. There can be no doubt, however, that Edward is in his own way quite as powerful a personality as William. He enjoys the tremendous advantage of being able to approach any of the courts of Europe in a non-official capacity, and the other advantage of be-

ing known to have no ulterior schemes of European aggrandisement behind his utterances. The roles of the two men are, if not the antipodes of each other, at least sharply differentiated. It cannot be said forthright that one is a man of peace and the other a man of war. That would be too absolute. The Kaiser has been at the head of the greatest fighting force in the world for eighteen years, and has never yet broken the peace, but he undoubtedly stirs up a great deal of uneasiness. King Edward, on the other hand, carries a constant supply of lubricants to lessen friction wherever it appears. It is fair to believe that he is sincerely desirous of earning the title of Edward the Peacemaker. Peace is not always obtained by running away. Your opponent may catch you. If Nicholas could have been persuaded in 1853 that Great Britain would fight rather than back down there would have been no Crimean war. The King may have made up his mind that the way to avoid war was to make it apparent to Germany that she runs great danger by risking a disagreement at Algeciras.

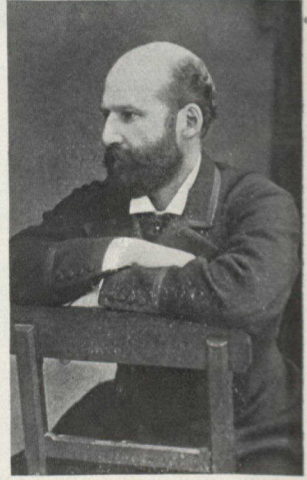
If there were any possibility of Russia taking the side of her ally, Berlin would get out of the contest in the best face-saving manner possible. But William and his advisers would like to think that that is impossible. They do not regard her as a factor in the situation at the present time. There is a danger, however, that Russia's participation might be purchased by helping her in her financial difficulties. Russia is looking to France for financial aid, and if by any means a combination of French and English financial interests could rescue the Czar from his sore distresses, he might be found taking the French view more firmly. It is quite evident, at all events, that the outlook is not so easy as Berlin thought it was when it encompassed Del-



RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE  
President Board of Trade



LORD LOREBURN (SIR R. T. REID)  
Lord Chancellor



LORD TWEEDMOUTH  
First Lord of the Admiralty

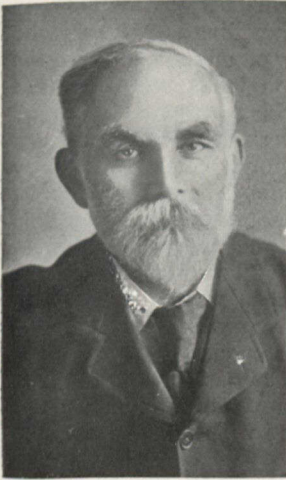
MEMBERS OF THE NEW BRITISH MINISTRY

cassé's downfall and challenged the Anglo-French agreement. Finding itself diplomatically face to face with united Europe has had a calming effect on the Kaiser, and we may therefore look for a peaceful termination of the conference.

That section of English opinion which credits the Emperor with Anglophobia, points to the fact that when France's policy of colonial expansion seemed to be anti-British, William gave every evidence of his pleasure. Every step of France's African policy had his approval, and the approbation reached its summit when the two countries came within sight of war at Fashoda. As soon, however, as English and French got together and reconciled their interests the Emperor immediately began to annoy and bully France. These may be merely a fortuitous assemblage of facts, but it is quite consonant with all we know of the spirit of dominancy in human nature that the Emperor should entertain a pique against the one nation that has not the least fear of his power and whose journalists are not sparing of his feelings. Napoleon was possessed by the same feelings, and they ultimately destroyed him.

In the very midst of the negotiations at Algeiras, the Rouvier Government fell. Its fall was caused by the dissatisfaction of the Chamber at the manner of taking the inventories of the property of the church. In several places the Government commissioner was resisted and rough fights took place. At a quiet hamlet near the Belgian border one man was shot and killed. The government was interpellated about the circumstances, and when a vote of confidence was proposed, it was defeated by 30 votes. The majority was made up of those who do not believe the church and state laws are enforced with sufficient resolution, of those who believe they are not enforced with tact, and of those who are opposed to their enforcement altogether.

M. Fallières, the new President, had some difficulty in securing some one to form a government. The names of M. Bourgeois, M. Poincare and M. Millebrand were considered, but finally the task was assigned to M. Jean Sarrien, with M. Bourgeois as his Minister of Foreign Affairs. The hopeful feature of the crisis was, that although the question of war or peace was virtually being debated with France's most



RT. HON. JOHN BURNS  
Pres. Local Government Board



RT. HON. R. S. HALDANE  
Sec. of State for War



RT. HON. HERBERT GLADSTONE  
Sec. of State for Home Affairs

MEMBERS OF THE NEW BRITISH MINISTRY

powerful neighbour, the French people throughout showed the utmost calmness. The press has behaved admirably. Altogether the friends of the Republic may well congratulate themselves on the steadiness and reliability of public opinion. France has passed through a trying time with moderation, dignity and unimpaired self-respect.



There can be no two opinions but that the Liberal Government in Britain is showing capacity and effectiveness. The lack of agreement among its members on subjects of the first importance has been pointed out, but the very fact that the attitude of its members on these subjects is well known, makes a collision of views less likely. It is generally some unexpected question that disrupts governments, not those which have been foreseen and been provided for. There can be no doubt that on such questions as Irish home rule or Imperialism, Messrs. Morley, Burns or Lloyd-George would hardly be in accord with Messrs. Haldane, Asquith, or Grey. Sometimes, however, men who appear to be wide as the poles asunder find when they sit down amicably over a table to see where in their creeds differ, that their beliefs

are not so very far apart after all. A number of Liberals left their party over the Irish question and formed the Unionist party by amalgamating with their Conservative opponents. They succeeded in defeating the Gladstonians on the Irish question, but before they left office they gave Ireland the largest measure of domestic government that she had ever got, and they put a land purchase measure on the statute book that quite exceeded anything of which the Gladstonians had ever dreamed. There is a general admission that something needs to be done for Ireland. Once that is admitted it will be found that the members of Campbell-Bannerman's Government will be able to agree on what needs to be done.



In the opposite camp there is an effort to find out just where they are. The meeting at Lansdowne House was supposed to have united the sections led by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. Previous to that meeting the two gentlemen had exchanged letters, and the tariff reformers had hailed them as establishing a real unity of ideas between the ostensible leader and his aggressive lieutenant. Unfortunately the vagueness of Mr. Balfour in the Lansdowne House



### JUMPING ON UNCLE SAMUEL

A very popular game in China just now.  
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

speech somewhat sent them to sea again. It is quite plain that the Unionist leader does not feel like putting out his foot so far that he cannot draw it back. Whether this is an allowable policy in Opposition is a question, but it is doubtful whether it is a winning policy in any case. A leader who does not lead is a leader who does not create enthusiasm. A leader must stand for something; his followers must be in a position to say where he is, to quote from him, and to catch up his cries. Mr. Balfour shows too evidently that he is waiting to see which way the cat jumps.

President Roosevelt is encountering some trouble with the members of his own party in the Senate. The White House element is strongly behind the two bills for the creation of one State out of the territories of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, and another out of a union between Arizona and New Mexico. The first bill was passed by the Senate. The second, however, was defeated by a combination of Democrats and recalcitrant Republicans. The President with customary energy had employed all his powers to get both bills through, and is known to be much chagrined at the failure of the Mexico-Arizona bill.

There are still ugly symptoms in China. The rewarding of men who have been guilty of offences against the foreign population looks very like that process of "kicking a man upstairs," which is characteristic of subtle eastern polity. A governor is complained of by the ambassadors. The authorities at Peking cannot resist the evidence of his misconduct, and he is accordingly removed. Presently, however, he is discovered occupying a more distinguished post than that from which he has been removed. A distinguished member of the royal family of China, Prince Tsai Tse, is at present making a tour of the United States, and will later sail for Europe. He is accompanied by the Chinese minister at Washington, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng. This latter gentleman warmly denies that there are any signs of a revolution or uprising in China. Riots and murder are liable to occur in any country, he says. Very true, but the good faith of the country in which they occur is judged by the zeal and certainty with which punishments are meted out to those who take part in them. Was he hinting at the United States when he said that riots and murders were liable to take place in any country?

*John A. Ewan*



### A NEW HEAD, BUT THE SAME BODY

The face of Fallières replaces that of Loubet, but the form and policy of the French government remain the same.—*Tribuna Illustrata* (Rome).



# WOMAN'S SPHERE



## THE CHIMES OF EASTER

RING out your silver message,  
Glad bells of Eastertide,  
Till Earth's frail flower-voices  
Repeat it far and wide.

The world hath waited for it  
'Mid days of weary pain;  
Our hearts have yearned in anguish  
For your victorious strain.

And cold upon our spirits  
There fell the grief of loss,  
While far and dim there glimmered  
The shining of the Cross.

But now out peals your music  
Above Earth's wrong and strife;  
"I am the Resurrection,  
And I—yea, I—the Life."



## THE BRIDGE FIEND

MODERN fiction, having for its background that which is known by the odious name, "Smart Set," does not show forth bridge whist as a game to be desired. In "The Gambler" and "The House of Mirth," bridge is, if not the cause of the tragedy, an accessory. The evil, however, is not in the game, but in the frantic folly of those who are not content to let it remain a pastime, but must make of it a serious and absorbing occupation. In Canada women have indulged to a *limited* extent in bridge gambling, in spite of the weird and awful yarns that are in circulation about sums lost in the game that seldom cheers and frequently inebriates. These stories, so far as Canadian play is concerned, may be taken with a liberal spoonful of salt. The harm in our small communities results rather from the waste of time and the wear of temper than from the loss of money.

Bridge whist is not nearly so good a game as the duplicate variety of Sarah

Battle's favourite diversion. But, perhaps, the ghost of Sarah will object to anything so frivolous as "diversion" in connection with the game of whist. However, this perverse generation prefers bridge to duplicate because the former makes less demand upon the brain-power of the players. But it is the same story in other phases of "this our life." Musical comedy attracts its thousands, but "Parsifal" a faithful few. Hall Caine and Marie Corelli are considered "simply great" by many readers who would be bored to death by "Middlemarch" or "Sense and Sensibility." In Canada we vote cricket slow, and become riotous over baseball. It is not to be wondered at that some of us should have grown fatuous over bridge, and play and talk it until our unbridged friends find us an affliction.

However, the Editor of that vigorous publication, the *Argus*, considers that there is a more serious aspect to the bridge fiend, and thus discourses of her sins: "The women who are now going mad over afternoon card parties here are of the class who have comfortable little homes (at least they would be comfortable homes if their mistresses attended to them) with one, or, at most, two untidy, incompetent maids—indeed, in many cases they have no maid at all, and one can imagine the sort of home the husbands and children return to, when the mothers have spent the afternoon at the card-table. . . . One of the worst features of the card fiend in this country is that she goes about trying to induce younger, more conscientious, women to neglect their homes and families in the same way. . . . There is a time for everything, but certainly the afternoon is



PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG

Who is shortly to become the Queen of Spain

no time for card-playing when a woman has a house and family to manage."

A man-editor is never so happy as when he is lecturing women and telling them just how many hours they should spend at home preparing the savoury dishes which are to make glad the husband's heart, and are to keep him from tarrying long at the cocktail. But there is sober truth in what the Editor of the *Argus* says about the card fiend. If a woman has any afternoon hours to spare she might better spend them in the out-doors which she so seldom enjoys, than in a stuffy drawing-room radiant with candles in pink petticoats, from which she departs with feelings of desolation because her dearest friend has carried off the cut-glass berry bowl. Anything more unpleasant than the feminine quarrel over cards is difficult to imagine, but it occurs with painful frequency in these days of afternoon bridge.

There has been the bicycle face and the bargain day face, but far worse than either is the face of the bridge fiend. When lovely woman stoops to the folly of playing several days in the week, a scowl and crowsfeet come to

stay, in spite of all the rose-coloured skin food that may be rubbed in industriously at the midnight hour. The pretty matron who takes the score seriously grows wild-eyed and wan, and her husband mourns over the affection that has temporarily fled. Bridge is a good game, but it is a bad business, and it would be well for the woman who is not irrevocably given over to daily bridge to reflect that "moderation is the silken string that runs through the pearl chain of all the virtues."

THE I. O. D. E.

THE four letters which designate the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire are becoming familiar to many readers, not in Canada alone, but in Great Britain and many of His Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas. As it will probably be of interest to the readers of this magazine to learn of the aims and objects of the Order, we shall proceed by the courtesy of the Secretary, Miss Mabel Clint, to give information regarding them. The first object is to stimulate and give expression



KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN

Who is to wed a British Princess, a niece of Edward VII

to the sentiment of patriotism which binds the women and children of the Empire to the throne and person of the sovereign; second, to supply and foster a bond of union among the women and children of the Empire; third, to provide an efficient organisation by which prompt and united action may be taken when such action may be desired. The fourth object comprehends the promotion in the Colonies and the Motherland of the study of the history of the Empire, and of current Imperial questions; the celebration of patriotic anniversaries; the perpetuation of the memory of brave and heroic deeds, and the care of the last resting-places of our heroes and heroines, especially such as are in distant and solitary places; the erection of memorial stones on spots which have become sacred to the nation, either through great struggles for freedom, battles against ignorance, or events of heroic and patriotic self-sacrifice. Lastly, the Order aims to care for the widows and orphans of British soldiers and sailors during war, in times of peace, or in sickness, accident or reverses of fortune.

The Order is non-political and non-sectarian. Her Excellency the Countess Grey is Hon. President for Canada, and the wives of the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces are Hon. Vice-Presidents. The President of the Executive Council of the National Chapter of Canada is Mrs. Nordheimer, Toronto. The Society is allied with the Victoria League and the Navy League, England, and the Guild of Loyal Women, South Africa, and is in frequent correspondence with other women's organisations throughout the Empire. Among over-sea patronesses, H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, holds the first rank.

Membership is open to all women in



MRS. NORDHEIMER, TORONTO

Who is President of the Executive Council of the National Chapter of Canada of the Daughters of the Empire

the Empire who are loyal British subjects. The annual fee ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars, and a quarterly magazine, *Echoes*, twenty-five cents a year, is published, containing a synopsis of the work of the Order, and Imperial articles contributed by some of the most prominent men in Canada. The badge (twenty-five cents) is in enamel—a seven-pointed star laid on the "Seven Seas," with the Union Jack in the centre, and the whole surmounted with the Crown; motto, "One Flag, One Throne, One Empire." Seventy-eight Chapters or Branches have been established, and there are besides on the roll large numbers of individual members in Canada and elsewhere.

Some Chapters have preferred to form reading clubs for the purpose of studying Imperial history or the great questions of the day which affect British policy, but



MRS. P. D. CRERAR, HAMILTON  
Third Vice-President I.O.D.E.

active work accomplished includes: The collection and investment of a fund for the perpetual care of all Canadian graves in South Africa; assistance given in various cases towards the erection of statues of our late Queen and South African memorials; the endowments of wards in hospitals in memory of Canadians who fell in that struggle; presentation of colours to regiments; erection of the Alexandra Gate, Toronto, in commemoration of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales; literature and comforts sent to sailors on the Great Lakes, fishermen in Labrador and settlers in the North-West; meeting and welcoming to Canada immigrants at the port of Quebec; distribution of Navy League literature, and efforts to interest the press and the public in the vital question of the absolute necessity of a supreme navy, and our responsibility with regard to its support; successful endeavours to preserve historic landmarks, and prevent encroachment by foreigners; the presentation recently of a silk White Ensign to the battleship *Dominion*, the first gift from Canada, etc. Patriotic anni-

versaries are observed by the members, and it is constantly borne in mind that the object of our existence is to honour the British flag, and to draw closer the bonds of Empire.

Our own Dominion claims a large share of our energies, and effectual assistance has been given through Made-in-Canada Exhibitions and otherwise to Canadian manufacturers.

The educational work includes the presentation of flags to schools, medals and prizes awarded for essays on patriotic events in different parts of the Empire, the distribution of maps, issuing of patriotic programmes to be used once a month in schools, linking of schools and children in Canada for correspondence and exchange with other parts of the Empire.

Several other undertakings are in progress at the present time, but enough has been said to prove that the Order is established upon a broad basis, and in one direction or another should appeal to patriotic women of all classes who, by uniting with us, will aid in the furtherance of the interests of our great Dominion as a component portion of a still greater Empire.

Miss Clint, who has contributed the above information, may be addressed at 31 York Chambers, Toronto, by anyone interested in the objects of the Order.

When this society of Imperial name and purpose was founded, Canada was yet actively interested in the struggle in South Africa, and the first days of the Order's existence were necessarily associated with military deeds and their commemoration. There were those who feared that when war excitement had ceased the Society would become merely sentimental in its aims, lacking the practical outcome without which such an organisation would mean little to the community. But such fears have proved to possess no foundation, and the I.O.D.E. has more than justified the belief of its early supporters, and, unlike the class which Tennyson condemned, has united "Feeling to its mate, the Deed." There has been nothing hysterical or jingoistic in the patriotism it has sought to foster, and the home

needs have not been forgotten in the effort to widen our Imperial outlook.

Among the endeavours to encourage home industries, the Made-in-Canada Exhibitions have been the most original and helpful. Among the Chapters which have devoted themselves to such an undertaking, the Hamilton "Daughters," led by Mrs. P. D. Crerar, have been extremely energetic and successful. These exhibitions, in their picturesque and artistic arrangements, show that the members of the I.O.D.E. have lost none of the distinctive feminine skill for adornment. A work in which the members will no doubt take a deep interest is the manufacture of homespun and such fabrics and lace as have lately been sent from the Galician and Doukhobor women in the North-West.

The care of the Canadian graves in South Africa is a commendable work that has been undertaken with a mixture of pride and sadness. It is six years since the Paardeburg fight, but we remember yet how Canadian hearts thrilled on that February day when it was known that our own soldiers had given their lives that British rule might be established in South Africa. We should be unworthy of the men who went out, "each of them doing his Empire's work," if we were indifferent to the spot where they fell. The simple memorials shall tell to generations of a peaceful South Africa of the men who crossed two thousand leagues of sea to show their belief in the unity of the Empire. No more striking testimony to the strength of that invisible tie between

the Motherland and the self-governing colonies has been given than the eagerness with which Canadian volunteers went to fight in a cause which was their own, in so far as it was Britain's.

The sending of literature and comforts to the sailors, fishermen and remote settlers is an undertaking of practical benefit which should appeal to all of us. That it has been appreciated is proved by the letters which come from the far corners of Canada, full of the gratitude of the lonely.

The correspondence arranged between Canadian school-children and those in Great Britain, Australia, South Africa, wherever, in fact, the British flag is unfurled, is one of the most suggestive features in the I.O.D.E. work. The British Empire becomes real to a small boy in London, Ontario, who gets a letter from a small boy in New Zealand, while the school-girl in Winnipeg who carries on a correspondence with another in Melbourne makes me wish that the I.O.D.E. had existed in the days when I studied geography and wished that the British Empire were not quite so extensive. It is the personal touches that draw closer the bonds of Imperial kinship, and bring the realisation of the poet's dream:

"Far and far our homes are set round the  
Seven Seas,  
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by  
these!  
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird  
and land—  
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and  
understand."

*Jean Graham*



# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## INVESTIGATIONS

THIS is the age of investigations. For a long period this continent had been going from bad to worse, until the public conscience became so sleepy that President Roosevelt was allowed to steal a piece of South America and set up a republic of his own, almost without protest. True, he had plenty of precedents, since the nations of Europe have been grabbing and grabbing in Africa for some twenty-five years, until there is scarcely any portion of the Dark Continent left for native government. Nevertheless, for modern America, that Panama steal was a crowning performance. It worked a revolution in the United States. Since then nearly every institution has been slated for investigation. It may be difficult to prove the connection between these two performances, but nevertheless there is a connection.

Simultaneously with the investigations in the United States, Canada is having some imitations. Some of these were caused by developments in the United States—the insurance investigation for example. Some were caused by the installation of a new administrative broom in the Legislative Buildings in Toronto—the Niagara Power investigation, for example. Commissions of all kinds are being created until it looks as if the ordinary courts and the ordinary parliaments were decidedly weak institutions, and required a great deal of bolstering and assisting.

The insurance investigation at Ottawa has already shown that the government inspection of life insurance companies is a farce. The question then arises, is the bank inspection a farce also? Is the auditor-general's work a farce? How many hollow mockeries are there at Ottawa? Are representative institutions effective?

The university investigation that has

been proceeding in Ontario has also shown that the provincial university needs remodelling and overhauling. It has not been performing its functions properly. Its constitution was unworkable, and its staff was far from being efficient. This and the university squabble in British Columbia would seem to indicate that higher education circles are far from being ideal.

The Niagara power commission has shown that, had the government of the Province seriously grappled with the question, power might have been supplied to the municipalities of Western Ontario at \$15 per horse power or less. Under private ownership it will cost from \$20 to \$40. Power is generated at Shawinigan, taken many miles to Montreal, and sold for \$15. For the same service, Toronto will pay more than twice the price. Of course, the Dominion Government pays \$60 on the Cornwall Canal, but that is the most disgraceful contract ever entered into in Canada.

All these investigations go to show that the selfishness of capitalists and the self-seeking of the politicians are almost criminal. The people are robbed and cheated and burdened. The average citizen has no chance when the capitalist and the politician combine against him.

Yet the average citizen is the most pleased man in the world when a prominent politician or a well-known capitalist shakes hands with him, or condescends to say "Good-day." Like the dog, the average citizen licks the hand that beats him. It is because of this tragic situation, this docility and submissiveness on the part of the public, that these investigations will be barren of economic results. The same old games will continue to be played under new names. The robberies may be stayed for a few months, but they will then be resumed with all their old-time vigour. So long

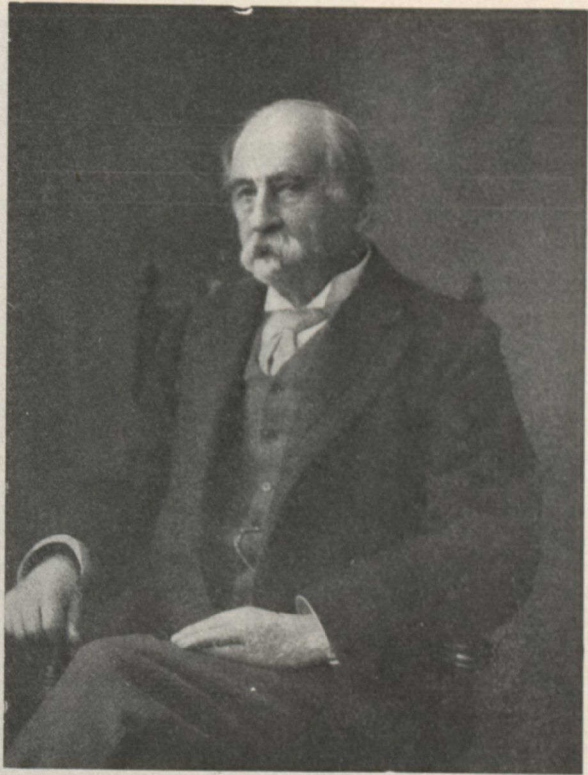
as cabinet ministers, members of parliament and judges can be bribed by being made directors of large companies, or by other popular means, so long will the exploitation of the public and the public resources continue. The people have neither the wit nor the intelligence to see that they are being played with by a combination of politicians and capitalists.



#### A BRILLIANT PEN

THE career of the late George Stewart is typical of Canadian literary men—an eternal struggle against adverse conditions, poverty, lack of public appreciation, the narrowness of the field, the subjection of the Canadian reader to the United States publisher. His articles appeared in nearly all of the leading English and United States reviews; he contributed to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Chambers' Encyclopedia*. He was a member of the Royal Society and contributed to its numerous unopened volumes. He was honoured by Laval, McGill and Lennoxville with honorary degrees. He published a number of books which the public bought sparingly. He founded and edited *Stewart's Literary Quarterly Magazine* for five years; he was editor of *Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly*; he was editor of the *Quebec Chronicle* for seventeen years, and later of the *Quebec Mercury*. The long, thankless struggle at last wore him out and he laid him down to die without a murmur, as he had lived.

Keen, fluent, witty, George Stewart was a fine type. He represented other ideals than that of trying to pound your business neighbour into original atoms or molecules. The exciting pursuit of the \$ had not taken possession of his mind and brain. Because of these oddities his reward was meagre and his rep-



THE LATE SIR A. G. JONES  
Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia

utation lasting. He wrote his name indelibly on the tablets of Canadian literary history.



#### THE LAST ANTI-CONFEDERATE

THE death of Sir Alfred Gilpin Jones removes the last of the Nova Scotian Anti-Confederates. Before 1864 he was a Conservative, but broke with his party on the question of Nova Scotia entering the Dominion of Canada. Under the leadership of the Hon. Joseph Howe he fought against that movement. In the first federal elections he was elected a member of the House of Commons, and still carried on the fight. When Howe yielded to the accomplished federation and supported Sir John Macdonald's government, Mr. Jones refused to bend.\* When the Mackenzie government was in power (1874-8) he was

\*Longley's "Life of Howe," pp. 223, 224.



THE MOST REVEREND FRANCIS BOURNE  
Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster

for a few months Minister of Militia. In 1900, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

Such in outline was the career of a strong-minded man. He was mistaken in what he thought were the best interests of his native Province, but he was sincere in his attitude. One must admire the courage of the man, while recognising the futility of his opposition. Up to the time of his death he retained the confidence and respect of the people of the province whose interests he had served so long and so courageously. With his passing, the anti-confederation movement passes into history.



#### DOGMA AND DIVISION

ALL sorts of feelings have been aroused by the publication in England of the oath of abjuration which was required by the Vatican of Princess Ena be-

fore she became Queen of Spain. It has brought in clearer light to the British Empire how firmly the Roman Catholic church still believes in heresy and the persecution of heretics. All the Protestant churches are broad-minded enough to admit that a good Roman Catholic, in spite of the dogmas of his church, is worthy of salvation. The compliment is not returned. In addition, the Roman Catholic church exercises territorial jurisdiction wherever it can, and excludes Protestants from all public office and distinction within those areas.

Aside from the question of which church is right in its doctrines and dogmas, the division is unfortunate for the religious progress of the world. These eternal bickerings over matters of form and doctrine are discouraging. Even the Church of England in Canada, where tolerance might be expected, is divided into hostile camps. Churchmen and church choirs have about the same breadth of mind and the same standards of charity to their neighbour. But, as they are only human, why should more be expected of them?

Just at this time it may be interesting to recall the career of the man who represents the Pope in Great Britain—the Primate of Roman Catholic England. It is said that it was the enthusiasm and modesty of Francis Bourne as a young priest which led Dr. Butt, then Bishop of Southwark, to mark him for promotion. He became a bishop at thirty-five, and is to-day one of the youngest bishops of his creed. He is a strict teetotaler and non-smoker, and lives a regular and industrious life. It is believed that he is an advocate of tolerance, and that with the Duke of Norfolk, the lay head of the church in England, he pointed out some disastrous effects the oath of abjuration



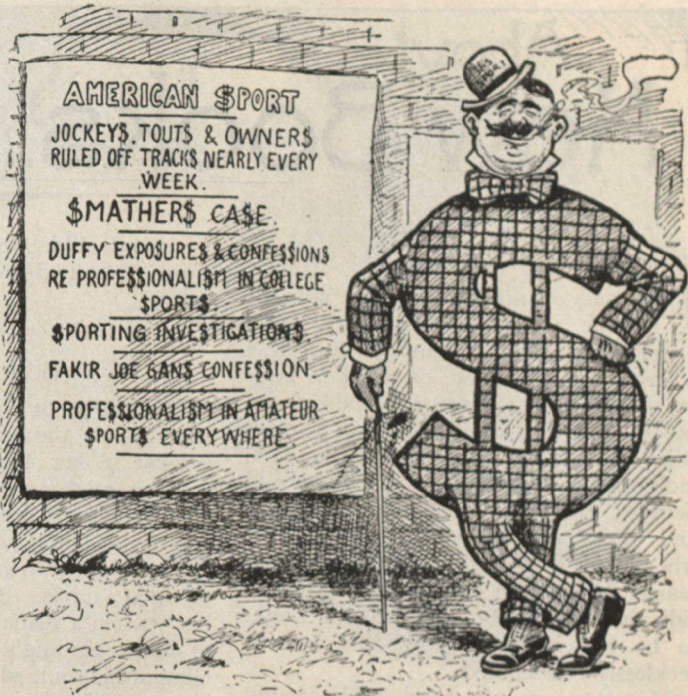
would have on British politics and policy.

When the Canadian manufacturers' party was in England last summer, the Roman Catholic members of the party were one Sunday received by the Archbishop of Westminster after a special service at Westminster Cathedral. The Archbishop was also good enough to send a special message to the Holy Father at Rome on their behalf, and the Apostolic blessing asked for was subsequently received by cable.

#### PROGRESS IN LEGISLATION

WHILE the present session of the Dominion Parliament promises little of importance, now that tariff revision has been laid over to the next session to be held in November, the Ontario Legislature is introducing some new principles into our governmental policy. It is natural that the Ontario Legislature should be progressive. Blessed by nature with all the favourable conditions for both industrial and agricultural development, and blessed by the circumstances which gave it intelligent and progressive inhabitants, it is the most populous and prosperous part of Canada. During recent years, however, the governments of the day had not sufficient majority in the House to enable them to proceed on broad legislative lines. The experience of democratic countries is that the best laws are made by newly-elected governments with large majorities. Such a condition now exists in Ontario and hence some excellent legislation.

The railway laws of the Province are



A MONTREAL "STAR" CARTOONIST THUS PICTURES SPORT IN THE UNITED STATES. IS IT ANY BETTER IN CANADA?

being amended and consolidated, and a railway commission is to be appointed to carry out these laws, settle all disputes between common carriers and the people as individuals, or as communities. The power of this commission over the railway corporations is practically unlimited, and there is no appeal to the cabinet from its decisions on questions of fact. For example, these powers are so broad that the board will have power to compel the observance of agreements between street railways and municipalities.

Other laws provide for the regulation of brokers and the abolition of bucketshops, for the prevention of the issue of fraudulent prospectuses by promoters of joint-stock companies, and for other safeguards of the public in a fast-developing industrial and commercial age. Improvements are also being made in the administration of public lands, timber limits, and mining licenses.

# About New Books.

## SOCIETY SATIRES

IT is easy enough to imagine a satire on the society of New York or of London, or of any other large centre where so-called society exists on a large scale. To these centres all kinds of rich people drift, and among so many humans there must be all sorts—good, bad and indifferent. But, because this is so, and because this class of money-spenders and late-diners has its fads and follies wherever it is found, there is no great reason for holding it up to unreasonable ridicule. It can be criticised; it ought to be criticised; but it should not be recklessly condemned.

Moreover, its sins and wickednesses do not make the best copy for newspapers and books. A description of the worst phases of the worst members of any class is unnecessarily sensational and usually debasing. For that reason "The House of Mirth" is a novel which should never have been published. Yet it was very popular because the public likes to indulge its taste for filthy gossip or its morbid curiosity. "The House of Mirth" is an American picture of squalid respectability. "The Idlers,"\* by Morley Roberts, is a similar tale with the scenes laid in London. It deals with the everyday story of the divorce court, deals with it frankly, unequivocally and brutally. Those who like to wallow in the mire will find this volume admirable for the purpose. Those who avoid bad books just as they avoid the whiskey or morphine habit will leave this volume unopened. Nowhere does it contain any evidence of being designed to make a contrast between good and evil; it deals only with the latter. There are men and women of title and fortune who are

\*The Idlers, by Morley Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; Toronto: Tyrrell's Book Shop.

pure and noble; these are carefully and entirely omitted from the cast of characters.

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## A SOCIETY NOVEL

THE writer of "Saints in Society"\* has shown the wisdom of the literary serpent in her choice of title, since the average reader's curiosity is aroused as to how a saint obtained entrance to the smart set and how the saintship fared while subject to the corrosive influences of that circle. Mrs. Baillie-Saunders has written a readable account of the rise of Mark Hading's fortunes and the decline of his soul, while she traces the evolution of his wife, Chloris, from a Cockney girl of the commonest aspirations to the refined and earnest woman whose philanthropy makes her beloved by her old associates of the slums. Mrs. Baillie-Saunders has a gift for a kind of snapshot description and a certain epigrammatic style resembling the satire of John Oliver Hobbes. But the cleverness is conscious and the would-be cynicism is strained. People who talk in epigram and paradox are almost as tiresome as those of the platitude order. But the book has an interesting plot, the characterisation is clear and bold and the political and social life of London is depicted in animated touches.

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## THE SKIPPER PARSON

TWO classes will find much to interest in "The Skipper Parson,"† by James Lumsden—those who like to read about out-of-the-way places and those interested in North American mis-

\*"Saints in Society," by Margaret Baillie-Saunders. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

†Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 212 pages.

sions. Mr. Lumsden spent some years in missionary work in the outlying villages of Newfoundland, and has much that is interesting to relate. The story is simply, yet graphically told, and is worth perusal. As a picture of rural life in that part of the Empire it has especial interest.

28

A CANADIAN ART STUDY

THERE are many people in Canada who prefer the study of "the dollar" to the study of "art" and look with pity and scorn upon the individual who attempts to get pleasure out of art. To them a landscape is but a view of land which should be ploughed and harrowed, which should be crossed by railways or spotted with smoke-stacks. They are convinced that art is a subject for journalists and university professors, not for business men and other healthy individuals who can earn a living.

It is pleasant to discover occasionally a business man not quite so provincial, not quite so material. A resident of Montreal has just given us a book on art—one of the first art treatises of any pretensions from a Canadian pen. This work is entitled "Landscape Painting and Modern Dutch Artists,"\* and is the work of Mr. E. B. Greenshields, a prominent merchant and a director of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.† It contains some general remarks on the subject and then deals particularly with the work of seven Dutch artists—Bosboom, Israels, James Maris, Mauve, Matthew Maris, William Maris and Weissenbuch.

Mr. Greenshields' point of view is pretty much that of Ruskin's—that the picture reveals the mind of the artist.

"The same scene might be painted by Ruysdael and Hobbema, by Constable and Turner, by Daubigny and Rosseau, and each picture would take on the spirit of the individual artist, and give very different ideas of identical views. For if it is not the actual scene before him that is painted, but his idea of it, it is

\*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated, 229 pp. \$2.00, net.

†Mr. Greenshields' portrait is reproduced on page 517.



MARGARET BAILLIE-SAUNDERS  
 Authoress of "Saints in Society" (Copp, Clark)

evident that the personality of the artist counts for a very great deal in pictures; and so it is the subjective view of art that is the all-important one."

Judged by this standard much that passes for art here in Canada is not art. It lacks soul. It lacks ideas. It lacks personality. It is technical ability without mind. Mr. Greenshields thinks these seven Dutchmen are great because "they are full of modern ideas and endeavour to solve the problem of their own day and generation. . . . They painted with great technical skill what they each saw, in a way that showed how intensely their feelings were affected by the wonders and beauty of nature."

28

TWO RELIGIOUS WORKS

"IF the world could forget Jesus, it would not; if it would forget him, it could not"—this is the motto of a very racy study of the character and teaching of Jesus entitled "The Sovereignty of



CARIBOU SWIMMING ACROSS A NEWFOUNDLAND BAY

From "The Skipper Parson" (Briggs)

Character,"\* by A. D. Watson. So intent is the author on emphasizing the community of nature between the Son of Man and the sons of men, that the reader is left in some doubt as to the community of nature between the Father and the Son. But if we put this and other theological questions on one side, together with the author's views on certain questions of a critical nature—critical in more ways than one—then the writer succeeds in attracting us to follow many a lesson in the difficult science of character-copying. He is not content that we study, but we must study to imitate, the character of Jesus of Nazareth. The book abounds in felicity of thought and phrase. Quite evidently Doctor Watson has had a religious experience, has been with Jesus, and would have others experience the same joy. The sincerity, the note of revolt

\*"The Sovereignty of Character." Lessons from the life of Jesus, by Albert D. Watson, M.D., author of "The Sovereignty of Ideals." Toronto: William Briggs, 1906.

against the merely traditional or conventional is very attractive. "*The true prophet*," he says, "*is the man who will show the people just where they are, and what is the next imperative step to take.*" Our author appeals for a more whole-hearted and heroic following of the moral call of Jesus Christ, and hereby shows the prophetic spirit. This is the need of our time.

Mr. Joseph Ware has undertaken the task of writing, in the form of an epic poem,\* the story of the Evolution of Creation, of Man, of Christ, of the reign of truth and love. In his Preface he writes: "*The theme of the Iliad is the contention of gods and of heroes for the destruction of Troy; the Aeneid, its re-establishment; Paradise Lost, the fall of man; the Divine Man or New Epic, the progress of man to final perfection in the kingdom of heaven.*" If we must, then, compare Mr. Joseph Ware with Homer,

\*"The Divine Man." A New Epic, by Joseph Ware. Mechanicsburg: The True Light Publishing Co.

Virgil and Milton, or rather his performance in verse with the Iliad, the Æneid and Paradise Lost, we must frankly admit that there is no comparison. Had Mr. Ware written in prose we would feel under compulsion to give some comparative estimate of his importance as a modern thinker, but whatever value his thoughts might have, if cast in the form of prose, is entirely lost in the dreary wastes of impossible blank verse. It would be neither fair nor kind to encourage Mr. Ware in his emulation of the world's great epic poets. Emphatically poetry is not the author's rôle.



#### NOTES

Mr. C. W. Nash, the Ontario naturalist, has just completed a check list of all the birds known to frequent that province. This is issued in paper covers by the Education Department, and may be had for the asking from the Minister of Education, Toronto. Each name is numbered to correspond with the number on the label of each specimen in the Biological Section of the Provincial Museum. This collection is fairly complete. Mr. Nash has done his work well, although the Orders might have been more clearly distinguished and divided by some typographical expedient which would assist the eye. About five hundred birds are described and classified in the eighty-two pages.

Max Pemberton's new novel, "My Sword for Lafayette," which had a serial run in the Strand Magazine, will be published shortly by The Copp, Clark Co. The scene is laid in America during the War of Independence, and the



COVER DESIGN BY MR. JEFFERYS FOR THE NEW EDITION OF  
A CANADIAN NOVEL FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1832

story is quite up to Max Pemberton's standard of literary achievement. The illustrations by W. B. Wollen are unusually fine.

The tenth annual volume of the "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," edited by Professor Wrong and Mr. Langton of the University of Toronto, has been issued. Like its predecessors it is comprehensive and informing, and is indispensable to the student of Canadian history. About two hundred books, pamphlets and articles are classified, digested and criticised. Among the reviewers are Professor

Lefroy, Professor Leacock, Dr. W. Bennett Munro, James H. Coyne, Ernest Cruikshank, J. S. Carstairs and James Bain. (Morang & Co., cloth, \$1.50.)

The death of Kate Westlake Yeigh just when her first book, "A Specimen Spinster," had seemed about to bring her a permanent reputation, is much to be regretted. More than that, a large circle of friends mourn the loss of a brilliant and kind-hearted woman. Canada loses a journalistic and literary figure from ranks which are none too well filled.

An address on "Anglo-Saxon Amity," by J. S. Willison, editor of the *Toronto News*, before the Canadian Club of Boston, has been issued as a neat brochure.

"Wacousta," by Major John Richardson, first published in 1832, is said by many to be the greatest Canadian novel. A new and illustrated edition is now being prepared, and will be ready shortly. (Historical Pub. Co., Toronto, or William Briggs, Toronto.)

Some of our book reviewers are making the mistake of calling the author of "Canada and British North America," a foreigner. W. Bennett Munro, of Harvard College staff, is a Canadian, a graduate of Queen's University, and one of Professor Shortt's students. Dr. Munro has contributed several articles to *Queen's Quarterly* and *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*.

The Copp, Clark Co. will have a Canadian edition of "Carolina Lee," by Lillian Bell, which is said to be as breezy and amusing as the previous books by this United States author.

William Briggs will shortly publish a handbook of Canadian (English) writers and their works, by Angus MacMurchy, M.A. This is a book which has been needed as there is no work of the kind in existence with the exception of Bourinot's "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness." W. R. Haight has published a "Canadian Catalogue of Books," and two supplements, but these three volumes are merely an index of names. Of course they are invaluable as works of reference but they lack the personal information about writers which the public desires.

#### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

The following is a fairly complete list of forthcoming books by Canadian authors:

#### FICTION

Set in Authority, Sara Jeanette Cotes. Copp, Clark Co.

On Common Ground, Sydney H. Preston. Copp, Clark Co.

The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont, Robert Barr. Appleton.

The Last Spike, Cy Warman. McLeod & Allen.

The Silver Maple, Marian Keith. Westminster Co.

The Wire Tappers, Arthur Stringer. Musson.

The Harvest of Moloch, Jessie K. Lawson. Poole.

The Doctor, Ralph Connor. Westminster Co.

The Vine of Sibmah, Andrew McPhail, M.D. Macmillan.

Sheila's Daughter, Haile Baxter. William Briggs.

Alton of Somasco, Harold Bindloss. McLeod & Allen.

Wacousta, Major Richardson (new edition). Historical Publishing Co.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

Rocky Mountain Wild Flowers, Julia Henshaw. William Briggs.

A Parson's Ponderings, Canon Low. William Briggs.

"Speeches by Howe," edited by Hon. J. W. Longley. Morang.

Vikings of the Pacific, Agnes C. Laut. Macmillan.

The Superintendent (Biography of Rev. Dr. Robertson), Ralph Connor. Westminster Co.

Elements of Political Science, Stephen Leacock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Across the Sub-Arctics, Tyrrell, new edition. William Briggs.

Studies in Plant Life, Mrs. Traill, new edition. William Briggs.

Minerals and How They Occur, Professor W. G. Miller. Copp, Clark Co.



# Idle Moments.

SUCCE\$\$

\$UCCE\$\$ seems solely signified by \$,  
And nothing count\$ but cold and clammy  
ca\$h:

Just think of all the geniue\$s and scholar\$  
Who, lacking coin to adverti\$e, go \$ma\$h.

—Life

\*\*\*

## TWO NOVA SCOTIA INCIDENTS

IN the early sixties nearly every man living along the shores of the Bay of Fundy was engaged in some capacity in the building of ships. An incident occurred at Cornwallis which is worth recalling. Bill Bleakhorn was a boss caulker. Running short of oakum, the waste hemp used for caulking the seams of the wooden ships, he went to the store to order a lot. The clerk, in taking the order, casually asked Bill to spell "oakum." "Oh, never mind spellin' it," said Bill, "just put it down oakum," and the laugh was not on Bill.

About this time elections were rather warm affairs in Nova Scotia. On nomination day in Yarmouth, Col. Moody was chosen by the Tories and Thos. Killam by the Liberals. The county town is Argyle, and a party of Moodyites had been there to whoot-it-up for their candidate. When they were returning home full of enthusiasm and other stimulants, they came to Salmon River (darktown), and halted before the cabin of Deacon David Dyes. Someone called for "Three cheers for Col. Moody." The Deacon disappeared within and returned quickly bearing a three-legged stool. This he held out to the party, saying: "Gemmens, dere is no cheers, but you'se welcome to der stool."

\*\*\*

## A STORY OF JOHN BRIGHT

PERHAPS the best analogy in recent history to the promotion of Mr. John Burns was the inclusion of Mr.

John Bright in the Liberal Cabinet in 1868. It created an even greater sensation. "The Tadpoles and Tapers of London Toryism," says Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, in his life of Lord Granville, "went about asserting that none of the 'gentlemen' of the Liberal party would associate with the great tribune of Birmingham," and it was even asserted that the Queen would never receive Mr. Bright as a Minister. These prophecies, of course, proved entirely untrue.

Lord Granville himself, in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, gave a most amusing account of Mr. Bright's first visit to the Queen at Osborne. Bright's first objection arose when his carpet bag was transferred by the footman at the door to a man in an apron. "If I had known the fellow was too fine to take it, I would have carried it myself." Then comes a very human touch. "He told us he only informed his wife two days ago of his visit here, and of her almost reproachful answer: 'It seems strange you should be going where I cannot follow.'" At dinner the Queen was very shy at first, until Lord Granville helped Bright to break the ice by repeating to the Queen a remark of his brother's—"Where, considering what charming things children were, all the queer old men came from." After that the Queen got on famously with Bright, and she asked to see him again next morning. So the Tadpoles and Tapers turned out to be very much off the scent that time!—*London Chronicle*.

\*\*\*

## THE WAY OUT

SWEET GIRL: "Oh, papa! I have found a way for you to escape the death duties."

FATHER: "I fancy not."

SWEET GIRL: "Yes, I have. You give half your stocks to Mr. Slimpurse, and then I'll marry Mr. Slimpurse, and so all



#### HIS PRIVATE VIEW

MRS. D'AUBREY BROWN—"Well, how did they hang your picture?"

MR. D'A. B.—"How? They lynched it.—*Life*

the money will be kept in the family and the Government won't get a penny."—*Selected.*

#### WARM WORK

"SAY, old boy, I scorched a bit in my new auto, and now I find myself in hot water."

"What can I do for you?"

"Why, bail me out.—*Selected.*

#### HIS HORSE

MR. STINGIMAN's antiquated horse is, to put it mildly, rather thin, and as if to make up for the lack of flesh on the

body, however, the animal has a head many sizes too large for it. Of course, people talk about that horse, and Mr. Stingiman doesn't like it. The other week, for instance, Stingiman had gone to the expense of a new collar for the brute. Ten minutes after delivery he was back at the saddler's with the collar.

"You blundering idiot!" he blurted out. "You've made it too small! I can't get it over his head!"

"Over his head?" ejaculated the saddler. "Man, it wasn't made to go over his head. Back him into it!"

And Stingiman was quite rude.—*Selected.*

•••

#### THE KENTUCKY JOKE

ONE of the jokes of which Kentuckians never grow weary concerns Senator Blackburn and his loyal appreciation of the liquid products of his native State. The Senator had gone to pay a visit to a friend of his who lived many miles distant. His friend met the Senator as he lighted at the station.

"How are you, Joe?" his friend asked.

"I'm up against it," was the reply. "I lost the best part of my baggage en route."

"Did you misplace it, or was it stolen?" his friend inquired solicitously.

"Neither," said the Senator. "The cork came out."—*New York Sun.*

•••

#### BRIDGET'S REASONING

LADY (*engaging cook*): Why did you leave your last place?

BRIDGET MALONEY: Whoi, mum, the mistress said she cudn't do widout me, so Oi came to the conclusion that Oi was worth more than she was givin' me, and Oi lift at wanst!—*Selected.*



# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



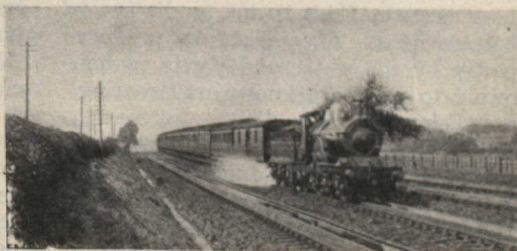
## SUPPLY OF WATER TO LOCOMOTIVES IN MOTION

NOW that it has become usual for trains to run very long distances without a stop it has been found necessary to provide some means by which water may be taken on the way, says the *Great Western Railway Magazine*. When it is remembered that a fast train may use from twenty-five to fifty gallons of water for every mile run, it will be understood that the tender required to carry water for any considerable distance must be very large. The provision of sufficient coal is, fortunately, not such a serious matter as, roughly speaking, about a pound and a quarter is sufficient to boil a gallon of water weighing ten pounds. Taking a trip of two hundred and fifty miles, which is approximately the distance from London to Plymouth, now run without intermediate stop, the coal burnt by the engine would be nearly four tons. On the other hand, the weight of water would be about thirty or forty tons. Apart from the impossibility of providing tenders large enough to accommodate this quantity it would of course be far from economical to haul so much unnecessary dead weight.

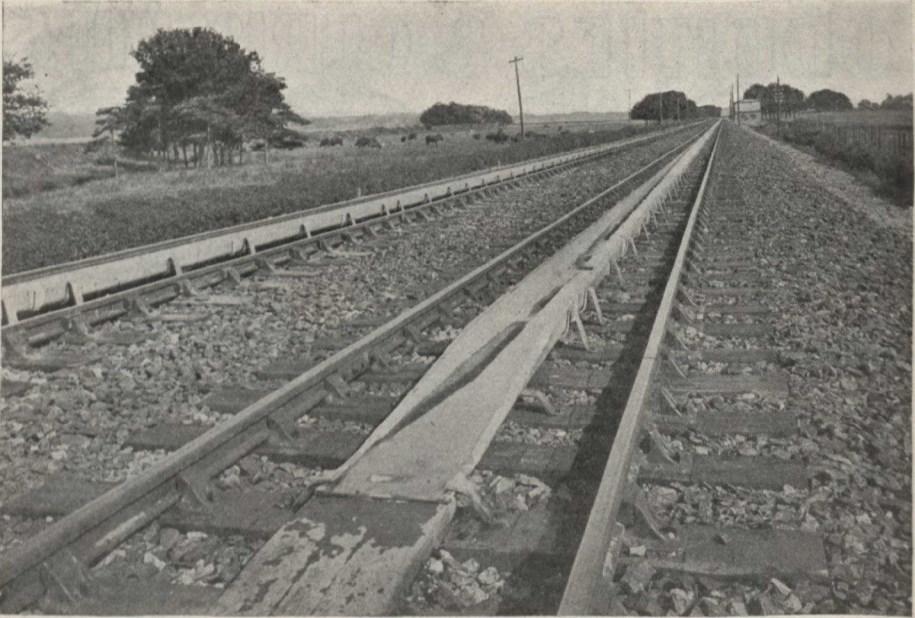
The idea of water troughs was originally introduced by Mr. Ramsbottom, of the London and North-western Railway. The principle is doubtless familiar to all; the water lies at rest in a long trough, and a scoop, attached to the tender of the engine and having a sharp edge, cuts off, so to speak, the top layer of the water, which is forced up the inclined pipe and falls into the tank of the tender.

The advantages of the system are, that the tenders may be of reasonable size and weight; that there is no necessity to stop trains specially to take water; and that the water can be taken at points where it is cheap and good, instead of taking whatever can be obtained at stations of sufficient importance to justify the train stopping. Thus, supposing there is an excellent supply at a distance of ten miles from an important town, it is now possible to stop at the town without taking water and to pick up good water without stopping at the point of supply.

The troughs are laid level, and the rails are inclined at each end of the troughs. This enables the scoop hinged on the tender to be lowered some yards before actually commencing to pick up. The decline in the rails lowers the scoop into the water as the tender runs down it. The length of this decline is about sixty yards, and at the far end of the troughs a corresponding incline lifts the scoop out of the water before the end is reached. It is therefore impossible, unless there are obstructions in the troughs or on the sleepers immediately preceding and following them, for the scoop to hit anything, provided its height is properly adjusted. As may be seen from the illus.



TRAIN AT FULL SPEED PICKING UP WATER



WATER TROUGHS AT EXMINSTER, ENGLAND, FROM WHICH ENGINES IN MOTION DRAW WATER

*Photograph by kindness Great Western Railway Magazine*

tration, a large amount of spray is produced by the engine when picking up. Although this appears to be an enormous waste of water the actual weight thrown out is not very great, it being so finely divided and widely scattered owing to the speed at which the train is moving, that very little water makes a large show in the form of spray. Still the fact remains that this spray is sufficient to keep the line constantly wet in the neighbourhood of the troughs, and makes it necessary to provide excellent drainage and large hollow ballast. Probably most of our readers know the peculiar roar of the train when passing over the troughs and even for some distance after they have been passed. This is due to the special ballast used. The effect is produced partly by the water and partly perhaps owing to what are known as "roaring" rails being formed.

The time is probably not far distant when all railway companies will provide water troughs at distances of between fifty and hundred miles on all their main lines, and the immediate result of this will be that the very large tenders now used by some companies will disappear; that

the boiler troubles may largely decrease owing to a better average quality of water being maintained, and very considerable general economy should result throughout the whole of the railway system.

3

#### THE HEALTHIEST TOWN

THE *Montreal Herald* claims that the oldest citizen in Canada is Timothy Collins of that city, now in his 110th year. The major portion of this man's life was spent at St. Columba, near Montreal. But Goderich, a town on Lake Huron, claims to be the healthiest spot in Canada. A despatch from there says: "Goderich, Jan. 10—The average age at death of those who passed away here during the last six months of 1905 was 82, only six persons being between 20 and 69 years of age. From July 1, 1905, up to the present date, twelve persons have died aged from 70 to 101 years of age, out of a total of 28 deaths in that time. Goderich business men print on their stationery: 'This is the healthiest and prettiest town in Canada.' If old age is any criterion, surely their boast is justified."

# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —  
Business Men.

## WISCONSIN'S CIVIL SERVICE

LAST year, Wisconsin adopted a scientific civil service law, which starts out by reciting:

"After the passage of this act, appointments to, and promotions in the civil service of this State shall be made only according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examinations which, so far as practicable, shall be competitive. After the expiration of six months from the expiration of this act, no person shall be appointed, removed, reinstated, promoted or reduced as an officer, clerk, employee, or labourer in the civil service under the Government of this State, in any manner, or by any means other than those prescribed in this act."

In Canada there are nine provinces, and in every one of these appointments are not "according to merit and fitness," and not according to competitive examination. In each of these provinces, appointments are made on the recommendation of those members of the Legislature who support the ruling party. Wisconsin, on the other hand, follows the lead of Great Britain and has a non-partisan civil service.

In Wisconsin there is a Board of three commissioners appointed by the Governor, subject to confirmation by the Senate. Not more than two of these shall be adherents of the same political party. One retires every alternate year, so that the longest possible term is six years. The commissioners shall hold no other lucrative office under the United States, or the State of Wisconsin. Each commissioner is paid his necessary expenses and ten dollars a day for his services, not exceeding one hundred days in each year. The commission elects its own president and appoints a chief examiner who is *ex-officio*

secretary at a salary of \$2,500 a year. Local examiners may be appointed at a total cost of not more than \$2,000.

There are necessarily certain persons exempt from the control of the commission. These comprise chiefly those elected by the people, all professors, teachers and librarians, and heads of the State Reformatory, charitable and penal institutions. All others are under control of this body.

The classified civil service is divided into the exempt class, the competitive class, the non-competitive class, the labour class, and legislative employees. The exempt class includes one deputy and one stenographer for each department, and assistants and employees of the Supreme Court. These are not obliged to take the examinations but are still under the control of the civil service commission. All other classes are to be subject to competitive examinations when practicable.

When an appointment is to be made, the appointing officer sends a notice to the civil service commission, and the latter sends him three names from which to choose. These three are those who stand highest in the lists of eligibles for the particular class of work required. The officer then chooses the one most suitable "with sole reference to merit and fitness."

Some law of this character should be in force in every Canadian province. It would mean the elimination of all "patronage committees," and would do much to insure cleaner politics. The hanger-on who works for a candidate in the hope of reward would be eliminated, and members of the legislatures would be relieved of an embarrassing function. Defeated candidates of a successful party would lose the right to nominate unfit partisans for important positions in the civil service. Bright young men who

had the ambition to enter the public service would not find it necessary to do party work to gain an appointment, but would find a clean and honourable method of proving their fitness for the positions they sought to fill.

Civil service commissions are necessary under our party system of government if the "boss" is to be kept out of politics, if an efficient civil service is to be maintained. Canadians pride themselves on their system of local government, but so far as this feature is concerned they are far behind the people of Great Britain and the people of the State of Wisconsin.

✂

#### THE NATIONAL SERVICE MOVEMENT

AS President of the National Service League, Lord Roberts writes to remove any misconceptions as to the attitude of that body and to place before the public a definite outline of its policy. The objects of the National Service League are, generally: (1) To ensure peace and security for the British Empire by organising our land forces in such a manner that we may not only be able to defend successfully any portion of the Empire against attack, but also that the strength of our defensive arrangements may render any attack improbable. (2) To improve

the moral and physical condition of the nation, and thereby to increase its industrial efficiency. With a view to attaining these two objects, the League recommends: (1) That the spirit of patriotism and duty towards their country should be instilled in boys in all schools by their teachers; (2) universal physical training of a military character, and instruction in the use of the rifle, should form part of the curriculum of all schools; (3) in the case of boys who leave school before eighteen—the continuation of this training, up to that age, in cadet corps, boys' brigades, and similar institutions, under State supervision; and (4) the encouragement of rifle-clubs, and the endeavour to make rifle-shooting a national sport. With regard to the auxiliary forces, the League advocates the adoption of all measures which will improve the military efficiency of the existing auxiliary forces, and at the same time pave the way for their inclusion in a system of universal military service for home defence. With that object it urges the organisation of these forces in brigades, divisions, etc., with the necessary staff and equipment, as an indispensable first step towards their being able to take the field as a mobile force in the absence of the whole or the greater part of the regular army.—London *Public Opinion*.

## CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

We are trying to get the names of a thousand good citizens who are willing to become members of a Civil Service Reform League. If you are willing to be one of that thousand, put your name and address on a post card and address it as follows:

"CIVIL SERVICE, CARE OF THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE  
TORONTO."

When the necessary names are secured, the details of the organisation will be sent you and you can then decide whether or not you will join. Civil Service Reform is one of Canada's greatest needs.

# In London at Easter

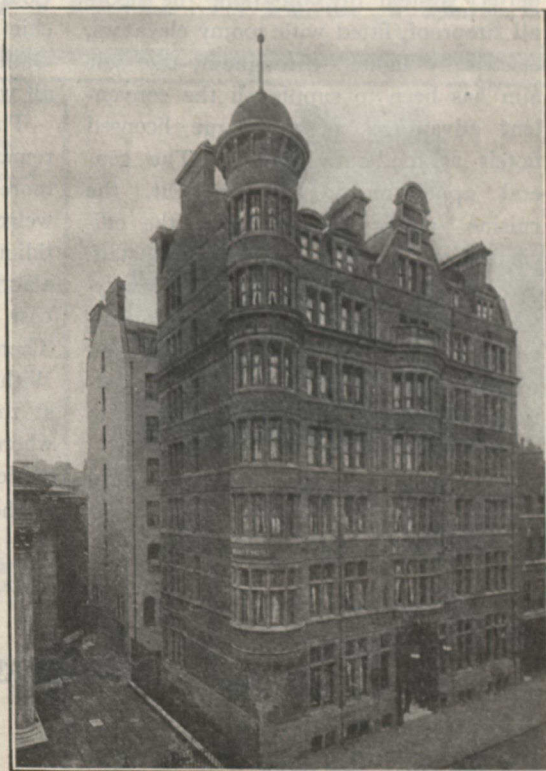


TRIP to Old England under the existing improved conditions of modern travelling, the short and pleasant sea voyage, the exhilarating effect of the Atlantic ozone and the influence of the social company on board a fast ocean liner is almost a certain cure for ordinary physical and mental ailments. Every facility is now afforded for an expeditious voyage, thanks to the celerity of our own rail systems and the comforts of steamship accommodation. Toronto to Liverpool and thence to Euston is a matter of nine or ten days' agreeable and beneficial journey.

Once in the Metropolis, one wants to be centrally situated in an open and healthy locality not far from the principal depots, within convenient distance of the city and West End. In a survey of the map you find Bloomsbury suitable, a district long frequented by our cousins across the line, and they are evidently not bad judges. The vicinity itself is interesting and associated with many names in history, art and literature, Thackeray, Dickens and Ruskin being among other celebrities who dwelt there.

The locale selected, the choice for our quarters lies between two well-known Temperance Hotels, situated almost together and close to the British Museum, which every Canadian wishes to visit; the Thackeray Hotel being directly opposite, in Great Russell Street, and the Kingsley only two minutes' walk from the world-famous storehouse of treasures

and antiquities. These model home-like houses are most convenient, substantial, and well appointed; quite modern in all their equipments, and a superiority characterises all the arrangements of the admirable management. All the rooms are so well furnished, with such a careful regard for every comfort, the dining, drawing, writing and reading rooms are spacious, artistic and well ventilated, the bedrooms cozy and cheerful; there are bathrooms on each floor, and when you are tired of sight-seeing, if the billiard and smoking rooms, which are all that can be desired, do not attract you, there is a pleasant library room, with a comprehensive list of books, a par-



KINGSLEY HOTEL



THACKERAY HOTEL (CORNER OF DINING ROOM)

ticular feature of both hotels. With a perfect system of sanitation, the floors all fireproof, fitted with roomy elevators, electrically lighted throughout, the sole aim has been to supply all the convenient advantages of the large licensed hotels at moderate charges. The general appointments are excellent, the cuisine and service are under the efficient direction of an experienced staff. Wonderful cleanliness prevails everywhere. There is such a kind and courteous civility all round, such quiet and restfulness, prompt and cheerful attendance that you feel too reluctant to leave.

The Museum station of the Central London, Railway (Tube) is close at hand

which enabled us to reach St. Paul's Cathedral in ten minutes, the G.P.O. and Royal Exchange in about the same time, and to Kew Gardens in thirty-five minutes. Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament were easily reached by a short cab drive or motor omnibus.

The hotels are close to Kingsway,

the new thoroughfare leading to the Law Courts, Temple, Strand, theatres and chief places of amusement, while Art Galleries and other points of interest are all within walking distance.

There is comfort in the reflection—a remark of the great lexicographer—the more trouble you give the more you are welcome, for every fresh order of a fastidious taste is attended to with untiring alacrity in these hotels. But then the cost of all this. Can you afford it? There need be no scruples on that score. With the very reasonable tariffs charged at the Kingsley and Thackeray Hotels, where we met such very nice people made many friends and so added much to the pleasure of our visit to London.





# BOVRIL IN THE KITCHEN

A LITTLE BOVRIL ADDED TO SOUPS,  
STEWES AND GRAVIES GIVES STRENGTH  
AND A DELICIOUS FLAVOR

WHEN YOU WANT TO MAKE ANY MEAT DISH  
PARTICULARLY APPETISING

## BOVRIL WILL HELP

### GOLD MEDAL



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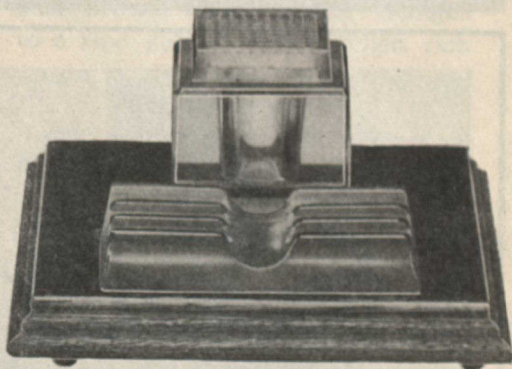
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## WOOD BASE INKSTANDS

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(ON EACH PACKAGE)  
and FOLLOW them.  
READ the label in front  
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SOAP POWDER is

# Pearline

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is always welcome even if  
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## BARBER-ELLIS Correspondence Papers

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Insist on your Stationer showing you our papers.

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to Coffee as long as you can.

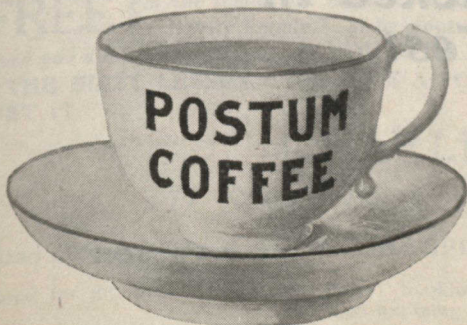
If it hurts you **VERY HARD** it is easy to drop into the Postum Habit, because you have the fragrant breakfast cup with the rich seal brown color which changes to a ripe golden brown when rich cream is added.

And the change in feeling is of tremendous value to those who appreciate health and strength with the ability to "do things."

"There's a Reason" for

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# MOGUL

EGYPTIAN  
CIGARETTES

*The best cigarette  
ever made in the  
East or smoked in  
the West*

CORK TIPS

15c. PER BOX

# Granulated Gelatine

By CHARLES B. KNOX



WAS the first to granulate gelatine. Now, I have many followers on granulating only—not on quality, for Knox's Gelatine is the only pure calves' stock gelatine made.

I was the first to put a separate package of pink color in each box of gelatine, so that housekeepers could make plain or fancy desserts just as they chose.

Knox's Gelatine is packed by specially constructed machinery so that it does not come in contact with hands before it reaches the housekeeper.

I am the only one who guarantees his gelatine to please the housekeeper in every respect or money refunded.

When the housekeepers stamped their approval on Knox's Gelatine and insisted on having it from their grocers, cheap imitators began to grind gelatine, some added a pink color, believing that they could get the benefit of my advertising of granulated gelatine. But from the increased trade I have received on Knox's Gelatine, it is very evident that housekeepers know the difference between the genuine and an imitation. No one is satisfied with an imitation.

Knox's Gelatine was not made a hundred years ago; nor would it be any better if it had been, for food products of the last few years are vastly superior to older ones. Some of the old time manufactured gelatines are put up to imitate mine but they only get as far as the granulating—that's all. They cannot give you Knox's quality.

The broad guarantee as to quality—money back if dissatisfied, the sureness of your dessert, and the absolute purity of Knox's Gelatine should make you insist on having it even though you pay a few cents more a package. It's worth it, isn't it?



**FREE** For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package. IF YOU WOULD LIKE A COPY OF THE HANDSOME PAINTING, "THE FIRST LESSON," DROP ME A POSTAL CARD FOR FULL INFORMATION HOW TO GET IT.

**CHARLES B. KNOX**

77 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

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Send for my Free "Watch the Baby" booklet. It gives full information regarding the SPIM goods and also explains my \$500 Prize Baby Contest.



Ground was broken at our proposed St. Catharines works in Aug., 1905, and the new plant is now ready for turning out boilers.

The Boiler Shop is 300' x 120' and the Foundry is of the same proportions. There is a separate office building.

With the exception of the office, which is of brick, the buildings are of steel and concrete construction, and the equipment is the finest and most modern that money could buy.

With this important extension to our facilities we are in a position to handle a greatly increased volume of boiler business and to handle it with dispatch.

We invite your inquiries for boilers, whether of the horizontal tubular, vertical tubular or locomotive types, medium or high pressure and of whatever sizes.

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Plants:

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TORONTO HALIFAX ROSSLAND VANCOUVER

**Be Particular**  
about the little things you eat.  
Impure salt is just as injuri-  
ous as impure milk or butter.  
There is one salt you can  
always depend upon as being  
absolutely pure and whole-  
some—

# Windsor SALT



## IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call

### "LADY CHARLOTTE"

## INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.

IT RESTORES THE STOMACH  
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

## 1900 Washer FREE!

Any worthy person can have a  
"1900" Gravity Washer free to try  
four weeks just by writing for it.  
We pay the freight and take all  
risk. You don't risk a penny.  
Test it four weeks at our ex-  
pense. If you like the Washer,  
keep it on the "1900" plan,  
which we will explain to you.  
If you don't like it return  
it at our expense, so you are  
nothing out. Washes a tub  
full of dirty clothes clean in  
**Six Minutes.** Get it FREE  
by addressing a postal today  
to "1900" WASHER CO.,  
No. 5646 HENRY STREET,  
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Latest  
Creation  
for Spring

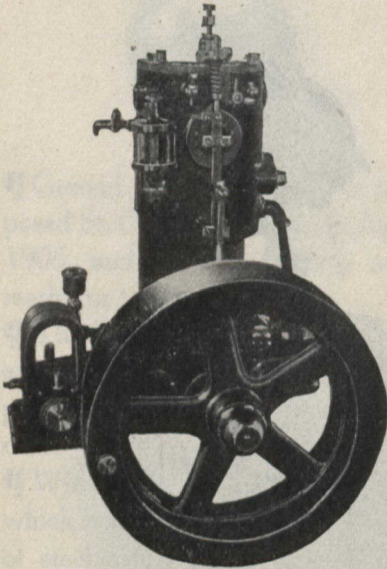


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FOR SALE AT ALL THE  
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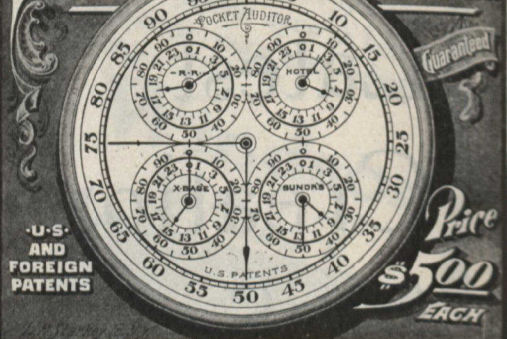
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A handy and reliable Cash Register, size of your watch—made like it—just as useful. Operation very simple. The four small dials register sundry expenses in dollars and cents (hour hand dollars, minute hand cents); large hands accumulated total. See engraving showing total, \$50.75

Traveling men and others can keep an accurate account of expenses, see at a glance amount spent, and save many dollars by using a Pocket Auditor. Silveroid case; crystal glass.

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**We Clean Fine Laces**



**T**HESSE may be loose or attached to gown or cloak. We can freshen up the most delicate lace, be it Old Point, Duchesse, Brussels or any other delicate design.

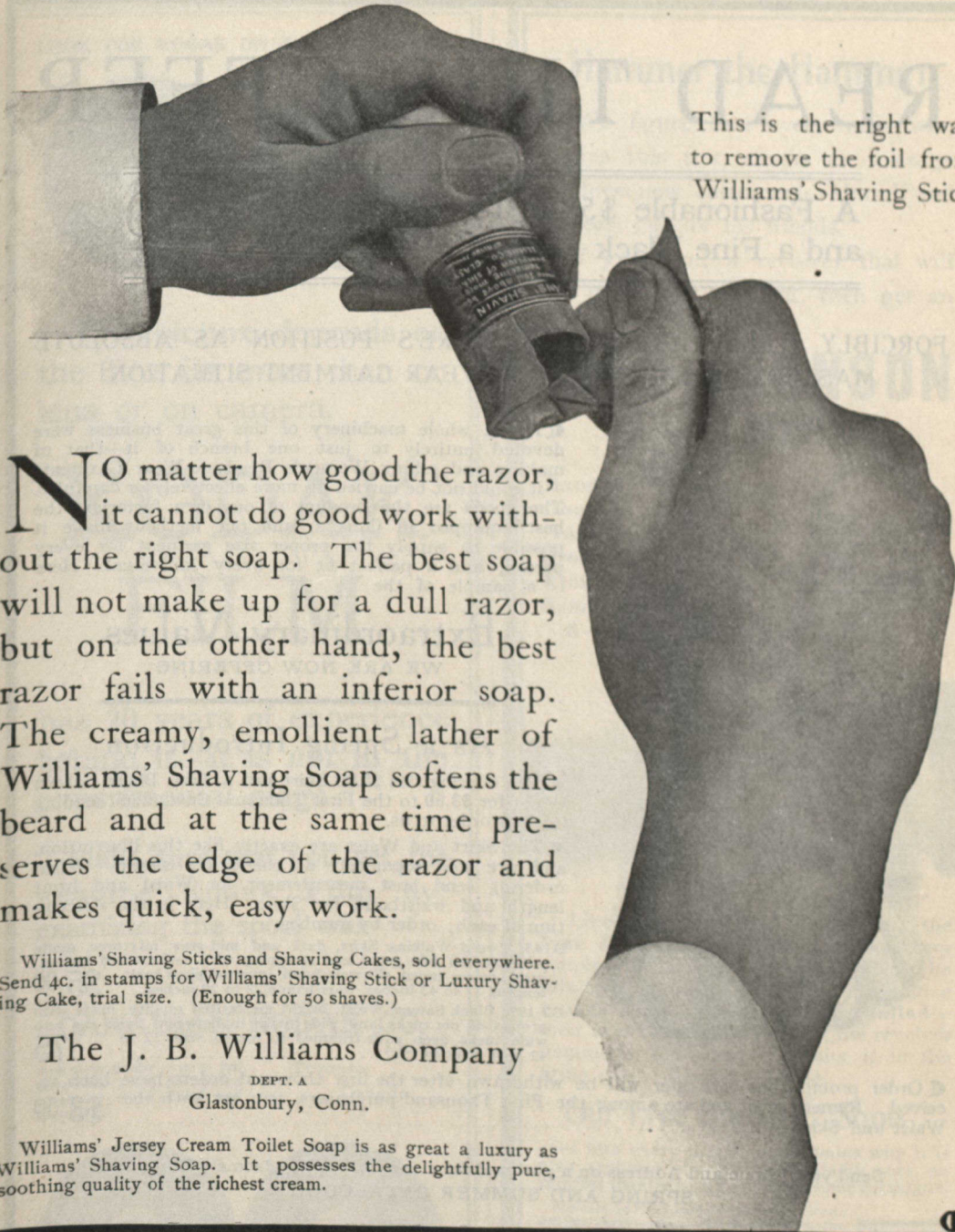
Or will tint it to harmonize with your favorite gown. Trust no one but us to clean or dye old family lace.

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CANADA'S GREATEST DYERS AND CLEANERS

400 BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA

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This is the right way  
to remove the foil from  
Williams' Shaving Stick

**N**O matter how good the razor,  
it cannot do good work with-  
out the right soap. The best soap  
will not make up for a dull razor,  
but on the other hand, the best  
razor fails with an inferior soap.  
The creamy, emollient lather of  
Williams' Shaving Soap softens the  
beard and at the same time pre-  
serves the edge of the razor and  
makes quick, easy work.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes, sold everywhere.  
Send 4c. in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or Luxury Shav-  
ing Cake, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

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Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap is as great a luxury as  
Williams' Shaving Soap. It possesses the delightfully pure,  
soothing quality of the richest cream.



**Williams' Shaving  
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# READ THIS OFFER

A Fashionable \$5.00 Tweed Skirt  
and a Fine Black Sateen Waist for **\$3.50**

FORCIBLY ILLUSTRATING THIS STORE'S POSITION AS ABSOLUTE MASTERS OF THE READY-TO-WEAR GARMENT SITUATION



¶ If the whole machinery of this great business were devoted entirely to just one branch of it—that of making and selling Women's Ready-to-Wear Garments—it could not be carried on more effectively or carefully. The goods are the product of our own factories—the best equipped in Canada, and our methods make it possible to supply the proper size garment for every person, and a perfect fit for every individual. Here is a sample of the

## Extraordinary Values

WE ARE NOW OFFERING

### As a Spring Introduction

we are offering this \$5.00 Skirt and a Fine Black Sateen Waist for **\$3.50** to the First Thousand Customers sending in their order to us.

¶ The Skirt and Waist are exactly like this illustration, and are sold separately at the prices shown. When ordering send bust measurement for Waist and front length and waistband for Skirt. Here is the description of each; order by number.

- G145. Tweed Walking Skirt, dark and mid-grey mixtures, made with pleated side gores, and strapping with self-covered button, inside seams taped, silk waistband, inverted pleat back, lengths 37 to 43 inches, waistbands 22 to 29 inches... **\$5.00**
- G2-199. Black Sateen Waist, bright mercerized quality, made with groups of pin tucks and wide tucks in between, back has two wide tucks, deep cuffs trimmed to match, sizes 32 to 42 bust measure..... **.75**

¶ Order promptly as this offer will be withdrawn after the first thousand orders have been received. Remember, if you are among the First Thousand purchasers, you get both the **\$3.50** Waist and Skirt for.....

Send your Name and Address on a postcard for a copy of our handsomely Illustrated SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE

THE ROBERT

# SIMPSON

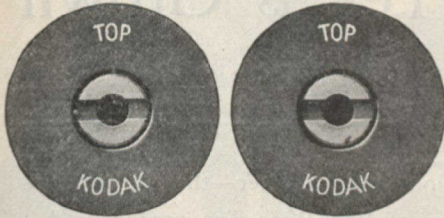
COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA

Dept. C.M.



LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END



The picture depends on the film, far more than on lens or on camera.

# "KODAK" FILM

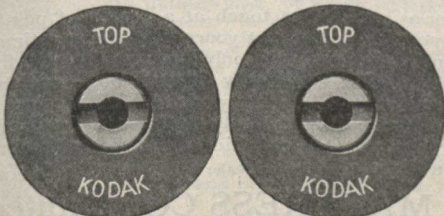
has 20 years of experience behind it—it is *not* in the experimental stage.

Make sure that you get the genuine Kodak Film by examining the spool end.

CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited

Ask your dealer or us to put your name on list for Spring catalogue of Kodaks and Brownies.

Toronto  
Canada



LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END

## Hammer the Hammer

We figure that every man who makes this test, means an average of three new customers—himself and at least two of his friends.

If you want a revolver that will not go off by accident, then get an

## IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Bang it  
on a  
Table,  
Drop it,  
Kick it,  
Hammer  
it—

It Won't Go Off  
Unless You  
Pull the Trigger.



Like all really great inventions, the **Iver Johnson Safety Principle** is very simple—the **safety lever** upon which the principle depends, is entirely inoperative **except when the trigger is pulled**—then it is raised and receives the revolver hammer's blow and transmits it to the firing pin. Simple, yet safe.

### Our Free Booklet, "Shots"

goes into every detail and explains why it is also accurate and reliable—gladly sent on request together with our handsome catalogue.

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere. The name is on the barrel and an owl's head on the grip.

Hammer \$6.50 Hammerless \$7.50



IVER JOHNSON'S  
Arms and Cycle Works  
145 River St.  
Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 99 Chambers St.



# How Red Rose Tea is Grown

TEA is a native plant of Northern India. Transplanted to Ceylon it lost much of its strength and richness, but gained in fragrance and delicacy. That is why Ceylon tea is not a strong tea.

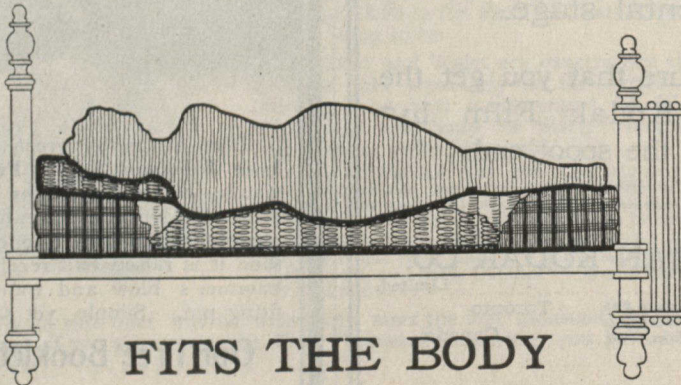
That is why I blend Indian and Ceylon teas together—that is how the strength and richness, fragrance and delicacy of Red Rose Tea are secured—that is why Red Rose Tea has that "rich fruity flavor."

# Red Rose Tea "is good Tea"

**FREE SAMPLE**—We will send a large sample of Red Rose Tea, by post, free, if you will write and tell us the priced tea you are now using, and whether black or green.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, Head Office, St. John, N.B. Branches: Toronto, Winnipeg

# The Marshall Sanitary Mattress



**FITS THE BODY**

To get Comfortable, Healthy rest you must rest all over at once. Not touch at a couple of points till you get tired, then toss around till you get another position and so rest yourself a little at a time. ¶ A Marshall Mattress with its guaranteed construction is absolutely the only mattress that will fit. It gives where necessary and still supports you all over. ¶ **It Positively Cannot Sag**—and the spring construction draws the fresh air into the whole interior the moment you rise, thus keeping it clean and wholesome. ¶ **A Boon to Invalids.** The Marshall is the only mattress that you can lie on indefinitely without producing uncomfortable or disagreeable conditions. ¶ Sold subject to giving satisfaction and absolutely guaranteed. Lasts a lifetime. If your dealer hasn't got it, send to us.

**The MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS CO., Limited**

Factories: Toronto, Can.—London, Eng.—Chicago, U.S.A.

261 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO



The most modern room  
in the modern house  
is equipped with

**"Standard"**

PORCELAIN ENAMELED BATHS  
& ONE-PIECE LAVATORIES



## A MODERN BATHROOM IS THE KEY TO HOME COMFORT

In the bathroom are centered the comfort and convenience of the modern home. "Standard" Ware makes the bathroom a delight, a pleasure, a continuous source of pride in possession, and use. The white purity of its china-like surface is sanitary perfection — health insurance for your family—and the first aid in the making of the "Home Ideal." "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Baths and One-Piece Lavatories are a necessity to the new home and indispensable in modernizing the old. A house equipped with it is strictly modern and sanitary. Its cost is well within the range of economy, and its beauty will satisfy the most luxurious tastes.

Our 100-page Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE FIXTURES, Design P 26 can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating \$100.00—not counting freight, labor or piping.

**CAUTION:** Every piece of genuine "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

Address Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 41, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street  
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

# Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids  
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,  
admirably adapted to the  
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-  
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A  
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly  
used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.



BENVENUTO CELLINI XV CENTURY

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



*Benvenuto Cel-  
lini is supposed  
to be the most  
famous Gold  
and Silver  
Smith that ever  
lived. . . . .*



IN OUR large col-  
lection of Silver-  
ware may be found  
specimens of nearly all  
the best schools of design.  
We submit our own  
special designs, or make  
to order goods suitable  
for Trophies, Prizes or  
Presentation Purposes.

Exquisite Tableware  
wrought in Sterling Silver  
See that our Trade Mark is stamped  
on each article

**STANDARD  
SILVER CO. LTD.  
TORONTO ONT.**



**COWAN'S**



Such dainty and delicate  
Confections are

**COWAN'S**

Milk Chocolate,  
Croquettes, Wafers,  
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.  
Chocolate Cream Bars

1911 DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03



FROM START TO FINISH, FROM TUB  
TO PACKAGE, THE LAUNDRY TRIP OF

# ARROW COLLARS

is safe and easy. They are made to endure the hardest kind of laundry treatment, but they don't require it for they don't require it. Every collar is made of

## CLUPECO

shrunk fabrics, every thread taking its proper place, *before it goes into the collar*. This saves the usual wear and tear of forcing starch in and rubbing welts out. No wonder they wear so long.

Over 100 styles in exact

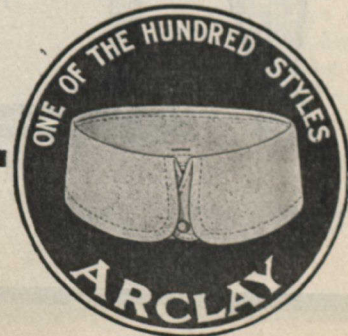
## QUARTER SIZES

20 cents each—3 for 50 cents

Send for booklet and dealer's name.

**CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.**

Largest makers of collars and shirts in the world.  
471 RIVER STREET, TROY, N. Y.





The illustration shows a man in a patterned suit and tie, holding a large, vertically striped shirt with a pleated bosom. The shirt has the name 'Tooke' written on the collar. The man is looking towards the viewer. The entire advertisement is enclosed in a double-line border.

## Tooke SHIRTS

Are made with the most exacting care. Every detail from the cutting to the last buttonhole is done by experts.

The patterns are all exclusive—engraved and printed only for Tooke Bros., Limited.

In the fashionable pleated bosoms the figured pattern is uniform on each pleat, nothing hit and miss.

Careful dressers for a quarter century have always demanded Tooke Shirts.

TOOKE BROTHERS, Limited,  
MONTREAL. 901



# RICH CUT GLASS

SOME NEW DESIGNS IN  
**ROCK CRYSTAL**  
—AND—

**COLONIAL CUTTINGS**  
Electroliers and Shades

**WILLIAM JUNOR**

88 West King St. Toronto

**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 35 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's

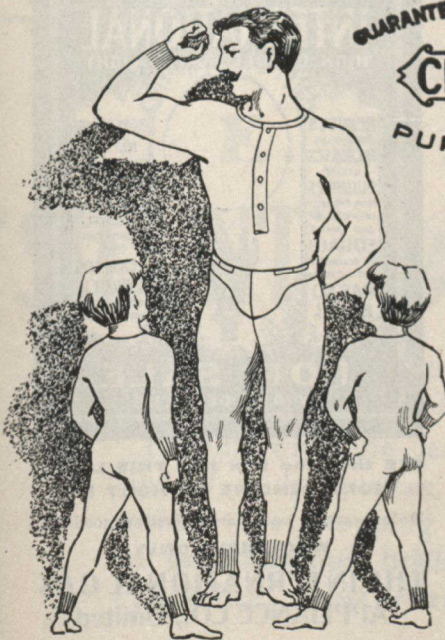
*Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."* One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

**FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.** For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macy's, Stearn'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.

**\$1<sup>00</sup>** for 500 neatly printed  
Business Cards, Note  
Heads, Tickets, Bill  
Heads, Statements or  
Envelopes. Price list and samples free.  
**FRANK H. BARNARD, Printer**  
77 Queen St. East, Toronto.



**GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE**



**PURE WOOL**

# STRONG POINTS OF THIS UNDERWEAR

**FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN**

It is made to fit the body. Has no rough seams. Made from 2 and 3 fold yarn. Will outwear any garment made from single yarn. Soft, warm and elastic. Never gets out of shape. No burrs, no scratching. Made from pure Australian wool and silk and wool. And to complete its good qualities, is guaranteed unshrinkable. Any garment replaced that shrinks. Ask your dealer for this brand.

MADE BY

**THE C. TURNBULL CO., Limited**  
**GALT, ONTARIO**



# GANONG'S

G.B.

The latest and daintiest arrangement for  
Chocolates

## The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams,  
Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and  
Nuts. ½, 1, 2, 3, and 5 pounds.  
Full weight in every box.

35 Years' Experience

GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## J. PALMER & SON

1745 NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL

Carry the Most Complete Assortment of

### TRANSFORMATIONS, WIGS SWITCHES

The new Coronet Coil, our Natural Wavy  
Switches, are unequalled for price and quality.  
All mail orders receive prompt attention. Send  
for Catalogue.

THE  
**INTERNATIONAL**  
HIGH CANDLE-POWER LIGHT

REDUCES  
GAS BILLS  
INCREASES  
LIGHT  
OUTSHINES  
FOUR ORDINARY  
INCANDESCENT  
GAS LAMPS  
EQUALS  
TEN INCANDESCENT  
ELECTRIC BULBS  
HAS NO  
EQUAL

BURNS 50/AIR  
10/GAS  
GIVES A LIGHT  
OF MARVELOUS  
BRILLIANCY  
IT IS SO SIMPLE  
IN CONSTRUCTION  
THAT  
A CHILD CAN  
REGULATE IT  
TO SUIT ANY  
GAS PRESSURE

**FOR SALE**  
BY ALL DEALERS.

SEE that the box has THIS LABEL  
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT

Do not accept something "Just as good (?)"

WHOLESALE ONLY

THE INTERNATIONAL GAS  
APPLIANCE CO., Limited

25-27 Richmond Street West, Toronto



Absolute  
Purity.

Not  
Bleached.

The Symbol



of Quality.

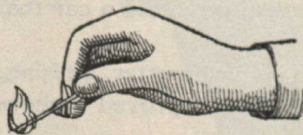
*"No infringements of Anchor Brand.  
Costs too much to produce  
the quality"*

· LEITCH BROTHERS FLOUR MILLS ·  
· Oak Lake — Manitoba — Canada ·

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

**E. B. EDDY'S**

**"SILENT"**



**PARLOR  
MATCH**

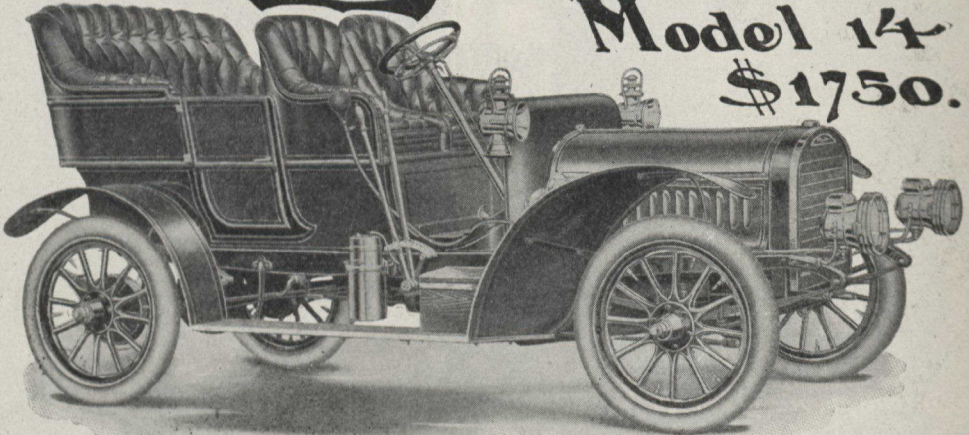
Is asked for every time by those who have once tried it, which is a sure proof of its superiority.

It will, with the least possible friction on any kind of a dry surface, and with absolute safety, without fire dropping or head flying off, create an **instantaneous, brilliant light entirely free from crackling, sputtering, or noise of any kind.**

Ask your Grocer for a Box and give it a Trial

# Rambler

Model 14  
\$1750.



## The Right Car at the Right Price

A modern touring car of the highest possible quality at every point.

Every ounce of raw material is of the nature best adapted to the requirements of its particular purpose, and is submitted to most rigid tests, in some cases chemical analysis, before using.

The workmanship undergoes a similar rigid inspection, and this, in combination with scientific design, produces a car that is *right* from its inception to the end.

The accessories, such as carburetter, igniting, lubricating and oiling systems, are all the latest and most approved types with many valuable features found only in Rambler cars.

It is only the enormous facilities of the largest and most complete automobile factory in the world that renders possible the production of such a car at such a price, and we cordially invite your most critical inspection that we may prove our claim that it is the *right car* at the *right price*.

**Thomas B. Jeffery & Company**

**Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.**

**Branches:**

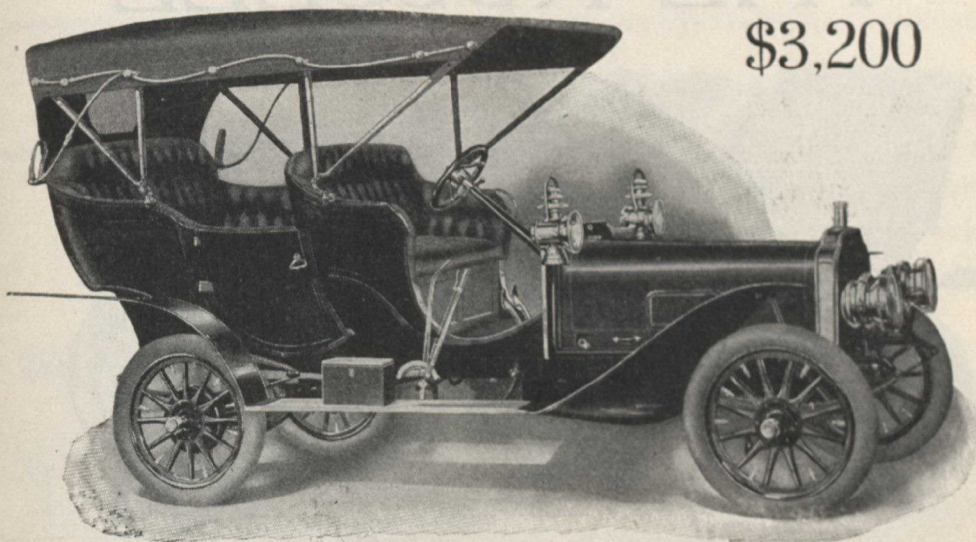
Automobile & Supply Company, Toronto, Ontario.

Eastern Automobile Company, Montreal, Quebec.

Ketchum & Company, Ottawa, Ontario.

# Ford <sup>Six Cylinder</sup> Touring Car

\$3,200

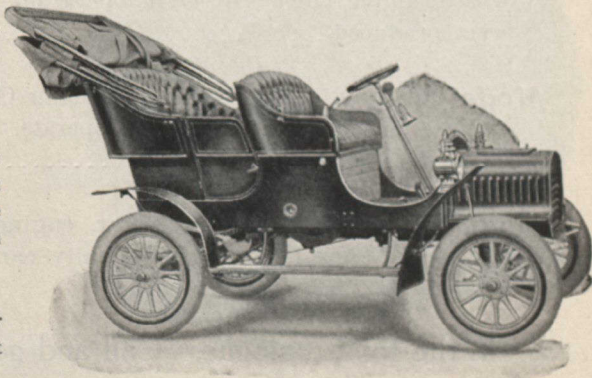


**MODEL K** is a luxurious touring car with a world of *reserve power*, with speed to meet every requirement, with an engine so simple, so smooth in its operation, that the presence of a motor on the car could almost be questioned. A car that is the growth of a lifetime of study and practical development in automobile construction. There is no feature in this car that has not been *worked out*. There is no danger from experiments. They are *proven features*, backed up not only by the best mechanical views, but by *actual experiences*.

A practical family car. Carries comfortably 4 people. The power of the motor is sufficient to drive the car *on the high speed* up all ordinary hills.

**MODEL C** has proven itself to be the most economical car to maintain and in flexibility and ease of control its double opposed engine compares favorably with 4-cylinder motors of double the power.

We also make **MODEL N**, the four cylinder, two passenger Runabout at \$650.00.

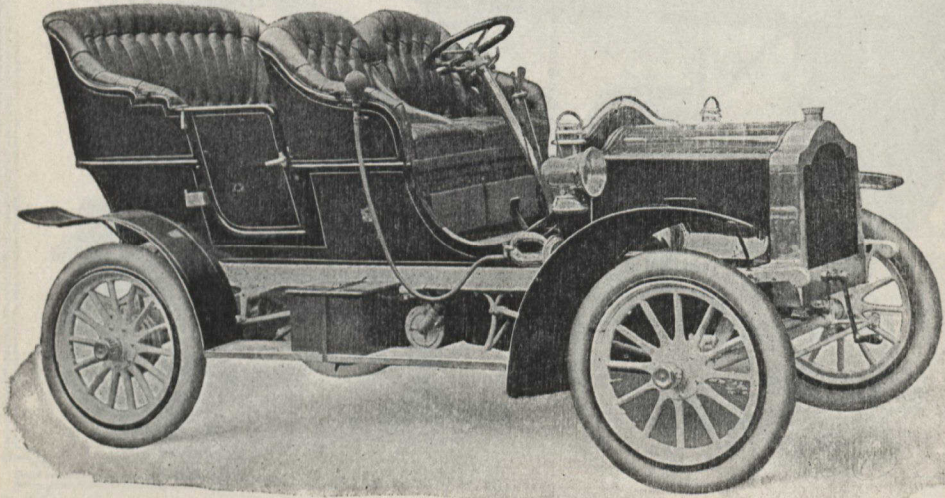


FOR CATALOGUE AND FULL PARTICULARS WRITE

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited  
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

The Made in Canada Car

# THE RUSSELL



MODEL B "RUSSELL"

## OUR LINE:—

**Model C**—4 cylinder, 24 H.P. Touring Car, luxurious body, long wheel base, ample power, quiet in operation. The finest car Canada has yet produced ..... **\$2,500**

**Model B**—2 cylinder, 16 H.P. Touring Car, side entrances to tonneau; quiet, powerful and simple to operate. The best value offered the Canadian public to-day..... **\$1,500**

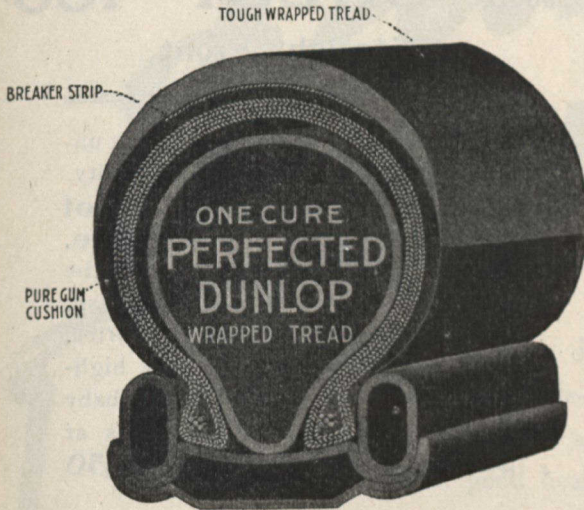
**Model C**—12 H.P. 2 cylinder Car, engine in front under bonnet; side entrance tonneau. An ideal family car..... **\$1,300**

Write for Catalogue. Call and go through our factory

## Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited

General Office and Works—TORONTO JUNCTION, ONT.

# DUNLOP DETACHABLE and CLINCHER TIRES



**D**UNLOP Automobile Tires for 1906 embody all the good points the most expert tire builders have considered worthy of practice.

The completed tire is cured by one slow process of vulcanization in open steam. The different sections of these tires are vulcanized into one inseparable piece.

☐ The Dunlop Perfected Tire features the most approved invention for quick detachability.

☐ The Dunlop Clincher cannot be surpassed by any auto tire of its type.

☐ Catalogues now ready.



## Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Limited

Factory and Head Office - Booth Avenue, Toronto

MONTREAL

ST. JOHN

VANCOUVER

WINNIPEG



# D. & A.

## CORSETS

### MODEL "CREST" 400

Straight Front

This is a patented corset which is unequalled in fit, wear and durability. It is the only corset which **Cannot Break at the Waist Line.** This model, made in drab only, of the nicest coutille, has a 10½ inch clasp, 5 hooks with dips for hose supporter. It is also trimmed with wide high-grade lace, with an insertion of baby ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Retail at **\$1.25.** Extra sizes, 31 to 36, **\$1.50**



# Dr. Deimel Underwear

Don't be a victim of the "draft delusion." Don't fear fresh air. It is life-giving. Drink it into the lungs, let it circulate around the body and you will know the wealth of good health.

People who are subject to colds are the very ones who should discard woolen underwear instead of piling it on as they usually do. Its slow absorbing and non-ventilating properties cause the body to chill easily.

If you want to be free from colds and thoroughly comfortable, put away the irritating sticky "summer flannels" or damp, sour cottons and wear the Dr. Deimel Underwear, of porous linen. It is the proper covering for the body, always and everywhere.

BOOKLET AND SAMPLES FREE.

## THE DEIMEL LINEN-MESH CO.

2202 ST. CATHERINE ST., MONTREAL

NEW YORK,  
491 Broadway

SAN FRANCISCO,  
111 Montgomery St.

BROOKLYN,  
510 Fulton St.

BALTIMORE,  
107 N. Charles St.

WASHINGTON,  
1313 F St. N. W.

LONDON,  
83 Strand (Hotel Cecil).

## THE VERY BEST

REINDEER  
Condensed **MILK**  
Sweetened

JERSEY  
Sterilized **CREAM**  
Unsweetened

The guarantee of purity and quality is vital when milk is concerned. Our method of selecting milk, and of its manufacture, are rigidly strict—the result of long experience and study.

Every can sent out we guarantee pure, wholesome, full cream milk.

**TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited, TRURO, N.S.**



TRADE MARK, REGISTERED

ESTABLISHED 1834

INCORPORATED 1876

WE were "Borderers" until 1834, when we began at Guelph manufacturing Ox Shoes, Wagon Trucks and eventually Democrats, Buggies and Carriages. The reputation of Armstrong work for *light running, easy riding qualities and durability*, combined with *stylish and workmanlike construction*, spread, and the demand grew over Ontario—over Canada—over the Empire and from Foreign Parts, and now

## ARMSTRONG FINE FINISHED CARRIAGES

### BELT THE GLOBE

BIKE WAGONS    ROAD WAGONS    STANHOPES    CONCORDS  
PHAETONS    SURREYS    MIKADOS    TOP BUGGIES    DEMOCRATS

Catalogue illustrating mailed free on application.

### J. B. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., LIMITED

Montreal Branch—120 Craig St. West.

Long Distance Phone, Main 2179.

GUELPH, CANADA

Long Distance Phone, Bell 42.



ON AND  
OFF LIKE  
A COAT



THE  
*Cluett*

## COAT SHIRT

Combines all the features of custom made shirts—selected materials, excellence of workmanship, and correctness of fit, whether in white or color-fast fabrics.

\$1.50 and up.

Send for booklet and dealer's name.

**CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,**  
471 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

LARGEST MAKERS OF COLLARS AND SHIRTS IN THE WORLD



## Canada's Only Direct Importers of Genuine High-Class ORIENTAL RUGS

Silk and Camel's Hair Persian Antique Rugs in all sizes: **Royal Kirmanshahs, Boukharas, Sines, Tabriz Sarukhs, Ardebils, Gorvans, Lahors, Tabriz, Etc.**

**Damascus and East India Brassware, Carved and Inlaid Tabourets, Persian Draperies, Portieres, Hangings, Lanterns, Old Turkish Arms, Etc, Etc.**

We extend a cordial invitation to all those about furnishing their houses to pay us an early visit. Our importations of Persian and Turkish Rugs are the largest and finest in Canada.

Estimates given to furnish houses in any style of Oriental Rugs at the most reasonable prices.

☛ All Mail Orders given our most careful attention, and goods sent out on approbation.

**COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.**

40 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

OPPOSITE KING EDWARD  
HOTEL.

# UPTON'S JAM



**U**PTON'S Home-made Jams

Jellies and Orange Marmalade are delicious and absolutely pure



## It Costs as Much

to apply a poor or unsuitable varnish as a good one, while the difference in price per gallon is but trifling.

It will pay you to think this over when you get around to finishing the woodwork of your house.

If you use **LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH** for the general interior work, and **LIQUID GRANITE** for floors, bathrooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds and outside doors, the result will be a deep and lasting satisfaction with the appearance of your woodwork.

Drop us a line and we will mail you useful information on wood finishing and handsome finished samples of wood.

**BERRY BROTHERS, Limited,** VARNISH MANUFACTURERS

New York Philadelphia Chicago St. Louis  
Boston Baltimore Cincinnati San Francisco

Factory and Main Office, DETROIT

Canadian Factory, WALKERVILLE, ONT.





## THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

THE above reproduction of an oil painting by Massani, now the property of Mr. Edison, depicts the delighted amazement of an old couple upon hearing a Phonograph for the first time. No less surprised and delighted are those who now hear the improved Edison Phonograph for the first time in a number of years. They are amazed to find it so different from what they thought, their previous opinions having been based on the old style machines or the imitations owned by their neighbors.

*The Edison Phonograph* is to-day the world's greatest and most versatile entertainer, and Mr. Edison is ever striving to make it better. It talks, laughs, sings—it makes home happy. It renders all varieties of vocal or instrumental music with marvellous fidelity. It offers something to suit every taste—every mood—every age—every day in the year.

No other good musical instrument can be so easily operated at so little expense. It will cost you nothing to hear it at the dealer's.

NOTE—A splendid reproduction of the above painting by Massani, in fourteen colors, without advertising, 17x25 inches in size, mailed on receipt at Orange, N. J., office of thirty cents in stamps or money order. Worth a place in any home.

Write for free booklet, "Home Entertainments with the Edison Phonograph," and name of the nearest dealer.


**National Phonograph Co., 6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**  
31 Union Square, New York

304 Wabash Ave., Chicago



TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison



# Secret of The Steinway

To "assemble," or put together, a piano—the keys from one maker, the action from another, the case from a third, and so on—is a comparatively easy task. To build a piano from the beginning, is an entirely different matter.

A peculiar distinction of Steinway & Sons is that they manufacture in their own foundry and factories every portion of a piano, building their instrument entire. In this fact lies one of the secrets of its greatness and worth.

This makes the Steinway, not an "assemblage," but an artistic whole, producing a harmony and unity that can be achieved in no other way.

The workmen likewise are more than makers of parts; they are artists all working intelligently toward one end—the production of a perfect piano. Consequently, they impart a beauty of workmanship, a perfection of art and of final result, impossible to be attained under other conditions.

For the same reason also the Steinway possesses an individuality, an integrity of being, an endowment of rich, tender, emotional beauty of tone, which distinguish it from every other piano in the world.

The Miniature Grand Piano is five feet ten inches in length. Scientific experiments have determined this to be the exact size necessary to reproduce the remarkable attributes of the larger Steinway Grand Pianos. Price **\$925**

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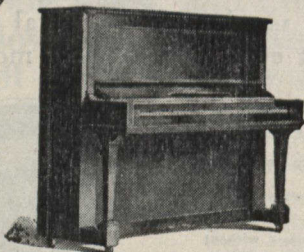
THESE PIANOS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM THE  
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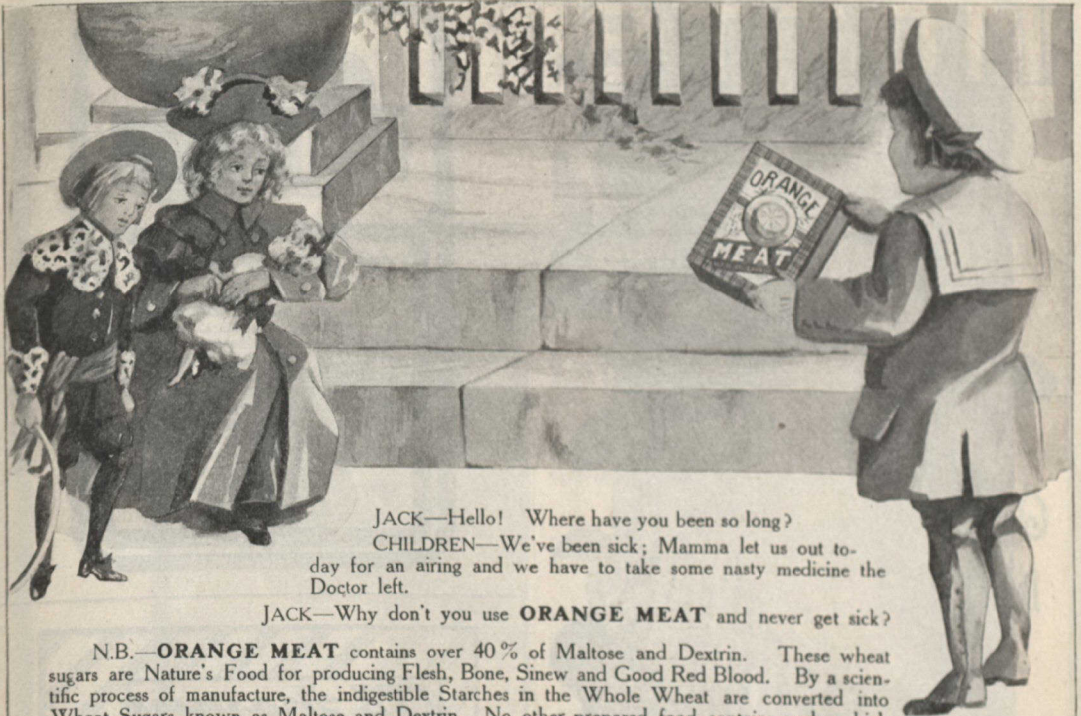
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MINIATURE  
GRAND



VERTEGRAND



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CHILDREN—We've been sick; Mamma let us out to-day for an airing and we have to take some nasty medicine the Doctor left.

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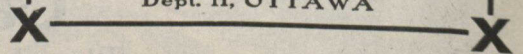
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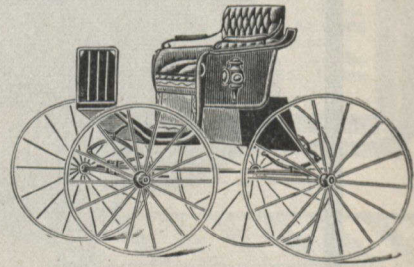
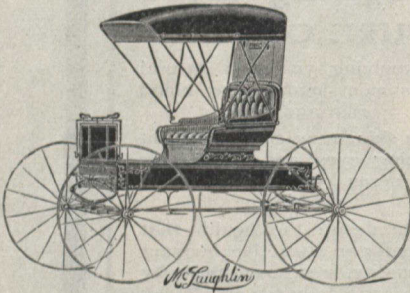
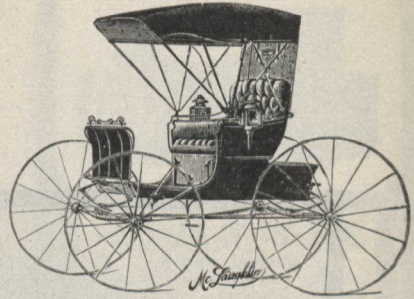
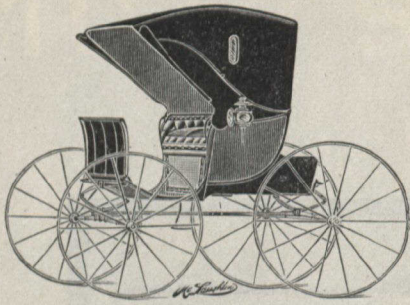
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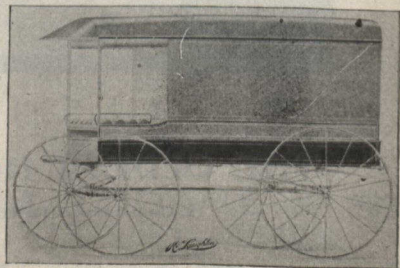
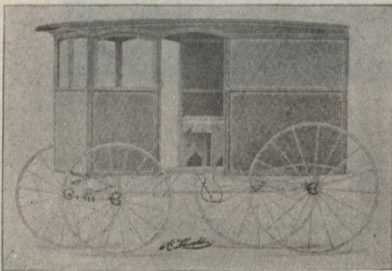
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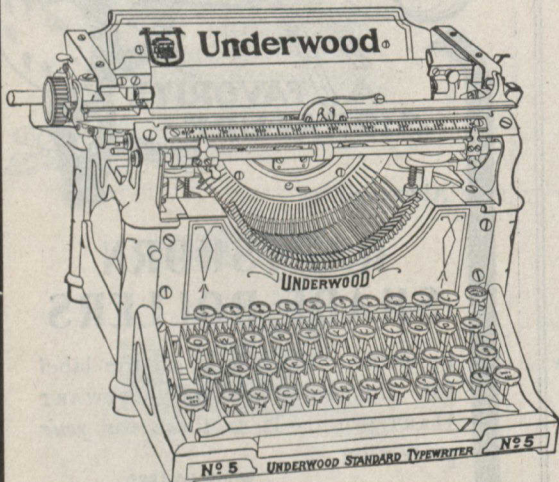


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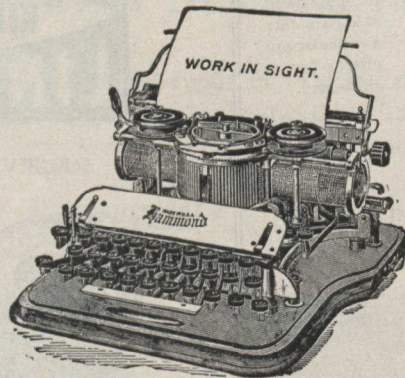
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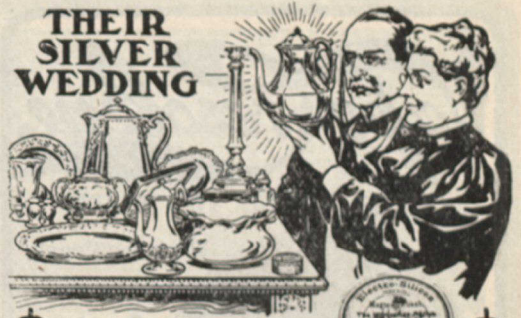
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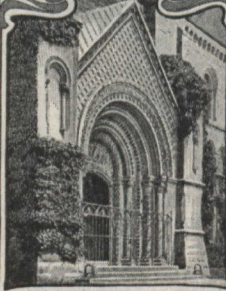
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Every reader of this Magazine should read the interesting article by Chas. B. Knox, on advertising page 41 of this issue.

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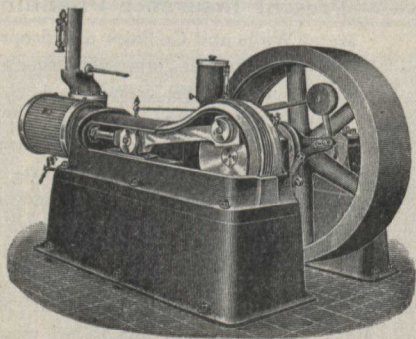
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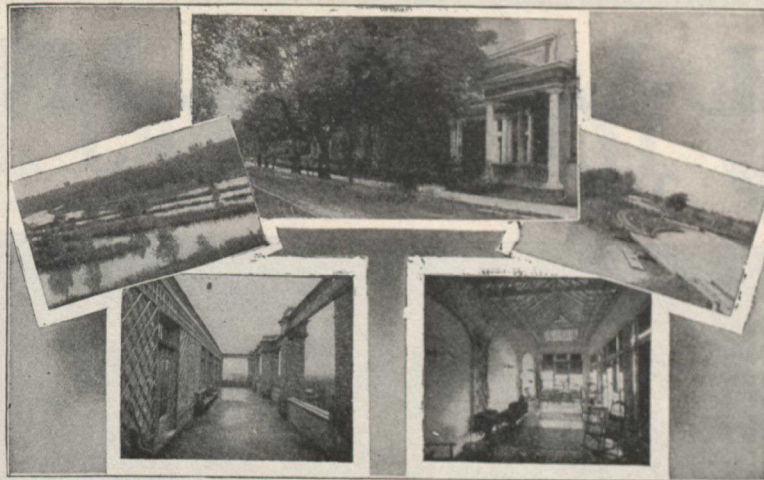
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The sideboard should be stocked with the kind of silver that gives pleasure in its use and in its exhibition.

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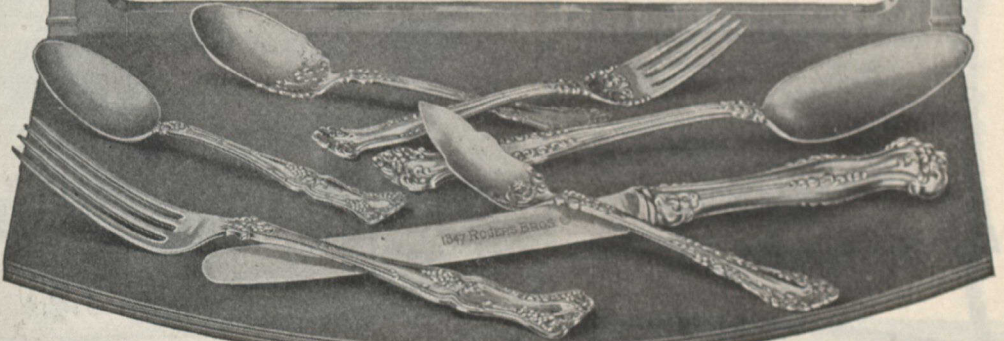
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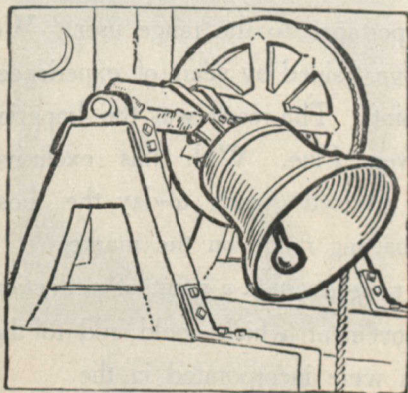
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"Ding-dong!" said the big church bell,  
 "A supper to-night and things to sell;  
 Ding-dong! I do declare,  
 Here I'm rung in on a vestry fair.  
 I've a mind to stick and refuse to ring,  
 For I wasn't donated for such a thing.  
 But my, oh, my! How sweet that  
 smells!

I wish that coffee were good for bells!"  
 For at every pull the sexton gave  
 The bell swung out above the pave,  
 And at every swing he got the scent,  
 And on he swung there, all content.  
 Said down below good pastor Pipp,  
 Fingers tapping, tip to tip,  
 "I have been asked by all who're here  
 To say unto the sister dear,  
 Who brought the coffee here to-night,  
 That we consider it her right  
 To thus be thanked in public wise—  
 She finds great favor in our eyes.  
 May all her deeds smell sweet as this  
 By which she brings her neighbors  
 bliss."

Thought blushing Mrs. Jones, "I knew  
 What CHASE & SANBORN'S brand  
 would do."

Good deeds, you know, are only lent,  
 And so she smiled in deep content.

## The Strip Floor

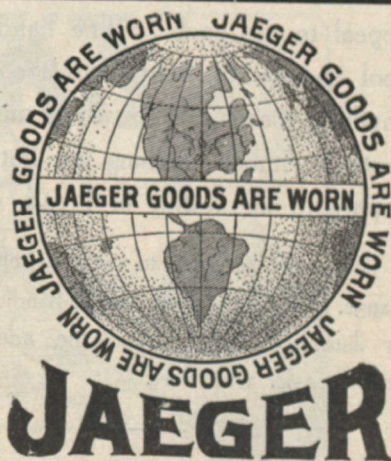
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 inch and three-quarters wide,  
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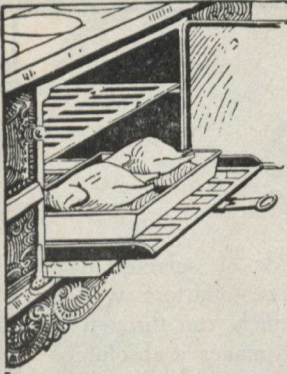


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After getting this most important feature of a range to such a point of perfection we naturally did not neglect any other improvement which could add to the working of the range. These improvements were incorporated in the

## Imperial Oxford Range

because they added to the life of the range, simplified its operation or economized fuel.

Of these improvements the draw-out oven rack is one which will instantly appeal to the cook. The handle of this rack is outside the range—always cool enough to hold with the bare hand. By pulling this handle forward anything roasting in the oven may be drawn out on to the oven shelf to be basted, without touching the hot pan or reaching into the oven. The same applies to the testing of bread, cake or pies.

We would like you to see the Imperial Oxford Range. If your dealer doesn't handle it, write us for illustrated literature and the address of the nearest dealer who does.

**THE GURNEY FOUNDRY Co.**

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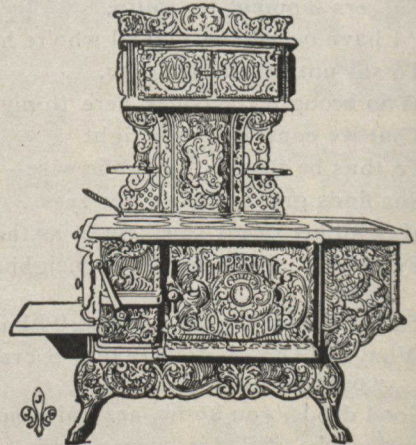
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For good nourishment and pure relish there is  
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When the tin is open the meal is ready.

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All healthy, happy children relish this golden Corn Syrup on their bread, porridge or cereals. And if they ask for cakes—give them plain home-made cookies prepared with Crown Brand Corn Syrup. If they must have "sweeties"—Crown Brand Syrup makes delicious, wholesome candy.

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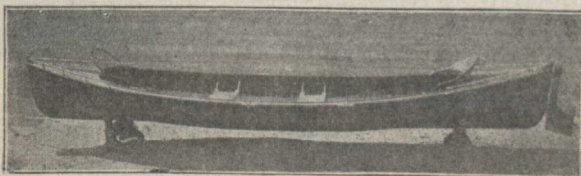
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It is comparatively easy to build a range that will make a lot of heat, but it requires the exact science of Pandora range building to produce a range that will use all the heat in the coal without waste.

A common range may burn twice the coal that a Pandora will, and yet do only half the work.

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At the summit of excellence  
in eating chocolate is

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It has that smooth, rich, full cream flavor that delights all lovers of good eating chocolate. It is more delicious than any candy and as wholesome as bread and butter.

In the home **Peter's Chocolate** should be always on hand for the children, as well as for the older folk because **Peter's** is a genuine food, that can be eaten freely, with benefit instead of injury. It does not create thirst.

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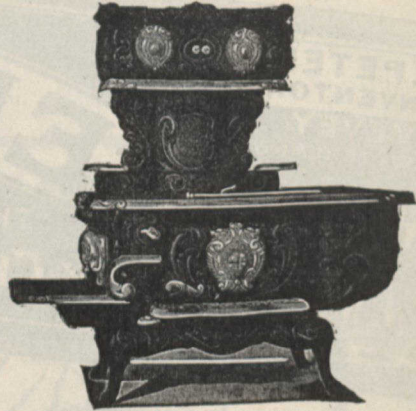


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It is the *Libby way* that makes Libby's bacon just a little better than any other.



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Allright,—Now think of something just a little better.

It is Libby's Corned Beef Hash, cooked, seasoned and ready to serve by placing the can in hot water two minutes, or by giving the contents a crispy brown in the oven or spider.

There never was Corned Beef Hash more toothsome than Libby's.

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found it highly satisfactory. Perhaps the best evidence I can give you of our appreciation of your instrument lies in the fact that I have given your Mr. Dies an order for ten new pianos.

Yours truly, B. C. BORDEN.

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