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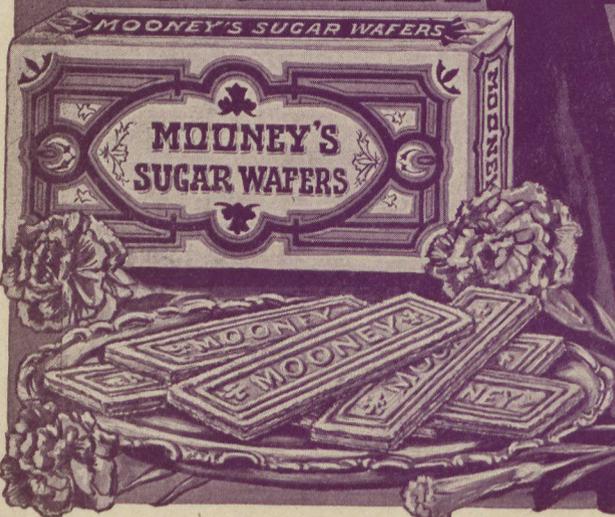
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXV.

No. 2

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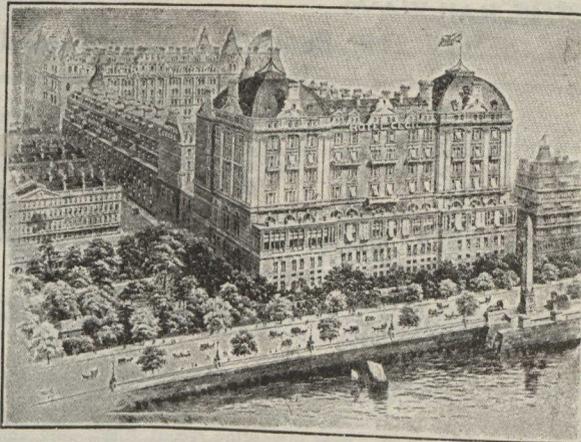
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The Canadian Magazine for July

THE CANADIAN OBSERVATORY	-	By R. F. Stupart
THE BLOT (A Play)	- - - - -	By Arthur Stringer
THE PYRAMIDS OF TEOTI HUACAN	-	By G. E. Kingsford
SALMON FISHING AT VANCOUVER ISLAND		By Ernest McGaffey
EARL GREY'S ADMINIS- TRATION IN CANADA		By J. Castell Hopkins
MAKING THE RAILWAYS SERVE THE PEOPLE		By Leonard F. Earl

MR. STUPART is director of the Canadian Meteorological Office and Observatory. Everybody nowadays considers the weather forecasts, but not many have more than the faintest idea of how they are obtained or what is involved in a modern meteorological survey. Mr. Stupart is the authority in this connection in Canada. His article should be carefully read. It is well illustrated.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will have the distinction of publishing Mr. Arthur Stringer's first play. The first act will appear in the July number. "The Blot" is full of spirit and action and develops a feminine character with a strange commingling of strength and weakness. For this play Mr. J. W. Beatty has made four full-page illustrations, one for each act. Both writer and illustrator are in the front rank of their respective branches of art.

WE KNOW too little about the wonderful excavations that are being made in Mexico and Central America. Mr. Kingsford, a Canadian who has been travelling in that part of the continent, gives us a fine appreciation of some important discoveries, with excellent photographic illustrations.

MR. EARL tells us what the Canadian Railway Commission is doing. In a vague way we have all taken for granted that it is doing good work. Mr. Earl gives the facts. Photographs of the members of the Commission accompany the article.

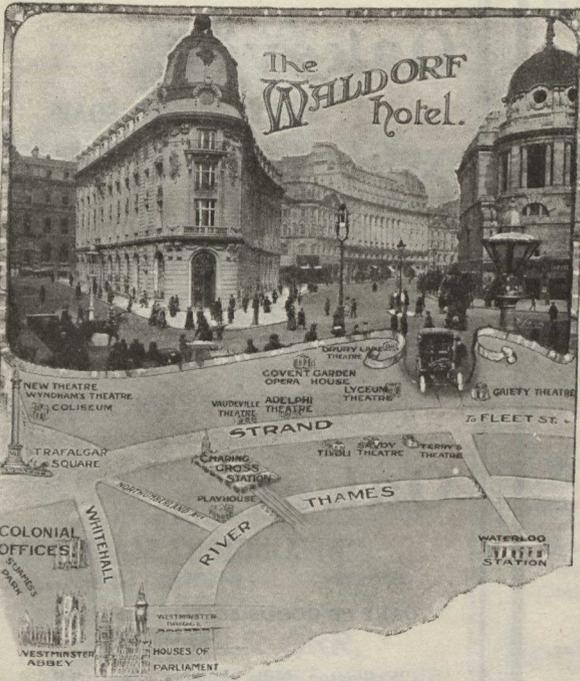
MR. CASTELL HOPKINS has made a most interesting record of the work and influence of Earl Grey in Canada. Only one who sees behind the shifting scenes can correctly interpret their meaning, but in that respect Mr. Castell Hopkins has a natural aptitude.

MR. MCGAFFEY, who is Secretary of the Vancouver Island Development League, writes as if he was observing his subject with a fresh eye. His article for this number is unusually attractive, and the photographs full of graphic interest.

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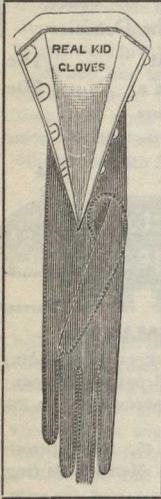
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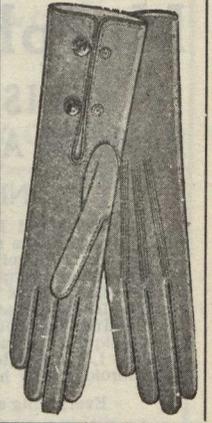
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It is used on the dining tables of both the British and Canadian Houses of Parliament, and has rapidly become England's most popular Sauce.

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FROM
EXPERIENCE



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

Steedman's Soothing Powders

EE CONTAIN NO EE
EE POISON EE

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SANITARY TOWELS

Modern science and the spread of Hygiene made the invention and manufacture of Southalls' Sanitary Towels possible. Since 1880 they have become widely known and appreciated as an indispensable article for ladies' use, possessing advantages which recommend them to every woman.

Manufactured by **SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, LTD., Birmingham, England.**

Apply for full particulars and samples to the Agent for the Dominion, **J. M. SCHEAK**, Carlaw Buildings, Wellington Street West, Toronto.

- Southalls' Sanitary Towels** (the original and best).
- Southalls' Accouchement Sets** (containing all Requisites in Three Sizes).
- Southalls' Sheets for Accouchement** and other Sanitary Specialities.

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If so you will be wanting to know where to stay. The ideal rendezvous for the Colonial Visitors is the

QUEEN'S HOTEL,

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It is luxuriously furnished and possessed of an excellent Cuisine. It stands in its own spacious private grounds in a delightfully healthy and rural neighbourhood, and is yet within easy reach of the business, shopping and amusement centres of the Metropolis. It therefore combines the advantages of a **First-Class London Hotel** with those of **Country Surroundings**, at a moderate cost.

It is within five minutes of the **Crystal Palace**, and is thus the most convenient Hotel for all visitors to the **FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE AND PAGEANT OF LONDON**

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

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102 BLOOR STREET EAST, TORONTO

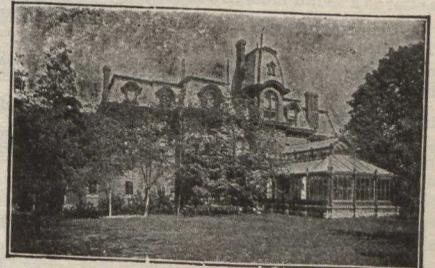
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Preparation for University and for Examinations in Music. Well-equipped Art Department. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large play grounds. Healthful locality. **Primary School for Day Pupils.**

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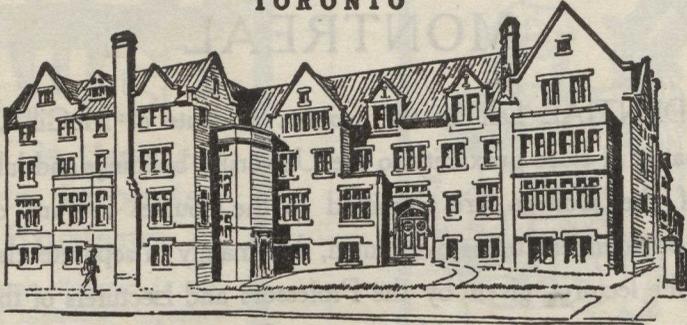
formerly Principal of the Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto.



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**Separate Senior and Junior Residential and Day Schools
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Preparation for Honour Matriculation, Havergal Diploma, Examinations in Music and Art. Resident French and German Mistresses, Domestic Science School, with six Departments. Gymnasium, under graduate of the Boston Normal School. Cricket, tennis, basket ball, rink, swimming bath.

For illustrated calendar apply to the Bursar.

MISS KNOX, Principal.



The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

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

Whilst the college is organised on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education,

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course and, in addition, the constant practise of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the graduation for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

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

The total cost of the course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

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

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

Bishop Strachan School

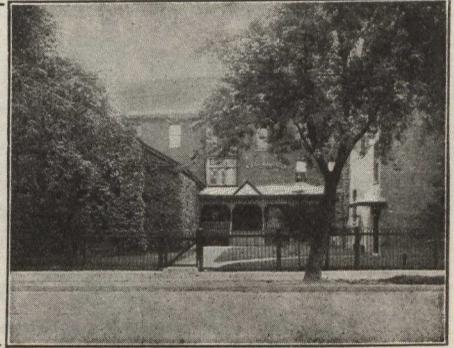
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Full Matriculation Course as well as elementary work, Domestic Arts, Music and Painting. Centrally located yet with large grounds. Lawn for Tennis and other games. Skating Rink and good Gymnasium. For Calendar apply to

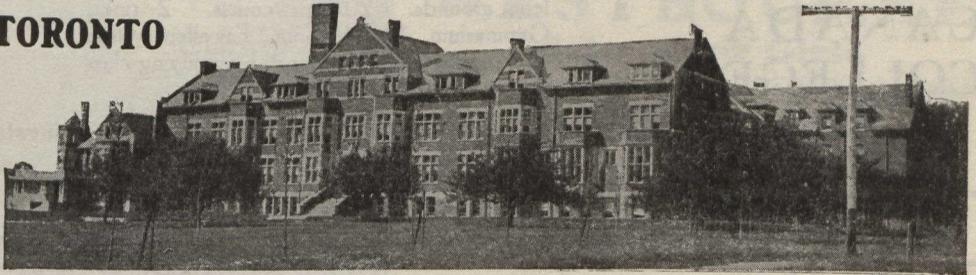
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A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Founded by the late George Dickson M.A. former principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—14 teachers of the highest Academic qualifications, of whom 8 are in residence, and of these 4 are European trained teachers of Modern Languages.

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

DAILY ATTENDANCE 140, of whom 50 are in residence; classes average 10 each.

PREPARATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY a specialty extended course for those not contemplating a university education.

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CLASS-ROOMS built specially for the work.
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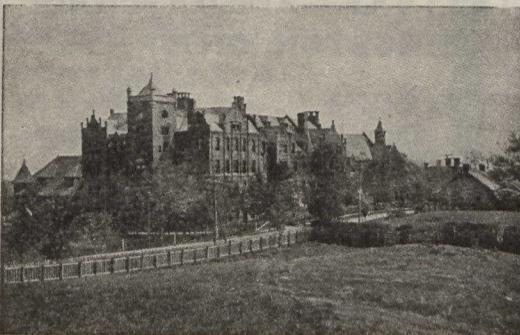
RESIDENCE distinct in its management from the school. Specialists in every department.

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

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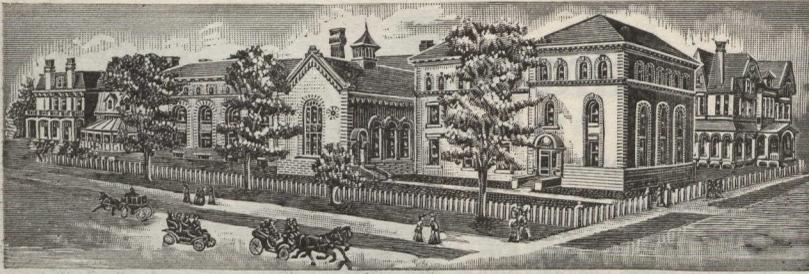
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FOUNDED 1865

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ARTS COURSE may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session

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

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Affiliated to Queen's University

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THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED

I. Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc.

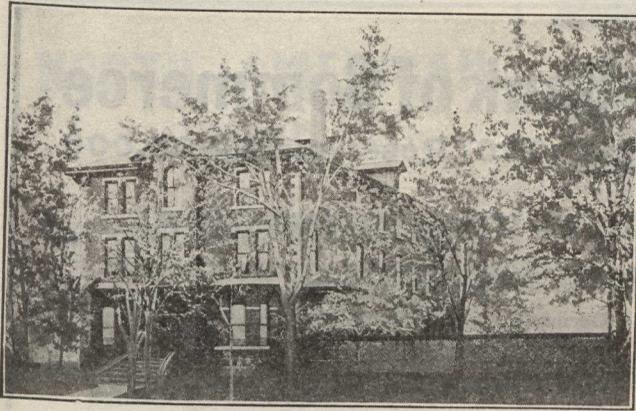
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- b. Chemistry and Mineralogy.
- c. Mineralogy and Geology.
- d. Chemical Engineering.

II. Three Years' Course for Diploma.

- e. Civil Engineering.
- f. Mechanical Engineering.
- g. Electrical Engineering.
- h. Biology and Public Health.

i. Power Development.

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



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A Residential and Day School for Girls

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

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

Large staff of experienced residential and visiting Professors and Teachers.

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

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Lady Principal.



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

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BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office: Hamilton

Hon. William Gibson - - - President

J. Turnbull - Vice-Pres. and General Manager

Paid up Capital - - \$ 2,500,000

Reserve and undivided profits - - - 2,900,000

Total Assets, over 35,000,000

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

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

The Northern Life

The business for the year 1909 just closed shows the following results.

Increase in Premium Receipts	14%
Increase in Interest Earnings	26%
Increase in payments to Policyholders	46%
Increase in Assets	26%
Increase in Reserve for security of Policyholders	16%
Decrease in Total Management Expenses	5%
Decrease in Cost of New Business	16%

Sound conservative Management should appeal to you

Agents wanted

W. M. GOVENLOCK,
Secretary.

JOHN MILNE,
Managing Director.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000 Reserve, \$6,000,000

DRAFTS ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Arrangements have recently been completed under which the branches of this Bank are able to issue Drafts on the principal points in the following countries:

Austria-Hungary

Belgium

Brazil

Bulgaria

Ceylon

China

Crete

Denmark

Egypt

Faroe Islands

Finland

Formosa

France

French Cochin-China

Germany

Great Britain

Greece

Holland

Iceland

India

Ireland

Italy

Sweden

Java

Manchuria

Mexico

Norway

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Roumania

Russia

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Siam

South Africa

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Japan

Switzerland

Turkey

West Indies

and elsewhere

NO DELAY IN ISSUING

FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION

London Life



POLICIES

“GOOD AS GOLD”

Larger

Cash Guarantees

You cannot pin a Company down and **MAKE** them pay you cash equal to their estimates. To avoid future disappointment look for larger **CASH GUARANTEES**. You'll find them in our Reserve Dividend Policies. Ask our agent for particulars.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

SPLENDID RECORD FOR 1909

The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto on Thursday, Jan. 27, 1910, when the Report of the business for the year ended Dec. 31, 1909, was presented.

INCREASE IN CASH INCOME

The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was \$2,028,595.40, showing the satisfactory increase of \$133,117.95.

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

The business continues to be conducted on an economical basis; the ratio of expenses to premium income remains practically the same, notwithstanding the large increase in new assurances.

LARGE PAYMENTS TO POLICY- HOLDERS

The amount paid on policyholders' account was \$789,530.42. Of this sum \$138,320.47 was for surplus or dividends, while \$327,111.96 represents payments for Matured Endowment and Investment Policies.

ADDITION TO ASSETS

The assets increased in 1909 by \$899,826.81, and now amount to \$10,490,464.90. As heretofore, they continue to be invested in the best class of securities available, the addition to mortgage loans being \$710,285.33.

INCREASE IN NET SURPLUS

After making ample provision for all liabilities and distributing during the year the relatively large amount for dividends mentioned, the net surplus on policyholders' account was increased to \$1,018,121.25.

INSURANCES INCREASED

The policies issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$5,081,029, being an increase over the previous year of \$625,805, the total business in force amounted to \$41,964,641.

CAREFUL AND SYSTEMATIC AUDIT

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities.

A Committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit of the securities each quarter.

J. L. BLAIKIE,
President.

L. GOLDMAN,
Managing Director.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE ————— TORONTO

AMALGAMATED

ASBESTOS

BONDS

These excellent sinking fund bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the properties of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation. The Bonds bear 5 per cent interest, payable 1st June and December, and mature 1st June 1939. Both principal and interest are payable in Toronto, Montreal, New York and London, Eng.

Our special circular, No. C-2 containing full information will be gladly sent upon request.

The Bonds are in \$500 denominations, making them suitable for small as well as large investors.

We highly recommend the investment.

Æmilius Jarvis & Co.

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)

Toronto, Ont. Vancouver, B. C. London, Eng.
HIGH GRADE INVESTMENTS

Treasurers

of Lodges, Churches,
Clubs, Societies, Etc.

Are reminded that the moneys in their charge are **trust funds**.

That the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation is a **legal depository for trust funds**.

That it pays interest on Deposits at **three and one-half per cent.** per annum.

That this interest is credited to the account and **compounded four times a year**.

That its depositors are afforded **every facility**, and their money is always **available when wanted**.

That sums of \$100 and upwards may be invested in its Debentures.

That these Debentures are a **legal investment for trust funds**.

Deposit Accounts may be opened and deposits made and withdrawn by mail as conveniently as in person. Let us send you our Booklet which fully explains the system.

Our Annual Report and a Specimen Debenture will also be sent free on receipt of your address.

Write for them to-day.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street,

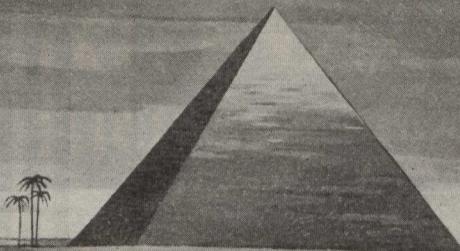
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Toronto

Stability



FEDERAL LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, CANADA.

Capital and Assets	\$ 4,513,949.53	Paid Policyholders in 1909	\$347,274.43
Insurance in force	\$21,049,322 31	Surplus to Policyholders	\$292,695.53

DAVID DEXTER,

President and Managing Director

ASSETS
\$ 8,617,909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000

CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000

RESERVE FUND \$1,250,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS
COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

Protect Your Capital.

Men protect their business capital by every means available.

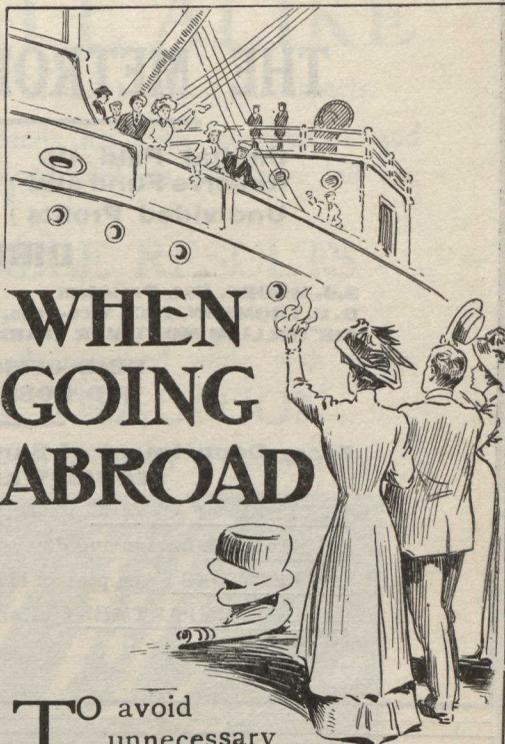
Your life and energy is your family's capital. Protect it by every means in your power. For most men Life Insurance is the only sure protection.

Choose this Insurance carefully as befits its importance. One guide is to observe how others are choosing. For three successive years applicants have shown that they consider The Great-West Life Policies the best to be had. For three successive years The Great-West Life has written the largest Canadian Business of any Company.

Ask for information. Write for details of the Profits the Great-West Policyholders are receiving.

The Great-West Life
Assurance Company

Head Office - - Winnipeg



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TO avoid unnecessary expense and inconvenience while traveling abroad, it is important to be provided with easily convertible funds.

The safest, most convenient and most practical form of exchange for foreign travel, is a book of

TRAVELLERS CHEQUES ISSUED BY THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

which carry our identification guarantee. These cheques are accepted in Every Civilized Country, and are issued in denominations of ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollars.

They prevent loss, avoid argument and furnish definite identification of the owner without expense or loss of time.

All prudent travellers should provide themselves with a book of these cheques before going abroad.

**The Traders Bank
of Canada**

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - \$1,000,000.00
 Reserve Fund and
 Undivided Profits } - - \$1,307,809.25

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 SIR WILLIAM MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.

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Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute
SECURITY and SATISFACTION.

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EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

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LETTERS ARE FREQUENTLY LOST
 AND NEVER RECOVERED. . . .

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DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

Money Orders and Foreign Drafts

They are safe, convenient and economical and are issued in Dollars, Pounds Sterling, Francs, Gulden, Kronen, Kronor, Lire, Marks, Roubles, etc., payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails a prompt refund is arranged, or a new order issued without further charge.

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HUNDREDS OF AGENCIES
 THROUGHOUT CANADA

GENERAL OFFICES
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NO! NOT ALL ALIKE

Life Insurance Companies differ in many important respects.

Some aim to earn large dividends for both stockholders and policyholders, while others having no stockholders, can have but one aim, to give

THE BEST POSSIBLE RESULTS

to policyholders alone.

Some Companies are extravagantly managed while with others

ECONOMY IS A TRADITION

No pains have been spared during 40 years of business by



to save money for its policyholders. That it has succeeded to an eminent degree is shown by the fact that its

Actual Results to Policyholders

have never been excelled.

The greatest economy, a wise selection of business and the greatest care in the investment of funds are

Vital Factors in every Business.

They have placed this Company in the front rank. Results count in life insurance just as they do in any other business.

Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT.

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., Pres't.

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director

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Chas. Ruby, Secretary.



ARE YOU HOME HUNGRY OR LAND HUNGRY?
DO YOU FIND YOURSELF CROWDED AND THE OUT-
LOOK CIRCUMSCRIBED?

HAVE YOU DECIDED TO LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER
SITUATION WITH BETTER PROSPECTS?

*Then you are invited to consider Western Canada, where you
can obtain*

A Free Farm—A Fine Home

Unlimited Opportunities and a Chance on the Ground Floor

The land is offered free by the Canadian Government, and settlement
conditions are easy.

SYNOPSIS OF HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

DUTIES—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, \$3.00 per acre. **Duties**—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre.

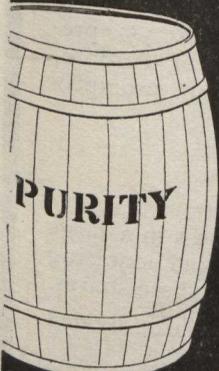
DUTIES—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

Full particulars will be sent free of charge on application to

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, - - Ottawa, Canada

PURITY FLOUR

Take Your Choice of the "PURITY" Family



196 POUNDS



98 POUNDS



49 POUNDS



24 POUNDS

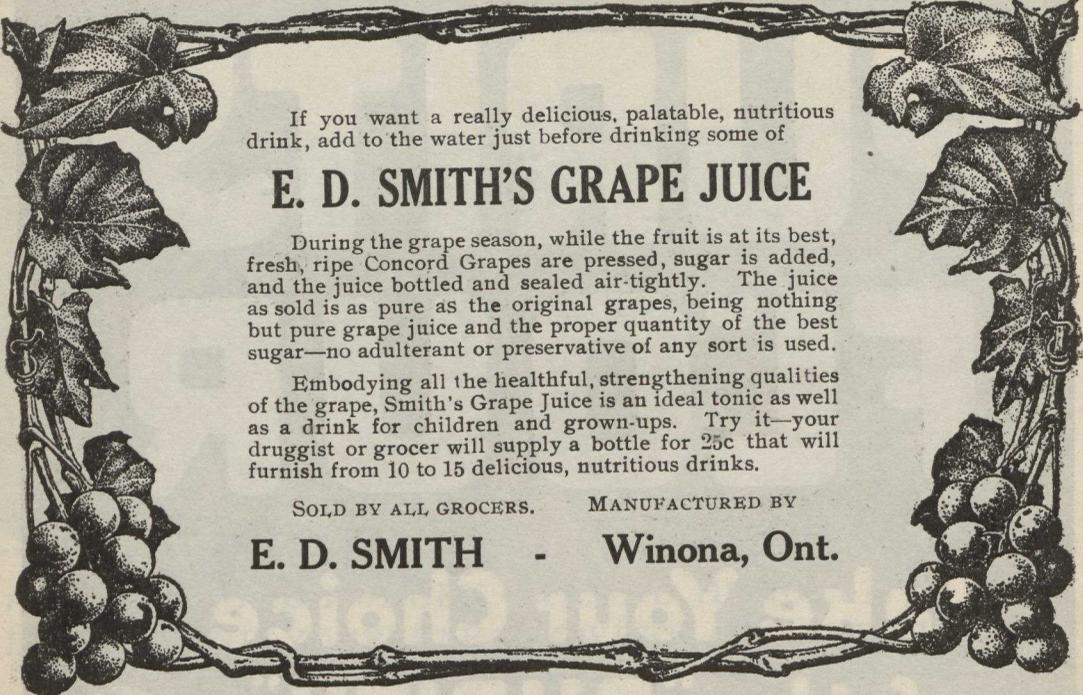


14 POUNDS



7 POUNDS

MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD



If you want a really delicious, palatable, nutritious drink, add to the water just before drinking some of

E. D. SMITH'S GRAPE JUICE

During the grape season, while the fruit is at its best, fresh, ripe Concord Grapes are pressed, sugar is added, and the juice bottled and sealed air-tightly. The juice as sold is as pure as the original grapes, being nothing but pure grape juice and the proper quantity of the best sugar—no adulterant or preservative of any sort is used.

Embodying all the healthful, strengthening qualities of the grape, Smith's Grape Juice is an ideal tonic as well as a drink for children and grown-ups. Try it—your druggist or grocer will supply a bottle for 25c that will furnish from 10 to 15 delicious, nutritious drinks.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. MANUFACTURED BY

E. D. SMITH - Winona, Ont.

A Safe 7% Profit Sharing Preferred Accumulative Stock

We have secured for our customers part of an issue of \$400,000, 7% preference and profit sharing stock of the Siemon Company, Limited, of Toronto, which is practicably a bond issue. Dividends have always been paid promptly twice a year.

A World-Wide Trade

The Siemons have been established in the manufacturing business in a large way for over 22 years. The Company is extending its export trade and acquiring extensive timber limits that will earn large profits to the investor in these shares.

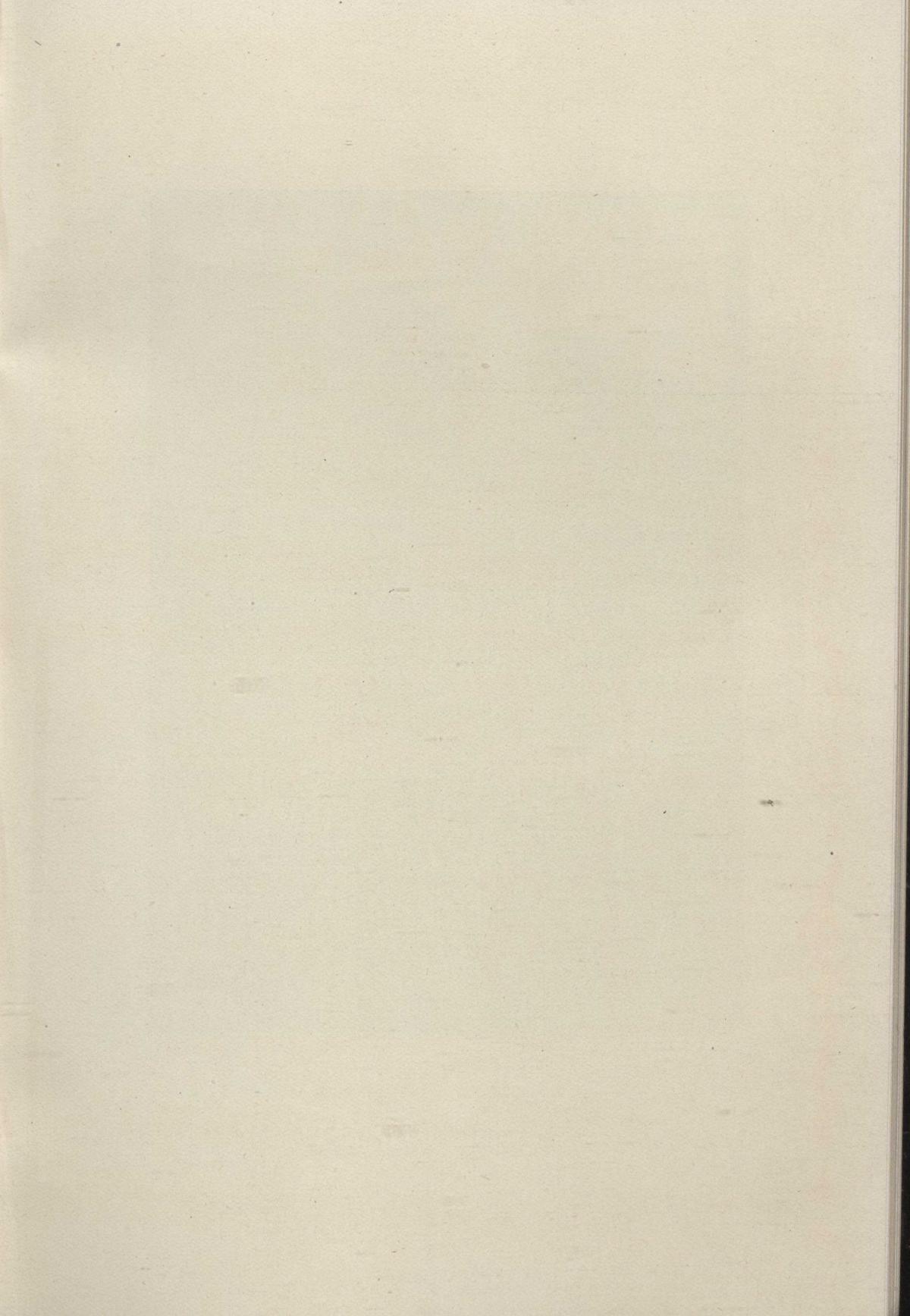
7% is guaranteed first, on these shares, after that all profits are divided equally, and from past experience these will be large.

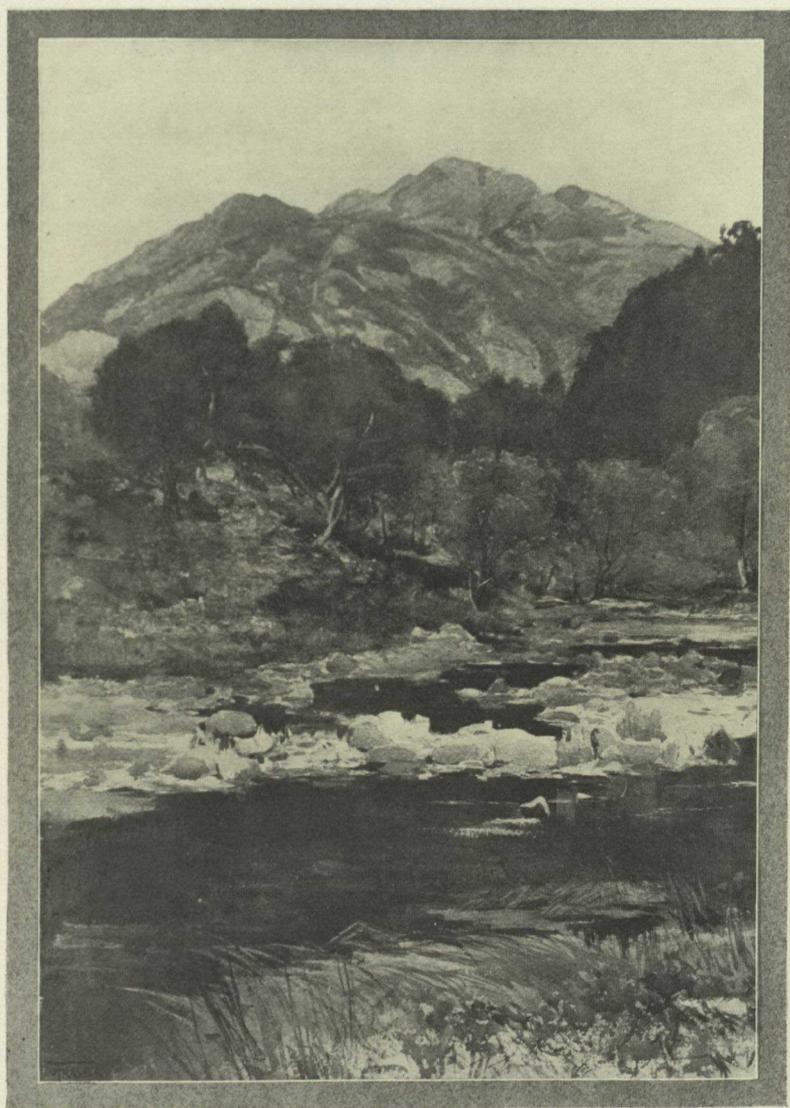
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National Securities Corporation Limited

Toronto, Canada





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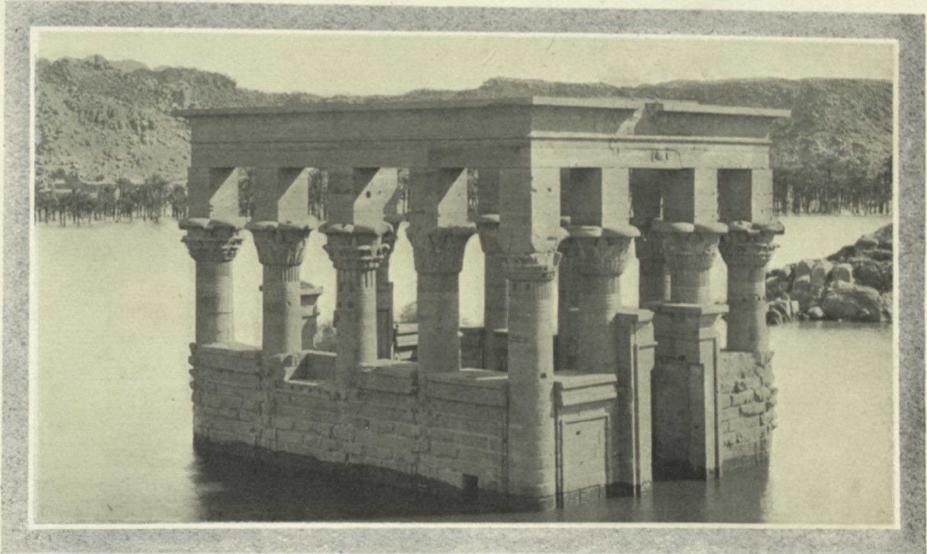
Painting by J. A. Fraser, in the Canadian National Gallery

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV

TORONTO, JUNE, 1910

No. 2



"PHARAOH'S BED," PHILÆ

THE BEAUTIES OF THE NILE

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

EVERYBODY knows that the Nile is interesting. Its tawny flood has poured through the affairs of men longer than that of any other river in the world, unless it be the Euphrates; but by the banks of the Euphrates time has flowed, too, in tempestuous fashion and all but obliterated the monuments of the past. There they dig in low mounds for defaced tablets and broken pottery; but the waters of the Nile reflect lofty colonnades that still front the sun and mighty

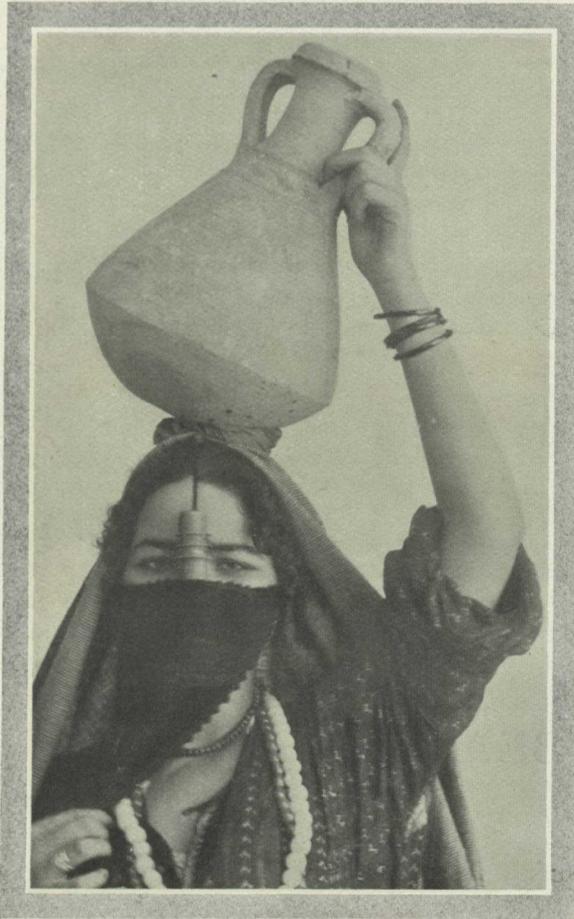
pyramids and pylons that rise like mountains from the plain.

But does everybody know that the Nile valley is a gallery of wonderfully beautiful pictures? I, at all events, had not realised it until its delicately-tinted panorama began to unfold. Of course, tourists had told me that it was "lovely." But then tourists are very free with their adjectives. They seem to lay in a stock with their kodak films and their steamer rugs. And they distribute them at times

without too nice a regard for fitness. It seems but the other day that an American girl assured us with earnest emphasis that the fairy palace of the Alhambra was "just too cunning."

Then that most misleading process, reason, seemed to indicate that the Nile would not be beautiful. Do we

like. That is its great recommendation. That is the point upon which its advance agents insist. But the sleepy Nile is venerable, historic and prehistoric, a river flowing out of the dawn of time; and surely irresponsible tourists have merely attached to it the tag "lovely" in their usual loose,

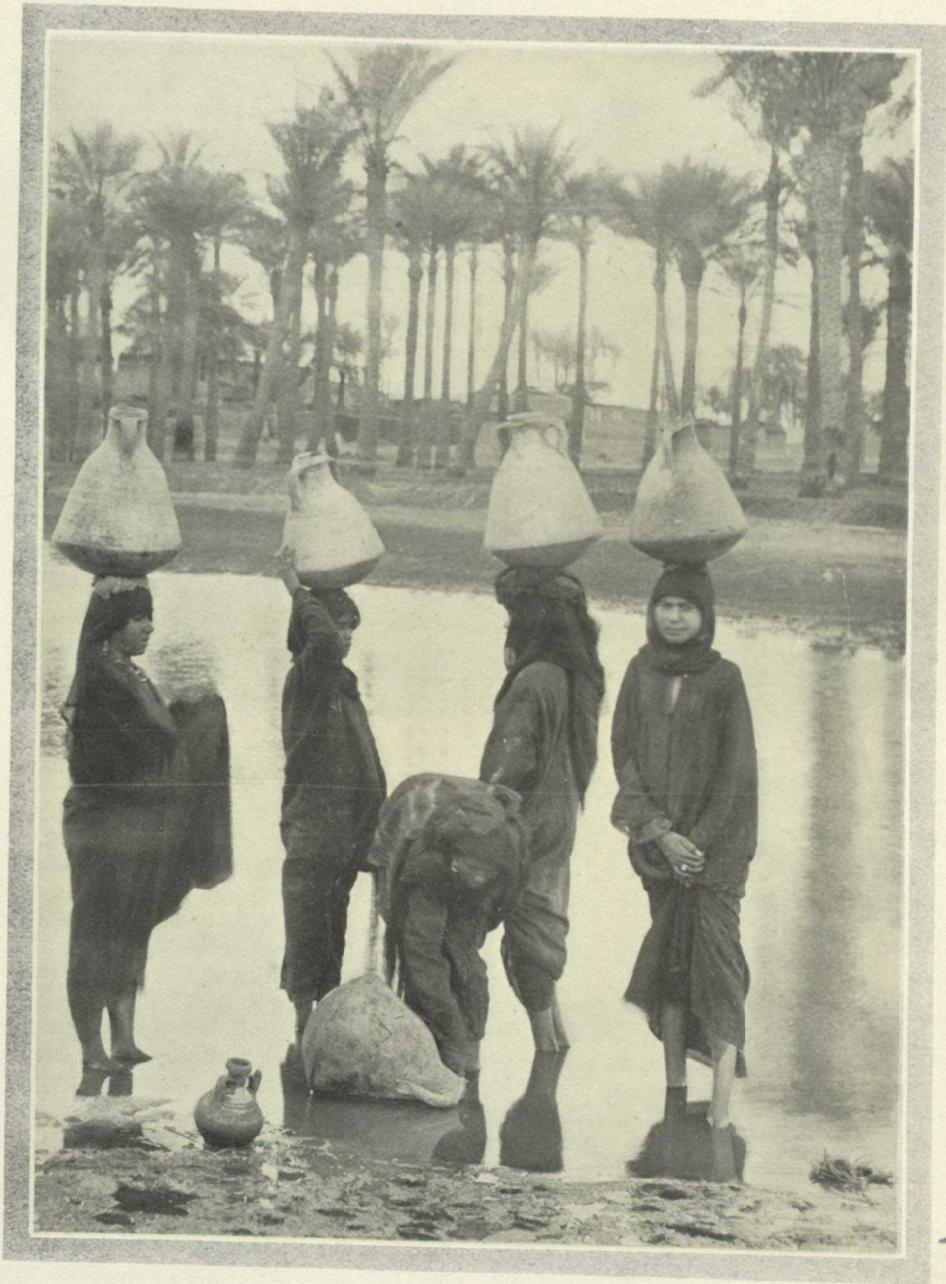


AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN, WITH EARTHEN WATER-JAR

not know it as a sluggish river flowing through a belt of flat ribbon country which it fertilises by overflowing annually? And is not this ribbon of flat fertility bounded on both sides by desolate deserts? How can such a river be beautiful? The Rhine with its castled hills is "lovely," if you

generous, even superlative fashion.

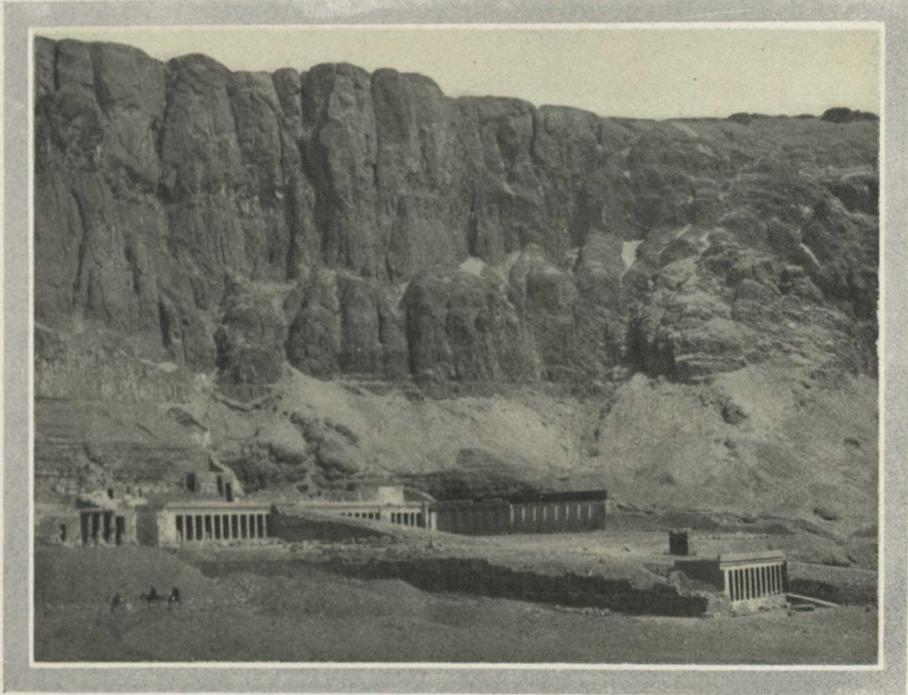
You have this feeling at any rate till you get on the Nile; but, before the gong goes for dinner on that first night, you know better. It was almost ludicrous, as our little river boat steamed up toward the bridge that crosses the river at the head of the



WATER-CARRIERS OF THE NILE

island of Roda, to see every man and woman of us take one long, gasping look at the perfect picture presented by the palms, the gliding feluccas with their lateen sails, the arrow-

straight women filing up the banks with graceful water jars on their heads; and then with one accord dive into our cabins for our cameras. This was a chance not to be lost. But as



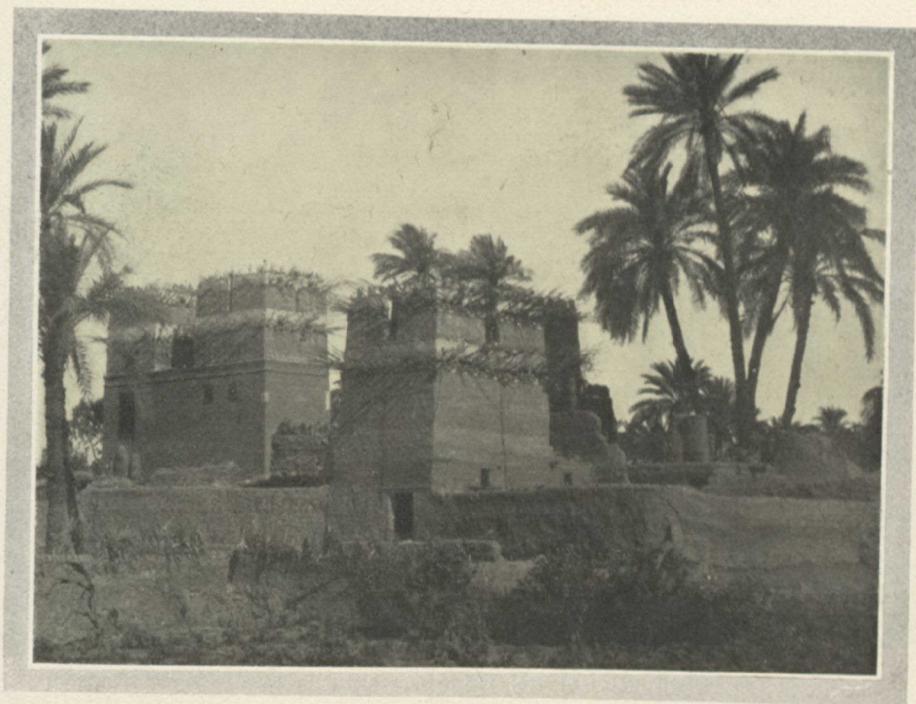
THE WHITE TEMPLE OF QUEEN HATSHEPSOWET
BEHIND THE HILL OF ROCK LIES THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

the placid days passed, we had myriads of such chances; and it finally took something startling to tempt us into risking a film.

Still, to the amateur photographer the Nile banks are an unceasing temptation. One could almost fancy that Eastman had invented them. We never tired of watching the lines of swinging camels marching in single file against the horizon, eager groups of natives at the landing-places, men filling goat skins with Nile water, women coming down from the mud villages with their water jars and washing their faces, feet and ankles before they waded out into the current to fill them. Then we took an interest in *shadufs*. The *shaduf* is a bucket of skin hung on the end of a well-sweep which a native fills in the river and then swings up and empties into an irrigating ditch. Sometimes it takes three of them to lift the water

up the bank, one above the other.

Most of us missed one photograph early in the voyage which we would have dearly loved, and that was of a man being put ashore at a place where we could not get near enough to the bank to run out a gang-plank. First, he took off his shoes—he had no stockings—and flung them out on the bank. Then a boatman plunged boldly over-board into the water, which engulfed him to the waist. Next the passenger got astride the boatman's neck and was carried to the bank, whither another boatman bore his bundles. Here he gathered them all together, picked up his shoes and prepared to walk overland some two or three miles to the town for which he was "booked." The commoner way, however, where there was no barge moored to serve as a wharf, was to run the nose of the boat straight into the mud of the bank,



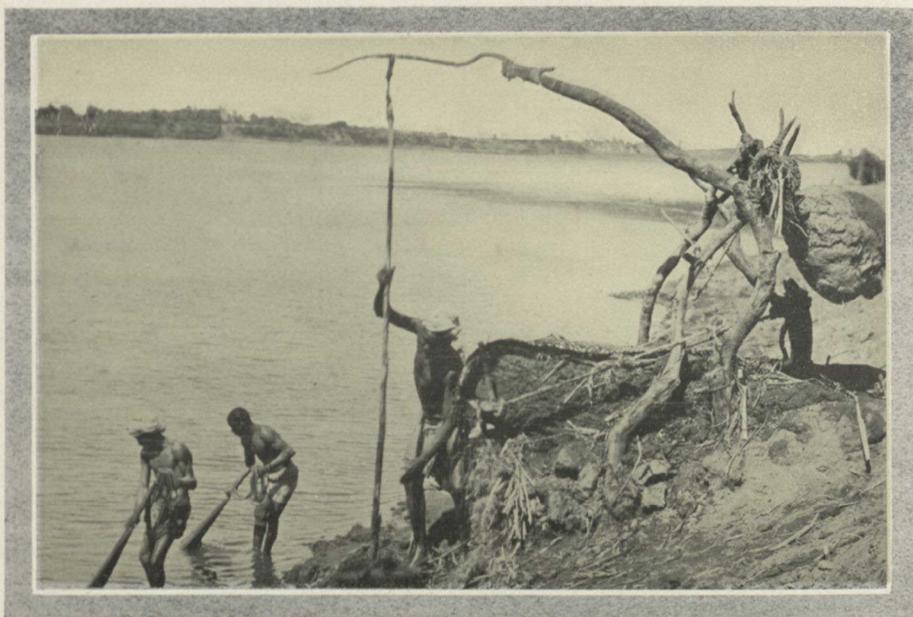
A NILE VILLAGE, SHOWING UPPER STORIES FOR PIGEONS

let the vessel swing round a bit and then push out a plank from the boat to the shore. Two boatmen then dropped into the water and held a long pole alongside this plank which was to serve as a handrail for nervous passengers, especially women. There were never any mis-steps, and the boatmen calmly dried their clothes on the front deck as we steamed on.

But this is getting away from the message of this writing, which is to tell you that on your Nile trip you will think far more of the beauty of the valley than of the hoary monuments it contains. The largest contributors to that beauty are undoubtedly the bare hills that come shouldering down to the banks, now on this side and now on that, and amaze one that there should be so much majesty of scenery in a desert river valley. Whatever the geologists may tell us, there surely was never anything half so old in the world as

these hills look. They are so visibly worn and scarred by the storms of time. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a spear of green, relieves their absolute nakedness. They are too aged for such frivolities of youth. Growth, the rejuvenation of the seed-time, have nothing to do with these dead and mummified remains of an older world. They seem to say to you in a voice that the passing centuries have wearied: "You think the pyramids are old, and you do not know the date of the sphinx; but they are all toys of yesterday when compared with us."

The years have not only scarred—they have worn them into a thousand marvellous shapes. The ceaseless play of the wind, edged as it always is with a chisel of drifting sand, has wrought like a sculptor on their hoary headlands. All, of course, has been done on a gigantic scale. Yonder rises the tower of a Norman castle, and beyond appears the fretted facade



FISHING WITH NETS AND RAISING WATER WITH THE SHADUF

of a cathedral. A larger sphinx than that of Gizeh bulks against the sky, while natural pyramids are the commonest of illusions. As for the scars cut in the rounded surfaces, they—as nowhere else—are “beauty marks.” They stand out clear and uncompromising, there being nothing but the golden sand to mask an erosion—none of that swift charity of foliage which moister climes offer. And every depression, every wound and swelling, has its effect upon the ever-shifting colouring.

The colouring — there I have said it. That is the secret of the beauty of these hills. Not being a landscape painter—nor even a lady—I cannot tell you what the colouring is; but I can tell you that it is never twice the same. It varies with the distance, the angle, the light, and possibly the material in the surfaces. Commonly it is too warm for a gray, too misty for a brown, too indistinct for a red; and yet frequently it has something of all three. The covering sand which at times pours down from the deserts

over these barrier ranges like a Niagara, is pure gold under the direct rays of the sun—such a vivid, rich, yellow gold as you will hardly imagine. When distance lends its enchantment, a mistiness comes in the yellow and the rivers of sand are ribbons of torn cloud trailing about the bolder peaks. But distance brings, too, a desert change to the hills themselves which become unsubstantial and vision-like as they lie floating on the horizon. Then—especially under the afternoon sun—they are quite the loveliest things your dreams have ever revealed to you. No painter that I know of has seen such hills save the great Turner; and his sun-washed cloudlands become realities in the valley of the Nile.

Of course, it is all in the light. That French school of art which insists that there is nothing to paint but light, must have learned its creed in Egypt. Tumbled piles of bare rock and drifted sand may be much the same in all countries; but the air and light of this “gift of the desert”

glorifies them, gilds them, sows them with colour, turns them into things of the rarest beauty. A lesson in the effect of light was taught me one day at Assouan when we were ploughing our way up a sandy road to see the ruins of an old Coptic convent. I happened to look down at my boots after they had slipped about in the sand for a while, and they were a distinct blue. I wondered why yellow sand had made my boots blue, and then I noticed that the sand itself was full of blue particles. Here then was the blue sand which had stained my boots a decided but misty blue, and I thought how odd I should look on the streets of Assouan in blue boots. But when I got back, they were not blue; they were simply dusty. The blue tinge had been a trick of the light. After this experience, I hope that I shall be becomingly modest in the presence of the freakiest colourings of the impressionist painters.

Talking of pictures, there was a man on our boat who had brought with him the best thing in the camera line which one could imagine for the scenes that are to be picked up here. It was a cinematograph machine. When we were coming into a wharf where the bank was swarming with native life, he would get his machine in position and be prepared to take a "moving picture" of all that went on. The gesticulations of the vendors of shawls, beads and scarabs — "good — ver' good — how much you give?" — the calmer attitudes of the men and girls who brought sugar-cane down to sell to the native passengers, the rushing about of the boatmen carrying on and off freight, the swift descent of the native policeman upon the mischievous boys who had clambered onto the barge with an eye to *bakshish*, and all the other lively scenes of the landing-place. One day, however, he got his prize series, and I fear that some good English folk will get the lock-jaw next winter when he comes to

exhibit the "moving pictures" in his drawing-room at home. It was the arrival at the boat-side of our little company of tourists who had just been off on donkeys to see the rock tombs at Beni-hassan. If there is anything funnier in this world than we were when we had got into our pith helmets, with a yard of fluttering cloth behind to keep off the sun and a yard of veiling in front to keep off the flies, and then attempted to sit on the aft deck of a jiggling donkey while a bare-footed imp ran behind and twisted his tail to make him go, I would like to see it. Some of us tried to carry sun umbrellas to add to the grotesqueness of the spectacle, and all of us rode with the easy grace which would be expected of bigoted pedestrians who had never met a donkey in real life before. The section of English society which the cinematograph man favours, is certainly in for a treat.

No camera will ever do justice to Nile scenery, however, until colour photography has become certain and capable of delicate shades. The beauty of most of the "bits" of *genre* depends upon the colouring. For instance, the women who come out on the roofs of the village houses to gaze at the passing boat make splashes of colour against the dull mud background of their homes—yellow, red, blue, with golden anklets flashing above their naked feet. Then the spare brown athletes labouring at the *shadufs*—you cannot imagine them unless you see the rich bronze of their skins shining in the sun and revealing the play of the muscles beneath. They are as lithe as panthers, as swift in their swoop down to plunge their buckets in the river as the thrust of a piston, often as perfect in form as statues in a museum. The girls and boys are commonly clad in one garment only, a flowing robe that hangs free from the shoulder; and when the wind blows it against their figures, they, too, become living statues of whatever colour the purchaser of the robe himself fancied.

The villages are picturesque variations from the sand banks and waving wheat fields which usually line the river. They are commonly clusters of mud houses piled together in haphazard fashion in the midst of a grove of palms. Of the grace of the palm I need say nothing. With its erect trunk and its crown of pendent fronds, flung into the air like an arboreal firework, it is as pleasing to northern eyes, accustomed to bushier and more compact trees, as the swing of a camel caravan or the solemn dignity of a crane knee deep in the Nile. Frequently the tops of the houses have a sort of castellated appearance from the spacious pigeon-lofts which are built there to accommodate these birds that go so well in a pie. But, after all, it is the villagers who give life to the picture. They appear at most unexpected places— young girls on the roofs with kohl blackened eyes, carrying nearly naked babies astride on their shoulders; women marching out of the street ends erect as caryatides under their water jars; turbanned men standing in dignified groups in front of a sun-flooded wall.

It is easy to believe the common legend that they think tourists mad. Here are we spending our good money to see empty ruins and even wasting photographic films upon themselves. Some of them are willing to humour us in this folly by repeating the patter they have learned: "Temple Ram'ses—good—ver' good—old—ver' old—fine—ver' fine;" but they are not deceived themselves. They are moved by the spirit of the donkey boys, who will tell you—"good donkey — good donkey-boy — donkey name, 'Telephone-Telegraph' — my name, Hassan," because they think you will be tickled by such names and laugh in *bakshish*. Mad millionaires we all are; and merchants come on board at the way stations to tempt us with wonderful shawls of gold and silver, and strings of more or less precious stones, and scarabs made—they say

—in New Jersey, and "finkuses" (sphinxes) of clay. Then the ladies find that there are "beauties" of the Nile that can be handled and priced and carried off home.

Another beauty of the Nile which some of our photographers tried to carry home, was the sunsets. But at best they must have missed the marvellous colouring; and a Nile sunset without the colouring would be like the daylight fireworks they sometimes essay to amuse the children. There are not even clouds to help out a photograph. The sun sinks into a sea of gold in a cloudless sky; and for a time the best of the sunset is to be seen in the east where bands of delicate hue blend into each other across the wide heavens. Then the tints slowly fade into velvet dark picked out by stars; and you turn to the west again and find it a glory of soft shadings glimmering over the desert—that mystic land of the dead where Osiris reigns.

If you are lucky as we were, these living lights—they are almost like our own aurora—do not fade out utterly until you are conscious that they are being replaced by the cold, dead light of the moon. Our trip up the river was during the week of the full moon, and the evenings when we sat on deck and watched the brilliant moonlight of Egypt work its witchery with this thoroughly foreign and strange Nile scenery will, I think, never be forgotten by any of the little company. We were not the only Canadians in the party; and if what I have written is read by the others—Major C. M. and Mrs. Nellis of Saint Johns, Quebec—I think they will bear me out. It is hard to tell which was the more lovely—the palms about the villages with the moon sailing behind their slim columns and drooping foliage "capitals," or the terraced and bastioned hills with every crevice in high relief under the only light which discriminates, covering the ugly and calling out the beautiful. Upon all lay the misty cloak of unreality—the

river boats with silver sails, the receding hills crowned with the dazzling white domes of Mohammedan tombs, the low villages asleep under their sentinel palms.

I have accomplished something of an achievement. I have written what you will think a wearisome lot about the voyage up the Nile, and I have not mentioned—save for quoting a donkey-boy—Rameses nor raved about the temples nor dwelt among the tombs. But I think that a sketch of the beauties of the Nile would be marred by an evident avoidance of such things if I did not speak at least of that little kiosk on Philæ, popularly known as Pharaoh's Bed, through which the waters of the Nile now flow; and the impressive majesty of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Both take their places with the beauties rather than with the interests of the Nile Valley. The kiosk of Philæ is unimportant from the standpoint of the Egyptologist; but, half submerged by the river as it is now, it is one of the loveliest sights which can greet the eye of the traveller anywhere.

Then the ride into the Valley of Death, where the old Pharaohs were buried, is an experience for which I

cannot find a parallel. Majestic—desolate—deathlike—winding in behind the barren barrier of the naked hills which shut it off from the fertile valley of the Nile, this desert ravine is an ideal place for the last sleep. No life could ever come there to disturb those who dwelt with Osiris—not even the shadow of a bird high in the blue, for nothing lies this way that could tempt its search. As a matter of fact, only two forms of life have come—the grave-robber and the tourist; and what Pharaoh can be powerful enough to guard against these twain? And of the two, is not the latter the most to be feared? Against the grave-robbers, the faithful priests were able to make some provision by hiding away the bodies of their kings in a secret shaft at Deir el-Bachri; but the tourists were not to be denied. They visit the tombs in clamorous companies, mispronouncing the names of the absent dead and misunderstanding the paintings on the walls; and they may even idle through the corridors of the splendid museum at Cairo and feast their curious eyes upon the very features of the great Rameses and the Seti for whom the finest tomb in the valley was made.



THE CANADIAN AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS

A COMPARISON

BY WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL,
JUSTICE OF THE KING'S BENCH DIVISION, HIGH
COURT OF JUSTICE FOR ONTARIO

IT has happened that I have within the last few years had occasion to attend meetings of bar associations in the United States, and to visit State and Federal courts. Nothing else upon these occasions has so attracted my attention and excited my wonder as the relative amount of discussion of constitutional questions. I do not think I exaggerate when I estimate the time occupied in such discussions at more than one-fourth of the whole. In Canada, on the contrary, perhaps not one per cent. of the time of such bodies is thus taken up.

This is an exceedingly curious or, rather, interesting, point of difference between two peoples largely of the same language, same origin, similar institutions and customs, and actuated by the same motives and aspirations. And it may not be entirely without advantage briefly to consider this difference.

It all rests on the fundamental fact that Canada has in substance the same constitution as the United Empire. The British North America Act of 1867 begins with the preamble "Whereas the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have expressed their desire to be federally united into one Dominion under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a con-

stitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom." This desire was granted.

Now the United Kingdom has in reality no constitution at all in the sense in which the word is used in the United States.

In Britain this or that is said to be "constitutional" or "unconstitutional" as it is conceived to conform or not to conform to the general principles, more or less vague, upon which it is thought the Empire is governed. What these principles are is often a matter of opinion. They are changing from generation to generation and have nowhere an authoritative presentation.

In the United States the fathers of the Union collected what they believed to be the true principles upon which government should be carried. Most of these they got from the Mother Country. These principles were reduced to writing, and so became fixed. No better illustration can be found of the truth of the saying "The letter killeth and the spirit giveth life" than the course since that time of the Constitutions of the two nations. In the old land the Constitution is changing from time to time to meet the advance of the people and change of views. In the United States everything is referred

to the letter of the written document framed a century and more ago. The United Kingdom has the most profound confidence in the people; the United States the most profound suspicion. In the former the people must have their way; in the latter they can have their way only so far as they are allowed by the terms of a document framed by the hand of a dead and gone generation. The nation which is called feudal and aristocratic is wholly free to do as the people say; that which is called democratic is hemmed in on every hand by barriers as of iron: and these not of their own making. The President of the United States has even now practically all the powers of the British King of the time of George III., while the power of the King has been continually changing and diminishing. And so in our government—as I have already said—we have, speaking generally, the same Constitution as the Mother Country.

There is, of course, the division of the objects of legislation between Dominion and Province, but given that the object of legislation is within any class of subjects assigned to Dominion or Province (as the case may be) there is no question of the extent of the power of parliament or legislature respectively.

Now this, it seems to me, is the cardinal difference between the two countries. In the United States, Congress may legislate upon a subject admittedly within its jurisdiction, but if the legislation clash in any way with the provisions of the Constitution, it is void. And not only if it be contrary to an express provision of the Constitution, but also if it be opposed to what the courts may have read into the Constitution.

By Section 10, Article 1, of the Constitution of the United States, it is provided that "No State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts." [There is nothing, I may say in passing, to prevent the United States in Congress passing such laws.]

The most extraordinary consequences have followed from this provision. For example, in 1769 the King, George III., granted to the trustees of Dartmouth College in New Hampshire a charter of incorporation as a private charitable institution. After the Revolution—in 1816—the legislature of the State of New Hampshire passed an Act taking away from the trustees the government of this college and vesting it in the executive of the State—in other words, changing the college from a private to a State institution. The Act, while continuing the trustees as a corporation as Trustee of Dartmouth University, purported to form a new body called a Board of Overseers, of whom the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives of New Hampshire, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, were ex-officio members, and to this Board of Overseers was given the power of confirming or vetoing the acts of the trustees relating to the appointment and removal of president, professors and permanent officers, the determination of their salaries, the establishment of professorships, and the erection of new buildings. The Legislature, later on in the same year, passed another act, making it an offence for any one to act as president, professor, etc., except in conformity with the Act just named. One Woodward had been secretary-treasurer of the corporation before the passing of the Acts, but he apparently took sides with the Legislature because he was removed by the Trustees of Dartmouth College before the last Act, and he was re-appointed by the trustees of Dartmouth University organised under the new Acts. The old board brought an action against him for taking possession of the books of their records.

It will be seen that the simple question was: Had a new corporation of trustees of Dartmouth University been legally created? And that depended upon whe-

ther the Acts of the Legislature were valid. The Supreme Court of New Hampshire decided that the Legislature had not exceeded its authority, and so dismissed the action. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. The case for the old board was argued by the celebrated Daniel Webster, and the Supreme Court decided that the charter was a contract. The Chief Justice, the well-known John Marshall, says: "It can require no argument to prove that the circumstances of this case constitute a contract." Then the court proceeded to hold that this charter was a contract of the kind protected by the Constitution, and that the Legislature had no right to change it in any way.

In Canada the Legislature, without any hesitation, entirely changed the constitution of King's College, the predecessor of the University of Toronto; and no one imagined that the legislation was vulnerable in any point.

If to-morrow the Legislature should decide to change the status of Queen's University, there can be no doubt that it has the power to do so. If even the change were to bring about a relation of that University to the Methodist Church identical with that it now bears to the Presbyterian Church, the validity of the legislation would not be questionable.

So in England, the position of the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge has been seriously modified by Parliament; and no one in or out of Parliament questions the power of Parliament to make even more radical changes.

Again, if any enterprise receive a charter, that charter can be either in the old land or in Canada modified or abrogated at the will of the law-making body and without the consent of the corporation or any one else. In the United States, if any State should grant any exclusive privilege, this grant is looked upon as a con-

tract and cannot be recalled. For example, if a State were to grant to a named individual or corporation the sole right for a fixed term to establish a slaughter house in a certain city, (and it has been held that a legislature may validly give such a right) the monopoly would be irremediable and the people helpless. With us, the law-making body can take what it can validly give.

If a State make an arrangement with any person or corporation that it will not tax property or rights or franchises, or will tax at only a fixed rate agreed upon, this, too, if for consideration, is a contract; and the Legislature cannot take up its lost sovereignty and exercise the power of taxation at will. Our Legislature cannot contract itself out of any of its powers given by the British North America Act. No act of the Legislature is so binding that it cannot be repealed by the Legislature or its successor.

In the case of a contract made by a State, some at least of the States manage to get out of any difficulty. For example, when I was in Missouri last fall at a meeting of the Bar Association of that State, I heard a long discussion as to whether the State had broken its contract with a firm of publishers in another State. I confess it seemed to me that the State had been in the wrong; and I asked why the matter was not tried in the courts. To my astonishment, I was told that the State, being sovereign, could not be sued: that as there was no such proceeding as exists in all British countries for testing the meaning of a contract with the Government, the publishers had to go without redress.

A writer in *The American Law Review* quotes me as saying: "Of the matters of difference between your country and mine, the third is a matter which I can't quite get through my mind so as to reconcile it with my sense of justice. I heard yesterday, and I understand it is the law, that no man

has a right of action against the Sovereign State. In my country, in our jurisprudence, if a person conceives himself to be wronged by the Sovereign, all he has to do is state his facts by way of petition to the attorney-general, and with the leave of the attorney-general the matter is brought into court and threshed out the same as an ordinary civil action. No court can compel the Sovereign to do what it does not want to do. The jurisdiction of the court over the Sovereign is only advisory. It says what is just and right and proper; but the theory of our law is, and I suppose it should be the theory of all law, that the Sovereign body does not intend to do wrong, and, if it has unintentionally done wrong, then, being informed of its wrong by properly constituted authority, that Sovereign body will right the wrong. In our jurisprudence we say the King does not intend to do wrong. His subjects, or mere denizens, might have a contract with His Majesty in Canada. He wouldn't intend to do any wrong. He might believe, his advisers might believe, the contract meant one thing; you might say, 'No, I intended it to mean another, let the court determine what that actually means,' and His Majesty, truly advised, says, "if I am wrong, of course I will do you justice."

A provision in the same part of the Constitution is that no person is to be deprived of property without due process of law. No matter in what devious ways a person may have become possessed of property, and no matter to what amount, he cannot be deprived of any part of it without due process of law; and a law cannot be framed up to meet the case because *ex post facto* legislation is forbidden. For example, if a railway company has issued its bonds bearing a high rate of interest, legislation cannot give to the company the power to replace these with debentures at a lower rate against the will of a *bona fide* holder. The Parliament of the Dominion did

pass such legislation, and no one in Canada dreamt of questioning its validity; but the courts of the United States, apparently looking upon legislatures with us as of the same powers as their own, held that this statute was void.

In a very well known case in Ontario it was contended that a company had acquired vested rights to a certain valuable mine, which was afterwards declared by the Legislature to belong to another company. The courts in Ontario without any dissent or difference of opinion (and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have approved) considered that even if the first-named company owned the disputed property, the Legislature had the power to take it away.

So the right to bring an action at law is a right which cannot be taken away from anyone in the United States. Congress tried by statute in 1863 to make any order of the President during the rebellion a valid defence in all courts against any action for arrest or imprisonment, etc., made under such order. But the courts promptly held that Congress had no power to deprive citizens of redress in the courts for illegal arrests and imprisonments.

In Canada we have had statutes of indemnity, *e. g.*, in 1838. After the Rebellion an Act was passed (1 Vic., c. 12) which recited that before and during the "insurrection" it became necessary for justices of the peace, officers of the militia and others in authority in the Province, and also for loyal subjects, to apprehend persons charged or suspected of joining in the insurrection. The Act then provided that all proceedings brought for such acts should be void and the persons who had committed them indemnified. All such proceedings were to be stayed, and if the plaintiffs went on they should be liable for double costs. No one had the slightest idea that this Act was not perfectly valid. So in Ireland a similar Act was passed after the Rebellion of 1798;

and also in Cape Colony in 1836, 1847 and 1853; in Ceylon in 1848; in Saint Vincent in 1862, and in New Zealand in 1865 and 1867. In Jamaica, after the troubles of 1865, the Legislature passed an Act of indemnity which had the effect of preventing the prosecution of actions against Governor Eyre.

In Ontario we have had a recent instance of the exercise of such a power by the Legislature. In the Hydro-Electric matters, the Legislature has said actions are not to be taken or, if taken, are not to be proceeded with. The courts so far have upheld the power so exercised.

A law of New York State authorised anyone to take an animal trespassing on his lands and have it sold by a justice of the peace, who would first retain his own fees, then pay the person trespassed upon for the keep of the animal and hand the remainder to the owner of the animal if he should claim it within one year. This was held to be unconstitutional. Our pound-keepers are exercising this power of sale every day under the provisions of a chapter in our Revised Statutes.

By the Constitution of the United States and the several States, the term of office of President and Governor is fixed. Short of impeachment, there is no way of getting rid of a Chief Executive no matter how much he may run adverse to the desires and opinions of the people. The term of representatives and Senators is fixed and no power exists to shorten this a day. In our system, in practice a new election can be called at any time that it is thought advisable by a ministry which can command a majority in the Parliament and often by one that cannot—a parliament may extend its own life indefinitely.

The Prime Minister of Canada, who (and not the Governor-General) corresponds in Canada with the President in the United States, cannot remain in power a day without the support of the majority of the people's repre-

sentatives. Compare with his position that of President Johnson, who held his position for years while bitterly distrusted and disliked by a majority of the citizens of the United States.

It seems to me that the cardinal difference between Canada and the country to the south is well illustrated by the process of legislation. In the United States the executive officers do not sit in Congress—they are not responsible for the legislation at all. President Taft made his campaign largely upon a promise that the tariff should be revised. He could not introduce a bill himself. That must be done by a member of Congress. No direct responsibility rested upon the President for the bill introduced. All he could do was to intimate openly or secretly to congressmen what his views and wishes were, and to use the influence given him by his power of appointing to offices in the service of the country, if he considered such a use of this influence proper. He could not in person in the House or Senate defend any provision or assail any amendment proposed. And the President has or has not "made good" according as to how far he has been able by the exercise of influence or argument or persuasion in having his promises implemented. But nobody holds him responsible for the tariff. It is not "Taft's Bill," but it is the "Payne-Aldrich Bill," like the former Dingley Bill," "Wilson Bill," and "McKinley Bill." And whether he has pleased his party or the nation, he sits until the end of his term; and he would have done so had his party been defeated in Congress and Senate and utterly routed before the electorate. No responsible officer is responsible for the legislation.

Now, in Canada, if an election is fought on any issue the required legislation is introduced by a responsible ministry. If they can command a majority of the people's representatives, it in practice passes into law after having been scrutinised by the Senate. If

the responsible ministry cannot command a majority of the House, a new prime minister is sent for and a new ministry formed, and these take the responsibility for legislation. If the people do not like it, the members soon find that out; and there is or need be no delay in public opinion making itself felt. No prime minister has any fixed term of office; and he cannot sit serene in the consciousness that he cannot be removed.

A word or two as to the position of the courts. I think the people of the United States were the first to put themselves absolutely under their courts. It is for the courts to declare the meaning of the Constitution, to determine the constitutionality or otherwise of an enactment. The legislatures cannot set aside a construction of the law already determined by the courts, nor compel the courts to adopt in future a particular construction of a statute allowed to remain in force; nor can the legislatures, for example, compel the courts to grant a new trial or extend time for appealing to a party who had allowed the time prescribed by the general law to expire.

With us, the legislatures are supreme in all such matters. The courts are not instituted by any constitution; they were all instituted by the legislatures, all their powers came from the legislatures, and the same hand which gave can take away. As was said in one case, "If the legislature has in fact said that the true boundary between two adjoining lots is to be determined by three farmers or by a land surveyor, it is my duty loyally to obey the order of the Legislature and stay my hand; the Legislature has the legal power—and that is all I may concern myself about—to say that His Majesty's Court shall not determine the property rights of His Majesty's subjects in respect of the extent of their land."

It will at once be observed that this is closely allied to the principle we have already been examining as to

the sacredness of private rights; but it goes much further. The substance is that the dead and gone generation is in the United States saying to the present and living, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"—a prohibition to which I do believe no British people would submit.

In this, as in everything else in our Constitution, the people are the ultimate court of appeal, and they hold the ministry of the day responsible for all the acts of parliament or legislature. So in the exercise of the powers of legislation which I have referred to, if parliament or legislature should take away a charter once granted, the people might disapprove and punish the responsible ministry by refusing them a majority. If the people thought that the courts should not be closed to litigants, they could say so. And generally all the acts of the legislating bodies come or should come for judgment from time to time by the citizens of Canada, and it is for them to say what is to be allowed and what forbidden.

In the other country, it is not the people who can allow or disallow. The people are not trusted. They cannot say to a monopolist: "You shall not retain your ill-gotten wealth." They cannot say to one who is litigating simply to embarrass the construction or operation of a great public work: "You shall not litigate."

All this power possessed by Canadian legislating bodies is old—there is nothing new about it. It is possessed by our kinsmen across the sea, by our kinsmen in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and elsewhere; and thus far, at least, there seems to be no symptom of any move to limit or change it.

Parliament and the Legislative Assembly could not themselves validly restrict their power—if any self-denying ordinance should be passed to-day it might be rescinded and repealed tomorrow by the same body which enacted it, or next year or next century by a successor. The only way

in which these powers can be validly limited is by an Act of the Imperial Legislature; and that I cannot think will ever be applied for or passed *in invitum*.

It is sometimes said by those who should know better that there was no intention to give such great powers to the Provinces or Dominion, and that the British North America Act in that regard was passed, as it were, in inadvertence. Nothing can be further from the truth. Elsewhere I have said, and I repeat:

"It is sometimes said that the British Parliament could not in passing the British North America Act have intended to confer on a local legislature such unlimited powers. The best way of determining what a parliament intends is to find out the meaning of what it says. The meaning of the language is perfectly plain and does not admit of question. Those who assert that the British North America Act does not express the real meaning and intent of parliament, it seems to me, forget that practically all the power Ontario has, she has had from the time of the Act of 1791, 31 Geo. III., ch. 31. It was not just the other day that our Province 'came of age'—she is over 100 years old. All the powers we have been considering were undoubtedly hers since 1791. And I much mistake the temper of my countrymen if they in 1867 would have been or would now be content to accept any legislation which would cut down in any wise their power of governing themselves. All these powers are possessed in fact by our kinsmen across the seas, and for myself I can see no reason why our rights in Ontario in local matters should be any less than the rights of those in the British Isles, why Britons on this side of the Atlantic should any less govern themselves than those on the other.

"Nor were those who drew up the British North America Act ignorant men. The colonial statesmen were men of great ability, who knew what

they wanted, and knew how to put in plain language what they did want. They had the assistance of the ablest lawyers in England; they were experienced legislators themselves; and it is idle to speak of the result of their labours as being other than what was intended."

I have not said anything about the power to amend the Constitution in the United States. Such a power does exist, but it is so slow and the machinery so cumbrous that it might for all practical purposes be non-existent. We in Canada can change our Constitution in an hour if both Houses of Parliament or the legislative body are willing. A majority of both houses can force a change within, at the most, a few months. No change can in the United States be made immediately if every man in the country from President down should desire it—and no really contested change can be effected in as many years as we require months. Take, for example, the constitutional amendment proposed a short time ago by President Taft, giving the United States the power to impose an income tax. The proposition is dragging its slow length along, and it almost seems as though the objection of one man, Governor Hughes, was effective to prevent its adoption. "The Government" cannot force it through, and it must take its course, involving, perhaps, years.

I suppose that it is not to be expected of me, a Canadian and a British Judge, that I should be able to form a wholly unbiased opinion as to the relative value of the two Constitutions, but, for what it is worth, I may be permitted to say that with such study as I have been able to give to the subject, and such intellect as I am blessed with, I am wholly sure that ours offers the best hope for the future, for the advantage of the commonalty, both in wealth and in intelligence, and for the realisation of the prophetic apothegm. "All men are born free and equal."

GERMANY AND ENGLAND

A COMPARISON

BY L. E. HORNING,

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN AND OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE
AT VICTORIA COLLEGE

UP to a few years ago England was considered by all nations as the undisputed mistress of the seas and the financial centre of the world. It is still, as in Napoleon's day, a "nation of shopkeepers," far in advance of other continental people in the development of the constitutional political rights of its citizens generally; a nation *slow*, dogged and determined in character, of a very practical, common-sense turn of mind, disinclined to take up with new ideas, served in its world-wide Empire by a well-trained body of diplomats second to none in the world, diplomats actuated by the highest ideals, characterised by honest dealing and by devotion to England's cause. And all this we believe to be as true to-day as it has been in the past, of the King upon his throne as well as of the humblest *Tommy* in the ranks.

Everyone of us who knows English history has full right to be proud of the Empire to which we belong and to exult in the pride with which we salute our Union Jack. But, while this is our rightful boast, it is also our bounden duty to open our eyes and to keep them "front." Time moves on, and in its march men and things grow old, so that what is good to-day may and probably will not suit to-morrow. Great movements and great epochs are succeeded by times of lassitude and quiet, in which

we settle down to a daily round of unprogressive life. In some matters England is far in advance, but in others, especially in educational matters, she has lagged most lamentably. The moss-grown and venerable Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have had a glorious past, but they have gradually been left far in the rear in many departments. Because of their unwillingness to adapt themselves to the needs and to the development of the present, the merchants and mechanics of Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, London, and Wales, not to mention other cities, have been forced to establish new schools and new colleges where the students may keep pace with world-development and be trained to meet the citizens of other nations on an equal footing. Educationally, England is still in the rear, although lately she has been making great strides towards a better state of affairs.

The "tight little island" has always stood more or less apart from the other European nations in her development, and not even her colonies have always shared in her plans, her ambitions, her ideals. To-day that is all changed, and who can say what the twentieth century has in store for us of British connection. Much as many of us deplored the South African war from the standpoint of justice

and square-dealing, it has brought about a new condition of affairs within our Empire. As Kipling says to the Colonials in "The Parting of the Columns":

"But 'twasn't merely this an' that
(which all the world may know),
'Twas how you talked an' looked at
things which made us like you so,
All independent, queer and odd, but most
amazin' new,
My word! You shook us up to rights.
Good-bye, good luck to you."

* * *

"We'll never read the papers now without
inquirin' first
For word from all those friendly dorps
where you was born and nursed.

* * *

"Good-bye, you bloomin' atlases! You've
taught us something new;
The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-
bye—good luck to you!"

Or, as one of our own students very cleverly put it, "From now on and henceforth it is not John Bull alone, but John Bull and Sons, unlimited, that faces the world, of friends—and foes."

Across the North Sea we see a sister nation who has within a generation come into her own. One thousand years ago the sandy plains of Brandenburg did not seem a probable nursery for future greatness, but little by little there grew up in and around that small barren district, a duchy, whose throne, in 1415, was given to the Hohenzollerns. And what fires these people have passed through in the refining process! Backward and forward over those plains have surged the hostile armies of Europe, Slav and Teuton in the earlier centuries, Catholic and Protestant in the Thirty Years' War, French and Austrian and Prussian in the eighteenth century, and French and Russian and German in the great Napoleonic struggles. These all brought death and destruction in their train as they thundered over the land. But the Brandenburgers and Prussians, prince and people, became inured to hardship, accustomed to frugality, resourceful and patient, un-

til as a result of all that long training and of 1864, 1866 and of 1870-71, the great Franco-Prussian war, a new Empire and a mighty world-power suddenly deployed before Europe's astonished gaze. Small wonder that, after 500 years, the twentieth in succession, Emperor William II., should frequently refer with a very pardonable, even if sometimes somewhat injudicious pride, to "my Brandenburgers" and their glorious deeds. Few reigning houses, if any, in Europe have such an honourable history behind them. Naturally the politicians of other lands have continued to be disturbed, for these Germans are ready and equal to defending what they have won. Fear has also fallen upon many that they will want still more. The German has every right to be proud of *his* history and *his* success, so long worked for and so creditably used when attained. In spite of the fact that the German army is the best fighting machine in the world, there has been no war in forty years. This is a very important point and not to be lost sight of when considering the present situation. As Doctor Holland Rose rightly says, "If Kaiser Wilhelm had always aimed at our destruction, why did he not seize the opportunity accorded by the early disasters of the Boer war?" England was then isolated—now it is Germany.

The army is an absolute necessity to Germany. She has no natural boundaries, as has England, which take the place of men—Russia on the east and France on the west are watchful and armed and agreed for defence and offence. She would be foolish to sleep on her laurels. But, of course, there is no hiding the fact that such a standing army of non-producers is a terrible drain on the financial resources of the country. There is, without doubt, a great menace in the presence of such a large body of men, whose trade it is to think out means to destroy their fellows and to scheme for national aggrandisement. Probably the thought

of this menace got on the nerves of some neurotic English politician with the result that that absurd story of the toast to "The Day" took form in his disordered imagination.

But far greater in peace than in war have been the conquests of Germany. As a result of the war of 1870-71, there was poured into the lap of Germany riches unheard of before. Immediately there began, first of all, an era of speculation, but after that a period of solid development, slow at first, but from 1880 increasingly rapid, which has had one tremendous result, that of removing Germany from the ranks of the agricultural nations and of placing her in the list of the industrial States. Some sixty per cent. of her population now depend upon industries for their livelihood. Naturally enough, Germany produces more than her own 60,000,000 of people require, and she is forced to seek other markets. She came upon the scene only to find the best parts of the earth already in the hands of the English. Therefore, not having colonies of her own, she must seek foreign markets. And that she has done with such success, sending out her scientifically produced wares in her own ships, and splendid ships they are, into every part of the world, that "Made in Germany" has rightly become a "brand," a trade-mark to imitate. And all this would have been impossible but for the encouragement given to scientific progress in all departments of study, whether technical or industrial, medical or theological, and but for the honour and deference paid, willingly and ungrudgingly, to the investigator in every walk of life. Education, free, full, encouraged and honoured, is at the foundation of all this wonderful development of modern Germany. This it is which makes her twenty-two universities, her numerous technical institutes, her trade schools, all her higher institutions the Mecca of all inquiring minds whose look is forward rather than backward, whose eyes are "front."

Now all this trouble between England and Germany has its origin in "commercial rivalry," at which no one can wonder. The slow unimaginative Englishman found suddenly at his elbow everywhere an hitherto unknown scientifically trained competitor, underselling and out-generalizing him. Pained surprise gave place to vexation, naturally increased because his old-fashioned methods were handicapping him, and further increased by the self-confidence of the youthful rival. Of course, there is friction, and friction gives rise to *Dreadnoughts*, and *Dreadnoughts* give rise to a Canadian navy, and a Canadian navy gives rise to warships on the Great Lakes, and so on *ad infinitum* and *ad absurdum* and *ad nauseam*.

But what it is important to note is that education is the foundation of Germany's commercial greatness, therefore the base of all the trouble between these two great and kindred nations is education, the superior scientific training which the German possesses. You remember that a few years ago Lord Rosebery discovered this fact, when one of the earliest "German scares" found believers in English homes. And in 1907 Mr. Balfour, addressing a great convention of educationists in London, dwelt upon this same truth. So fruitful has this idea become that now English technical schools are helping to regain lost ground for the English artisan and "made in England" has become a slogan which has caused a great revival of English trade. All signs point to a new epoch in English industrial development.

And why all this pother about the German navy? Has not the German as much right to build *Dreadnoughts* as has the Englishman? Both are doing it with the one purpose in view, viz., protection to commerce. Both have great interests at stake; both are adding to the present danger by their methods of providing this protection. It stands to reason that when two

lustly opponents stand over against each other, both armed *cap-à-pie*, there is very grave danger that some comparatively irresponsible person may drop a spark into some tinder, and then the "fun" will begin.

Now, it is very probable that some of those reading this article believe that this will take place, that it is unavoidable, that it must come, and that the sooner it is over the better. I beg to differ and for reasons, for good reasons, I beg to differ.

Look to the East! Over the hills has broken the rosy morn of the twentieth century. And what can we see? Plenty of men who, looking backward, talk of war and bloodshed and hate between nation and nation. But there are other signs. First of all look at the almost miraculous development of the means of bringing the nations of the earth together. England's little railroad between Stockton and Darlington, ten miles, opened in 1825, only a life-time ago, had given place in 1905 to over 560,000 miles upon the earth, representing an expenditure of English and German and French and American and of world capital surpassing our imagination to conceive. And so with shipping. Six steamboats in 1820, in 1900 a total of 12,289, and England building more in 1909 than all the rest of the world put together. In 1819 the first steamboat took twenty-six days to cross the ocean, now we have just enough time to settle accounts with Neptune and we are across. Next our postal arrangements. In 1837, a year that many Canadians remember, the first idea of a common postage for all letters in England, in 1874, the postal union, imagined and worked out by a German. The first telegraph between Baltimore and Washington in 1844, and now the whole earth covered by a network of wires and wireless telegraphy, the newest development. The world is verily "no bigger than a kraal." These are some of the bonds which are exerting an ever-increasing

force upon the nations of the earth, bringing them into close touch and making them profoundly interested in each other's welfare.

Then consider carefully the mighty revolution wrought in industrial life by the introduction of machines. In 1840 a cotton weaver could prepare in a whole year, working thirteen to fourteen hours a day, some 9,500 yards of standard sheeting. In 1886 in one day of ten hours he produced 3,000 yards. With the increase of products is combined an increase of use and a lowering of prices. Furthermore, the raw material comes from various fields the world over and represents the employment of world capital on a large scale. Anything that affects the cotton trade of England, affects the consumers of cotton the world over. Just as we are now having a very striking example of the far-reaching influence of tariff questions, so the questions of trade and commerce generally are more than national, they are worldwide in importance, far transcending in magnitude, for the great mass of the people, such questions as *Dreadnoughts* and torpedo-destroyers.

This unthinkable quantity of capital, daily increasing by huge figures, which is invested in trade and commerce, in railways and shipping and telegraphs, is not confined to the English alone, but the German is also becoming very largely interested. Now, does it not really stand to reason that the man or the statesman who loses sight of all these tremendous world-interests and can see nothing but *Dreadnoughts* and bayonets must be suffering from an optical illusion and be sadly in need of a new pair of glasses? To wantonly set to work to destroy his opponent's credit by a world war, such as that between England and Germany would largely be, in the vain imagining that his own would not also be as utterly destroyed, such an outrage passes comprehension. Surely there are enough keen business and financial

men in England and in Germany who will speak out so clearly and convincingly, in case of necessity, that the "fire-eaters" must listen. Indeed, at the celebration of the Emperor's birthday in London, Count Metternich did speak out, and his words are weighty, sensible and statesmanlike.

But there is still a second great hope. These wonderful means of intercourse between nation and nation, between hemisphere and hemisphere, to which the airship will soon be added, these all are bringing together the best spirits of the nations, the men of knowledge, and out of the interchange of ideas and out of the inspiration of progressive thought can come nothing but the highest common good. It is not so very long ago when few Canadians went abroad to finish their education. To-day they all look forward to a trip abroad "to top off." A few years ago the modern languages were not mentioned in the curricula of a great many universities, our own Toronto being a pioneer in this respect. To-day it is being generally recognised that the literatures of sturdy England and clever France and progressive Germany with their 1,000 to 1,500 years of development, are just as worthy of study as the literatures of Greece and Rome, with their meteor-like appearance, that they have just as much of the culture element, if that is rightly understood, and provide in their history and grammar a mental discipline no less effective than that of these dead tongues. And to-day the wide-awake German is insisting on his engineers and his students making a "student-trip" not only to England and France, these have been in vogue for a number of years, but even to America, as may be seen from the last number of the *Hochschulnachrichten*. You may be sure that those who come will not pass by Canada. Here is where the Englishman has once more been wofully behind. He could not, or, at any rate, did not, learn German; he did learn French.

It is necessary to emphasise the fact, and to so emphasise it, that we in Canada shall take note and *wake up*, viz.: that no man can be up-to-date to-day in any line of work whatever, he will not be acquainted with the latest advance of any science, unless he knows German, reads German and visits Germany. The student of the historical grammar of the English language cannot depend upon English alone; he must go to Germany, buy German books, follow German thinkers, and collectors and investigators. Germany can give us valuable hints as to the equalisation of taxation, on government ownership, on "state socialism," as one writer puts it, and on a great many other subjects. German scientific thought is a mighty factor in the world and all true Canadians and loyal Englishmen should be glad to pay the lawful tribute of gratitude. All German trained students, at home and abroad, are opposed to such insanity as a war between the two great kindred nations.

But there is still a larger, stronger hope, a faith in the common people. Look where one will, one sees a "yeasting" that gives token of great changes to come, changes for the better. In America, in England, in France, in Austria, in Russia, in Turkey, in Persia, in India, in Japan, in China, the world over there are popular movements, big with possibilities. Germany is no exception. Her common people are alive, struggling to gain political rights, growing to great influence in social and religious movements, all of which find reflection in her literature. The Junker party may oppose this development, the Chancellor may refuse political rights, but encouraged by popular successes in other countries, the battle will be continued until the victory is assured. The last general election resulted somewhat disastrously for the party of the people, although they polled by far the largest number of votes. Iniquitous franchise measures will not always rob them of

their rights and then we shall see, as in Austria, this party holding the balance of power. The names usually applied to it are unsatisfactory: Socialism, Radicalism, Democracy, none suit. It is really an industrial evolution, in which the principles of equality and brotherhood are making a mighty appeal to all hearts.

There is, of course, the possible danger, that the ruling classes may seek to unite the people at home by making war against a common foe and in this way avoid the loss of cherished and traditional privileges, which, however, will have to be surrendered in the course of natural development. This has been done and might be done again. But yet there is hope. The working classes are not isolated as they once were. The English workman is profoundly interested in the German labourer, the reverse is just as true, and both are deeply interested in America. The labouring classes are nearer to the realisation of

the "Parliament of man" than the higher classes. It might be quite possible for them to adopt the suggestion of Maurice Hewlett and proclaim a general strike on the day of a declaration of war. An international strike would very effectively put a stop to hostilities.

The Brotherhood of Man, a premature war-cry in the eighteenth century, is now much nearer realisation. The uplift is coming from below and will probably be more lasting. We see it in the Federation of Labour, in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, in the world-wide temperance wave, in the congresses of peace and in the 223 existing organisations for the development of international life and friendship, forty-three of which have their chief business offices in Germany, only twelve in England.

Therefore, let us be of good cheer. There is a silver lining to this dark cloud. Above all, let us despise the words and works of Blatchford *et al.*

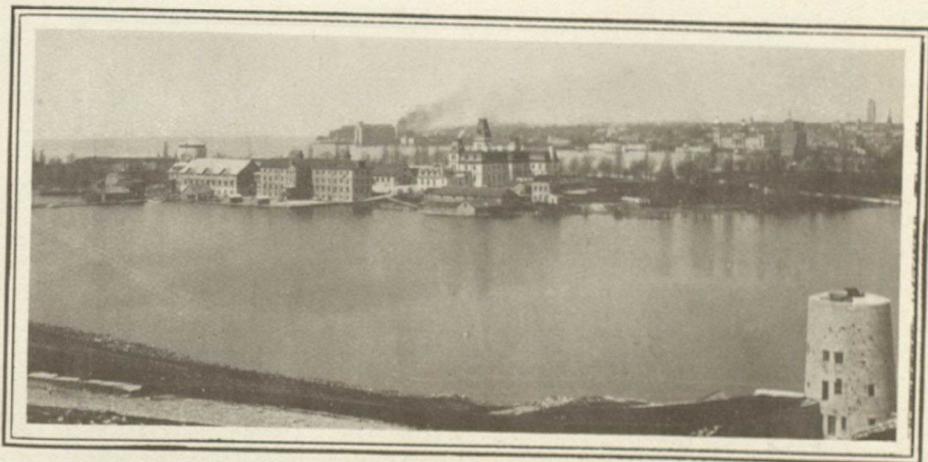
PRAYER OF A MODERN

By H. W. JAKEWAY

O LORD OF STRENGTH, I do not ask for power
 To beat down others in the market place.
 I pray for poise that I may hour by hour
 Meet well my duty with a cheerful face.

O Lord of Grace, let not my aim be rest,
 With life so short for what I have to do.
 But grant me restfulness—thus to invest
 With joy my hours of ease and labour too.

O Lord of Light, whatever I may learn
 Of what men in their little knowledge teach,
 Or wheresoever my poor mind may turn,
 Keep reverence in my heart, I do beseech.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT KINGSTON

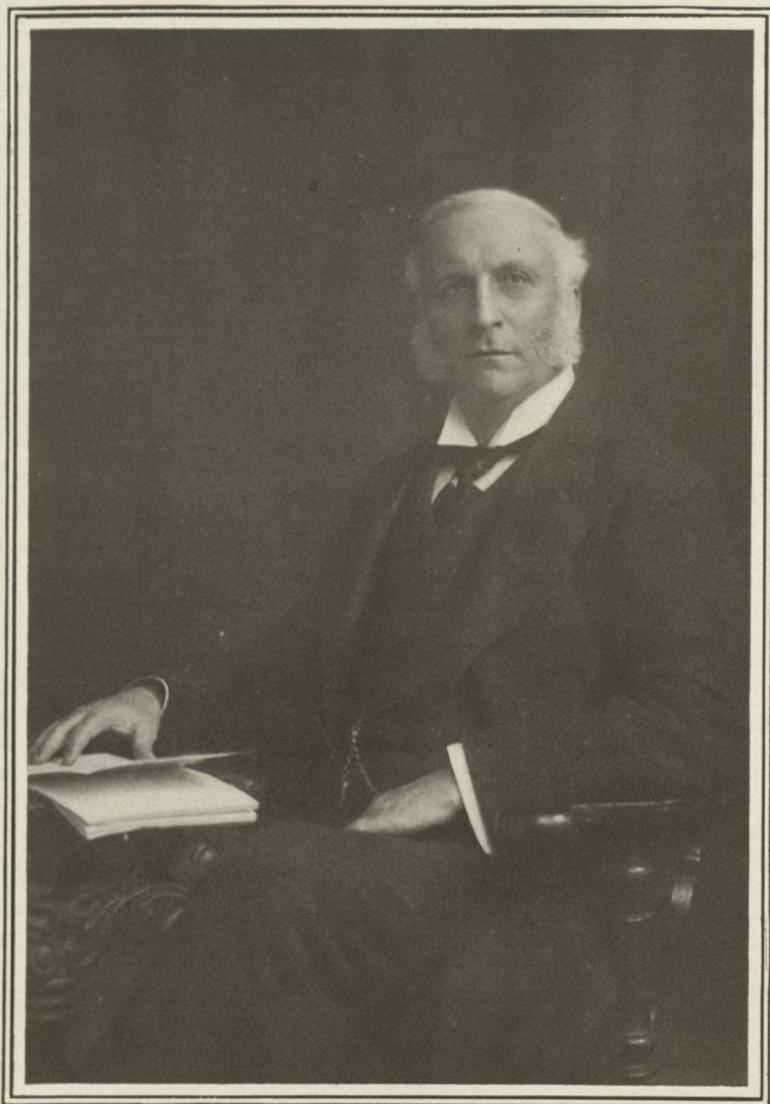
THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

MORE than two centuries has passed since Count Frontenac established a fort on the ground that is now the site at Kingston of the Royal Military College. The valiant French governor could scarcely have foreseen the great change that would gradually be wrought in the development of the village of Cataraqui, as the place was called at that time by the Indians, into the picturesque city of Kingston, with so important a military attachment. In accordance with the privileges of occupation and subjection, the name was changed to Fort Frontenac, and to the gallant French adventurer Chevalier de la Salle was given the place of first in command. At that time the fort's strategical importance was much greater than it is to-day, but it is still admirably located and naturally disposed for the garrisoning of troops and for the varied requirements of a military college. In the early days Fort Frontenac was for long a bulwark of the French occupation, and even after the British conquest it re-

mained a stronghold and garrison for British troops. So that there is in the site of the Royal Military College some historical association of a martial character.

One might well ask, How did it come about that a school for training in the arts of war should be established during times of peace in a country that is preëminent in its practice of the arts of peace? To answer that question one must go back over a space of thirty-five years to a time when, although the Dominion was on terms of amity with the whole world, there was nevertheless, or had been, cause for apprehension. The uprising in the Northwest had subsided for the present at least, but there were still fresh memories of the Fenian Raids, and, besides that, a great many of the Imperial troops had been withdrawn from the country. The Dominion Government of which the late Honourable Alexander Mackenzie was Prime Minister thought therefore that the time was opportune for the establishment of a



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN,
MINISTER OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE FOR CANADA

military college, so that the local forces could be supplied with officers whose training had been received at home. A commissioner in the person of Colonel Fletcher, of the Grenadier Guards, who at the time was military secretary to the Governor-General, was sent to West Point Military Academy of the United States to ob-

serve the methods used there and to gather his conclusions into the form of a report. The government thereupon consulted with the Secretary of State for the Colonies (the Earl of Carnarvon) and the Governor-General of Canada (the Earl of Dufferin), with the result that the recommendations of Colonel Fletcher were adopt-

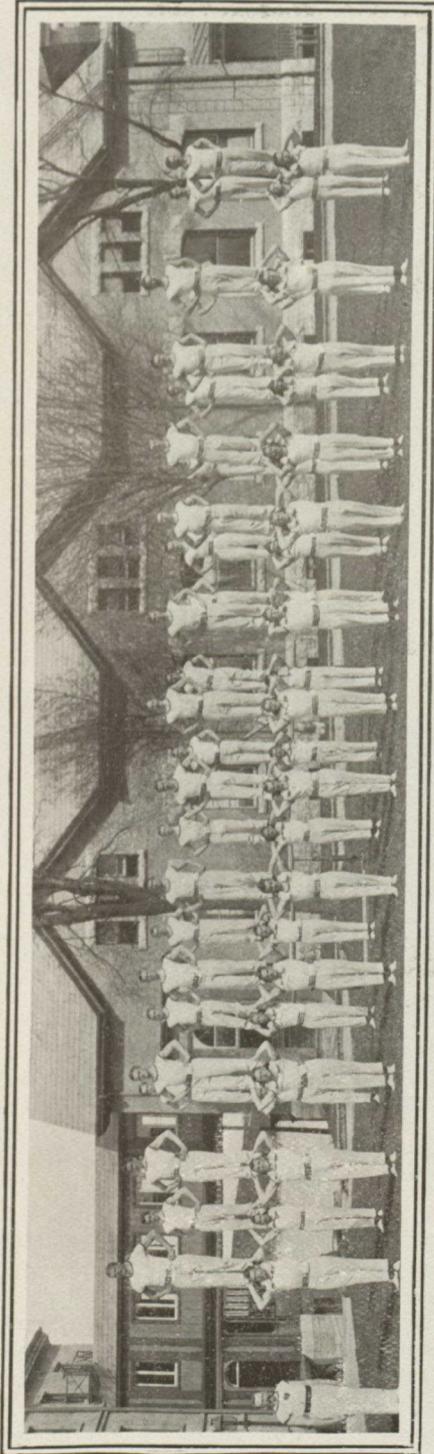


LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. H. V. CROWE,
COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

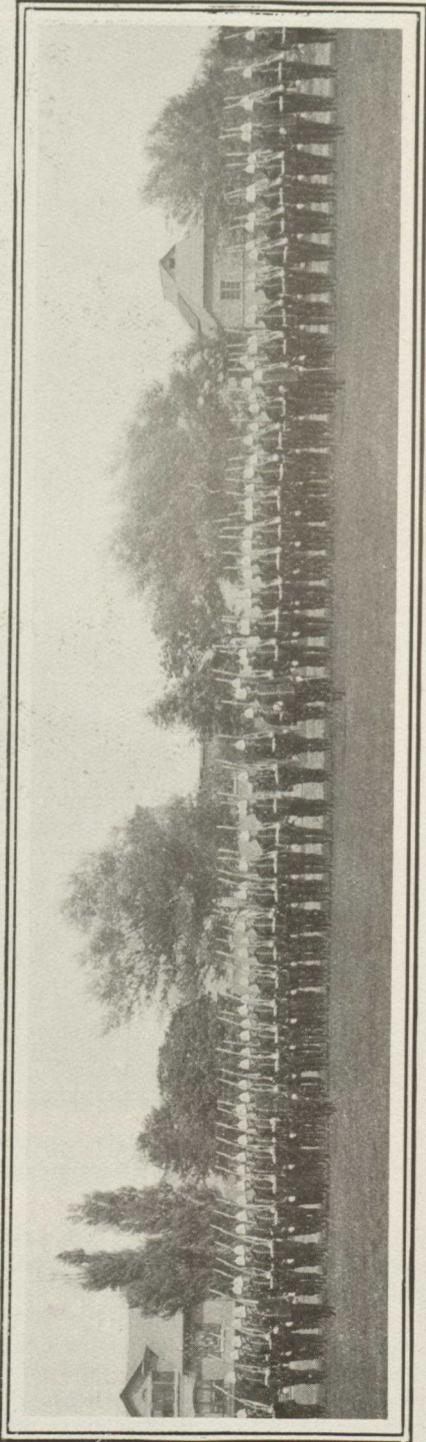
ed, and plans laid out for the establishment of a college on a basis similar to the one at West Point. There is this point of difference, however, that, while at West Point the cadets have no fees to pay, the Government discharging all expenses, there are at Kingston very moderate fees, apart from which, however, the

Government appropriates a considerable sum of money for the general maintenance of the college.

An important feature of the curriculum of the Royal Military College is the provisions made for compulsory study and practical training in civil pursuits as well as military science. Civil engineering, surveying and phy-



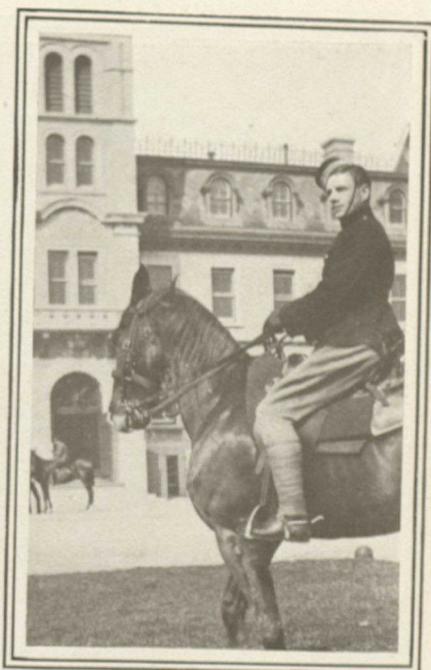
GYMNASIUM SQUAD. THE LIVING WALL.



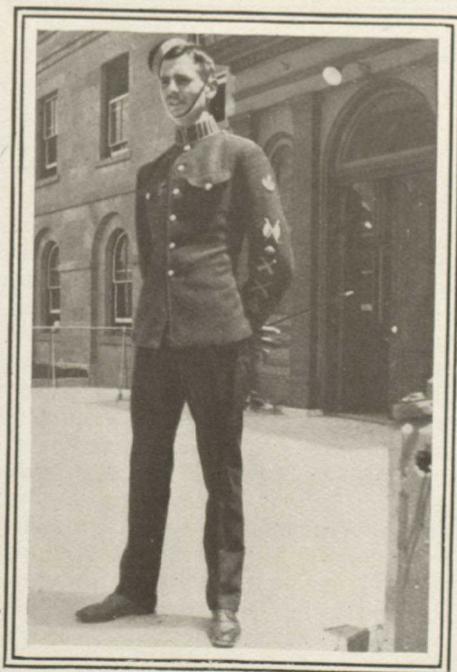
CADETS IN REVIEW ORDER



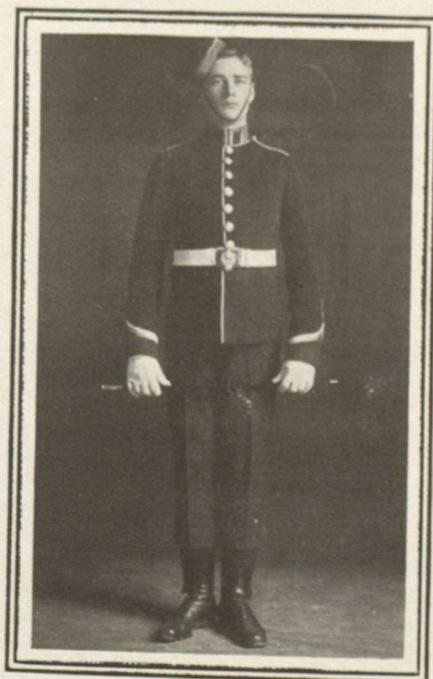
WINTER ORDER



CAVALRY ORDER

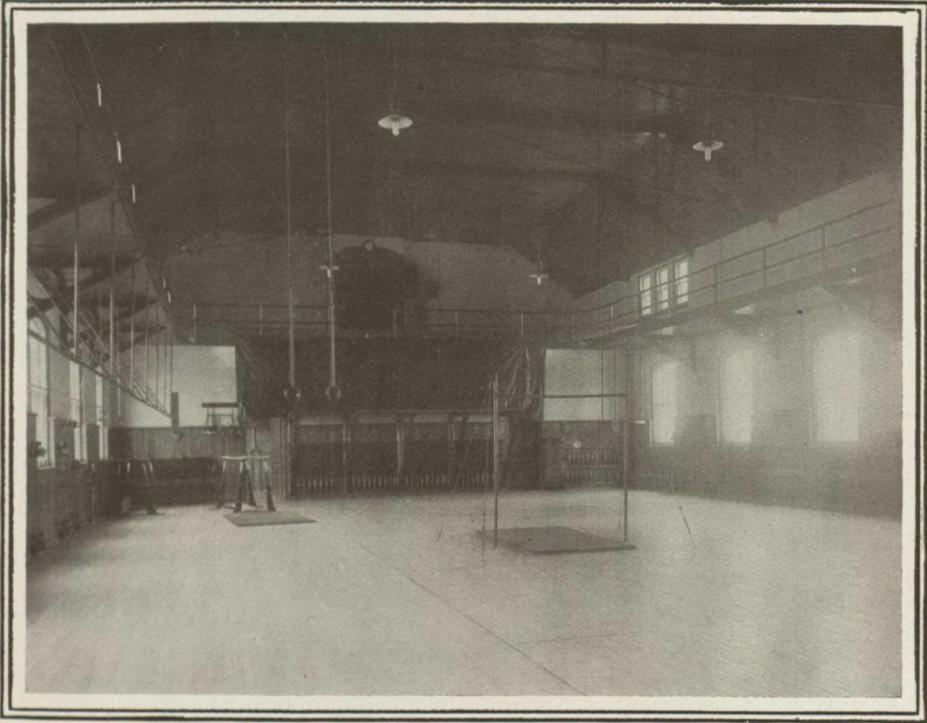


SUMMER ORDER



WALKING OUT ORDER

UNIFORMS OF CADETS AT ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE



THE GYMNASIUM

sics have a well-defined place in the courses of study. These studies are quite naturally necessary to a thorough knowledge of the military profession, and they are required of officers in command and on staff appointments. These courses provide for a thorough grounding in the first principles of these sciences, and it is a well-known fact that at any of the universities students who have taken the course at the Royal Military College, and who do not wish to pursue a military career, are better equipped for the further studies of a purely civil profession than if they had received their preliminary training in the usual way. The practical side of things at the Military College is of first importance to the student, for there he engages in actual bridge-building, trench-making, dredging, and the like under the direct supervision of capable masters.

The youth who wishes to be a candidate for entrance to the Royal Military College must be of age more than sixteen and less than twenty, and he must pass a rigid examination both as to mental and physical qualifications and adaptability. Having passed the examination and been enrolled as a student, he at once comes under the King's orders and regulations respecting the army, the Army Act, the Militia Act of the Dominion, and all other rules and regulations to which His Majesty's troops are subject. Of course, this does not mean that he becomes a military machine, but it is intended to give him the proper military spirit and appreciation. He has duties to perform as well as courses of study to pursue. It is his duty to conduct himself in all things according to the requirements of his superiors, or, in other words, according to the regulations of the college.



THE MESS ROOM AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

He must respect the institution and his fellows therein, and bear himself so that it and they will have good reason to respect him. Good conduct is demanded of him whether in class or on leave, and in no instance must he bear himself in any way that would not be regarded as becoming a gentleman cadet.

The first word in the motto of the College, the motto which was framed by the first Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel E. V. Hewett, is "Truth," and that is one of the first virtues that is impressed upon a student. He is expected to be truthful in all things. The next word in the motto is "Duty," a word that is often misconstrued and misapplied. In this respect it is used in its fullest and best significance. It is intended to eliminate selfishness, and indeed all consideration of self, when the question of what is required of him confronts the cadet, and that, of course,

is of the first importance in military training. The last word of the motto is "Valour." No better word could have been chosen, particularly in view of the records and conduct of soldiers who have gone forth from this college and gloriously fought and died for their country and Empire.

Besides the purely military branches of the course, which include equestrianism, as well as the usual drills with arms, accoutrements and quick-firing guns, there is also a series of strictly enforced practices that have a most important bearing on a cadet. He must rise, for instance, on the stroke of the gong and present himself in strict military order for the morning plunge. On a cold, gray morning when this performance is carried on out of doors from the springboard on the wharf, it oftentimes demands even more nerve than the average youth, if left to himself, could muster. There are then other regula-



BRIDGE-BUILDING AT THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

tions as to toilet and the like which must be carried out with intelligence and punctuality, and for those who are indisposed there is a hospital drill, in which they are marched in line for examination by the physician in charge. For those who are unable to be about there is an isolation hospital. Throughout the day the various classes and drills are carried on with military precision.

The physical and moral aspect of the training at this college are of supreme importance. It would be a strange thing indeed if a young man could go through this course and not gain in strength of physique and robustness of constitution. At the college the habits are regular, and everything is done with a view of promoting health and strength. These blessings and good morals go hand in hand. Temperance in all things is demanded, and cadets are not permitted to enter bar-rooms or to bring intoxicating liquor on to the college premises. Healthful recreations are provided, such as gymnasium exercises, basket-ball, squash-racquet and

field and aquatic sports. Bed-time for the juniors comes at ten-thirty, and for the seniors at eleven. There are half-holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, on which days cadets may visit friends in the city or otherwise dispose themselves as they wish, in keeping with the requirements. But they must report at the college again by a stated hour the same evening.

Unlike most institutions of the kind, the Royal Military College is by no means purely military, and a young man might, with excellent discretion, be sent there even if neither he nor his parents had any intention of his pursuing a military career. Indeed, very many who pass through the college engage in civil pursuits with, in the opinion of many persons, a much better equipment for the battle of life than if they had received their training and education in some other manner. While the rules and regulations of the college are rigid, and much is expected of the cadet in exactitude and good behaviour, the college life is by no means dull and uninteresting. Here, for instance, is an extract from

a written account of his college days by one of the graduates of this college :

"How cold even a summer morning can be over on Point Frederick only those of us can know who used to parade regularly at 6.30 a.m., to be taught swimming by an instructor. But how we enjoyed a plunge off the same bathing wharf after a hot game of foot-ball or cricket! What an enjoyable hour we spent on winter evenings in the gymnasium, learning fencing, boxing, single-stick, and gymnastics, under probably the best instructor in Canada. The hard fought foot-ball and cricket matches we played and the merry dinners in the mess-room in the evening! We shall always remember some of those dinners. The splendid ice-boating and skating in the winter, the sailing and rowing in the summer. The glorious summer days we spent surveying, geologising or sketching. The Negro minstrels and athletic tournaments, the annual ball, by which we acknowledged the hospitality and kindness of our many friends in Kingston. The rifle and artillery matches, the riding lessons, the glee club in the winter and the songs on summer evenings out in the boats, or on the benches in front of the old Barracks, are for most of us, the pleasantest memory of four very happy years."

The college grounds are large and well laid out on a spit of land between two inlets from the Saint Lawrence. They command a view of Old Fort Henry on one hand and of the city of Kingston on another hand. The main education block is on the north side. It contains the class-rooms, staff offices, the library and reading-room and a large mess-room. Hard by is the new hospital, and directly opposite is the old gymnasium, which is now used as a drill-shed for quick-firing guns. The dormitory is on the east side, close to the water, and is usually occupied by more than one hundred cadets. The structure is familiarly known as the "Old Stone Frigate." In the basement of this building there is a well-equipped work-shop where the cadets receive a good course in manual training. The gymnasium stands quite close to the dormitory, and is a well-equipped modern building. Besides these buildings, there are on the college grounds

boat-houses, an electric power-house, modelling and pontoon sheds, quarters for some of the military officers, and cottages for the servants. The college is also equipped with a quarter-mile running track and a rifle-range and butts for distances up to six hundred yards.

The first Commandant was Lieutenant-Colonel E. V. Hewett, R.E., afterwards Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. His term of service extended from September, 1875, to May, 1886. The first class of recruits reported at the college on June, 1876, the class now called the "Old Eighteen."

The present Commandant is Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. V. Crowe, R.R., who came to the college from the command of the 28th Brigade, R.F.A. He has had a wide military experience, and is regarded as a most excellent officer for this very important duty. He was private secretary to the Governor of the Punjab from 1892 to 1897, and D.A.Q.M.G. of the Intelligence Department of the War Office from 1899 to 1902, and Chief Instructor in Military Topography and Military History and Tactics at the R.M.A., Woolwich, from 1904 to 1908.

The functions and equipment of the Royal Military College have been gradually and systematically extended and improved under the administration of the present Minister of Militia and Defence, Sir Frederick Borden. Lieutenant-Colonel Crowe is the first Commandant of the college who has been a general staff officer of the Imperial regular army with previous instructional experience, and the intention is to include in the staff of instructors at the college specially selected officers from the educational branch of the Imperial general staff. The college should, under the practise of that policy, raise the standard of proficiency among the officers of the Dominion forces, and make the institution itself the centre of the military genius of Canada.

PRINCE ALBERT TO LIVERPOOL BY WATER

BY LEN G. SHAW

FROM Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to Liverpool by water may seem like a far cry. In reality, it is well within the range of possibilities, with the probability becoming stronger each year, of cargoes of grain and flour from the great Northwest that is fast becoming the bread-basket of the world being laid down at European ports in the same bottoms in which they made the greater portion of, if not all, the journey nearly half-way around the globe.

Every time mention is made of a canal from the Georgian Bay to the Ottawa River, giving a direct route from the upper Great Lakes to Montreal and tidewater, American vessel owners along the inland seas are seized with paroxysms of mirth.

They will tell you, with an impressive sweep of the hand, as though their answer settled the question for all time, that such an undertaking is impracticable. Pressed further, they take refuge behind the threadbare argument that the expense would be too great, that Canada could not stand such a burden.

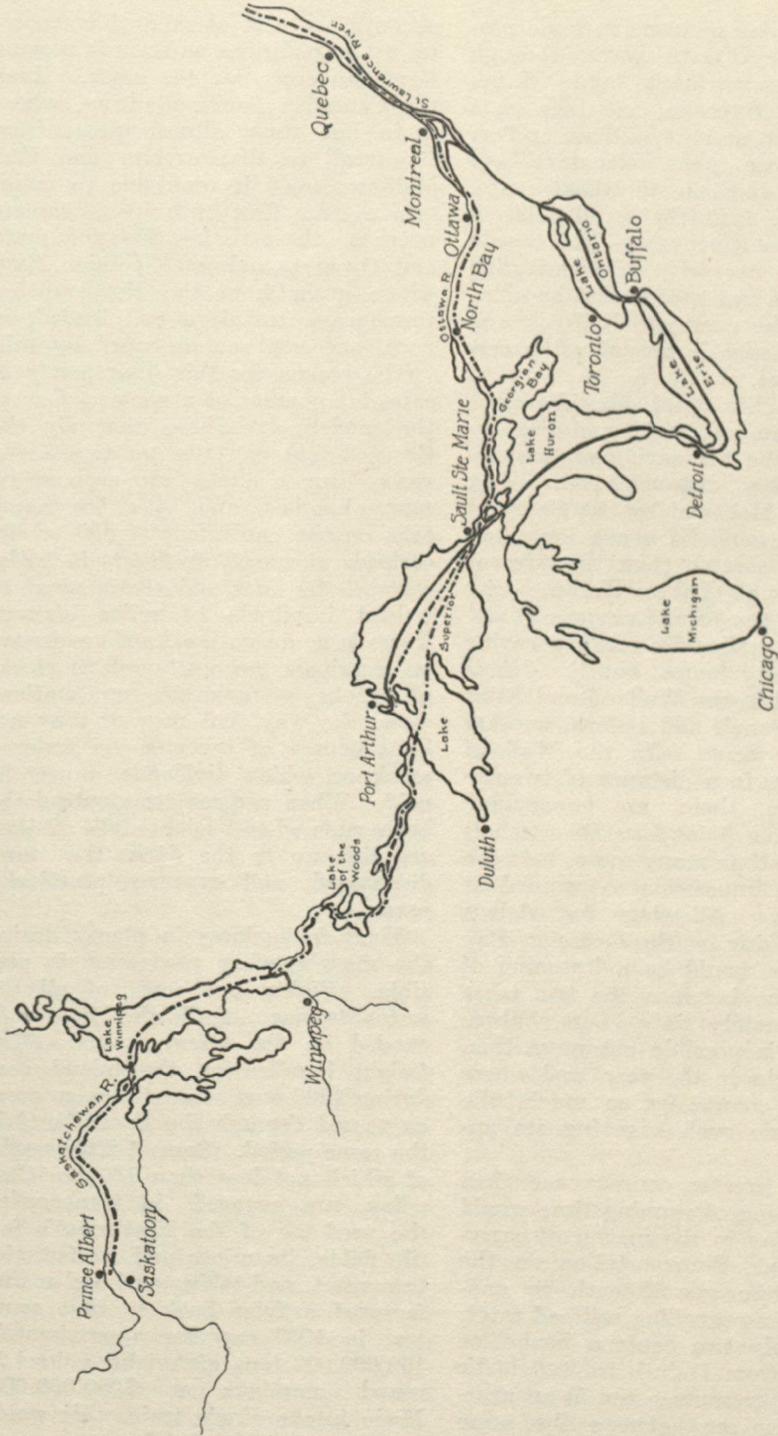
This, too, in the face of the fact that a land whose entire population is less than that of New York State has already spent more than \$90,000,000 for similar purposes; that Canadian enterprise made the Welland Canal possible, overcoming nature's seemingly insurmountable barrier between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario; that Canadian engineering skill and Can-

adian money are responsible for the Saint Lawrence Canals, than which, for their size, there are none better; that Canadian push built the locks at the Canadian "Soo," giving the Canadian Northwest an outlet by water around the falls in Saint Mary's River independent of the United States.

Careful surveys by government engineers have shown that a twenty-one foot channel from Georgian Bay to the Ottawa River, and down that stream to Montreal and tidewater, would cost approximately \$105,000,000, or something like \$15,000,000 more than the Dominion already has invested in like enterprises.

Such a course would accommodate the largest vessels on the Great Lakes, for the modern 600-foot grain and ore carriers are unable to load to a great depth, owing to obstacles in the lower Detroit River. Furthermore, it would eliminate one of the chief stumbling blocks to development of Canadian lake commerce in keeping with the constantly increasing demands upon it.

At present lake vessels drawing over fourteen feet of water are unable to go east of Buffalo, owing to the limited size of the Welland Canal locks. With the Georgian Bay route in operation, it would not only be possible for lake vessels of maximum draft to reach Montreal, but ocean steamers, few of which equal in size those on the lakes, instead of ending their run



Map of Suggested Watercourse from Prince Albert to Montreal Black Line Shows Present Great Lakes Route from Montreal to Port Arthur Dotted Lines show Saving in Distance Between the Two Ports via Georgian Bay and thence on to the Canadian Northwest.

at the Canadian metropolis, could proceed up the Ottawa River, through Georgian Bay to Sault Sainte Marie, across Lake Superior, and take on a cargo of grain at Fort William or Port Arthur, where great elevators hold millions of bushels of wheat, oats, corn and rye from the broad fields of the Canadian Northwest. This would obviate the necessity of transferring cargoes from one steamer to another, as is now the case, at Montreal, and materially assist in reducing the carrying charges.

One of the chief considerations prompting an undertaking of this nature would be the saving of time effected. The distance from Fort William to Montreal by the Georgian Bay route would be about four hundred miles shorter than the present course through Lakes Huron, Erie, Ontario and the Saint Lawrence River. This would ordinarily mean a saving of about forty hours, but the delays encountered in the Welland and Saint Lawrence Canals add at least another twenty-four hours. In the Welland Canal alone, in a distance of twenty-seven miles, there are twenty-five locks. In the Saint Lawrence Canals there are half as many more, between which it is impossible to proceed at full speed. Allowing for delays through locking on the Georgian Bay route, there would be a lessening of running time between the two ports of approximately sixty hours. Where navigation is possible not more than seven months in the year, and where each hour counts for so much, the benefits from such a saving are apparent.

Of even greater consequence than the shortening of running time would be the saving in the matter of carrying charges. Transportation on the lakes is from one-fifteenth to one-fourth of the prevailing railroad rates. It costs only two cents a bushel to ship grain from Duluth to Buffalo by boat. Eighty cents a ton is an average rate for ore between the same ports. This is approximately one-

seventh the cost of railroad transportation. Conditions as regards moving Canadian crops are the same. Even the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose main line runs almost direct from Montreal to Port Arthur and Fort William, finds it profitable to maintain a large fleet of freight steamers between these Lake Superior ports and Owen Sound, on Georgian Bay, where grain from the Northwest is transferred to elevators, loaded in cars, and sent on eastward by rail.

The reason for this discrepancy in rates is apparent at a glance. One of the modern leviathans that ply the Great Lakes can run up to an elevator, drop a chute into each of its many hatches, and in a few hours take on the equivalent of 300 or 400 carloads of wheat, or five train loads, cast off the lines and steam away to unload hundreds of miles distant. There is no delay, no shunting of cars, no terminals, no costly rolling stock, no tracks to maintain, no stations along the way that may or may not be a source of revenue, no watered stock on which dividends must be paid. When cargoes are plentiful the boats run; when business falls off they are tied up to the dock, the crews discharged, and expenses practically cease.

There is business in plenty during the months when navigation is possible. Eighty per cent. of all the water tonnage of North America is carried on the Great Lakes. The freight handled on the inland seas during 1908 was seven times as great as passed through the Suez Canal in the same period. Some 1,200 vessels, of which not less than 160 are Canadian, are engaged in transporting the products of the Northwest's fertile fields, its mines and its factories to market, and taking coal and manufactured articles back to that country, in 1907 carrying approximately 100,000,000 tons of freight, valued in round numbers at \$900,000,000. Made into a single train, this would require 2,500,000 freight cars each

having a capacity of forty tons, the string being sufficient to stretch from New York to San Francisco and back three times.

Last year something like 80,000,000 bushels of grain were sent out by boat from Port Arthur and Fort William, the two great Canadian lake ports. At least 90,000,000 bushels of wheat, 60,000,000 bushels of other grain, and 7,500,000 barrels of flour passed through the canals at Sault Sainte Marie, their value running into hundreds of millions of dollars. A large proportion of this came from the Canadian Northwest, which is one of the world's greatest producers of breadstuffs, and was destined for points east of Buffalo and Toronto. Practically all of this tonnage between Canadian ports would have found it advantageous to use the Ottawa River cutoff, had such a course been available.

So much for the Georgian Bay route, whose trade is already established and anxiously awaiting a short cut to tide-water.

No less alluring is the prospect farther west, where the demands for greater transportation facilities are urgent. In spite of the prodigious efforts put forth, and the remarkable results achieved, railroad building in Central Canada, as what was once termed the northwest is now known, has not been able to keep pace with a country that is developing faster than any other section of the continent.

Figures often prove tiresome, but not when they have to do with a live subject like the Canadian Northwest, where kaleidoscopic changes are the order of the day. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are the three great Provinces holding the attention of the world. Manitoba has 30,000,000 acres of arable land, only one-sixth of which is under cultivation at the present time. The greater part of the 159,038,720 acres in Saskatchewan can be utilised in the several branches of mixed farming, two-

thirds of the Province being located in the great wheat growing belt. Alberta has an area of 161,920,000 square acres, being twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and much larger than either Germany or France. Its fertile lands, with the cities that would follow colonisation, could accommodate 50,000,000 people, although its entire population is less than 200,000.

In 1901 Manitoba had a population of 255,221. In 1906 this had increased to 365,000. Even more astonishing is the growth of the other two Provinces. Alberta in 1901 had 72,841 inhabitants, and five years later the number had grown to 185,000. Saskatchewan did even better, jumping from 91,460 to 257,000 in five years. In seven years Winnipeg tripled its population, being now a metropolitan city of 120,000. Calgary and Edmonton scarcely more than figured on the map up to a decade ago, but they now have a population well in excess of 12,000 each, and there are a score of other thriving cities that have sprung up in recent years, while villages dot what only a short time ago was open prairie.

Some idea, even though slight, of what is being done in an agricultural way in this marvellous district can be gained from statements regarding production of the three leading cereals during the same period.

In 1901 Saskatchewan had a wheat acreage of 469,953, with a yield of 11,956,069 bushels. In oats the acreage was 123,251, and the yield 5,517,866. Barley had an acreage of 11,267, with a yield of 354,703 bushels. In 1907 the wheat acreage had increased to 1,847,708, with a yield of 27,691,601 bushels, the average yield this year being low because of unfavourable weather. The oat average was 772,770, with a yield of 23,324,903 bushels. Barley had an acreage of 60,261, with a yield in excess of 1,500,000 bushels.

Alberta's wheat acreage in 1901 was 34,890, with a yield of 857,714

bushels. In 1907 it was 261,025 acres, the yield being 5,640,290 bushels. Oats acreage had increased from 104,533 to 354,344, and the yield from 4,253,284 bushels to 13,192,150. Barley acreage grew from 13,483 to 76,433, and the yield from 442,381 bushels to 2,201,179.

In Manitoba the increase was less noticeable, inasmuch as this province was well settled when Saskatchewan and Alberta began to attract attention, but the development was of a gratifying nature.

Manufacturing in the Canadian Northwest is also beginning to command attention, the three Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan having in 1905 nearly six hundred establishments employing 14,000 persons, whose output was valued at more than \$35,000,000.

West of Lake Superior there are in excess of 1,200 elevators and warehouses with a total capacity of 55,000,000 bushels of grain, representing an investment of \$70,000,000. The largest elevator in the world is at Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, with a capacity of more than 6,500,000 bushels, in addition to which there are several others at this point and at Fort William, a few miles distant.

It is this country, still in its infancy, that is demanding additional means of communication with the outside world and strengthening the position of those who argue for an all-water course from Prince Albert, or even farther west, to Montreal and thence down the Saint Lawrence and across the Atlantic to European ports.

Impracticable? Visionary? Not in the least. The Saskatchewan River is at present navigable for a distance of 1,000 miles, and is used extensively. Lake Winnipeg, with an area as great as Lake Erie, is now being connected by locks at Grand Rapids with the Saskatchewan River, furnishing direct communication by water with the world's greatest grain fields extending to the foot of the Rockies.

Locks at Saint Andrew's, in the Red River, will give Winnipeg access by boat to the lake bearing its name. The Winnipeg River, 250 miles long, is navigable for all save a short portage at Fort Francis' Falls, and for one or two other points. Lake of the Woods, another link in this inland waterway, is seventy miles long and sixty wide. Its principal feeder is Rainy River, ninety miles long, and draining Rainy Lake, of itself forty miles in length. Taking in the intervening lakes, only a few miles of canal need to be built in order to bring down to Lake Superior the grain from a district that, already famous, is still in the making.

There is practically no limit to the possibilities of this country. In 1907 nearly 300,000 persons entered Canada, of whom about 60,000 came from the United States. Last year 57,124 more migrated from this side of the border. Even with such hosts entering the land of promise — and fulfilment — it will be years before half the available land is occupied. And with every additional acre that is cultivated the demands for additional transportation to the markets of the world become more urgent. The virgin soil is bringing forth golden harvests that will help to feed the world, and in return the settlers are purchasing machinery and supplies in ever increasing quantities.

Winnipeg is the centre of one of the richest agricultural districts in the world, and, next to Montreal, possibly the greatest commercial city in the Dominion. For 1,000 miles to the west there stretch fertile prairies with well cultivated farms and heavily stocked ranches. To the northwest conditions are the same, with future prospects even more promising.

The railroads are doing all in their power to keep up with the march of progress, but there are limitations, however great their willingness. Already the cry for help is being heard in high places. The Georgian Bay project, taking in the French River,

Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River, and shortening the distance between Port Arthur and Montreal some four hundred miles, is more than a possibility, sentiment in official quarters being strong in favour of the undertaking. And by virtue of the same demands that have rendered this route imperative, the day will come, and not far distant, when the question of connecting the Saskatchewan River and intervening bodies of water with Lake Superior, as outlined, will come in for careful attention in official quarters.

The country that has already spent \$90,000,000 for similar purposes will find a way to put through these pro-

jects, that relief may be granted the fastest growing section of the world, and it is not unlikely that future generations, if not the present, may witness the unique spectacle of vessels from European ports tying up to the docks and elevators at Winnipeg, or cruising for hundreds of miles through fertile fields up the Saskatchewan for cargoes of grain, picking their course along a two-thousand mile waterway extending half-way across our Dominion, down the Saint Lawrence and out on the Atlantic.

It is an alluring prospect, and one that Canadian pluck and Canadian enterprise place well within the range of possibilities.

IN LILAC-TIME

By WILLIAM J. FISCHER

THE blossom leaves are falling. Snowy white
 They lie upon the greening grass, and hopes
 Come with the sunbeams down the hilly slopes
 This golden morn, young, fair and beauty-bright.

You came to me in lilac-time, when light
 Winds blew a scented, living breath. The air
 Caught the swift message of my heart's pure prayer,
 When first I saw you standing in my sight.

Oh! I was gladder than the sparrows gray
 That sing of joy in dim old country lanes;
 A wand'rer I, when twilight slowly wanes,
 Your eyes were stars that promised perfect day!

Spring-flowers lifted faces to rejoice
 And see you pass, my Lady, angel-wise;
 Even the birds whispered their shy replies
 To the sweet music in your mellow voice.

The House of Life, lonely before you came,
 Now glows with gifts of love's own rich delight—
 And, oh, the peace that comes in day or night
 Whene'er I breathe, Belovèd, your dear name!

TITLES

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON

TO abolish hereditary titles would destroy much that is picturesque in Britain. Yet that a few people should come into the world endowed with an unearned advantage puts an unfair handicap upon the majority. It may be argued indeed, that a first-born son has done no more to deserve the estate than to deserve the title of his ancestors. But, unless the estate is entailed, the succession to it depends on the will of the last owner, and it is growing fashionable with legislatures to cut large slices from large inheritances. But a British title can neither be curtailed nor alienated, and can only be taken away by attainder or an Act of Parliament. It also carries social prestige with all who are and some who are not tuft-hunters. Though not transferrable, it has a marketable value, for a share of it can generally buy a share of a large fortune. And herein lies one of women's grievances, for, while titled husbands invest their wives with titles, titled wives do not so invest their husbands. There is therefore little inducement for a rich man to buy a wife for her title and become an eclipsed appendage to her, to be henceforth announced as "Mr. and Lady Adeline Blank."

For non-hereditary titles there is much to be said. They are cheap rewards of merit and incentives to achievement, while they do not reward numerous generations of children for the virtues or complacencies of their ancestors. The ribbon of an order of merit costs less than a pension and would be as much appreciat-

ed by many public benefactors. It has been cynically suggested by Labouchere and others that both hereditary and life titles should not be granted exclusively for merit or by favour, but should also be sold for cash at prices varying from, say, \$1,000 for a knighthood to \$1,000,000 for a dukedom. An ample revenue, it is claimed, would thus accrue to the State from socially ambitious parvenus. It certainly looks like sound political economy to tax the vanities as well as the luxuries of the people, and perhaps in some future budget an ascending yearly tax may be imposed upon inherited titles, small and great, unless their owners should prefer to drop them. It would be an effective way of overcoming future obstruction by the House of Lords, after it has surrendered the right of vetoing financial bills, to threaten a prohibitive tax upon titles!

Titles can be conferred only by the Sovereign; "the King is the fount of honour." But the nominations are almost invariably made by the Ministry, and colonial knights and baronets are usually appointed on the recommendation of colonial governments. By this system of selection, too blindly adhered to, too many titles have been granted for services to some party or to some cabinet minister, and too few for non-political merit. In this Dominion several titles have been conferred upon men whose services to their country have been infinitesimal and whose services to the Empire have been *nil*. On the other hand, Joseph Howe, who achieved so much

for his Province and who did more than any other Canadian to foster imperial patriotism, was never offered even a knighthood. Sir Hugh Graham is perhaps the only Canadian who has been knighted for his imperial deserts.

That Canadians, like Englishmen, "dearly love a lord," would appear from the proneness of reporters to style judges "their lordships" when recording their acts or movements out of court. A judge is a "lord" only on the bench; off it, he is simply "Judge" or "Mr. Justice," though, of course, when addressed in writing, he is entitled to the prefix, "Honourable." This prefix, by the way, is still, courteously but without warrant, given to the members of the Legislative Councils of Nova Scotia and Quebec appointed since Confederation.

Talking of undeserved titles, a caustic epigram upon the possessor of one is given in that charming book, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall." Albert Grant, the notorious promoter, had obtained the title of baron from Victor Emanuel for some benefaction to an Italian institution. It was this Baron Grant who built the huge mansion named Kensington House, famous for never having been occupied and only once used (for a great bachelors' ball). His adroitly purchased title evoked this epigram:

"A King can titles give,
But honour can't;
A title without honour
Is a Baron Grant."

I have not seen these lines quoted during the late campaign against the Lords, nor the alleged derivation of "baron" from *baro*, which in classical Latin meant a dolt or blockhead, though in later Latin it came to mean a man.

To some minds temporal titles for church dignitaries, such as "Your Grace" or "Your Lordship," seem out of place, and such forms of address as "Your Reverence" or "Your Holiness" seem to accord better with the unworldliness of Christianity. For

centuries the Pope humbly styled himself, "servus servorum Dei"—the servant of the servants of God. In apostolic times there were no "excellencies," "eminences" or "graces" in the upper ranks of the Christian ministry, and bishops were not "lords spiritual" and did not sit in a House of Peers or live in "palaces." In the United States they do not accost a bishop as "My Lord," but simply as "Bishop," and deans and archdeacons are or were almost unknown. Thirty or forty years ago a trunk labelled "The Dean of Halifax" miscarried, the title being mistaken for the name of a ship, for which a vain search was made among the wharves of New York. The prefixes "Very Reverend" and "Venerable" belonging to these minor dignitaries are very commonly replaced by a simple "Reverend" both in the States and here, sometimes from ignorance but sometimes from a reluctance to recognise a graduated hierarchy.

English bishops occasionally puzzle the uninitiated by signing the names of their sees in abbreviated Latin, as "Sarum" for Salisbury, "Ebor" for York, etc. The signature of the bishops of London has varied between "Londin" and "London." The following story was told me as true, and, if it be a fiction, it is an ingenious one. When Strathfieldsaye was presented to the Duke of Wellington, a fine avenue of beeches on the demesne was christened "the Waterloo Beeches." The famous botanist, J. C. Loudon, one day wrote to the duke for permission to see his Waterloo "beeches." But the duke mistook the word for "breeches," the more naturally because people often asked to see his Waterloo uniform. And he also took the signature to be "J. C. London," the then bishop (Blomfield, I think) having the same initials as the botanist. So next day the prelate was startled by a letter in form and substance like the following:

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wel-

lington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London and begs to inform him that he is welcome to inspect his 'Waterloo breeches' at any time that may suit His Lordship's convenience."

The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles adopts the enigmatical signature of "A. & I." Some time ago a certain benevolent and wealthy lady received an appeal signed "Kenneth A. & I." and was much bewildered thereby. It looked royal, reminding her of "Edward R.I.," but it was a long time since a Kenneth had reigned in Scotland. Finally she directed her reply to "Kenneth A. & I., Esq." Another person, being in doubt how to address a "rural dean," addressed him as "Very Reverend and Rural Sir."

While one has to use titles, it is as well to use them conventionally and not to call Lord Tom Jones "Lord Jones," as if he owned a peerage instead of a courtesy title, and not to call a duke "Grace," as a wild West-erner called a former Duke of Newcastle whose acquaintance he made in his hotel and whom he admitted to be a "white man." Nor should one use the prefix "Honourable" in speaking of ladies or gentlemen entitled to it, like the billiard marker in a certain Canadian club. An English "Honourable" whose name began with an "H" (let us suppose it to be Hawkins) was playing "following" pool in the club, and unfortunately the Cockney marker had discovered that the guest was entitled to the aforesaid prefix. Believing in rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, the marker thought he should assign the balls to the players with the correct handles to their names—"Captain Smith," "Doctor Jones," "Mr. Brown," "the Honourable 'Awkins!" And to the amusement and dismay of the members he kept to this style all the evening.

The following tale is more ancient and perhaps less authentic. A London hostess was receiving her guests and a new footman was announcing

them. He had apparently studied the "Modes of Addressing Titled People" in some Peerage, for he announced some noble guests as "The Most Honourable the Marquis of Blank," "The Right Honourable Viscount Jones and the Honourable Miss Jones," and so forth. His horrified mistress took the earliest opportunity to call him aside and explain that he must not use such words as "Right Honourable" or "Honourable," and that he should have announced the last arrivals as plain "Lord Jones" and simple "Miss Jones." The next arrivals happened to be Lady Smith and her daughters. These he announced as "Plain Lady Smith and the simple Misses Smith!" Tableau!

Some months ago a certain baronet wrote a silly remonstrance to a tenant who had innocently addressed him as "Dear Sir." He informed the offender that "Sir Baronet" was the style of address to which he was entitled. The baronet's letter got into the English papers, and since then his life cannot have been happy, unless his self-importance renders him impervious to ridicule. This incident reminded me at the time of another which happened in my boyhood. It was the rule at our school to accost a master as "Sir." This a new and rather stupid pupil neglected to do on one occasion.

"Say 'Sir,' sir," said the pedagogue, unconscious of ambiguity.

"Sir, sir," said the boy, innocently.

"Say 'Sir,' sir!" loudly and angrily ordered the master.

"Sir, sir," repeated the frightened lad, echoing the master's tone.

With a supreme effort to contain himself and to explain his meaning, the master compressed his lips and enunciated clearly, with a long pause between the words:

"Say 'Sir,'—sir."

The bewildered lad faithfully reproduced the long pause.

"Sir,—sir," he faltered.

Then a general roar of laughter cleared the situation.

THE EMANCIPATION OF DOROTHEA

BY HELEN E. WILLIAMS

"I'M glad you've got back," sighed Eugene, as they went up the street together. "Perhaps you can do something. It's all that bally suffrage business, you know."

And as it appeared that the other did not know, but wanted to know, he continued: "They are holding sessions, a whole gang of them. I wish you could see them (wagging his head mournfully) and hear them!"

"But what have they to do with—our regatta?"

"Everything, my dear fellow, indirectly everything."

"You don't mean—?"

Eugene nodded.

"Yes. They've roped her in. She's crammed with their jargon. It's almost as bad as the time she got it into her head that she could write stories. A precious time I had curing her of that little illusion! And sometimes I think she's not cured yet." He sighed. "Sisters are a fearful responsibility. It weighs on me."

Merritt forced a smile.

"Yes, you look as if it did. A truly pathetic object, you are. But she can be a Suffragette—if it amuses her—and still be in the regatta, I suppose? The two things are surely not incompatible."

"Go and see her," urged Eugene. "You can't grasp the true inwardness of it till you see her." He bestowed a pitying glance upon his friend. "No more moonlight paddles for you, you poor Merritt! You are a man. You

are an enemy. But for you down-trodden woman would long since have wrested the ballot——"

"Oh, come now. Quit your fooling. Seriously——"

"Oh, this is serious. Nothing mere man ever did was half so serious, you can bank on that." Suddenly he affected a high, thin falsetto. "Man," he shrilled, "Man! the cause of all our woe! Man, *man*, I say——" He broke off, laughing, as with a muttered damn Merritt wrenched his shoulder free and strode fiercely away.

In the natural course of things it was not long before Merritt had an opportunity of judging for himself how matters stood. Dorothea was "at the Grove," he had been informed, when he called, but later on in the afternoon as he was leaving the bowling green he saw her returning, and crossed over. Her looks had been in no wise affected, and as he came up he told himself that you really had to take what Eugene said with the proverbial seasoning.

"I hadn't heard that you had returned," she said with her pretty smile, as they shook hands. "But then I am at home so little now. Have you been back long?"

"Long enough to hear strange things about you," Merritt answered, as he turned to walk with her.

Dorothea raised her eyebrows ever so slightly.

"Strange, do you call them?"

"Strange as connected with you,"

he explained. "There never was a girl less like the woman's rights type."

"No? And what do you consider the 'woman's rights type,' as you call it, please?"

"Why—" Merritt studied the delicate profile beside him for a brief moment, then basely refused to be drawn into a possible altercation. "But what does it matter? I've got my canoe out again, Dora, and if I call round about eight or thereabouts—"

"But it does matter. No; don't interrupt. That is just the way with you men. You make invidious insinuations, and then try to gloss it over, and think we haven't intellect enough to perceive what—what dupes you are making of us." Then, seeing the surprise he could not keep altogether out of his face, "I didn't mean to go into that now, though. You mean well enough, but—"

"But I don't understand."

She made a slight gesture with her hands and hurried on.

"The time will surely come," she said, and Merritt had a feeling that she was quoting, "the time will surely come when we will look back upon the arguments against granting the franchise to women with as much incredulity as that with which we now regard those against their education."

"Um. Well, well. Perhaps. Whose arguing, anyhow? I am sure I am not. I am asking you to come out canoeing with me. That's all. Will you come?"

"I am afraid not." His face fell. "Don't you see?" she urged, "it's the only way."

"What is?"

Dorothea drew a long breath.

"I suppose we might as well have it out now if I am to have any peace."

This did not sound promising, and Merritt, who had sisters of his own and was not lacking in acumen where girls were concerned, hastily interposed that there was no need of hav-

ing "it," whatever she might mean by that, out now or any time. If she didn't care to go canoeing that night why then neither did he, and that was the end of it.

"Oh, but it's not to-night only. It's every night, and all the time—I wish you would come to our meeting this evening and perhaps you would see."

He went. And before the session closed he thought he saw.

He had arrived a little late, and slipped into a back seat as someone was speaking. If he had come, perhaps unconsciously, to pick flaws and ridicule, there was that about the way the meeting was conducted, which, if it failed to convince, at least won the respect of the listener. The speakers were ladies. He recognised that at once, and it a little surprised him. Also, their logic was not faulty, and that, too, was a surprise. Of course, the conclusions at which they arrived were impracticable—ludicrously so. But there was something touching, almost sublime, about the abandon with which they threw themselves into the hopeless cause. And they did not appear to consider it so hopeless, either. As witness the little lady on the platform. Her hair was white, her voice bespoke culture, while a certain tenseness about her attitude conveyed the impression that the publicity she seemed to court cost her more than she would have been willing to pay for a less worthy cause.

"For years," she was saying when Merritt entered, "the women of England have been trying in earnest, dignified, academic ways—by writing for the press, holding public meetings, making speeches, passing resolutions, petitioning Parliament—to have the franchise extended to them. But not once in all this more than half a century they have been petitioning the Legislature to be allowed to carry their case before the only tribunal which has power to decide it—the voters of the state or province, as the case may be—have their prayers been granted them. Always have

they been regarded—when they won any notice at all, or were not boycotted—as an occasion for ‘a riot of parliamentary humour.’ At last they realised that ‘a governing class will not relinquish its control till forced to do so.’ Then came the ‘revolt of the sex,’ and as the result the enfranchisement of the Englishwoman is very near at hand. But before the day is ours it may be necessary to form ourselves into a solid phalanx, and, in the words of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, say to the men, ‘Until you give us the ballot we will not marry you; we will not work in your places of business; we will have nothing to do with you, socially, industrially, anyway.’ Until we have said that we have yet to prove that we have the courage of our convictions.”

“Well, what did you think of it? Didn’t she carry you away?”

“Who? Which one? Where to?”

Merritt had waited for Dorothea outside the auditorium, and now they were upon their way home.

“I saw what you meant, of course,” he went on, presently, as seriously as even Dorothea could wish. “And really, Dora, I—I am a little more than unprepared how to meet it.”

“Why try?” murmured Dorothea, turning away her head. “What’s the use? We’d never get on now. I’d want to talk about the latest hunger strike, and of our progress in Australia and Colorado, when, as like as not, you’d want to be talking about—”

“You. I admit it. Still, I would be willing to temporise. I would rather quarrel outright with you than agree upon every point with any other girl I know.”

“I hate that sort of talk!” burst out Dorothea, almost angrily. “What do I matter? What do *you* matter? I am sick of us, and our puny little sham doings—sick of them, do you understand? There are great things, wonderful things, necessary things every day, every hour crying out to us to be done. And we are so ready to do them. We would be oh! so

thankful to do them. But we are told that it is not meet that we should compete with masculine superiority, that our place is at home in that state of life to which it has pleased men to raise us. We are humoured and played with, and if we behave ourselves prettily are treated very indulgently. What more can we possibly desire? And why do we do anything so unladylike as question man’s right to refuse us the power to redress the wrongs that we see about us? When I think of everything,” said Dorothea, the pretty colour coming and going in her cheeks, “it makes me fairly—boil!”

They walked on in silence for some time. Then, “But why don’t you say something?” she asked, a little sharply.

“Because I haven’t anything to say, I suppose.”

“Now that’s nonsense. There are always two sides. In this case *you* are the other side.”

“Well, this side has not the slightest desire to enter the controversial lists.”

“You know you’d be worsted. You’re afraid to.”

“Dreadfully afraid!” Merritt laughed lightly. “I am horribly afraid of offending you, you know?”

“That’s just it. You won’t come out in the open and fight, or let us fight. You keep us down.”

“Isn’t it, rather, that we won’t let you *get* down?”

“We don’t care about being ‘superior’ any more,” she told him in quite the platform manner, “we want our rights.”

“Your rights!” repeated Merritt, and a something crept into his voice that Dorothea had never heard there before. “It’s all very fine, this everlasting, high-falutin’ talk about rights, rights, rights! Well, suppose we give you these ‘rights,’ suppose we treat you as equals. Where will your privileges be? I think you’d have it brought home to you and pretty straight, too, that your privi-

leges far outweigh your rights. Rights—bah!”

“Oh, I know you believe the old, exploded superstition that we should be kept on pedestals, worshipped or neglected as suits your whim, in either case powerless to get down and help ourselves.”

“I believe you should be kept from contaminating yourselves with—well, the sort of thing we men have to knock up against.”

“We’d do away with it.”

“The dickens you would!”

“That’s no argument.”

“Good Lord, Dorothea, if I didn’t know you would get mad in two minutes, I’d like to tell you a thing or two. It’s bad enough, goodness knows, all this hysteria, but when a girl like you catches it, it—it jars excessively.”

It was going to jar some people infinitely more, Dorothea asserted, when universal suffrage purified the ballot, and raised the standard required of candidates for public office. Also it was a truism that the strength of any cause could be best estimated by the bitterness of its opponents.

This time Merritt was too annoyed to see anything humorous in the exploitation of Dorothea’s adopted views.

“Talk that way if you must,” he said, “extol your Lucy Stones and your Susan B. Anthonys, and your bodies politic; rail against current abuses, and retrograde movements, and the raucous croaking of a ravening majority; make Canada the storm-centre or maelstrom England already is; but for heaven’s sake don’t spoil yourself, utterly, in the process. That’s all I ask. And don’t for one little half minute deceive yourself into thinking that you will really like it, if you do get in.”

“‘If’? Of course, we’re going to get in.”

“If you smash enough windows, and pelt enough cabinet ministers, and make yourselves ridiculous enough, generally?” Merritt laughed a little

scornfully. “Oh, Dorothea! For one who was so fine—!”

“So blinded, you mean.”

Dorothea was cut by his tone, she was tired and very near to tears. She hated ranting as ill-bred and felt that she had been guilty of it, worst of all she had secret misgivings that Merritt was in the right. But she was too proud to say so, and would have died rather than lower her colours just then.

“You are exactly as bad as all the rest,” she told him heatedly. “You make great pretences of trying to please us, you surfeit us with a thousand flattering nothings, and won’t give us justice—won’t give us the one thing we want, and want so badly. You are supercilious, overbearing, tyrannical. You—”

She broke off, aware that they had reached her gate and that Merritt was saying good-night.

“The cause is to be congratulated upon its convert,” he said, and his manner of saying it suddenly made Dorothea feel very far off and a little lonely and sore. “I am sorry—but all that’s past and over, now,” he caught himself up. “Again good-night—and my good wishes, if you care for them.”

He lifted his cap and smiled politely, as he might have to a stranger, as he turned on his heel. But once, turning the corner, he looked back and shook his head. “For my gold is turned to silver, and my silver’s turned to brass.”

He walked on through the night.

✱

During the days that followed, arrangements for the regatta went on apace. A city girl from one of the hotels had been only too charmed to step into the vacancy made by Dorothea’s desertion. The latter, on her way to séances, often met her and Merritt in white outing costumes going to or returning from the lake. And as Merritt stood aside for her to pass he would generally inquire, “And how

goes the Conference to-day?" and she would reply as impersonally, "Very well, thank you," and hurry on, biting her lip and trying to persuade herself that her one interest in life was the emancipation of her sex. She treated the girls who came to labour with her heresies to such learned, not to say fierce, diatribes that they retreated in dismay, opining that they had thought Dora "had more sense."

One stifling hot night, two or three days before the eventful one set for the regatta, Merritt Stevens chanced to hear someone at the club-house say that a gang of gypsies, not bearing the best reputation in the world, were camping in the woods beyond the Conference Grove. He thought nothing of it at the time, but as he was going back to his hotel, close on eleven o'clock, he suddenly recollected that when Eugene did not go after his sister she usually came home on the track, which ran near the gypsy encampment. Now Eugene, he knew, had been off all day in his car. Unless he picked Dorothea up on his way home. Despite the heat he turned cold, as he thought of things that might happen. The Conference must already have been closed some time, but Dorothea might have stopped on to talk. Anyhow, he'd make a try for it.

The intense dead heat of the day seemed likely at any moment to give place to a terrific thunder storm. Even as he struck out on the track the leaves began to twist and turn restlessly. Heat lightning revealed objects near at hand one moment, only to plunge them into deeper gloom the next. At first Merritt walked swiftly, looking neither to right nor left. But as he neared the curve where the woods on either side crouched close to the track, and no sound but the plaint of the leaves reached him, he decided that Eugene must have got his sister, or she had gone home the other way. He slowed down, and even fumbled in

his pocket for a cigar, before turning back. It was just then that he heard a sort of scuffle in the dark beyond the curve—a girl's voice speaking in evident anger, a cry of utter terror. He gave an answering cry, dashed round the corner, pitched into and flung a bulky, squat figure rolling off into the ditch, and drew Dorothea to her feet.

"Are you hurt?" he demanded breathlessly. "No? Then come along, and we'll get out of this."

He felt the arm he drew through his own trembling, and he thought she was crying.

"Sure you're not hurt?" he reiterated anxiously. "You needn't be afraid he'll follow—he's much too drunk. But we're in for a big storm if we don't do the hurrying act. You couldn't run, I suppose?"

She could, and did. But the big, intermittent drops, which had begun to fall about them, were quickly succeeded by the muttering menace of thunder, and the storm was upon them.

"Here! You'll be drenched through. There's a sort of shed about here, if I haven't lost my bearings in this infernal dark. Yes, here it is. We'll wait till the storm is over. It can't last more than twenty minutes at this rate—half an hour at most. Do you mind very much? Really it is the only thing to do."

He drew her under shelter, and as they brushed against a buggy stored there suggested that he help her into it. It would be more comfortable than standing for so long.

"Comfortable!" said Dorothea, finding her voice at last. "I don't care if I am uncomfortable—or wet—or—or anything. I am so ashamed—so *ashamed!*"

"You ashamed! Why? I am not feeling especially proud of my chivalrous sex, if you like. We're a pretty sorry lot, we men. I don't know that I wonder much at you Suffragettes. Oh, yes, I am ashamed, all right! But you—"

"Merritt, how did you come to come?"

Merritt shifted from one foot to the other.

"Why, I don't know," he stammered, "just happened along, I suppose."

"Just happened along! You came to see that I got home all right. After all those horrid things I said, you came! And where would I be now if you hadn't 'happened along'? We can talk, and hold meetings, and theorise, but when the big, unforeseen, elemental things turn up, where would any of us be, if you didn't 'just happen along'?"

"Oh, I suppose we are a useful enough article of furniture," laughed Merritt, "but for the matter of that why so are you, mighty useful—and a few other things beside. I've put in the very dickens of a fortnight since you gave me up!"

Oh, Merritt! Have you really? So have I. I know, theoretically, that women should have their 'rights,' and all the rest of it. I can see the reason, and the justice and the inevitableness of it just as they do, but—"

"That's just it. It's all one big 'but.' You can't down it at one fell swoop. It's got to come gradually, if at all. I say, Dora, are you particularly anxious to go into all that again?"

When Eugene came scrunching up the track some fifteen or twenty minutes later, with a raincoat and two umbrellas, his sister's voice hailed him from the shed.

"Oh, you're roosting in there, are you? I was bound for the Grove with your duds. Mere man comes in rather handy upon occasions, I notice. What are you in, anyhow? A buggy? Hello! You here, too, Stevens? That's what you might call a coincidence, isn't it?"

"It's a happening," replied Merritt, composedly, for Dorothea had requested that her adventure remain untold, because Eugene would make such a fuss—and she had had her

lesson. "And it is also a happiness," he pursued. "We're engaged. Dorothea and I are engaged. How long have we been engaged, Dora—five minutes?"

Dora appeared to meditate.

"About four and a half minutes, perhaps. I don't know. Ages, any way."

"H'm!" commented Eugene.

"Aren't you going to congratulate us?"

"I was just thinking. How'll you manage about this woman's rights business? She'll be scooting off to her precious meetings every other half-hour. I know her tricks and her manners."

"I guess all the meetings I will have any time for now will be with Merritt," laughed Dora. "He says I am fearfully out of practice, and must practice lots, if we win that regatta."

"That is all very nice, and meek, and laudable," observed her brother, pessimistically, as he helped her on with her coat, "but it doesn't chime in very well with the talk you have been doling out to me lately. You are the most dangerous kind of Suffragette, you are. We can afford to snap our fingers at the strident, militant type, but you make us think that we are running the whole show, and I'm blamed if all the while you are not running us."

Dora laughed merrily at this picture of her artful sex.

"The idea! What nonsense! As if we were clever enough! No, no. Even a Suffragette would not attempt that."

"Because she couldn't," muttered Eugene. "A Suffragette," he announced epigrammatically, "is any woman, with advanced ideas, who cannot manage some man."

Having delivered himself of this Parthian shot, he slanted his umbrella to the drizzle which had succeeded the deluge, and started for home, the others following in his wake at their leisure



SAINT JAMES' PALACE

VICTORIA'S ENGLISH PALACES

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

A BRIEF sketch of the royal palaces of England, limited even to those of which some portions still exist, would quite over-run the space allotted to a magazine article. The grim old Tower, "London's lasting shame," was in early times fortress and palace too. The noble halls of Winchester and Westminster, which have echoed alike to the carousals of courtiers and the solemn deliberations of parliaments, are remains of palaces now destroyed. Greenwich Hospital, long a refuge for disabled seamen, was begun by Charles II. as a royal residence on the site of an earlier palace, which was the birthplace of several of the autocratic Tudors. Still another palace is represented by the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall, which witnessed beneath its windows the tragic close of the career of Charles I. The Hall was a late addition to the Palace of Whitehall, which as York Place had belonged to Wolsey. Appropriated by Henry VIII., it became after the

Restoration the scene of dissolute revels, and at last, a few years after the death of the Merry Monarch, it went up in smoke and flame.

Hampton Court Palace, the largest of the English royal palaces, containing about a thousand rooms, four-fifths of which are now occupied by persons of good family and small means, was another of Wolsey's princely dwelling-places. Its magnificence so moved his royal master to envy, that the Cardinal judged it prudent to present it to him, and the king added to it the magnificent Great Hall, decorating it with the set of wonderful tapestries, which quaintly set forth the story of Abraham, and which have hung there ever since. The state rooms contain other interesting tapestries and a notable collection of pictures, including the famous "Windsor Beauties" by Lely and "Hampton Court Beauties" by Kneller, both of which series of portraits are rather monotonous in treatment.



KENSINGTON PALACE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA WAS BORN, AND WHERE SHE SPENT
MANY OF HER CHILDHOOD DAYS

Volumes have been written on Hampton Court, but we must not linger over its curiosities and old stories, for not one of our kings has made it his home for a hundred and fifty years, and it has no special connection with Victoria either as child or woman. Exclusive of Balmoral Castle (her well-beloved retreat in the Scottish Highlands) the four palaces specially associated with her name are Kensington Palace, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne House, two of them situated in London and all four in the south of England.

Kensington Palace, where Victoria was born, lies on the west side of Kensington Gardens, that green paradise of many little Londoners, alike daintily clad children attended by spruce nursemaids and little grimy-faced babies, whose guardian slaves are small sisters, not many years older nor many pounds heavier than the infants themselves.

This solid old red-brick mansion was originally a private house, but

was bought by William III. for a royal residence. Many of its windows look out upon the green gardens, with the Round Pond in the foreground, but the most picturesque portion of the palace is the Clock Courtyard at the back. It is a paved quadrangle, surrounded by low buildings veiled with creepers, and entered by an archway, under a little tower surmounted by a cupola.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyle and Princess Henry of Battenberg have apartments in the palace, and one of the rooms not shown to the public is that in which Queen Victoria was born; another is that to which she descended in her night-robes to receive the news of her accession; but, if these may not be seen, visitors have been permitted, since 1899, to wander at will through the rooms where the little Princess Victoria studied and played. Despite the large many-paned windows, the old house, in its dismantled condition at least, looks rather dull and dreary. Some of the walls are dark with old-



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA FREQUENTLY RECEIVED IN STATE,
AND WHERE KING EDWARD VII. DIED

fashioned, heavily gilt paper; others, more beautiful but scarcely lighter, are panelled from floor to ceiling with oak. Among the rooms so decorated is Queen Anne's small private dining-room, the scene, it is said, of the historic quarrel with the termagant Duchess of Marlborough. As for the nursery and the bed-room where Victoria slept in her girlhood, they are small and unpretentious to the point of shabbiness.

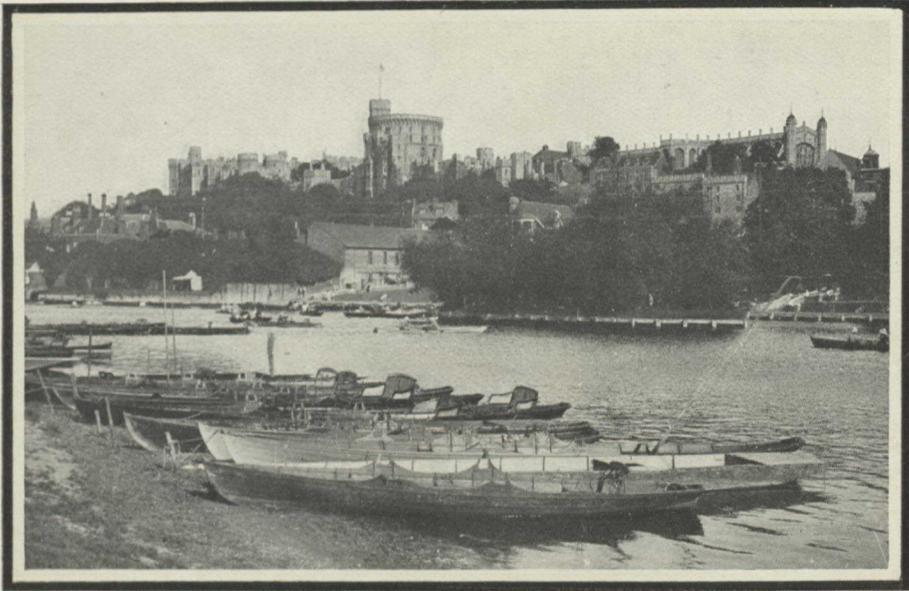
The Princess was baptised in the palace in a curious room known as the Cupola, or Cube-room. It was used for balls and concerts and is elaborately decorated with pilasters, canopied statuettes, columned doorways, and a lofty domed ceiling, adorned at the centre with an enormous star of the Order of the Garter.

Though there were then several lives between his infant daughter and the throne, the Duke of Kent, anticipating that she would be queen, desired to give her that name of good omen in English ears, Elizabeth, but in honour of her two godfathers, the Czar and the Prince Regent, he con-

sent to call her Alexandrina Georgiana. She escaped but narrowly this ugly combination of names. At the last moment, the Prince Regent decided that it was a slight to himself to give his name second place and refused to let the baby bear it at all. Her father hastily substituted the mother's name, and so Victoria has come to stand to Britons for even greater things than does Elizabeth.

The wrangle over the child's christening was typical of the unhappy relations of those who were her natural protectors, but her mother, early left widowed, anxiously guarded the little one from every danger she could imagine or foresee. There was no weak spoiling of the royal baby, and, while much was demanded of the princess, even in her childish days, she was long kept in ignorance of the high destiny awaiting her. Perhaps her preceptors may have been a little severe, for in after years Victoria looked back to her childhood as dull and sad.

In her old bedroom are two or three glass cases, containing a few of the



WINDSOR CASTLE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA SPENT HER HONEYMOON

toys with which the princess played before she was so early required to put away childish things. Among these is a doll's teapot of silver, with its little owner's monogram, surmounted by a crown, but few of the toys are either costly or elaborate. The doll's house, for instance, is a very simple box-like affair, in which most of the architectural details are left to the imagination. It has indeed a double row of windows in front, apparently modelled after the ugly pattern prevalent in the palace itself, but it contains only two rooms, a parlour and a most interesting kitchen, furnished one cannot help fancying with an eye to the useful lessons that might be drawn from it. Rich in necessities for cleanly and comfortable housekeeping, it contains rows of pewter plates, dust-pan, coal-box, knife-box and warming-pan, all in miniature, though some articles are a little out of scale. Amongst the other play-things are conspicuous a doll's bonnet, a loom, a tent, a bazaar, a hairy white horse bestriden by a headless warrior and a wooden state

coach painted yellow with a crown upon the door-panel.

These things might perhaps have been displayed more appropriately in the nursery, where, by the way, the Princess of Wales was born, but the cases in that room contain articles of dress worn by Victoria in her youth. There are several gowns simple and old-fashioned in style and material, and the white "coal-scuttle" bonnet, adorned with flowers and draped with a veil of lace as she wore it on her wedding-day. Another case contains a daring feminine adaptation of a colonel's uniform made for a grand review, and yet another displays the long robes of crimson satin in which the youthful Queen was attired for her coronation.

There is at Kensington another memento of that imposing ceremonial, in the shape of a gilded chair, cushioned with ruby velvet, which was used by Victoria during part of the long service, but from these relics of gorgeous state functions we turn again with intenser interest to the well-worn play-things, the books given or received as



SAINT GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR CASTLE

presents, which seem to tell us something of the real character of the great Queen. Among these early gifts is an account-book bestowed upon her by her mother on her eighth birthday, when she was promoted to the dignity of an allowance. The amount, by the way, was seven pounds a month, and the neat first entry, recording a sovereign given in charity, suggests careful training in habits of exactitude and thought for others.

A few weeks before her accession, the attainment of the legal majority of the princess was celebrated with high festivities in the dull old palace, and then the scene changed to the more brilliant setting of Buckingham Palace and Windsor.

Buckingham Palace was bought by George III., when his family became too large for the neighbouring royal residence of St. James', but to this day the English court still takes its title from the older palace, which throughout the reign of Victoria was often the scene of grand receptions. This palace, by the way, was built by Henry VIII. on the site of Saint

James' Hospital for Lepers, and he turned the surrounding marsh into a deer-park. Charles II. made a garden of it, but the beautiful sheet of water, where so many kinds of wild-fowl find a home, was an improvement added by George IV.

This king also remodelled Buckingham Palace, but it was little used till his niece ascended the throne. During her reign a new wing and a magnificent ball-room were added to the palace, which now forms a great quadrangle. Its east front, facing Saint James' Park, is 360 feet in length. As the King's home, the palace is never open to sightseers. None but his guests and servants are permitted to enter; and the rare treasures of picture and sculpture galleries, the glories of the grand marble staircase, and of the Throne Room with its decorations of crimson and gold and its marble frieze, representing the Wars of the Roses, all these are to be seen only by the privileged few. In the earlier days of Victoria's reign, however, so careless a watch was kept at the various entrances

that, on one occasion, a boy walked into the palace and was discovered at one o'clock in the morning hiding under a sofa in the room next to that where the Queen was sleeping.

The palace was not only ill-guarded but the royal household was ill-managed, owing largely to a system of divided authority, which left two-thirds of the army of servants practically without a master. They came and went at their own sweet will, and, as Mrs. Fawcett puts it in her life of "Victoria," "if the dormitories where the footmen slept, ten or twelve in a room, were turned into scenes of riot and drunkenness, no one could help it." Nor was it only in this respect that the lack of an efficient head was felt. Waste and extravagance were rampant, and, despite the vast expenditure, the palace was not even a comfortable place to live in. It was neither well lighted nor well heated; nor is this surprising, when the Lord Chamberlain "cleaned the inside of the windows and the Woods and Forests the outside;" when the Lord Steward found the fuel and the Lord Chamberlain lighted the fire; when the latter provided the lamps, and the former trimmed and lighted them.

In the matter of repairs it was just as bad. Five officials, we are told, had to sign or countersign a requisition before money was forthcoming for the mending of a lock or the renewal of a pane of glass. No wonder that after some years' experience of such conditions, when the purchase of the Osborne estate had been concluded, the Queen should write to her uncle Leopold, who was always interested in her affairs small and great: "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet and retired and free from all Woods and Forests and other charming departments, which really are the plague of one's life."

As time went on, the management of the royal household was reformed, and the saving thus effected may be guessed at from the fact that, in 1842, no less than 113,000 people dined at

Windsor Castle, to say nothing of the other palaces.

In spite of all drawbacks, Queen Victoria must have had many happy associations with Buckingham Palace. When she first went thither from quiet Kensington, she seems to have enjoyed her new splendours and her popularity like the girl she was. From Buckingham Palace, on her coronation day, on her days of Jubilee, she passed through cheering throngs to bow in the grand old Abbey before the King of Kings. In Buckingham Palace her marriage feast was spread, and there were born most of her nine children.

The Queen spent her brief honeymoon at Windsor Castle, setting out as the sun was sinking on the short February day of the wedding and arriving after dark to find Eton College and the historic old town of Windsor brilliantly illuminated. She and her young husband had one day of enjoyment alone together before they were joined by several of their wedding guests.

Of all the English palaces, Windsor is in many respects the most fascinating. Still one of the chief residences of our monarch, its history (which is almost that of England itself) stretches back through eight centuries to the days of Norman William. Every gray old tower and gorgeous state chamber has its story or memento of the days of old. From Windsor went the tyrant John to sign the Great Charter on the low green islet of Runnymede in the Thames below. At Windsor, the royal captives John of France and James of Scotland were held in durance. In the ancient Curfew Tower, so tradition has it, grim King Hal met Herne, the grisly Demon Hunter of the Park. Dashing Prince Rupert was once Governor of the Castle, as, in recent years, was the Prince Consort; and Cromwell stabled his horses in the Chapel of Saint George.

The Castle, which consists of the Upper and Lower Wards, divided by



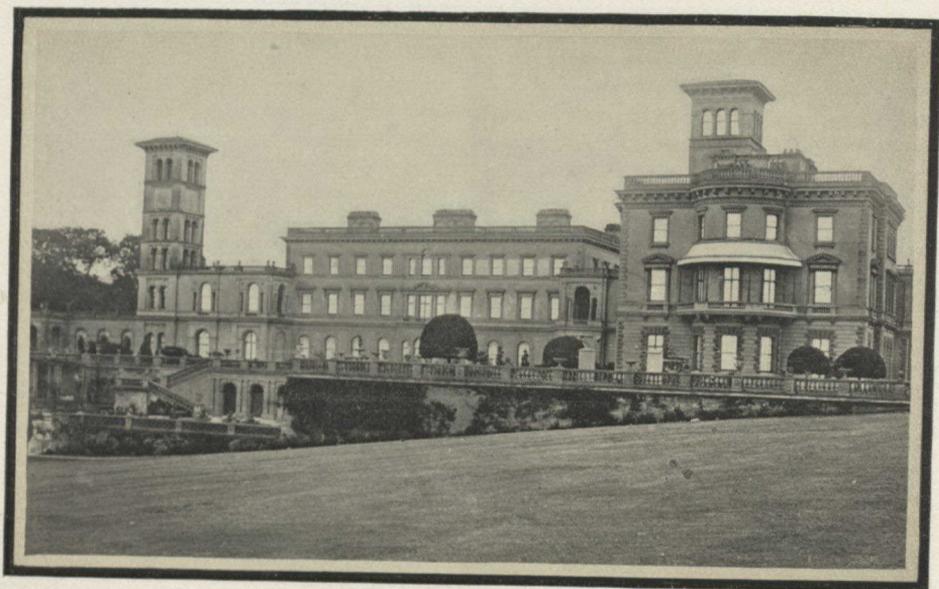
DEER IN WINDSOR PARK

the Round Tower, is nearly a mile in circumference. It stands on a hill, looking down on its own well-wooded parks, on the quaint little town nestling almost under its shadow, on the curving river, and on leagues of fair and fertile country vividly green in the foreground, misty blue where it meets the sky.

From far and near the Round Tower, with its flag ever flying—the royal standard when the King is in residence, the national banner at other times—is the most characteristic feature of the bold irregular outline of the Castle. This great keep was built by Edward III. for his new order of Knights of the Garter, and within he placed a vast, circular table so that his knights, like those of King Arthur, might sit at their feasts in brotherly equality.

In the Upper Ward, on the east side of the great quadrangle, are the King's private apartments, looking out on the gorgeous flower beds and white statuary of the Italian garden, and on the north side are the State Apartments, used till comparatively

recent times as the royal residence and now occupied by foreign sovereigns, when paying state visits to England. These rooms have been redecorated during the present reign. They are furnished richly, and are adorned with a great collection of pictures by Van Dyck, Rubens, Rembrandt and other famous artists. They contain also numerous curiosities, including arms and armour which have belonged to various notable persons, a wooden cradle in which Henry V. is said to have been rocked, a wonderful golden tiger's head and jewelled peacock of Indian workmanship, and a silver gilt throne glistening with cut crystals, which once belonged to the King of Kandy. Perhaps the most interesting room shown is Saint George's Hall, built by Edward III. as a banqueting hall for the Knights of the Garter. Its ceiling is emblazoned with shields of arms of the past and present members of the Order; banners bearing many a strange device hang from the roof, and flags and trophies adorn the walls. It is still used for state banquets, when the



OSBORNE HOUSE, VICTORIA'S LAST HOME

covers are laid on one long table running from end to end of the hall.

The Lower Ward of the Castle is not less interesting than the Upper. It contains the houses of the Military Knights of Windsor, the Horseshoe Cloisters, consisting of a sharply curved line of brick and timbered buildings, the quaint Dean's Cloisters, from which the Hundred Steps lead into the town, and the Chapel of Saint George, with its beautiful fan-vaulted roof, its carved stalls and its knightly banners. This chapel is the third or fourth that has stood upon the site. Several of England's kings slumber beneath its pavement, and near the west end is a marvellous cenotaph in memory of the Princess Charlotte. The draperies, wrought out in marble, are all but transparent, and one could almost fancy that the mourners are breathing beneath their veils. In this chapel Edward VII. was baptised and here he was married to the "sea-king's daughter from over the sea."

Behind is a small building begun by Henry VII., but restored and lavishly decorated by Queen Victoria, in hon-

our of her husband, who died at Windsor in December, 1861. Enamelled work, mosaics, stained glass and sculptured marble, all have been pressed into the service of setting forth the virtues and graces of Albert the Good, though his last resting-place is not the altar-tomb in this Memorial Chapel, but the royal mausoleum at Frogmore in the Home Park of the Castle.

Windsor Great Park is of vast extent. The Long Walk, leading from the Castle gates to Snow Hill, crowned by an equestrian statue of George III., is a fine drive of nearly three miles, between a double avenue of elms. They are noble trees, but in one respect resemble the stiff trees in an old-fashioned box of toys, for the deer, which roam freely about the park, have croppd away their lower branches with the precision of machinery. Several miles from the Castle is Virginia Water, said to be the largest artificial lake in England, and upon it rides a small frigate, used by the King when he visited America, and now popularly supposed to be a kind of gigantic toy used

at play by his grandson Prince Eddy.

In early days Victoria was a fearless horsewoman, and was often to be seen riding or driving with her ladies and a child or two, along the roads down which the King now flashes in his motor-car. It is the only car, by the way, allowed within the Park, and the consequent immunity from the modern terror of the road increases with nervous people the popularity of its lovely drives.

Osborne House, the Queen's last home, lacks alike the picturesque magnificence and the historic interest of Windsor, but it has nevertheless a charm of its own. It is situated on the top of a breezy hill in the lovely Isle of Wight. Its spacious grounds run down to the beach, and it was the Queen's chosen home, not her official residence. The estate was bought with her own money, and the house and gardens were planned by herself and Prince Albert. She left it to her son, but immediately after his coronation, King Edward announced that he would give up Osborne House and grounds to be kept as a memorial of Queen Victoria.

Her private rooms are closed and remain as they were in her lifetime, but the State Apartments are open to the public, and the remainder of the house is used as a convalescent home for officers of the army and navy. Within the grounds are one or two houses reserved for the use of members of the royal family, and a number of bungalows, recently erected, where begins the training of the future officers of the Royal Navy.

The State Apartments at Osborne are not imposing, with the exception of the Durbar Room. This was built comparatively recently for large receptions. It was designed by a Hindoo architect, and is lavishly decorated in Oriental fashion, with teak-wood and delicate mouldings of whitest plaster on walls and ceiling. There is a gallery at one end of the room and above the chimney-piece is

a snowy peacock with wide and outspread tail. Jubilee caskets and rich Indian furniture are here displayed, but from the point of view of Osborne as Victoria's home perhaps the most interesting works of art are the numerous representations of the royal family. As humbler people like to have frequent photographs of their children, the Queen-Empress seems to have thought that the likenesses of her boys and girls could not be taken too often in enduring marble.

In the dining-room the dead body of the Queen lay in state before her last royal progress through her capital to rest beside her husband at Frogmore. Above, with blinds always down, is the room where she died.

But Osborne, with its wide lawns, its wealth of flowers, its crisp sea-air, speaks rather of life than death; and as one passes along the ways often trodden by the feet of the Queen and those she loved best one turns back with pleasure to the thought of her happy, simple life. She was a lover of fresh air, and there is a great tree on the lawn beneath which she used often to breakfast or dictate her letters. Half a mile away, nearer the sea, is the Swiss Cottage, in which the boys had their forge and carpenter's bench, and the girls a kitchen, where they learned to make cakes and pickles.

As soon as Osborne House was built, the Queen was eager to take possession of it, and the royal party moved in almost before the smell of paint had departed. As the Queen passed in, a Scottish maid of honour threw an old shoe after her for luck, and there was great merriment at the "house-warming" dinner. Then in soberer mood Prince Albert quoted some lines of a German hymn, written by Luther and beginning:

"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure."

It was all very simple and cheerful, and was quite in harmony with the vein of kindly sentiment that showed itself so often in Victoria the woman.

A GARDEN OF OLD DELIGHTS

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

WHAT wonder that wise old Eden story placed the beginning of life in a garden? A garden fitly belongs to the youth of the world and the youth of the race, for it never grows old. The years, which steal so much from everything else, bring added loveliness and sweetness to it, enriching it with memories beautiful and tender, but never blighting its immortal freshness. It is foolishness to speak as we do of "old" gardens: gardens are perennially young, the haunt of flowers and children. And Grandmother's garden was always full of both.

Some of her many grandchildren always came to the old homestead for their summer holidays. One summer there were a half-dozen there as guests; and, counting the other ten who lived near her and spent more time at grandmother's than at their own homes, we were the merriest little crew in the world. The garden was our favourite haunt, and we passed most of our waking moments there. It was to us an enchanted pleasure-ground, and there is nothing in all our store of remembrance so sweet and witching as our recollections of it. Places visited in later years have grown dim and indistinct, but every nook and corner of grandmother's garden is as vivid in memory as on the day I saw it last. That was many years ago; but I could go straight with shut eyes at this very moment to the bed beside the snow-ball tree where the first violets grew.

The door of the big living-room opened directly into the garden. You

went down four wide shallow steps, formed of natural slabs of red sandstone which great-grandfather had brought up from the shore. The lower one was quite sunk into the earth, and mint grew thickly about its edges. Often crushed by so many little feet, it gave out its essence freely and the spicy odour always hung around that door like an invisible benediction.

The garden was long and narrow and sloped slightly to the west. On two sides it was surrounded by a high stone wall; at least, we thought it high; but I have a mature suspicion that I might not think so now. Things have such an unwholesome habit of dwindling as we grow older; but then we could barely see over it by standing on tiptoe, and we had to climb to its top by the little ladder fastened against the western end if we wanted to get a good view of the wide, sloping green fields beyond, and the sea calling so softly on its silvery, glistening sand shore.

The third side was shut in by the house itself, a long, quaint, white-washed building, lavishly festooned with Virginia creeper and climbing roses. Something about the five square windows in the second storey gave it an appearance of winking at us in a friendly fashion through its vines; at least, so the story-girl said; and, indeed, we could always see it for ourselves after she had once pointed it out to us.

At one corner of the house a little gate opened into the kitchen garden, where the vegetables grew; but we

never felt much interest in that—perhaps because grandmother's old servant Jean looked upon it as her special domain and discouraged intruders.

"Get awa' wi' ye into the floor garden—that's the proper place for bairns," she would say, with an instinctive perception of the fitness of things.

The fourth side was rimmed in by a grove of fir trees, a dim, cool place where the winds were fond of purring, and where there was always a resinous, woody odour. On the farther side of the firs was a thick plantation of slender silver birches and whispering poplars; and just beyond it what we called the "wild garden"—a sunny triangle shut in by the meadow fences and as full of wild flowers as it could hold: blue and white violets, dandelions, Junebells, wild-roses, daisies, buttercups, asters, and goldenrod, all lavish in their season.

The garden was intersected by right-angled paths, bordered by the big white clam-shells which were always found in abundance by the bay, and laid with gravel from the shore—coloured pebbles and little white shells well ground into the soil. In the beds between the paths and around the wall grew all the flowers in the world, or so, at least, we used to think. The same things were always found in the same place; we always looked for the clove pinks, sown in grandmother's bridal days, behind the big waxberry bush, and the shadowy corner behind the sumacs was always sweet in spring with white narcissus.

There were many roses, of course, roses that grew without any trouble and flung a year's hoarded sweetness into luxuriant bloom every summer. One never heard of mildew or slugs or aphids there, and nothing was ever done to the rose-bushes beyond a bit of occasional pruning. There was a row of big double pink ones at one side of the front door, and the red and white ones grew in the middle

plot. There was one yellow rose-tree to the left of the steps; but the ones we loved best were the dear little "Scotch roses"—oh, how fragrant and dainty and thorny were those wee semi-double roses with their waxen outer petals and the faint shell-pink of their hearts! Jean had brought the rose-bush with her all the way from an old Scottish garden when she was a "slip of a lassie," so that in our eyes there was a touch of romance about them that the other roses lacked.

Grandmother's bed of lavender and caraway and sweet clover was very dear to her heart. The caraway and sweet clover had a tendency to spread wildly, and it was one of our duties to keep them in proper bounds, rooting up every stray bit that straggled from the allotted space. We picked and dried the lavender for grandmother's linen closet; and she made us delicious caraway cookies such as I have never eaten anywhere else. I am afraid such cookies are not made nowadays.

All the beds were edged with ribbon grass. The big red peonies grew along the edge of the fir grove, splendid against its darkness, and the hollyhocks stood up in stiff ranks by the kitchen garden gate. The bed next to them was a sight to see when the yellow daffodils and tulips came out. There was a clump of tiger-lilies before the door and a row of madonna-lilies farther down. One big pine tree grew in the garden, and underneath it was a stone bench, made, like the steps, of flat shore stones worn smooth by the long polish of wind and wave. Just behind this bench grew pale, sweet flowers which had no name that we could ever find out. Nobody seemed to know anything about them. They had been there when grandfather's father bought the place. I have never seen them elsewhere or found them described in any catalogue. We called them the White Ladies—the Story Girl gave them the name. She said they looked like the

souls of good women. They were very ærial and wonderfully dainty, with a strange, haunting perfume that was only to be detected at a little distance and vanished if you bent over them. They faded whenever they were plucked, and although strangers, greatly admiring them, often carried away roots and seeds they could never be coaxed to grow elsewhere.

There was one very old-fashioned bed full of bleeding hearts, Sweet William, bride's bouquet, butter-and-eggs, Adam-and-Eve, columbines, pink and white daisies, and Bouncing Bets. We liked this bed best, because we might always pluck the flowers in it whenever we pleased. For the others, we had to ask permission, which, however, was seldom refused.

Poppies were the only things in the garden with a license to ramble. They sprang up everywhere; but the bed of them was in the northwest corner, and there they shook out their fringed silken skirts against a low coppice of young firs. Asparagus, permitted because of the feathery grace of its later development, grew behind the well-house, near the lilies-of-the-valley; the middle path was spanned at regular intervals by three arches, and these were garlanded with honeysuckle.

The well-house was a quaint, lichened old structure built over the well at the bottom of the garden. Four posts supported an odd peaked little roof like the roof of a Chinese pagoda, and it was almost covered with vines that hung from it in long swinging festoons nearly to the ground. The well was very deep and dark, and the water, drawn up by a windlass and chain in a mossy old bucket shaped like a little barrel and bound with icy hoops, was icy cold. As far down as we could see, the walls of the well were grown over with the most beautiful ferns.

The garden was full of birds; some of them we regarded as old friends, for they nested in the same place

every year and never seemed afraid of us. A pair of bluebirds had an odd liking for a nook in the stonework of the well; two yellowhammers had preëmpted an old hollow poplar in the south-western corner. Wild canaries set up housekeeping in the big lilac bush before the parlour windows. One exciting summer a pair of hummingbirds built a nest in the central honeysuckle arch. A wild August gale and rainstorm tore it from its frail hold and dashed it to the ground, where we found it the next morning. We girls cried over it; and then we cast lots to decide who should have the wonderful thing, fashioned of down and lichen, and no bigger than a walnut. The hummingbirds never came back, though we looked wistfully for them every summer. Robins were numerous, especially in early spring, great, sleek, saucy fellows, strutting along the paths. In the summer evenings after sunset they would whistle among the firs, making sweet, half melancholy music.

A garden with so many years behind it would naturally have some legends of its own. There was one fascinating story about "the poet who was kissed." One long-ago day, so long ago that grandfather was only a little boy, a young man had come into this garden—one whose name had already begun to bud out with the garland of fame that later encrowned it. He went into the garden to write a poem, and fell asleep with his head pillowed on the old stone bench. Into the garden came great-aunt Alice, who was nobody's aunt then, but a laughing-eyed girl of eighteen, red of lip and dark of hair, wilful and sweet, and a wee bit daring. She had been away and had just come home, and she knew nothing at all of her brother's famous guest; but in the garden, fast asleep under the pine tree, with his curly head on the hard stones and his half-finished poem beside him was the handsomest youth she had ever seen.

Mischievous Alice took him for an unexpected cousin from Scotland, and, bending over until her long dark curls swept his shoulder, she dropped a kiss, light and dainty as a falling rose-petal, on his sunburned cheek. Then he opened his big blue eyes and looked into Alice's blushing face — blushing hotly, for she realised all at once that this could not be the Scotch cousin. She knew, for she had been told, that *he* had eyes as velvet brown as her own. Fair Alice sprang to her feet and fled through the garden in dire confusion—a confusion which was not mended any when she found out who the sleeping prince really was. But it all ended happily, as one would expect, in wedding-bells for Alice and her poet.

The story which had the greatest fascination for us was that of "The Lost Diamond." Soon after grandfather and grandmother were married a certain great lady had come to visit them, a lady on whose white, high-bred hand sparkled a diamond ring. She had gone to walk in the garden; the diamond was in the ring when she went down the sandstone steps, for grandmother noted its sparkle as the great lady lifted her silken gown; but when she came in again the setting was empty and the diamond gone. Nor was it ever found, then or afterwards, search as they might. And never was anything better searched for. This story had a perennial charm for us children; we always had a secret hope that we might find the stone, and it made our labours seem light indeed. Nobody objected to pulling up weeds when every pull stood the chance of being rewarded by the starry glitter of the lost gem.

And then our garden had its ghost. We children were not supposed to know anything about this—grandmother thought it would frighten us and had forbidden any allusion to it in our presence. Her precaution was useless, for we knew all about it—the Story Girl had told us. How the

Story Girl knew it I cannot say; but the legend did not frighten us at all. Instead, we were intensely interested and very proud of it. Not every garden had a ghost. So it seemed to confer a certain distinction on ours. We never saw our ghost, but that was not for lack of looking for it.

The legend, as related to us one misty twilight by the Story Girl, and told in whispers with furtive glances backward that rendered it very impressive—oh, she knew how to tell a story, that Girl—was as follows:

Long ago, even before grandfather was born, an orphaned cousin of his lived with his parents. Her name was Edith and she was small and sweet and wistful eyed, with very long sleek brown curls and a tiny birthmark like a pink butterfly right on one oval cheek. She had a lover, the young son of a neighbour, and one day he had told her shyly that he was coming on the morrow to ask her a very important question and he wanted to find her in the garden when he came. Edith promised to meet him at the old stone bench; and on the morrow she dressed herself in her pale blue muslin and sleeked her curls and waited smiling at the trysting spot. To her there came a heedless cousin bursting out boyishly that her lover had been killed that morning by the accidental discharge of his gun. Edith was never quite herself after that; and she was never contented unless she was dressed in her blue gown and sitting on the old bench waiting for him—because he would be sure to come sometime, she said. She grew paler every day, but the little pink butterfly grew redder until it looked like a stain of blood against the whiteness of her face. When the winter came she died, but the next summer it began to be whispered about that Edith was sometimes seen sitting on the bench, waiting. More than one person had seen her.

"Grandfather saw her when he was a little boy," said the Story Girl, nodding mysteriously. "And my

mother saw her once, too, only once."

"Did you ever see her?" the skeptical boy wanted to know.

The Story-Girl shook her head.

"No, but I shall some day, if I keep on believing," she said confidently.

"I wouldn't like to see her — I should be afraid," said the timid girl, with a little shiver.

"There wouldn't be anything to be afraid of," said the Story Girl reassuringly. "It's not as if it were a stranger ghost. It's our own family ghost, so, of course, it wouldn't hurt us."

We often "acted out" the story of Alice and her poet; we discovered the lost diamond in a thousand different ways and places; but we never acted the story of Edith. Ghosts are not chancy folk to meddle with—even when they are your own family ghosts.

We had our own games and sports, mostly original, for the Story-Girl could invent them more easily than most children could talk. Our play-house was in the fir grove. We had shelves on the trees covered with a dazzling array of broken dishes and pieces of coloured glass; and we had "cupboards" scooped out among the big roots and lined with moss. We wove wreaths and crowns of pink daisies and every girl was queen for a day, turn about. We had picnics and little festivals galore. But when all was said and done we liked best to hear the Story-Girl tell stories.

We would climb to the top of the western wall, or sit on the grass under the swinging fir boughs, and listen for hours. The Story-Girl was an orphan grandchild who had always lived at grandmother's. She was a slim, light-footed thing, with an oval brown face and large, dark-blue, dreamy eyes. She had a marvellous memory and a knack of dramatic word-painting. Half her stories she "made out of her own head," and we thought them wonderful. Even now I still think they *were* wonderful, and

if she had lived I believe the world would have heard of her. She died in her early teens in a foreign land, far away from her beloved garden. It was she kept the "garden book." I found it in a box in the attic the last time I was at the old homestead, and brought it away with me. Many of its entries made the past seem the present again:

April twentieth.

It is spring, and I am so glad. The beauty of winter is that it makes you appreciate spring. Little green things are poking up everywhere in the garden. I always run out first thing every morning to see how much they have grown since yesterday. I helped grandmother plant the sweet peas to-day and I planted a little bed of my own. I am not going to dig them up this year to see if they have sprouted. It is bad for them. I am going to try to cultivate patience.

I read a new fairy book in the fir grove to-day. A fir grove is the right kind of a place to read fairy stories. Sally says she can't see that it makes any difference where you read them, but, oh, it does.

May tenth.

Warm, with south wind. Grandmother and Jean finished planting the vegetable garden to-day. I never like the vegetable garden except when I am hungry. Then I do like to go and look at the nice little rows of onions and beets.

May twenty-eighth.

I was busy weeding all day. Sally and Jack came over and helped me. I don't mind weeding but I always feel so sorry for the poor weeds. It must be hard to be rooted up; but then you should not grow in the wrong place. I suppose if weeds ever get to heaven they will be flowers. I hope heaven will be all flowers. I think I could be always good if I lived in a garden all the time. But then Adam and Eve lived in a garden and they were not always good—far from it.

June eighth.

It rained this morning. The garden is always so sweet after a rain. Everything is so fresh and clean and the perfumes are lovelier than ever. I wish one could see perfumes as well as smell them. I am sure they would be beautiful. Billy says it is just like a girl to wish something silly. Billy is very practical—he would never think of being sorry for the weeds. Grandfather says he is very level-headed. It is best to be level-headed, of course, but you miss lots of fun.

Our Canterbury-Bells are out. I think

"Canterbury-Bells" is a lovely name. It makes you think of cathedrals. Sweet William is a dreadful name for a flower. William is a man's name, and men are never sweet. They are a great many admirable things, but they are not sweet and shouldn't be. That is for women.

June seventeenth.

The garden does not look the same by moonlight at all. It is very beautiful but it is different. When I was a little wee girl I used to believe that fairies danced in the garden by moonlight. I would like to believe it still, but it is so hard to believe things you know are not true. Uncle James told me there were no such things as fairies. He is a minister, so, of course, I knew he spoke the truth. It was his duty to tell me and I do not blame him, but I have never felt quite the same to Uncle James since.

We acted Alice and the poet to-day. I like it mostly, but not to-day, for Billy was the poet and he didn't look a bit poetical—his face was so round and freckled. I just wanted to laugh and that spoiled it all for me. I always like it better when Jack is the poet; he looks the part and he never screws his eyes up as tight as Billy does. But you can seldom coax Jack to be the poet, and Billy is so obliging that way.

July twentieth.

We all helped grandmother make her rose jar to-day. We picked quarts of rose leaves. The most fragrant ones grow on grandmother's wedding bush. When grandmother was married she had a bouquet of white roses and she stuck one of the green shoots from it down in the garden, never thinking it would really grow, but it did, and it is the biggest bush in the garden now. It does seem so funny to think that there ever was a time when grandfather and grandmother were not married. You would think to look at them that they always had been. What a dreadful thing it would have been if they had not got married to each other! I don't suppose there would have been a single one of us children here at all; or if we were we would be part somebody else, and that would be almost as bad. When I think how awful it would have been to have been born part somebody else, or not born at all, I cannot feel sufficiently thankful that grandfather and grandmother happened to marry each other, when there were so many other people in the world they might have married.

I am trying to love the zinnias best, because nobody seems to like them at all, and I am sure they must feel it; but all the time deep down in my heart I know I

love the roses best. You just can't help loving the roses.

August nineteenth.

Grandmother let us have our tea in the garden this afternoon, and it was lovely. We spread the tablecloth on the grass by the well-house, and it was just like a picnic. Everything tasted twice as good, and we did not mind the ants at all.

I am going to call the southernwood "apple-ringie" after this. Jean says that is what they call it in Scotland, and I think it sounds ever so much more poetical than southernwood. Jack says the right name is "boy's love," but I think that is silly.

September fifth.

Billy says that a rich man in town has a floral clock in his garden. It looks just like the face of a clock, and there are flowers in it that open every hour, and you can always tell the time. Billy wishes we had one here but I don't. What would be the good of it? Nobody ever wants to know the time in a garden.

It was my turn to be queen, and I wore the daisy crown all day. I like to be queen, but there is really not as much fun in it as in being a common person, after all. Besides, the rest all call you "Your Majesty," and curtesy whenever they come into your presence, if they don't forget, and it makes you feel a little lonely.

September twenty-seventh.

Shadows are such pretty things and the garden is always full of them. Sometimes they are so still you would think them asleep. Then again they are laughing and skipping. Outside, down on the shore fields, they are always chasing each other. They are wild shadows; the shadows in the garden are tame shadows.

October twentieth.

Everything seems to be rather tired of growing. The pine tree and the firs and the 'mums. The sunshine is thick and yellow and lazy, and the crickets sing all the time. The birds have nearly all gone.

The other day I thought I saw the ghost at last. I was coming through the fir grove and I saw somebody in blue sitting on the bench. How my heart beat! But it was only a visitor, after all. I don't know whether I was glad or disappointed. I don't think it would be a pleasant experience to see the ghost; but after you had seen it, think what a heroine you would be.

November tenth.

There was a little snow last night but

it all melted as soon as the sun came out. Everything in the garden has gone to sleep and it is lonely and sad there now. I don't think I shall write any more in my garden book till spring.

Early morning was an exquisite time in the garden. Delicate dews glistened everywhere, and the shadows were black and long and clear-cut. Pale, peach-tinted mists hung over the bay, and little winds crisped across the fields and rustled in the poplar leaves in the wild corner. But the evening was more beautiful still, when the sunset sky was all aglow with delicate shadings and a young

moon swung above the sea in the west. The robins whistled in the firs, and over the fields sometimes came lingering music from the boats in the bay. We used to sit on the old stone wall and watch the light fading out on the water and the stars coming out over the sea. And at last grandmother would come down the honeysuckle path and tell us it was time that birds and buds and babies should be in bed. Then we would troop off to our nests in the house, and the fragrant gloom of a summer night would settle down over the Garden of Old Delights.

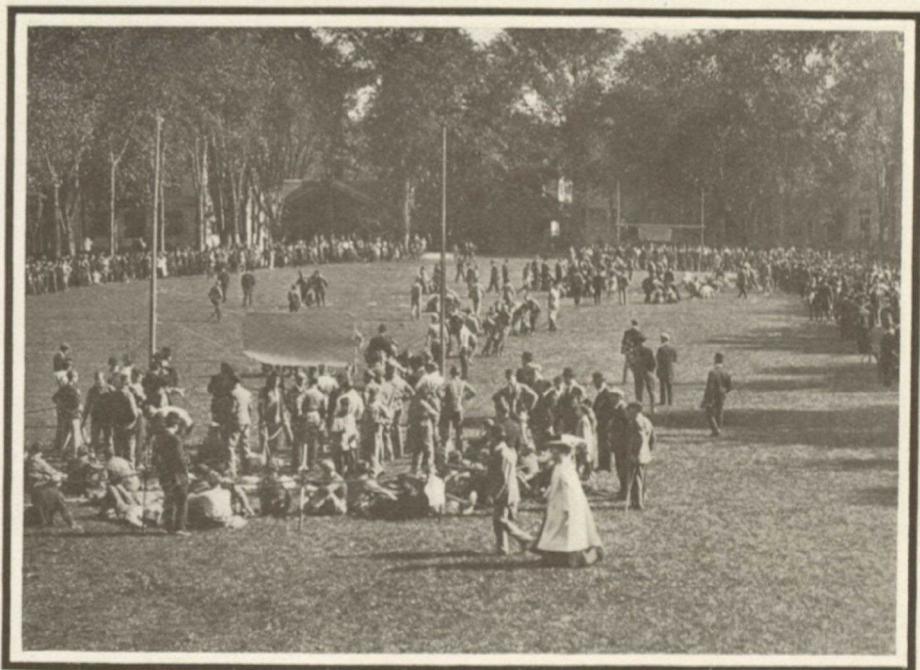
THE COMING OF LOVE

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

HOW shall I know? Shall I hear him pass
 In the wind that sighs through the poplar tree,
 Murmuring soft to the whispering grass,
 Shaking the prisoned perfumes free?

Shall I wake one day to a sky all blue
 And meet with Spring in a crowded street?
 Shall I fear and tremble as lovers do
 And wonder to find the fearing sweet?

How shall I know? Last night I lay
 Counting the hours' dreary sum,
 Till the dawn turned gold and the gold turned gray,
 And the Silence told me that Love had come!



THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT M'GILL

A view of the campus, showing the freshman morgue in the foreground, where seventy-nine freshmen lay "dead" at the call of time. Only twenty-three "dead" sophomores were reported at the other morgue

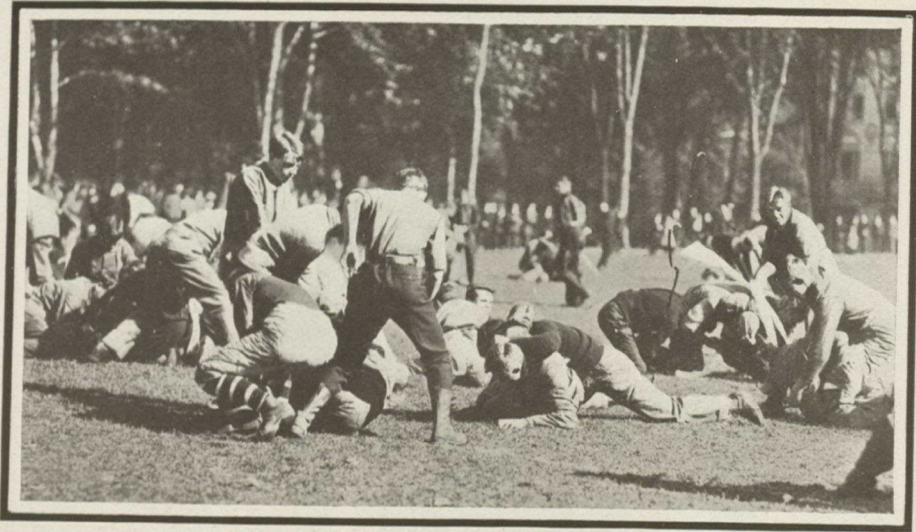
NEW METHODS IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS

BY CHRISTOPHER CONWAY

THE modern college is a complex institution, and not all its educational features are imparted from the professorial chairs. The students themselves have a large voice (this is written without reference to vocal efforts heard upon such occasions as require the banding of the undergraduate body) in the education of their fellow members. This may seriously differ from views held by persons of an older generation who cling to the idea that the university is in *loco parentis* in all instances, yet it is quite

true, and the truth of the assertion is more apparent to those who have a knowledge of large universities where the dormitory system is unknown; such a university, for instance, as McGill.

There are two factors at McGill that are largely prominent in the educational work carried on by the students, one is the Students' Council, and the other is the annual "Rush." The Council is an organisation composed of a president, elected at large, and eight presidents, which num-

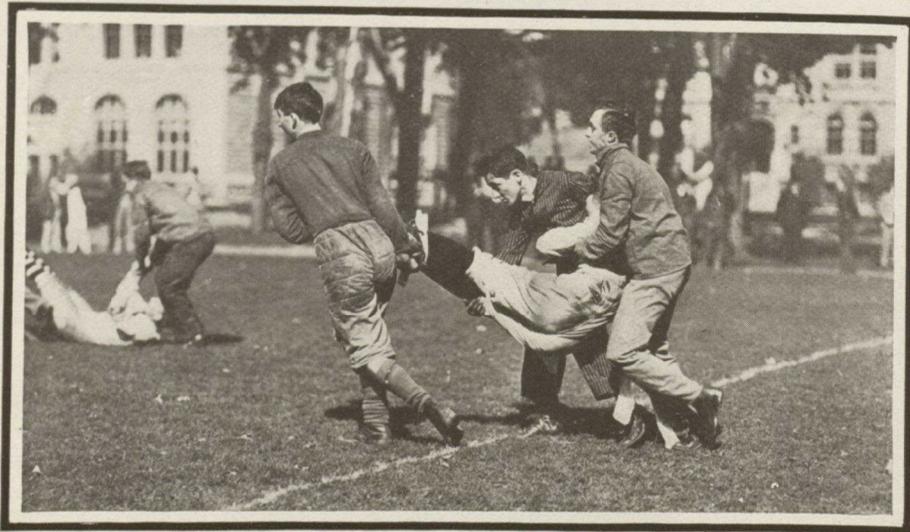


THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT M'GILL. CAPTURING AND BANDAGING

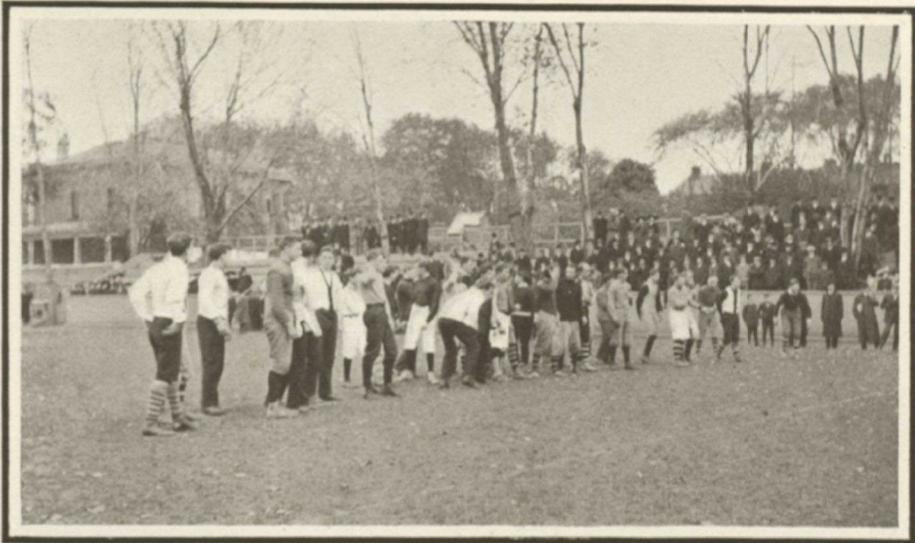
ber includes the chief executive officer of the rugby, track and hockey clubs. the presidents of the four undergraduate bodies and the president of the Union. The chief object of this body is to act as the direct representative of the students in all dealings with the public. It speaks for the students and to the students as occasion demands. It has the power to sit as a

court of honour and the authority to suggest disciplinary methods for any offending student. Furthermore, it controls all the athletic funds, and publishes a college weekly; in brief, it is the chief influence in student activities.

The Council is now in its third year of existence and is already an acknowledged success. It has a more



THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT M'GILL. DELIVERING A CAPTIVE FRESHMAN

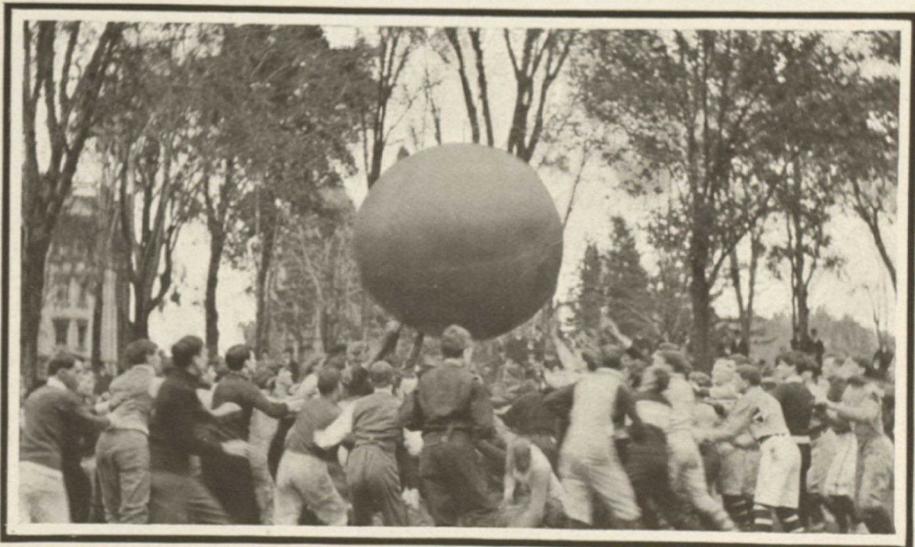


THE "ARTS RUSH" AT M'GILL. WAITING FOR THE WORD "GO!"

permanent feature than is usual with student organisations, because it has a permanent official, a secretary, thus giving an intelligent continuity to its work. The secretary is supposed to be versed in wordly lore and athletic knowledge, and, representing a business force, he can secure attention in all business matters. The importance

of this will be realised when it is stated that student organisations had not always been carried along on strictly business lines, and unpaid accounts offered no sense of novelty.

By placing responsibility in the hands of students a great change has been made in the general tone of the undergraduate body at McGill; it has



THE "ARTS RUSH" AT M'GILL. PUSHBALL IN THE AIR



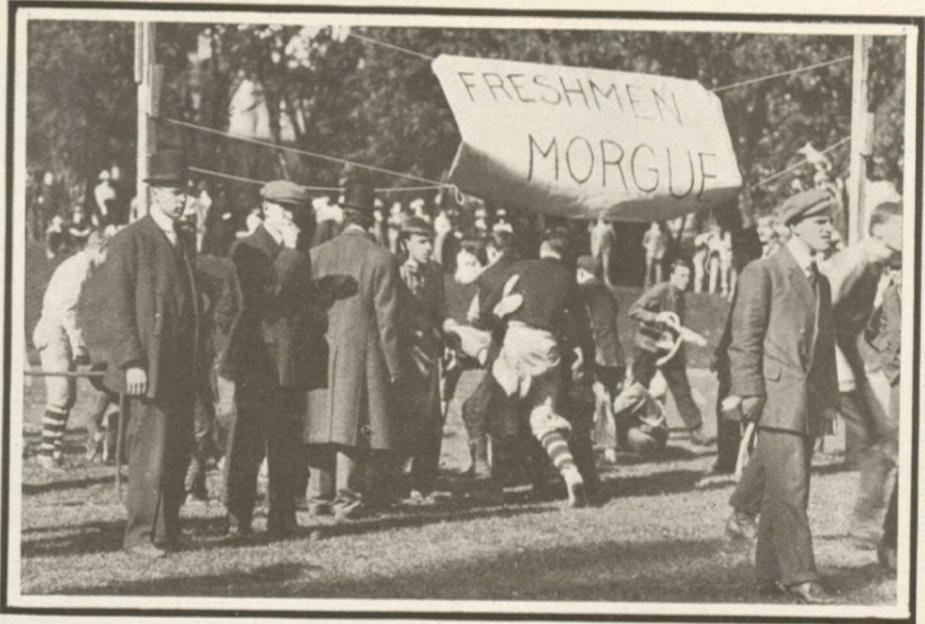
THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT M'GILL. SECURING THE VICTIMS

had a sobering effect; it is, as John Redmond once remarked, apparent that the way to secure intelligent citizens is to give them responsibility. There is no rowdiness at McGill; not that everything is perfect, but the student body is receiving the respect of the community, the general effect being one of genuine friendliness between Town and Gown.

It can be readily appreciated that in making the student body responsible to itself for its behaviour there has been secured an educational advance of great importance. Authority has been wielded with firm justice, and the relations between the faculties and the undergraduates have improved wonderfully, an improvement which will appeal to college men of a generation ago, who know that the student was not always received in a friendly manner by the powers.

Now of the Rush. The average citizen will hardly grant that there is any educational value in the Rush, but, then, there are many persons who fail to perceive any advantage in

football, lacrosse, hockey and kindred pastimes. A college man to whom the question was put, answered by saying that the Rush enabled men of a class to become better acquainted with one another, and that answer covers much of the ground. McGill has tried several forms of Rush and recently initiated a change—under the auspices of a professor. It had been the custom for science students to engage in a hill rush. This was carried out on a slope in front of the physics building. The sophomores secured a position on top, shoved the freshmen to the bottom, and then began a scuffle, largely based on the principle of "I'm the King of the Castle," a game which has survived from the cave age. In the rush there were no rules, and it was not infrequent that the good red blood of many inspired youths marked the fresh green grass. Arts students occasionally used a corridor in Molson Hall for a rush, and sometimes tried conclusions on the grassy terrace in front of the building. Their affairs were no



THE "SCIENCE RUSH" AT M'GILL. IN FRONT OF THE MORGUE

more graceful than those of the science students. The roughness and looseness of these rushes started an agitation for something better to initiate a class and resulted in a professor supplying a rope ring to be contested for. Then the men were brought to the campus, freshmen marshalled at one end, and sophomores at the other. The big rope ring was placed in the middle of the playground, and at a given signal both sides broke, rushed to secure possession and struggled until the call of time. Then on count of hands a decision was made.

It was found that the ring rope was just as dangerous, if indeed not more so, than the old hill rush, so it was decided to abandon that form of initiation and try some other method. It was eventually thought that a pushball would furnish the desired medium, so one was purchased and made ready for the science men of that year. However, a defective bladder rendered the pushball useless at the time when desired and a new idea was tried out. Stout cotton bandages were obtained

and a simple game organised. The men were again sent to the campus, each class lining up at either end. A space was roped off behind each line, and a banner fluttering from the goalposts of the football field announced that one was a "Freshman Morgue" and the other a similar institution for "dead" sophomores. Every student was provided with two bandages and informed that he must aid in tying up a member of the other class, then bring the prisoner to the Morgue. The result of this rush was one of the funniest sights ever witnessed in the classic shades of old McGill, and the onlookers were better entertained than they could have been at any theatre. The prize for this affair is a cup on which the record of the winner is engraved, and the cup placed in the library with the other athletic trophies.

The bandage rush had proved successful, but the promoters of the pushball plan felt that they ought to have a trial, and, with this end in view, they succeeded in inducing the

arts classes to wait until a new bladder could be secured for the big ball. Then the two sides were sent out, and a spectacular struggle commenced. It more nearly resembled a real game than the other event—it gave the contestants a good time, and gave the onlookers something to laugh at.

It may yet be considered that these affairs have no place in the real serious matters of college life, yet their place is now well established at McGill, and the keen interest taken by professors plainly indicates that the teachers believe that this form of initiation possesses a tangible value.

ORCHARDS IN BLOOM

By ARTHUR WENTWORTH EATON

BANKS of bloom on a billowy plain,
 Odours of orient in the air,
 Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain—
 Allah's garden, everywhere!

Boundless depths in the blue above,
 Glint of gold on the hill-tops gray,
 Orioles trilling songs of love
 With tireless throats, the long June day.

Fields of emerald, tufted white,
 Yellow and azure, far outspread,—
 O, the measureless soul-delight
 In the scent of the clover blossoms red!

Youth in the veins of the earth and the sky,
 Brimming joy in the beams of the sun,—
 Never a hint that by-and-by
 Fields shall be ripe and springtime done;

Never a hint that these orchards wide,
 Where rose-tints riot and perfumes burn,
 In the mellow march of summertime
 To dark, unscented woods shall turn.

Sweet to the sense it is to sip
 Fresh from the bowl of the blossoming year,
 Maddening joy once more to dip
 Deep in the orchard-nectars here.

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,
 Odours of orient in the air,
 Pink-tipped petals that fall like rain,
 Joyance, joyance everywhere!



KING EDWARD VII.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEMISE



KING EDWARD VII.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL

KING GEORGE V.

"THE KING IS DEAD ——— LONG LIVE THE KING"

THE RANPIKE CLAIM

BY ROBERT J. HEWTON

"I AM down and out at last," said Arthur Conway.

The scene was the office of Brown, Browning and Brownwig, of Sherbrooke, a law firm of which I am the mining expert.

"What's the trouble now?" I inquired. "I thought you had struck it rich and were on the high-road to fortune."

"So I had; so I was," Conway replied; "but it is all over now and I am worse than broke. I may as well throw up the sponge, such an infernal run of luck is enough to break anyone's heart."

"Suppose you tell me the whole story. Perhaps things are not so bad as they seem. It often happens like that."

"Bad! They could not well be worse. It is the same old yarn. You remember when you taught the Old-town Academy, before you took to the law, and I was one of your boys, that I was always in trouble. If someone threw a stone carelessly, it was sure to hit me; if a branch fell from a tree, it did not fail to strike me on the head. It has been just the same since I grew up. Everything goes wrong. If I buy a horse, he breaks his leg within a week; if I make a deal with a firm, my luck is too much for it and, as certain as my name is Arthur Conway, it fails, leaving me with my pains for my gains; if I open a pot with four queens and bet my last cent upon my hand, someone is certain to hold four kings. And now it is the Ranpike Claim."

"The Ranpike Claim, Arthur Con-

way! What do you mean by that? You told me last month the Ranpike was the richest asbestos lode ever struck in Quebec, which is the same thing as saying in the world, and now you tell me it has petered out."

"Petered out!" he shouted. "No, sir, not on your life: the Ranpike has not petered out. It is all I ever claimed it to be, and more; yes, far more. There is nothing like it any where. Its seams are as fine as anything Thetford ever produced, and its rock is all pay ore; it's full of fibre, there's not an ounce of 'dead' in the whole of it. The trouble is not with the mine but with me: I have been done, cheated, swindled out of the whole business." He smote the desk viciously with his hand, and I nodded inquiringly.

"My option expired the day before yesterday."

"Yes?"

"Sharpe and Company did not make good."

"Of course you neglected my advice about those papers," I said.

"Yes, I did, cursed fool that I am. I allowed Sharpe to keep me hanging off and on for the past three weeks trusting to his assurance that they were coming on each day to put up the price and close the deal."

"Where were you on Thursday, when the option expired?" I asked.

"I was in Montreal. Sharpe wired me to meet him and Burnside there to close the transaction."

"No one put in an appearance, of course."

"Not a soul. I hung round all day

and suspected nothing till it was too late to do anything. Burnside met Sharpe at Waterloo and sold him his farm for thirty thousand dollars, just seventy thousand less than they were to pay me for the claim. Why Burnside took thirty thousand I do not know. The Claim alone is worth half a million. I had no money to hold the option or I would never have accepted their offer of a hundred thousand. Now I have lost everything. I have lived for two years on hares and hard-tack working like a slave to open the vein and these fellows by a sharp trick reap the benefit. I have spent every dollar I possessed and am in debt to everyone who would trust me. I am down and out. Had it not been for the thought of Mary I would have made a hole in the Magog river this morning when I learned how I had been done. Poor girl, perhaps it would be the best thing I could do for her."

"Yes," I replied, "as her friend, perhaps I shall have to advise that yet."

"Don't be too hard on me, Mr. Brownwig," he pleaded.

"Too hard on you, Arthur Conway; too hard on you," I cried, smiting the desk in turn, for my anger rose as I thought of the sweet face of Mary Abbot whose love I had sought six years before, only to learn that she had already given her heart to this handsome unfortunate. "Too hard on you, indeed. If I treated you as you deserve I would kick you from here to the Ranpike Claim, and I would like to do it. Too hard on you; you come to me for advice and then because you don't do as I tell you, allow such a prize as this to slip through your fingers. And now you are here again. What do you expect me to do for you? What is the use of talking to you. I'll give you no more advice. I am sick of you and your stubbornness."

I smote the table once more and pushed back my chair as if to end the interview.

"Mary made me come," was Conway's only reply. He could not have selected a more effective plea. My anger died away at the thought of the gentle girl who had waited so long for this derelict to make her a home.

"She thought something might yet be done if you were interested," he ventured to add.

"Well, well; perhaps so," I admitted reluctantly. "I have no doubt there was a conspiracy. So Mary sent you to me. How long have you two been engaged—six years?"

"Six years and more."

"You were to have been married at the end of the first year?"

"Yes."

"And that was the only prosperous year you have ever had?"

"Yes, the one gleam of good luck."

"You postponed the wedding to end a 'big thing' you had on hand?"

"Yes, Mr. Brownwig, and I had my usual luck. My boom burst and I lost every dollar I had in the world."

"Miss Abbot refused to end the engagement and you would not marry till things took a turn for the better?"

"I could not allow her to share such poverty as has been mine ever since. We were to have been married next month on the strength of the Ranpike."

"And now she sends you to me?"

"She insisted on my coming, sir."

"As to a friend?"

"Yes, as to a friend."

"Hers or yours?"

"A friend of both, Mary hoped."

"The best thing I could do for her would be to insist on your ending everything between you, but I suppose I might as well talk to the winds, and shall confine myself to giving you professional advice."

"That's what I want, Mr. Brownwig."

I placed my hands on the desk and gazed at him steadily for a time.

Then I said in my severest manner, "I am your legal adviser, am I not?"

"Certainly," he promptly replied.

"Exactly. Now before I say a word

I must have your promise to do precisely what I tell you. If you give me this, well; if not, I must decline to waste any more time over your affairs. Do we understand each other? I will be fooled no longer and I know, with all your stubbornness, your word is absolutely binding."

There was a long pause, but he finally gave the required promise, and I continued:

"I know you do not drink."

He nodded assent.

"And I know from henceforth you will not gamble?"

There was a long, long pause this time, but he accepted this condition as well as the other.

"I have a complete history here of your misfortunes," I assured him. "I have already seen Miss Abbot and something may yet be done about the Ranpike Claim, but it will not do to count on. That, however, I consider a small matter."

He stared at me in amazement and then burst out: "The Ranpike a small matter? I tell you it is worth half a million as an undeveloped property. There has never been anything like it known in the history of asbestos."

"I don't mean its loss is a small thing in itself, but I regard it as trifling compared with the destruction of your belief in bad luck. I admit you seem to have had more than your share of trouble but I fancy most of your misfortunes, like the last, could be directly traced to a foolish disregard of all advice. What we have to do now, however, is to break that run of bad luck, and I propose to begin by making you a present."

He blushed up to the roots of his hair, but I held up my hand and continued:

"My gift is a wedding present and takes the form of a marriage license. You see it is already filled out. You will sign your name here and one of the clerks will witness your signature. You will find Miss Abbot waiting for you in the outer office and will go up to the rectory, where there is

always a clergyman at this hour on Saturday. He will marry you at once. This will forever end your belief in your bad luck, which is partly the cause of all your misfortunes. With so sweet a wife as Mary, it will be impossible any longer to believe yourself the victim of bad luck. Now go, and come back to me early on Monday. You may feel assured I will do everything in my power to assist Mary's husband."

He passed out like one in a dream and I, after wiping my eyes and blowing my nose vigorously several times, sat down to consider what inspiration lay behind Mary's words.

"Mr. Burnside is one of the shrewdest men in the country," she had said, "and if his title had been good he would never have sold his whole farm for thirty thousand dollars when he knew Arthur had been offered a hundred thousand for a corner of it."

"Thirty thousand seemed a good deal of money to him," I had replied, but I was far from satisfied with my own answer.

Try as I might I could see no way out of the difficulty, and finally I resolved to visit the claim on Monday on the off chance of discovering something which would throw light on the darkness surrounding the whole transaction.

*

The claim consisted of a bold outcropping of rock situated at the rear of the Burnside's farm, in a large clearing which sloped away towards the south without interruption, except for a ledge of granite running through it about fifty yards from the line. It was covered by a collection of granite and serpentine boulders packed in a slaty shale. This mass, easily recognisable as a glacier moraine, stretched away towards the north and was covered, as was the knoll itself, by a growth of young evergreens mixed with poplar and white birch trees.

The claim was just inside the clearing, the edge of which marked the dividing line between two properties, the one to the south fenced and well cultivated and the other, deserted and neglected, rapidly reverting to a sylvan character. The rear part of the cultivated farm, which belonged to Burnsidés, had never been used except for growing hay. It had never been enclosed, but was separated from the rest of the farm by a well-built rail fence. An immense granite boulder lay at the corner where this fence joined the dividing line between the two properties. From here to the mine the edge of the clearing was very irregular and evidently depended on the nature of the soil, the rocky patches not having been considered worth clearing of underbrush.

From the highest point of the claim and almost at its southern edge, towered an immense, dead tree which, with a single limb pointing to the north and downwards, suggested a sentinel keeping guard over some hidden treasure. This relic of the primeval forest, being locally known as the "Ranpike," had given its name to the ledge.

I was surprised when I noted how much labour Conway had expended in opening the mine, and realised that I had not given him full credit for energy and perseverance. He rose greatly in my estimation and I determined to do everything in my power to assist him out of the difficulty in which his carelessness had involved him.

I had expended much thought on Mary's suggestion that there was some flaw in the Burnsidés title, but had been unable to discover the slightest irregularity. I had been to the registrar's office and paid my fee for the privilege of examining his deed of ownership, but had come away without any light on the subject. Everything seemed quite correct. Indeed, the present occupant was the third owner in the direct Burnsidés line, and there could be no question of his

right of possession. I had carefully studied the descriptions of the properties mentioned in the deeds; in fact, had almost memorised them, and had come out to the mine with a wild hope that the parcel of land mentioned in the registrar's document was not the one in question. I knew the absurdity of this hope but was induced to make the trip by my faith in Mary's intuition. My practice had taught me that women frequently jump at just conclusions which men can only reach after close reasoning and careful investigations.

"Who owns that property?" I asked Arthur, pointing towards the waste of rocks and thickets lying to the north of the Burnsidés farm.

"I do," he replied. "It is all that is left and it is mortgaged for more than it is worth. No one would buy it, as there is no timber—nothing but a heap of broken stones."

"Does not the asbestos ledge run across it?" I inquired, after examining the apparent trend of the lode he had uncovered. It seems to me it ought to dip that way."

"I have thought so lately," he replied. "You see the granite is over there," and he pointed towards the clearing, "unless it dips very deep under that bench, which is not likely, the lead is away to the northeast. I intended to give Mary fifty thousand dollars, and, after paying Burnsidés off, to have expended the balance in clearing away enough of that rubbish to find out, but that chance is gone now, and I must turn my hand to do something that will give more immediate returns."

As he spoke, a clause in the description of the Burnsidés property recurred to my memory: "past a granite boulder of large size and to the southward of the tall tree on the knoll."

"Mary is right for a million dollars," I shouted as the importance of what this meant to my clients struck me. "Trust a woman for finding holes in a man's coat. Where does the line run, Arthur Conway; the line between

the two properties? Tell me that."

"I don't know exactly, but somewhere through the bush back of the knoll. See how the rocky point juts out into the clearing."

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars against a brass farthing it does nothing of the kind. It runs past the granite boulder, south of the Ranpike. Burnsid's never had any claim on the mine. You were to pay twenty thousand dollars for your option on the Ranpike Claim, and all the while it belonged to you and not to him. Burnsid's knew all the while, and on the strength of it has unloaded an eight thousand dollar farm on Sharpe and Company for four times what it is worth."

Conway went white. For a moment I thought he would faint, but he soon recovered and exclaimed: "I believe you are right, Mr. Brownwig. My property was unfit for farming, and the back part of it was never enclosed, and, as Burnsid's cleared away as far as the good land extended, we fell into the habit of regarding the edge of the clearing as roughly marking the dividing line between the two properties. Now I remember hearing my father say our property extended south of the Ranpike. But what made you think of it?"

"I never thought of it. The idea was Mary's. She suggested that there was something wrong with the Burnsid's title. The idea was hers, God bless her."

"Yes," said Conway, reverently lifting his hat, "God bless her; she has ended my run of bad luck."

The next day we again repaired to the Ranpike, accompanied by a land surveyor, who soon established the truth of my surmise. The Ranpike Claim undoubtedly belonged to Arthur Conway.

As we completed the survey, Burn-

sid's appeared on the scene. He smiled grimly when he observed our occupation and remarked:

"Jest findin' it out, Mr. Brownwig?"

"Yes, Mr. Burnsid's, we are just finding it out, but you may not find it so easy to explain away a charge of conspiracy to defraud Mr. Conway of a mine."

"Conspiracy, nothing," he laughed. "I didn't know when I gave the darned option where the 'cotton' were or what he was lookin' fur. When I did find it out an' come to think on where the line run, I knew Sharpe weren't agoin' to make good, so I weren't sayin' nothin', but I had a farm to sell an' I call thirty thousand dollars a right smart price for it, tew. I had no claim, no nor no mine to sell, jest a farm; though for all I know the granite ledge out thar may be full o' 'cotton'," and he smiled again. "My price war thirty thousand dollars if paid before a certain day, an' it war paid in good money. It's down to Sherbrooke, safe in the E. T. Bank. I guess I'll move to the city an' give the gals some schoolin'."

The Ranpike Asbestos Mining Company was soon afterwards incorporated. I am president, and Arthur Conway is managing-director. It rapidly became one of the most prosperous mining concerns in the Dominion.

The case of Sharpe and Company against Burnsid's has just been concluded. It resulted in the plaintiffs being compelled to pay heavy costs. The old farmer was proved to have been altogether too keen for the sharps.

Conway had no more bad luck. He is just completing a handsome residence on one of the city's best streets. Mary says the house, when finished, will be called *The Ranpike Claim*.



AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE

BY KATHERINE HALE

WE of the British Empire prate largely of Imperialism, and on the common ground of finance, politics, or government, there is much interchange of thought between England, India, Africa, Australia and Canada.

On the higher ground of art how little knowledge, not to speak of comradeship, we possess one of the other.

To write, or speak, of Canadian literature in South Africa, would probably be quite as curious and illuminative an experience as to deal with Australian literature in India.

To classify very roughly, I suppose that more people have known British India through the work of Rudyard Kipling than by that of any other writer, Australia through the novelist of the race-track, Nat. Gould, South Africa, by the work of that frail little woman, Olive Schreiner, with her strange impassioned "Story of a South African Farm," and of Canada through the early, colourful romances of Quebec written by Gilbert Parker.

These names come easily to the mind as the literature of each country is mentioned, yet we know that they are each one but the conspicuous product of a whole web of intricate threads — only one manifestation of a great country's desire and design, and, in the outstanding figure, we may not approach the real spirit of the country so fully as in the study of the lesser voices who, nearer to the ground, are weaving the web each one in his own way.

It would appear that literature in

Australia has not yet come into its own. There is no full-throated chorus of great singers, as there is in Canada, nor were the beginnings of its art life so propitious. It is a land which lacks tradition, and the great natural forces, beautiful and limitless, are still overshadowing the life of the spirit. Yet Australia has had, and will have, her voices.

Lately I have been much charmed in the reading of a little volume wherein are set the poems of that one who has been, up to the present time, the single outstanding lyrist of Australia — Adam Lindsay Gordon. He is described as one:

"Who flashed upon us suddenly,
A shining soul, with syllables of fire,
Who sang the first great songs these
lands can claim
To be their own; the one who did not
seem
To know what royal place awaited him
Within the temple of the Beautiful."

Marcus Clarke, another Australian writer, in a masterly preface to Gordon's poems, speaks lovingly of this gallant son of the English army who came to Australia early in his youth, and, with a head crammed full of Browning and Shelley, plunged into the varied life which gold mining, overlanding, and cattle-driving afford. From this experience he emerged to light in Melbourne as the best amateur steeple-chase rider in the colonies. His victories on the turf made him immensely popular, and when it was discovered that the big-hearted "Sport" was the author of many surprising anonymous verses in the leading magazines, his personality became

marked in England as well as in his adopted country.

Possessing great physical attraction, as well as marked talent, if not positive genius, it is all the more to be regretted that the melancholy with which he had always been obliged to wrestle overcame this poet at the last, and in the full tide of success, he was found dead among the heather, with a bullet from his own rifle in his brain.

And what do we find in his poetry? A wakeful echo of Swinburne, and a generous dash of Browning, it is true, as, in the "Songs of a Sourdough" by our own Canadian, Robert Service, the mighty tone of Kipling reverberates, but as well, in both cases, the personal liberty of feeling, the saving sense of ego, the accordance with underlying laws of nature and environment.

If in certain poems we discern an old familiar metre, at least in such verse as "The Sick Stock-Rider," we find a shining quality uninfluenced by anything but environment and personal feeling: the two elements that go to make up the truly national poet.

"'Twas merry in the glowing morn,
among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we wandered many a mile
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and
watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when
we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the
yard
With a running fire of stock whips and a
fiery run of hoofs.
Oh! the hardest day was never then too
hard."

This is genuine poetry. The verses swing on and on, and we too are galloping furiously after "Starlight," and his gang, through the tea-tree scrub, and we feel, we feel, how the "golden-tinted fern leaves" rustled, and "the honeysuckle osiers, how they crashed."

Into the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry there must, inevitably, go a vast interpretation of nature. The first great

genius in Australian literature will stand alone. And that genius has not yet appeared.

Marcus Clarke, a man of rare discrimination and feeling, who wrote a novel of the early convict days—"For the Term of His Natural Life"—so wonderful that it made a lasting impression in England, has given in a few paragraphs, some famous description of his own country. This is vivid painting; so beautiful that it makes the tragic story of the writer's death all the more bitter, for into his temperament went more than a touch of genius, and he died when he was very young, leaving a wife and two children. The children are, I believe, being educated in England by the Earl of Rosebery,

"Australia has been rightly named 'The Land of the Dawning.' Wrapped in the mist of early morning, her history looms vague and gigantic. The lonely horseman riding between the moonlight and the day sees vast shadows creeping across the shelterless and silent plains, hears strange noises in the primeval forests where flourish the vegetation long dead in other lands, and feels, despite his fortune, that the trim utilitarian civilisation which bred him shrinks into insignificance beside the contemptuous grandeur of forest and ranges coeval with an age in which European scientists have cradled his own race. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on its bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gum, strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning hills, is either grotesque or ghostly. Great, gray kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out, shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire dance natives, painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring, and gloomy. The poetry which lives in the trees and flowers of Australia differs from that of other countries. Europe is the home of knightly song, of bright deeds and clear morning thought. Asia sinks beneath the weighty recollection of her past magnificence. America

swiftly hurries on her way, rapid, glittering, insatiable, as one of her own giant waterfalls. From the jungles of the islands of the South, arise heavy and intoxicating odours — the Upas-poison which dwells in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is to be found the grotesque, the weird, the strange scribblings of nature, learning how to write. But the dweller here acknowledges the subtle charm of the land. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness, and can read the hieroglyphics of haggard gum-trees blown into odd shapes, distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights, while the sullen frost freezes in a sky of cloudless blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dream-land termed the bush, interprets itself, and the Poet of our desolation, begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand better than all the bountiful riches of Egypt."

Has there ever before been so hauntingly gloomy an epic in prose?

Another Australian writes to me: "Our lovely climate, with its blue Italian skies, the wild birds in the blue-green forests, the golden blossoms abloom in the springtime, pictures to my mind a semi-tropical region, the reverse of melancholy."

And all Australian writers have not been sad. It is some years since Mr. Nat. Gould left Australia, but there are thousands of his readers who remember him well. He held a unique position in Australian journalism, possessed a wonderfully facile pen, and wrote on almost every subject with a freedom of thought and a love of truth that endeared him to the people. He has been a leading writer on scores of papers, as "Verax" he was known throughout Australia, and his reputation as a sporting author stands unrivalled the world over. The best sportsmen who visit England

always go to see him, and as they read his books remember with gratitude the man who fought for the public, sometimes playing a "lone hand" in doing so. And he has his reward, for his publisher unhesitatingly states that the sale of his novels exceeds 5,000,000 copies.

It was Rolf Boldrewood who wrote that stirring book "Robbery Under Arms," he relates stories of convict life and the early, early days. And there is Mrs. Campbell Praed who did such brilliant work in collaboration with Justin McCarthy, Ada Cambridge, who was famous for her travel books, and Miss Turner, whose delightful child stories have had no equal since the days of Louisa M. Alcott—these and many others are making Australian literature bright and enduring.

Mrs. Campbell Praed, who is, by the way, a first cousin of Lord Wolseley, lives for the most part in Queensland, although she has a town house in London. One of her stories, "The Lost Earl of Ellan," ran serially in *The Canadian Magazine* during 1905. She would probably declare with feeling that there is little "literary atmosphere" to be discovered in her own country as yet. The era of bookmaking, of song-singing, of creative enterprise in art has not yet arrived. The great land is waiting. And while it waits, the sorrowful forest does not stir, the sun-colours dissolve, and recreate, and die, the magic South shines on, and the shadowy past, that still awaits interpretation, holds for its discoverer the great secret inviolate.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE new election in Great Britain is deferred until midsummer, at earliest, but even so, it is likely to come too soon for either party. The Liberals do not hope to regain the ground lost in January and, in fact, may reasonably expect some further losses; the Unionists, with Scotland and Wales and all the north of England heavily against them on the tariff question, if not also on the veto question, hardly hope for more than some further reduction of the composite majority; the Irish Nationalists, in bitter dissension among themselves, may be further divided by the necessities of the campaign; and the Labour party can ill afford the expenses of a new election. In spite of this, the election must come, since the Lords will inevitably throw out the measure for their own stultification, and will no doubt continue to do so until the question is settled by a decisive majority.

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It may be taken for granted that there is no real expectation in any quarter that the King will force a conclusion by creating five hundred new peers, and thus prevent a new election being necessary. There is no precedent for such a course and it would turn peerage and parliament into a burlesque. If the King's veto is dead—as dead as Queen Anne, as Mr. Asquith described it—because it has not been exercised since those days, the King's prerogative of creating peers for parliamentary purposes

should be equally dead, since it is yet longer since it has been exercised, and the dozen creations then necessary to balance the parties would be hardly a precedent for the wholesale elevation that would now be necessary.

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One curious development of the debate on the constitutional problems now proceeding in England is the proposition to increase the powers of the Speaker, a proposition which, somewhat oddly, chances to be made at the precise moment when in the United States Congress a revolt has broken out against the powers vested by custom in the presiding officer of the House of Representatives. One of the famous resolutions intended to change the relations of the Lords and Commons is that which declares the Lords shall have no power either to amend or reject a money bill, and a vital clause in this resolution provides that the Speaker shall have the right of deciding whether or not a given bill is one which shall be thus immune from danger in the Lords. In the case of the Budget which wrecked the last parliament, for instance, and which the Lords ventured to throw out because it was not purely a finance measure, as they held, it would have fallen to the Speaker to decide whether this claim was well grounded.

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This would mean a vast increase in the powers that have been allotted to the Speaker under the British prac-

tice, and it is a question whether under this new condition that other custom, unique in parliament procedure, whereby the speakership falls outside the clashes of party, and the occupant of the chair holds office regardless of changes of government, could be continued. Under the American practice there is no premier, no great minister, no popular leader, even, in the popular chamber, and the functions which in the British parliament have been exercised by these, have been claimed in Congress by the Speaker, so that we have had at one time at Washington the term "Czarism," and more lately that of "Cannonism," applied to the arbitrary and partisan exercise of power by the Speaker; while on the other hand the British speakership has grown in dignity and prestige by its absolute neutrality and impartiality. Mr. Asquith strongly objected to the practice of referring to the courts any question of disputed jurisdiction, but it is doubtful if such a strain as he proposes could be imposed upon the speakership without radically changing the character of the office.

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The difficulties of the Asquith Government are immense, but the members of the Liberal Cabinet have the consolation of knowing that their opponents are not by any means at one on the very vital question of tariff reform. There have been free-trade Unionists from the outset, and some very distinguished members of the party have stood on this platform, but the potent personality of Lord Rosebery now supports the suggestion that the tariff reform cry be definitely laid aside until the issue of the Lords has been determined. The suggestion shows, of course, that Lord Rosebery, despite his great virtues and abilities, is not a practical politician. You cannot break and make parties in a day, and the Unionist party, with an election in sight, cannot suddenly

abandon a policy on which it has now for several years largely staked its existence—not, at least, unless there are leaders like Gladstone and Bright ready to expound to the British masses the meaning of such a change. The Unionist party must stick to tariff reform now until it is carried or decisively beaten, in spite of the fact that in the coming elections it may be a severe handicap. Mr. Balfour has temporised by announcing that colonial grain will, under a British tariff, be admitted free of duty, which is perhaps as much calculated to cost a few seats in the agricultural south as to win a few in the manufacturing north, and goes mainly to show how keenly Mr. Balfour realises the difficulty of defeating Liberals, Irish and Labour combined with the cry of protection. On the whole, there is reason to believe the present indecisive conditions in English politics may continue yet for a considerable time, yet the position of the Government is distinctly stronger than it appeared to be three months ago.

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It is a curious coincidence that, as in the case of the speakership, so in the matter of tariff reform, Britain and the United States are moving in contrary directions, and even the term tariff reform has taken on a contrary meaning in the two countries. The high prices have produced something very like a panic in the United States, and one of the most certain results is the election of a Democratic House of Representatives next fall. The Democratic victory in a Republican stronghold in Massachusetts has been followed by a yet more startling turnover in the Rochester District of New York, and the demand for a lower tariff was at least a leading factor in both cases in defeating the Republican candidate, the principal other element being the inclination to insurgency which is being manifested everywhere in the Republican party,

an uprising all along the line against graft, Cannonism, high tariff, national waste, and pernicious trade combines.

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The Republicans are seeking consolation in the fact that the slump does not come in a presidential year, and that the two years which will follow the expected Democratic victory will not fail to produce a reaction that will secure the Republicans in the presidency. But it is difficult to predict what may be the condition of affairs in 1912. If high prices continue or grow worse, the tariff will probably still be there to bear the blame for it; if, on the other hand, prices have fallen, the Democratic House will get some credit for it. It is not perhaps surprising that under the circumstances the thoughts of some are turning to Mr. Roosevelt as the one man who may again solidify the Republican forces, and the triumphal tour of the ex-President across Europe, while it is the occasion of much good-natured banter in the United States press, may serve to increase the disposition to call for his aid, despite the unwritten rule against a third term. Whether Mr. Roosevelt would adhere to his former view will depend doubtless upon the apparent necessities of the case in 1912—party and national. Mr. Roosevelt is a very good American, and for that very reason he would be the last man to be bound by constitutional red tape—or worse still, the red tape of practice,—if he felt that the country would fare the better for a third period of Roosevelt rule, and knew the country shared that view.

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In the Australian Commonwealth the Labour party is once more in control, with a fair majority, under Premier Fisher, who has held power before without discredit. The issue between the parties was what we should in Canada call the federal subsidy question, the Fusionists, led

by Mr. Deakin, advocating the annual payment to the various states by the Commonwealth of an amount equal to twenty-five shillings a head. The programme of the Labour party shows a wide difference from the point of view of the Labour members in the British Parliament, protection and compulsory military service being leading features in the platform of the Australian party, policies we are not prone to associate with advanced sociological views. Advanced sociology, however, is represented by such other features as the nationalisation of monopolies, a graduated land tax, and insurance against unemployment, proposals which, nevertheless, can nowadays only be considered extreme if they are heedlessly and ruthlessly rushed. There seems to be no essential difference between the victors and the defeated in their imperial outlook, which is on broad, high lines, or as to the course proposed in naval matters, facts which make strongly for imperial unity. The various states of Australia have been in the past favoured fields of social experiments; this, however, is the first time an opportunity has offered for the continuation of legislation of a similar nature in the wide sphere of the Commonwealth, and the world will watch with keen and not unsympathetic interest the vigorous and original attempts of the great democracy of the southern seas to grapple with the problems of the age.

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Advanced ministries and administrators of all kinds are, in fact, more and more the order of the day everywhere. Leaving aside the radical government in Great Britain and its difficult road, and the prospective Democratic victory in the United States, there may be noted also the election of a Socialist Mayor in Milwaukee, the first time a city of this size has taken such a plunge into the unknown, and the reelection of a gov-

ernment in France led by a so-called Socialist Prime Minister, M. Briand. The efforts of the Socialist Mayor during his first few days of office seem to have been directed to such minor and wholly practicable, if not extremely vital, matters as regulating street railway routes and increasing the hours of the civic officials, while the legislation on which the Socialist Premier of France went to the country and secured reëndorsation was an old-age pension act of a more conservative nature than that which was passed lately by the British Government and accepted almost without a murmur by the House of Lords. So that one should refuse to be alarmed by names, since parties respectively labelled Conservative, Republican, Radical, Labour, and Socialist, in different parts of the world, are all passing or advocating very much the same kind of legislation.

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It is pleasant and interesting to observe the high encomiums passed by the American press upon Lord Kitchener on the occasion of his recent passage across the United States as he completed his trip around the world; such comments on a British general would not have been common or popular in the Republic twenty years ago, and are a sign of the happier relations that have of late years existed between the two great English-speaking countries. Lord Kitchener maintained his reputation for discreetness in his dealings with the interviewer and in his speeches at the functions showered upon him during the few days spent in New York. There have been many comments on the fact that Lord Kitchener crossed the United States rather than Canada and did not even step over the line into Canada. The regret is general that Canadians had no opportunity of showing their appreciation of the genius of the renowned soldier, but the disappointment would probably have been keener yet had he paid

merely a flying visit to Canada, which, he has since explained, would have been the utmost time would have permitted. Perhaps, moreover, the general had heard of the fusilade of Canadian clubs that confronts distinguished visitors to the Dominion, and, soldier as he is, shrank from the experience; for the hero of Khartoum and South Africa is said to be somewhat retiring in disposition.

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The woman's suffrage agitation has quieted for the present in Great Britain, and the scene of action seems to have passed to the United States, where the members of the National American Woman Suffrage Association—or some of them—lately hissed the President because he did not declare himself to be wholly of their views. It required some pluck, no doubt, to express publicly a difference of view on such an occasion, and it is to the credit of President Taft that he did not hide his convictions in ambiguous words. The hisses he received with his proverbial smile and good nature and the majority of the women present evidently regretted the incident, because the President subsequently received a letter apologising for the unpleasant exhibition of feeling. The "confession of faith," as the President put it, which he entertained on the subject of woman suffrage was summed up in the following sentences, which are worth quoting because of their reasonableness, as well as because they are the carefully considered views of the chief magistrate of nearly a hundred millions of Anglo-Saxon people.

*

"If I could be sure," said Mr. Taft, "that women as a class in the community, including all the intelligent women most desirable as political constituents, would exercise the franchise, I should be in favour of it. At present there is considerable doubt upon this point. In certain of the



THE COMET IS NOW VISIBLE AT WASHINGTON
—The Philadelphia Telegraph

States which have tried it, woman suffrage has not been a failure. It has not made, I think, any substantial difference in politics. I think it is perhaps possible to say that its adoption has shown an improvement in the body politic, but it has been tested only in those States where the population is sparse and where the problem of entrusting such power to women in the concentrated population of great cities is not fully presented.

“For this reason, if you will permit me to say so, my impression is that the task before you in securing what you think ought to be granted in re-

spect to the political rights of women is not in convincing men, but it is in convincing the majority of your own class of the wisdom of extending the suffrage to them and of their duty to exercise it.

“Now, that is my confession of faith. I am glad to welcome you here. I am glad to welcome an intelligent body of women, earnest in the discussion of politics, earnest in the question of good government and earnest and high-minded in the cause they are pursuing, even if I disagree with them, not in principle, but in the application of it to the present situation.”





THE MYSTIC WOOD

The mystic wood of childhood. I know
 not where it lies.
 Except when I am dreaming and it
 bursts upon my eyes;
 And there beneath the curtain of maple
 and of oak
 I hear the fairy people and I see the
 Little Folk.

Oh, mystic wood of childhood,
 In dreams I hear them play.
 The children of the world who come
 To keep the First of May.

Sweet are the mystic curtains that hide
 the woodland door,
 Sweet are the bloomy faces that through
 its arches pour;
 Dear little feet of dancing that come from
 street and dell,
 To join the fairy revel in the wood of
 childhood spell.

Oh, white nights filled with wonder,
 How sweet when come to me
 These visions of the wood of child
 Brimmed bright with bloom of glee!

They're playing Copenhagen, and all the
 woodland flames
 With music of old ballads in the child-
 hood kissing games;
 Dear London bridge is falling, and to
 hi-spy they flock,
 While some one's soft voice chanteth the
 song of limberlock.

Enchanted are the woods, dear,
 And Little Child is there,
 With sunbeams and with starshine
 And with moon-mist on her hair!

The mystic wood of childhood. I know
 to me to-day,
 With Little Folk all laughter in the joy
 of First of May;
 And in the dream go singing 'neath
 maple and 'neath oak.
 The legions of white beauty on the feet
 of Little Folk.

Oh, mystic wood of childhood,
 Spring after spring ye gleam,
 While down the silver stairway
 Dance little hosts of dream!
 —Baltimore Sun.

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THE month of June is usually re-
 garded as the period sacred to
 the bride. Brides there are, in every
 season of the year, but in the month
 of June, the white favours are a-flut-
 ter all through the land, while Men-
 delssohn's "Wedding March" and
 the bridal strains from "Lohengrin"
 are heard from every church in our
 highly civilised Dominion. The bride
 seems for the moment to eclipse, not
 only the bridegroom, but all other
 interests of the community. Yet
 there is another white-clad figure with
 which we are familiar in June, which
 is almost as winsome as the Lady
 who falters "I will." There is the
 girl graduate (we refrain from the
 adjective "sweet") and she makes
 the closing days of school a pictur-
 esque occasion.

The essay of the girl graduate is becoming extinct, and over this disappearance few tears will be shed. The modern university girl is a graduate apart—not for her the joys of a girl's school. She takes her place with the young man student and receives her diploma with the *sang froid* which flows in the veins of those who are "higher educated." But the girls who are still in the boarding-school, who are susceptible yet to the charms of Commencement Exercises, when they may wear white lace gowns and carry a bouquet of roses or lilies-of-the-valley, are among the happiest of the land when "diploma day" comes.

There is a pathetic certainty about the old-fashioned graduation essay which gives its youthful assurance a touch of grotesqueness. These dear girls of seventeen or eighteen years' experience of this whirling old Earth are so sure that they have solved all problems and know just what is worth having. They talk so loftily about ideals, so mournfully about reveries and memories — their aspirations and even their melancholy are so thoroughly and deliciously youthful that it is difficult to take them with due seriousness.

If you come upon your graduation essay after many years of actual work in the world, which is no toilers' paradise, how curiously bright and naïve the flowery sentences appear! My graduation effort was an exceedingly high-flown affair, bristling with historical allusions and aflame with ideals of the most youthful order. It was also tied with bright pink ribbon which refuses to fade. The poetic quotations are many and glowing, while the final paragraph is a perfect tangle of metaphors. Alas for the historical allusions! I have forgotten what some of them are about and the poetry looks weak and halting. Yet one would hardly care to destroy the prim pages with the angular girlish hand-writing. We were so beautifully conceited in those graduation days,

never doubting that the world is ours to conquer and that we are going to be ever so much wiser than our grandmothers ever dreamed. There is nothing else so thrilling as this unflinching confidence of Youth, which leads forlorn hopes and achieves the impossible. No wonder that Longfellow, who knew so well that "the thoughts of Youth are long, long thoughts," exclaimed in sudden yearning reminiscence:

"O sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost."

*

THERE was a dear old English lady who had lived in many parts of the earth who once declared to an admiring group of girls: "My dears, I do not care very much where I live. But I should like to die in Rome." It is curious how some one town or city takes hold upon the sympathy or imagination and leads one to care supremely for that spot. Frequently a northern nature comes under the spell of Italy and finds it the most alluring land in the world. Goethe, Hawthorne and Browning — from Germany, America and Great Britain—have been taken captive by the land where the citron grows. Who can forget the uncanny sensitiveness in the "Marble Faun" to the varying forms of Italian art, who can be deaf to the sweetness of "Know'st thou the land" and "De Gustibus"? Browning, robust Englishman though he was, fell so utterly in love with Italy, that one might wish he were buried in Venice rather than in gray old Westminster. Tennyson, Wellington, Nelson belong to the Abbey or to Saint Paul's, but Browning's dust should have mingled with the soil of flower-crowned Italy.

To many who are born in the West, the countries of the East have all the fascination of the Arabian Nights. Even actual contact with the dirt and discomfort of Oriental travel does not seem to destroy the attraction of cer-

tain spots long known in story. India is one of these lands, whose tragic and varied history and whose strange mingling of tribes and beliefs afford a charm to those of the more practical and matter-of-fact West. The great highways of the world are always invested with a romantic interest, and there is none of these which is more cosmopolitan in its aspect than the Grand Trunk Road of India. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, who knows the Eastern land and its people, as few of her countrywomen have learned it, gives a graphic account, in a recent issue of *The Windsor Magazine*, of the passing traffic on this historic highway:

"Every road has an interest of its own. Apart from the fact that, as Schiller points out, they all lead to the end of the world, there are a thousand thoughts about even a country lane which appeal instantly to the imagination. The funerals that have kept step along it, the brides in dainty attire who have driven through it, the lovers who, arm round waist, have sauntered in it by moonlight, the school children who, tempted by its blackberry, nest-set hedges, forget what they have learnt at every homeward step.

"But of all roads in the world the so-called Grand Trunk Road, which stretches from Calcutta to Peshawar, is the most provocative of visions. Scarcely one of its long fourteen hundred and odd miles has not the power of conjuring up some great event in the past history of India, since for nearly twice fourteen hundred years part of it, at any rate, has been the great artery of Hindustan, through which its life-blood has sped in varying rhythm."

A Canadian woman, who has lived for twenty years in India, declares that there are two roads which she can remember more distinctly than any other highways of the world. These are the Cariboo Road of our own mountainous West and the Grand Trunk Road of India. They are as wide asunder in the characteristics of their sojourners as in their physical nature. One belongs to a land of immemorial civilisation, the other penetrates a yet unpeopled province where there is wealth and to spare for all

who come. The roads of the world form a fascinating network of devious ways, for, do they not, as the old saying tells us, all lead to Rome? We do not build to-day, as did the Romans of the olden time, but there remain, down to the present, fragments of those old roads and walls, which were new in the days of the Cæsars.

The Grand Trunk Road of India has witnessed as amazing changes as any other highway of the world. A civilisation older than Alexander saw the early making of that road, and only the Fates can tell what strange traffic will go to and fro on that highway of Hindustan before the middle of the Twentieth Century.

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THE servant problem we have always with us. Comets may come and go, the South American republics may have revolutions every few hours and the trouble in the Balkans may blossom every spring. But the question of Mary Ann is ever before us, the problem of how to secure her and how to retain her is always agitating the domestic world. Shiploads of alleged "help" come over every year from the British Isles, Sweden, Norway and Iceland. Yet the papers swarm with advertisements for "help wanted" and the general servant is able to command wages which almost resemble a salary.

A Committee of Colonial Intelligence for Educated Women has been formed in England, and may be able to accomplish something towards giving us a better class of domestic assistance than we have yet known. By the way, the long names which are assumed by English associations are most awe-inspiring to the average colonial.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who appears to be having the time of her life in Old England, has written as follows: "It strikes me as being a reasonable attempt to make a connection between the workless woman



QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND

of the Old World and the womanless work of the New."

The scheme is outlined under the heading, "Colonial Emigration for Educated Women," in *The Morning Post* of London.

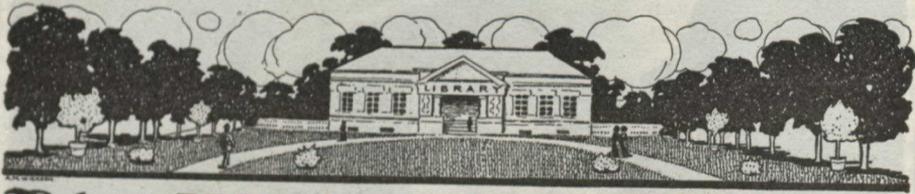
There is nothing more melancholy, in the eyes of a Canadian woman who belongs to the "independent" ranks, than the spectacle of hundreds, nay, thousands of spinsters of the educated class, who appear to have nothing to do but cut out flannel garments for the poor or embroider altar-cloths. In England, according to all accounts, there is a vast army of unmarried women who do not seem to turn their energies into the various lucrative avenues of art, music or literature,

in the vigorous fashion of the women of the United States. If the old-fashioned "lady help," the woman who is above the domestic servant class, can be found under modern conditions, with a determination to raise her work to the dignity of a science, the acute distress of the unhelped housewife may know considerable relief.

There is the alternative of coöperative house-keeping, towards which, say many modern writers, we are rapidly hastening. Yet there is a natural, feminine revolt against this idea. Her own kitchen is every woman's ideal domestic arrangement, and no coöperation will ever take the place of the individual hearth.

JEAN GRAHAM.





The WAY of LETTERS

CANADA and the Canadian Pacific Railway enjoy unstinted praise and admiration in Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, "Lady Merton, Colonist." For both the country and the railway the book is a splendid advertisement. Therefore, it would be the essence of ingratitude for a Canadian review not to express appreciation of that element in the book. The author has done a great act of generosity in picturing the Dominion in alluring colours, but, perhaps, after all, not so much of generosity as of fairness. The descriptions and impressions are mostly of the Canadian West, and no one who is familiar with that part of the Dominion would think that her praise is fulsome or her enthusiasm misconceived. Nevertheless, we have a piece of literature, an essay in fiction, to consider, and, regarding it as such, we believe that the author's literary reputation has not been enhanced by it. No new emotion has been prompted. No new characteristic has been developed. No strange or arresting type of humanity has been sketched. There is no novelty in the romantic adventures, no enthralling incidents of heroism or self-sacrifice. The hero does happen to come along at fortunate moments, but heroes have been doing that ever since the beginnings of romantic literature gave them their first opportunities. We have, however, a succession of the platitudes of fiction and the

commonplaces of emotional encounter. At most, there is a fresh situation, perhaps a fresh inspiration, if so much can be said for the idea of a woman giving up the culture, the conventions and the luxuries of aristocratic England to share in the lot of a Canadian man whose ambition it is to take part in the development of the soil and the people of Saskatchewan. Although the plot is simple, it has nevertheless some evidences of master craftsmanship. *Lady Merton* is travelling in a private car on the Canadian Pacific Railway, accompanying an invalid brother, when a delay some distance east of Winnipeg brings her into contact with *George Anderson*, an engineer in the service of the railway company. *Anderson* knows that it is to the railway's advantage to add to the pleasure of a distinguished patron, and he finds that in endeavouring to do so he adds to his own pleasure as well. At Winnipeg he becomes virtually a member of the party, which is joined also by a suitor for *Lady Merton's* hand, an English gentleman of her own station. The gradual alienation of the gentlewoman's affection from the one of her own station and her growing attachment to the young Canadian give human interest to the account of the journey farther westward into the Rockies and on to the Pacific Coast, during which time ample opportunity is found to discredit the Englishman and establish the gal-

lantry and manliness of the Canadian. The end draws near in England, with the Englishman dismissed and the difficulties between the lady and her Canadian hero reconciled. The last scene shows the happy couple back again on the prairie. The gentle English woman is performing the ennobling services of wifehood and neighbourhood, and there is, above all else, the expectation that she is about to perform also the supreme function of motherhood. (Toronto: Musson and Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

*

WILLIAM FREDERICK OSBORNE, professor of English and French literature at Wesley College, Winnipeg, is the author of an arresting volume entitled "The Faith of a Layman." He has, in brief, arraigned the Church for not performing its function as it should be performed, and he practically calls a halt to professionalised religion.

"It is safe to say," he observes, "that multitudes of thoughtful and sympathetic men to-day are depressed by the fear that, to far too great a degree, the Church is only marking time, that she is not forging ahead as she ought to forge ahead, that she is not leading where she ought to lead, that she is not attacking where she ought to attack, in brief, that she is stricken with a strange paralysis. . . . The minister is only a man, and he is part and parcel of his age. The former type of obviously devout minister has largely passed. . . . Every denomination in the country has its complement of men who have suffered from the corrosion of the machine. . . . There is, then, a hack element in the ministry. The frequently desperate struggle of a minister's life has its disastrous and inevitable effect. . . . He is charged with a life of the greatest difficulty. He is assailed by the most subtle temptations. Nevertheless, professionalism must be impaled and impeached as one of the great foes of the Church. The



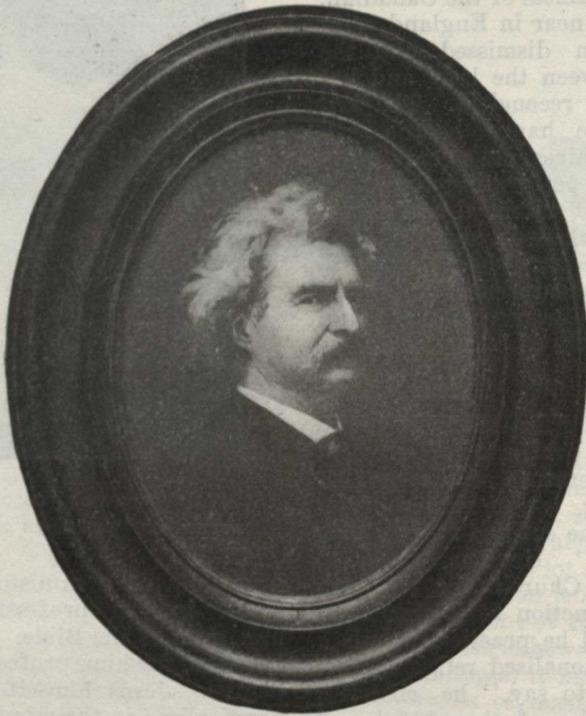
WILLIAM F. OSBORNE,
AUTHOR OF "THE FAITH OF A LAYMAN"

exigencies of a minister's life often result in the professionalising, for him, even of the Bible. Jesus himself becomes, for him, professionalised to a degree. Jesus himself becomes mechanicalised in the minds of good men forced always to make what is practically professional use of him."

Professor Osborne is a gentleman of much culture, and he enjoys, especially in Manitoba and the farther West, an excellent reputation as an essayist and educationist. His volume is a commendable literary accomplishment. It will undoubtedly be carefully read by theologians, and indeed by all who are interested in the cause of Christianity. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Cloth, \$1.)

*

W. B. MUNRO, a young Canadian who on President Eliot's retirement succeeded Dr. Lowell as head of the department of history at Harvard University, is the author of an important study in political economy entitled "The Government of European Cities." In this most intricate subject he has probed thoroughly and impartially. He gives a description of the organisation and working of the



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN"),
Born November 30, 1835; Died April 21, 1910

French, German and English city governments, with the result that the book should be found of great value on this side of the Atlantic, where there are many chances to benefit by the mistakes and successes of others. W. B. Munro lived as a boy at Almonte, Ontario, and received his advanced education at Queen's University and at Cambridge. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

"THROUGH the Wall," by Cleveland Moffett, is one of the few really clever detective stories that have appeared since the days of *Sherlock Holmes*. It is not, as so many have been, an imitation of Conan Doyle's style, but relies for its interest more in the real mystery of a first-class plot and the many threads of its unwinding than in any extraordinary deductive powers on the part

of the detective. The scene of the mystery is Paris, and the whole machinery of things is very much up to date, being in fact the last word in modern methods for detecting crime. Much of this is very interesting, for example, the almost ultra-scientific word-test by which the supposed criminal's emotion upon hearing certain words is tested. Briefly, a man is found shot in a private room of a Paris restaurant, killed apparently by an invisible hand. When it develops that he was shot from another room through a hole in the wall the mystery becomes no easier of solution, but the reader in his search for the unknown assassin is never allowed to lose interest for a moment, and one by one the right threads come into his hands. The *dénouement* is complete and satisfying. One of the clever things about the handling of the investigation is that everything

counts, and all the smallest clues fit in like pieces of a perfect puzzle. (New York: D. Appleton and Company).

*

WILLIAM DE MORGAN, whose first books have had a large sale, has taken advantage of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill in his new two-volume novel entitled "It Never Can Happen Again." But is there any excuse or reason for a title like that? It means nothing, and never can mean anything until we know what "It" means, and that we leave for the reader to find out. Mr. de Morgan is fond of peculiar titles, for instance, "Alice-for-Short" and "Somehow Good." Whatever merit these titles may possess, there is little doubt that the author is too long in the reach for the average mortal nowadays. A one-volume novel by him is in all conscience long enough, but when it comes to two volumes—The chief character, *Mr. Challis*, had many matrimonial complications. It was discovered that he had married his deceased wife's sister, and that therefore his second wife, so to speak, was not his wife at all, but later on it was learned that there had been some complication in connection with his first marriage, which annulled it, so that the second was, after all, the valid one of the two. The novel contains much of the author's characteristic pathos and humour. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, two volumes, \$1.75).

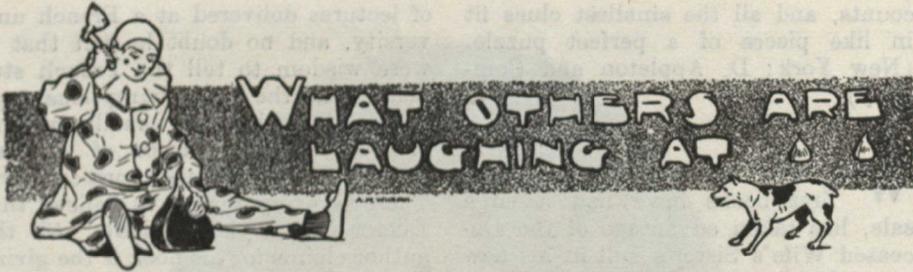
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IT IS good to have the assurance of no less an authority than Doctor Henry Van Dyke that the American people should not be judged from impressions made by American tourists abroad. According to his views, as set down in his new book, "The Spirit of America," they should be seen under home conditions. Doctor Van Dyke's book is a result of a number

of lectures delivered at a French university, and no doubt he felt that it were wisdom to tell the French students that the loud, bumptious type of American that one usually encounters beyond the borders of his own country is by no means representative. There is every reason to believe that Doctor Van Dyke is right. All the author claims for his book is the giving of some appreciation of the spirit of the country, and in that undertaking he has a list of brilliant predecessors. The latest of these was Henry James, who wrote "The American Scene" about three years ago. Then there have been Charles Dickens, James Bryce, G. W. Steevens, and De Toqueville. But whatever Doctor Van Dyke writes is interesting, and "The Spirit of America" is well worth reading. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$2).

*

PERSONS who have been hopeful of another book by Mrs. I. T. Thurston, continuing her story of "The Bishop's Shadow," will have their desires gratified by the production of a new volume by the same author, entitled, "The Big Brother of Sabin Street." The spirit of this story is embodied in the efforts of its central figure, *Theodore Bryan*, to uplift physically, morally and spiritually, the standing of street boys in a so-called slum district in an American city. A vivid picture of *Bryan's* great disappointment in not being able to carry out his plans immediately after he graduated from the university is presented. This is followed by an equally interesting account of how he was seemingly guided by an unseen power to a life-work for which his personality was especially adapted, namely, to be the adviser, helper and companion of street urchins. The book should prove to be a worthy addition to any Sunday-School library. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, \$1).



FOREARMED

"With all your wealth are you not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the delver in sociological problems.

"No, I ain't," snapped Mrs. Newrich. "We boil all our drinkin' water."—*Philadelphia Record*.

*

GETTING RID OF IT

Dusty Rhodes—"I wouldn't have to ask for help, but I've a lot of real estate on me hands that I can't get rid of."

Mrs. Rural—"Try soft soap and boiling water."—*Life*.

*

ONLY A FEW OF US

Teacher—"How many make a million, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Not many."—*Judge*.



NEAR-SIGHTED CLERK: "I'm sorry, madam, but dogs are not allowed in this—"

"Good heavens! This isn't a dog—it's my husband!" —*Life*

SHOWING MERCY

"Young gentlemen," announced the professor in English literature, "tomorrow I wish you to come prepared to discuss this sentence from the works of Henry James."

"The entire sentence, professor?" groaned the class.

"Well, take it as far as the first semicolon."—*Pittsburg Post*.

*

HARD LUCK

Caller—"How pleased you must be to find that your new cook is a stayer."

Hostess—"My dear, don't mention it! She's a stayer all right, but unfortunately she's not a cook."—*Boston Transcript*.

*

GOOD AMERICANS

Chairman Koskiatowsky, of the Congressional Committee on Immigration, rapped that body to order. "We will now hear those who desire to speak on the new bill for the restriction of immigration," he announced.

Whereupon Messrs. Amazuma, Hip Lung, Schwartzfest, O'Laughlin, MacDougal, D'Eauvre, Spragaroni, Kumar Ghosh, and Navarrez made eloquent talks in favour of putting up the immigration bars, so as to preserve the purity of the great American race. Mr. John Jones spoke in favour of opening the doors to all, but he was roundly hissed as being un-American.

The bill was favourably reported. —*Lippincott's*.



LITTLE GIRL: "That bun you sold me yesterday had a fly in it, and muvver says you ought to give me another one."

BAKER: "I can't do that; but tell your ma that if she'll let me have the fly back I'll give her a currant for it."

—Punch.

A BASIS OF CALCULATION

Teacher—"Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875?"

Pupil—"Please, teacher, was it a man or a woman?"—*Gentlewoman.*

*

TRUTH WILL OUT

Hub (with irritation)—"Why is it that you women insist upon having the last word?"

Wifey (calmly)—"We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out."—*Boston Transcript.*

*

CASH AND CREDIT

"Father, what is meant by bankruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket, and let your creditors take your coat."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

191

TO SUIT HIS TASTE

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced. The court was impatient.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering the jury room, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."—*Metropolitan.*

*

NO TROUBLE ABOUT THAT

Pa—"But, young man, do you think you can make my little girl happy?"

Suitor—"Do I? Say, I wish you could 'a seen her when I proposed!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

*

THE TEST

Prue—"Do you think he was sincere when he said he loved you?"

Dolly—"I'm sure of it. He looked too foolish to be making believe."—*Lippincott's.*



MISTRESS: "There, Emma, that's how the glasses should go."

NEW MAID: "Yes, 'm, yes. You see, I've never lived in a drinking family before." —*Punch*

*

THE COOK THAT SPOILED HIS BROTH (From *The Literary Digest*)

Maybe there isn't any Doctor Cook.
—*Philadelphia North American*.

Doctor Cook's discovery of Copenhagen is undisputed.—*Toledo Blade*.

Doctor Cook appears to head the list of the six best sellers.—*Ohio State Journal*.

If you were Doctor Cook, would you read the papers?—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

The medical profession has yet to consider the Cook incident.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

And yet Cook was one of the men President Roosevelt did not call a liar.—*Columbia State*.

In the University of Copenhagen to-day all, all are "melancholy Danes."—*New York World*.

Let's see, Cook isn't the name he was born to. And is he really a doctor?—*Boston Herald*.

Cooking the records will gain new force and virility as a metaphorical expression.—*Indianapolis News*.

The Danish experts respectfully decline to supplant the marines in this country.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

If Doctor Cook will now come back and tell how he did it he can be assured even larger houses. — *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

No doubt you remember now that Doctor Cook didn't look to you like a man who had reached the North Pole.—*Toledo Blade*.

John R. Bradley consigns the North Pole to Hades. What's the use of stirring up trouble there?—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Cook's records are to be sent back to this country. It is believed they will enter without specific or ad valorem duty imposed. — *Omaha World-Herald*.

Even Peary's just indignation toward Doctor Cook does not equal the indignation of the men who tried to get him to pay for a gold-brick outfit of records.—*Washington Star*.

We seem to have been completely buncoed by Doctor Cook, but the slamming we received in four consecutive Presidential elections fortified us for a greater disappointment than that.—*Houston Post*.

The esteemed aldermen of New York, having formerly bestowed the freedom of the city on Doctor Cook, are now thinking of withdrawing it. We are able to assure them that the Doc will never miss it. — *Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

*

AN UNKNOWN TONGUE

Mr. Howard was a man of exceedingly few words. He positively disliked to talk, as an Indian dislikes to smile. One day he went into a music store to buy the music of an opera for his sister. The clerk came up, and to him Mr. Howard said in his quiet way:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that?" he asked.

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the other.

"Me no speakee Italiano," said the clerk, shaking his head.—*Washington Star*.

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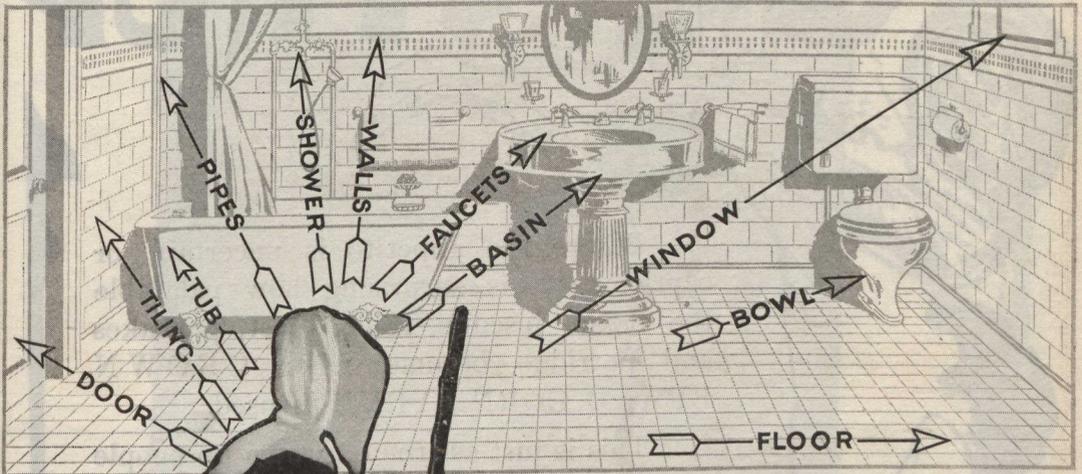
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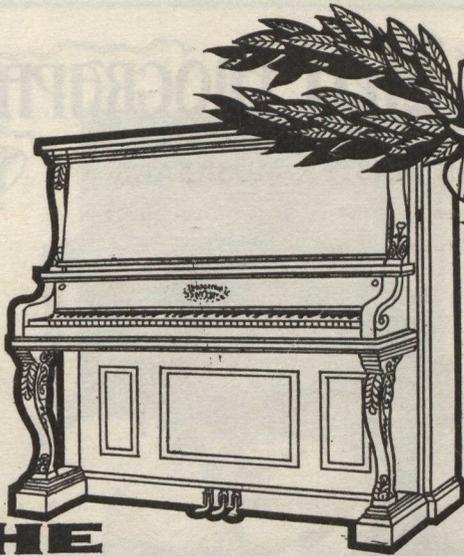


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LITTLE BELL BIOGRAPHIES

OF MASTER MUSICIANS



Beethoven

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, born at Bonn, 1770, died at Vienna, 1827, disputes with Bach the title—"The World's Greatest Musician." In such high honor was he held that 25,000 people—including the nobility, poets, artists, musicians and the populace of Vienna—attended his funeral. Like Bach and Mozart, he was early a musical prodigy. Until he was 25 he appeared privately as a pianist before the nobility. After 1795 he appeared in public, both as a pianist and as a conductor; but increasing deafness compelled him to give up both for composition.

He composed all forms of vocal and instrumental music—from the song to grand opera and oratorio, from the sonata to the concerto and the symphony. Of his nine great symphonies, the Pastoral, the Eroica and the Choral Symphony are universally admired. The pianoforte sonata, developed by Mozart and Haydn, he made perfect. His Opus 27 No. 2, popularly known as "The Moonlight Sonata," is a household favorite.

He was not so great a pianist as Mozart (who played the clavier), because he aimed more at originality and boldness in expression than at finish in technic. He was not so great as Liszt or Rubinstein because he was handicapped both by deafness and by an instrument which, while an improvement over the clavier, had nothing of the wonderful musical qualities of

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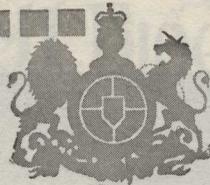
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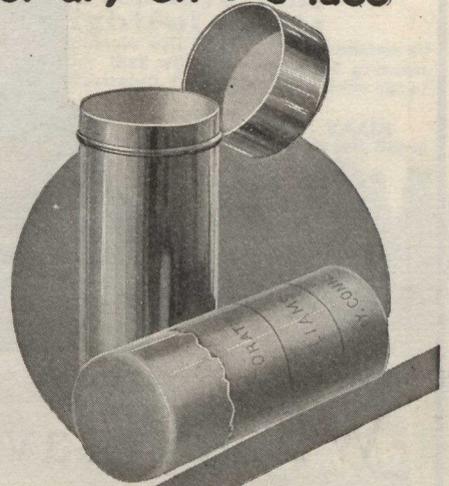
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JULIAN SALE **Lightweight Suit Case**

Less than half the weight of a leather case.

We make ten qualities in this most popular style suit case. Our 1910 style is the lightest, strongest and the best value we have ever shown. It is made from the finest quality woven cane in three sizes.

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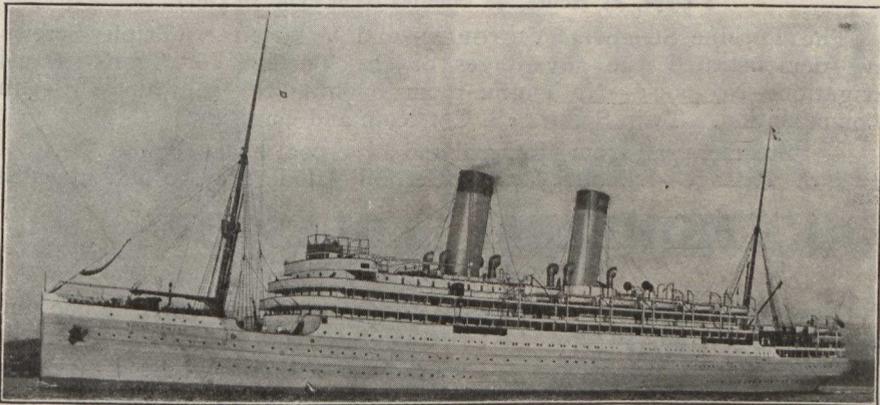
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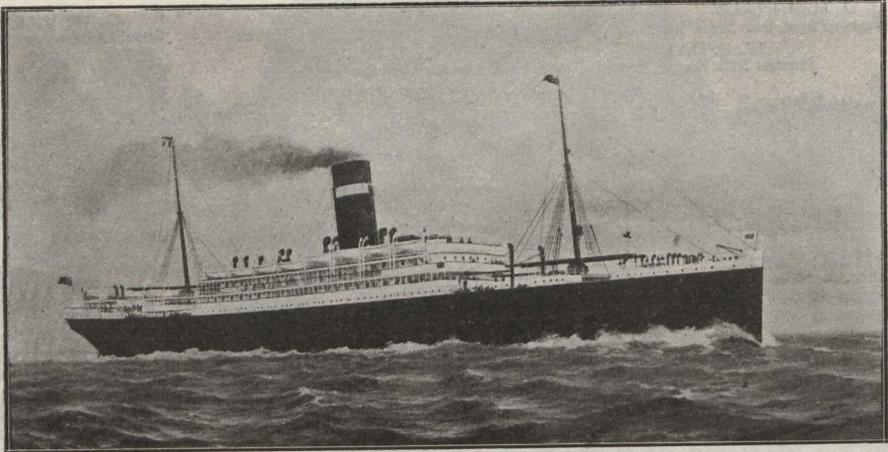
<p>FROM BRISTOL May 12th..... ,, 26th.....</p>	<p>SAILINGS Royal Edward..... Royal George..... and fortnightly thereafter.</p>	<p>FROM MONTREAL May 26th..... June 9th.....</p>
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Tickets and full information from local ticket agent or H. C. Bourlier, General Agent for Ontario, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto. Guy Tombs, G.T. & P.A. C. N. R., Montreal. Geo. H. Shaw, Traffic Manager, C.N.R., Winnipeg, Man.

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3 Days, 21 Hours, 48 Minutes from Land to Land

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New Twin Screw Steamers, GRAMPIAN and HESPERIAN, 10,000 tons. Saloon Passage, \$67.50 upwards; Second Saloon, \$45.00 and \$47.50.

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THERE'S nothing that blows the City atmosphere—and what it carries with it—out of a fellow's brains and tired body much quicker than the fresh breezes and bracing atmosphere of the Rockies.

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In just four days after you leave Toronto you may be in the HEART of the Rockies—three days will bring you within sight. And the days will not be long or tiring. Travelling on a Canadian Pacific magnificent Transcontinental Express, whether you occupy a luxurious palace sleeper, or a tourist car, you will be comfortable, and there is plenty to see on the way.

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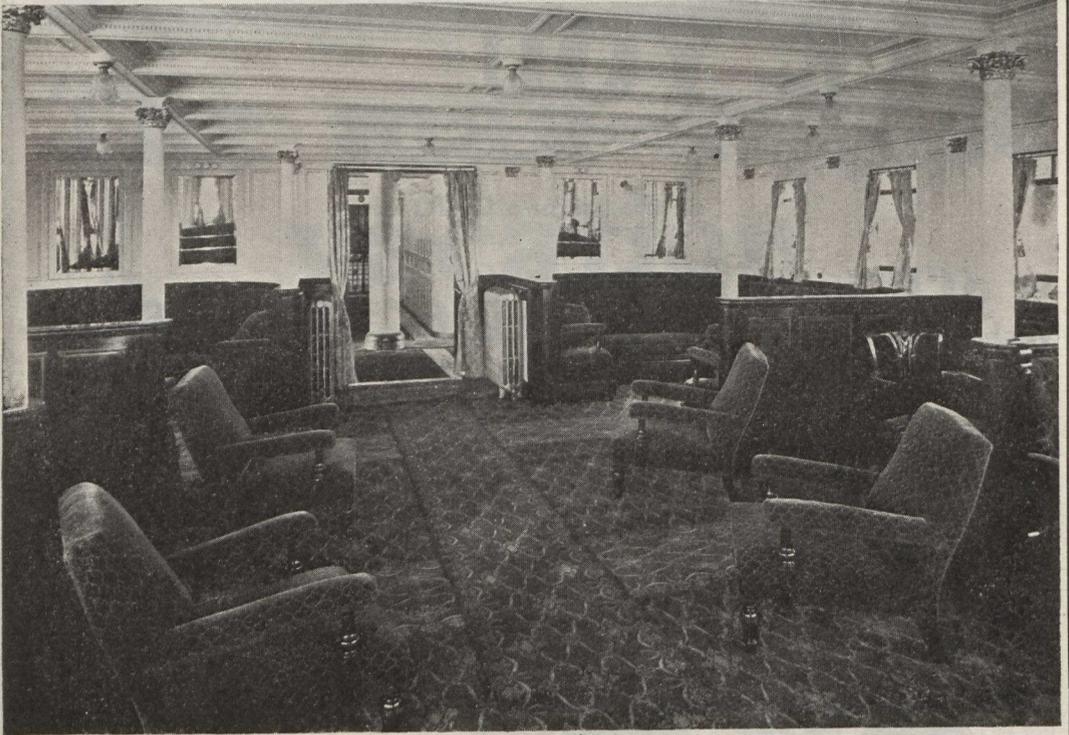
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The trip to the West is now made a holiday one, far from the noise, bustle and discomforts inseparable from land travel.

☐ The acme of convenience, luxury, surroundings and healthfulness is afforded by the Great Lakes Service of the

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Five Sailings Weekly from Owen Sound as follows:

Monday--SS. Athabasca Wednesday--SS. Alberta
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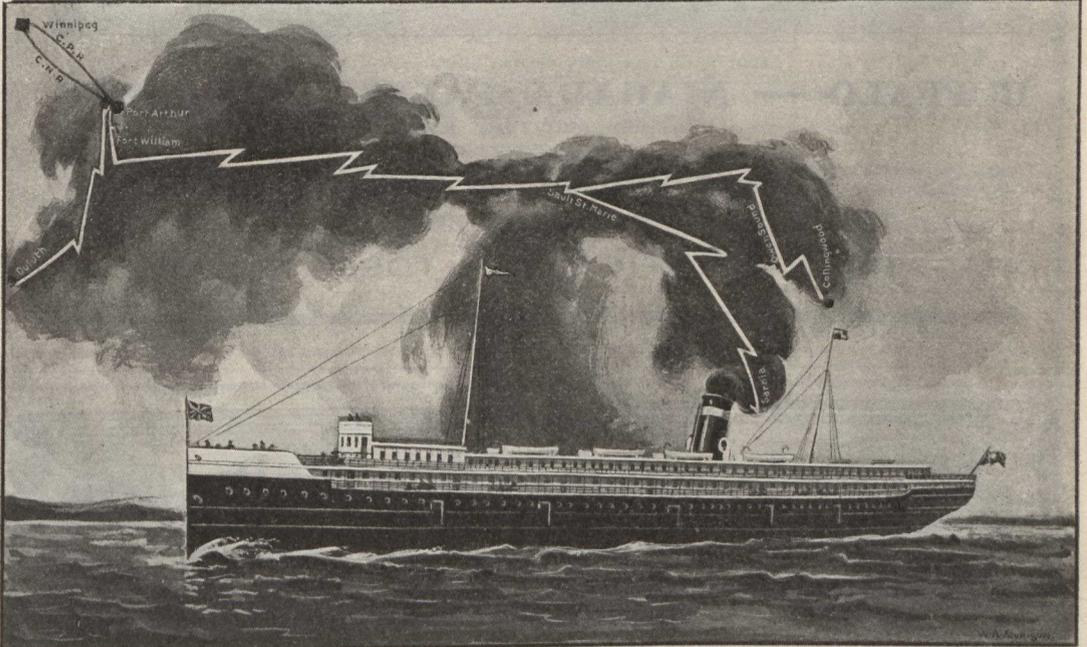
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A "Chain Lightning Service" to the North-West
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Magnificent Steamers
Magnificent Distances
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Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays

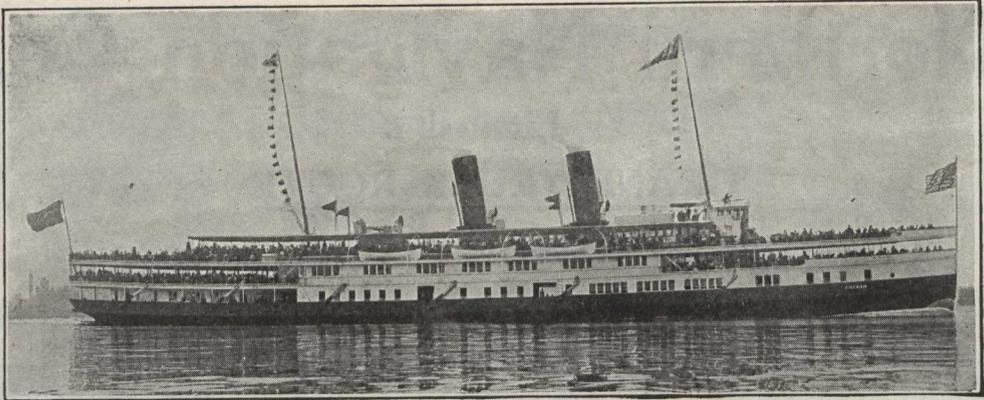


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GOLF **ALL** **BOATING**
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THE KIND YOU CATCH AND WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT

Lake of Bays—Speckled trout, Salmon Trout and Black Bass.
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OPEN SEASONS

Black Bass, June 16th to April 14th following year. Speckled Trout, May 1st to Sept. 14th. Salmon Trout and Lake Trout, Dec. 1st to Oct. 31st following year. Maskinonge, June 16th to April 14th following year, Pickerel, May 16th to April 14th the following year.

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European Plan — Convenient Location
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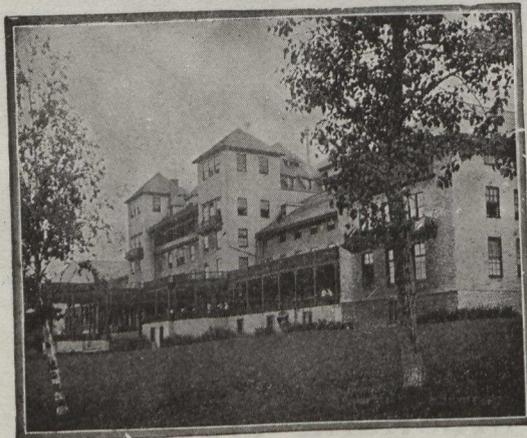
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Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Character-
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Charmingly Situated Summer Hotels on the Picturesque Lower St. Lawrence

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Luxurious
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**Absolutely
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*"Broadway" cars from Grand Central
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ROOMS WITH PRIVILEGE OF BATH \$1.50 per Day and Up

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The highest class of accommodations at modern rates.
The new addition will be completed on September 1st,
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CONCORD—with Notch

EVANSTON—with Buttonhole

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20c. 3 for 50c.

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**Perrin
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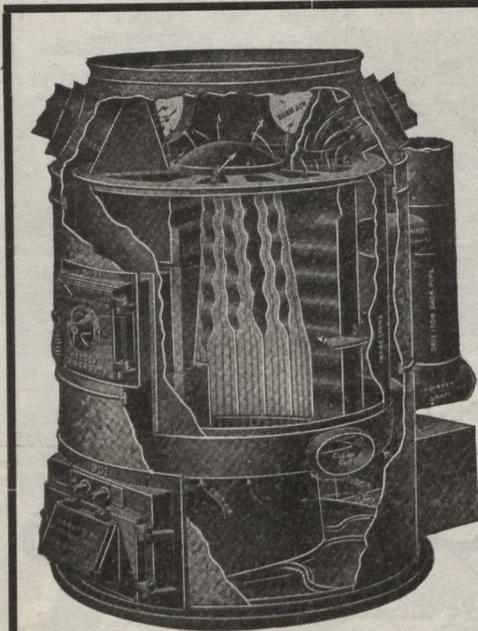
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Light enough for any woman to set up or take down and put away in two minutes. You certainly ought to have one for your yard.

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No Heat Lost in the Cellar

This is a Distinctive Feature of the

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that all air, as quickly as heated, passes through the hot chamber, and on to the part of the building to be heated. There's no heat lost by radiation in the cellar or basement.

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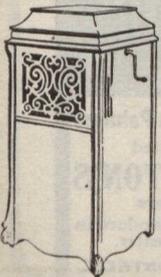


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I would eat gelatine,
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 by the car lot,
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But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
 Of the kind that they sell

"LADY CHARLOTTE"



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Most first-class merchants carry Elite Cut Glass.
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Do not be content with an inferior make when Elite costs no more than ordinary kinds.

Every genuine piece of Elite Cut Glass bears this trade mark.



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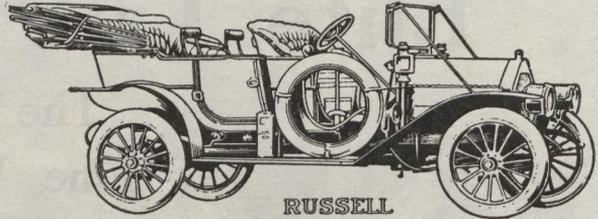
Look for it. If it is not there it is not the genuine.

Gowans, Kent & Co., Limited
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*Beautiful New Vase with the Special
Butterfly and Thistle Design. One of
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SEVEN-PASSENGER

YOU may have your own particular preference as to style of body, and your own requirements as to capacity, but as to the more vital things about an automobile there cannot be any choice.

You want shaft drive—the Russell has it.

You want selective transmission—the Russell has it. You want metal to metal clutch with cork inserts—you want a rear axle of the full floating type—you want extreme strength with lightness and extreme power with economy of operation. The Russell has them all.

Choose any Russell chassis—any Russell body—and you will get these qualities in your car. The Russell will give you satisfaction from the day you first throw in the clutch. It is a wonderfully fine piece of machinery—a marvel of mechanical accuracy and perfect equipment.

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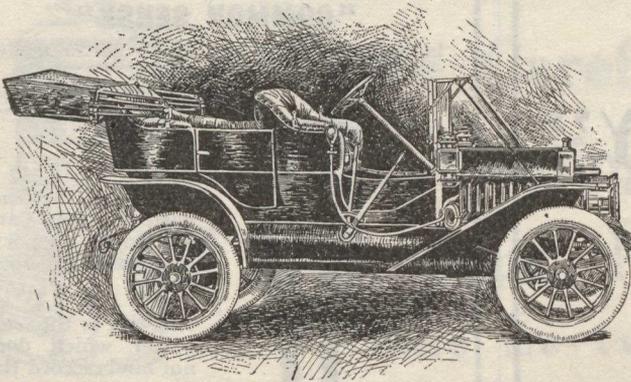
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This Car Speaks for Itself

AND is justly proud of the fact that it is MODEL "8," not just because its designers failed to call it "13," or some such unlucky number, but because in the motor world, "No. 8" McLaughlin-Buick is a car whose name and number bear PRESTIGE.

It sells for \$1,325. and, should its REAL MOTOR VALUE be estimated, the mere cost price would be a "song" in comparison.

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Then, too, you may purchase a Model "8" and still have money in your pocket with which to enjoy it and provide a good up-keep. A reliable car at a medium price, lots of power and a handsome body—what more may one expect?

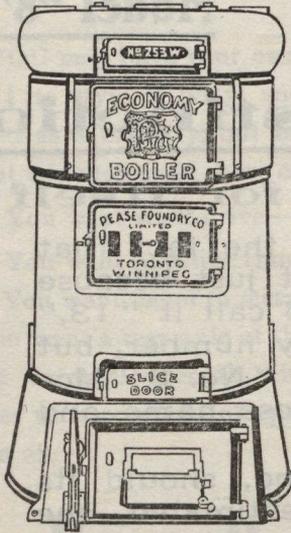
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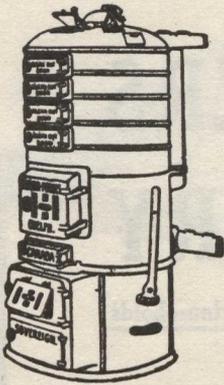
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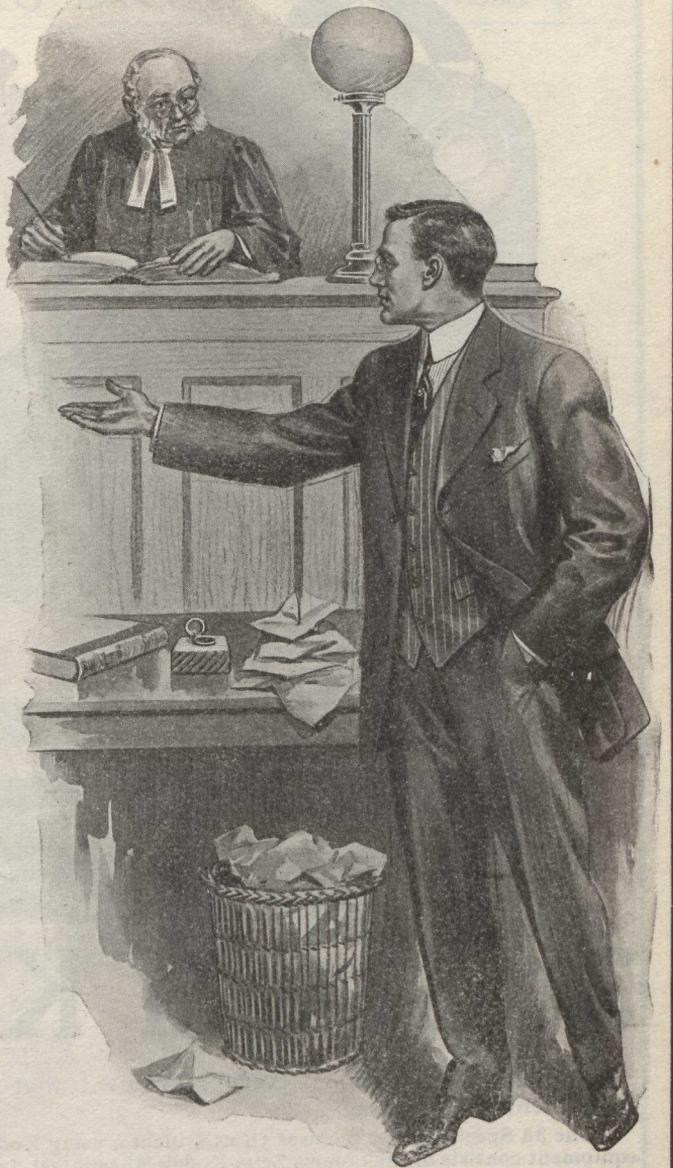
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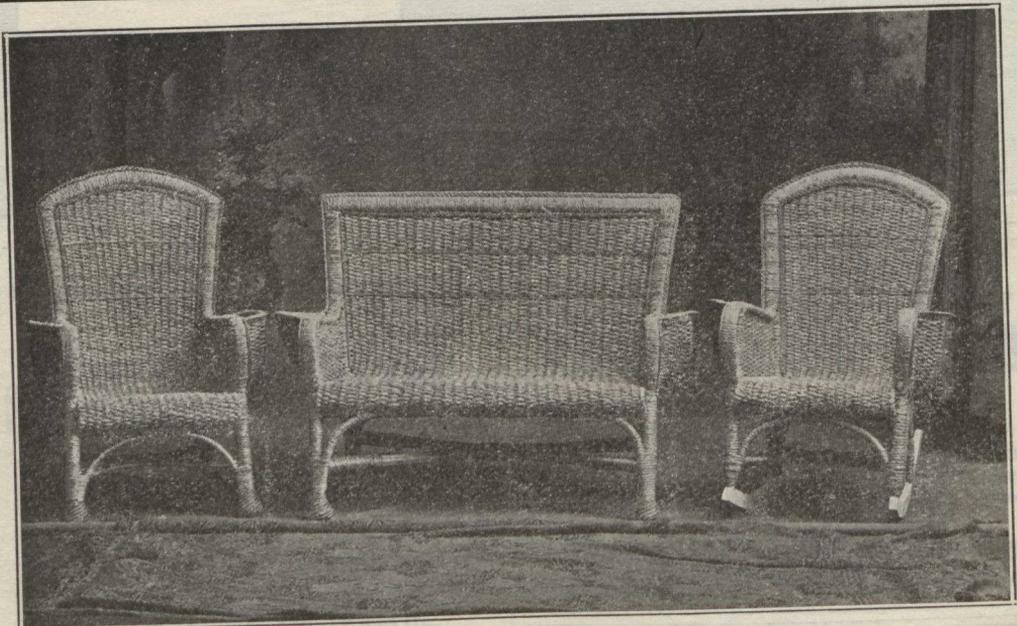
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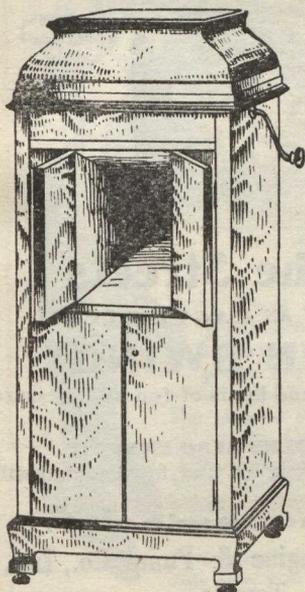
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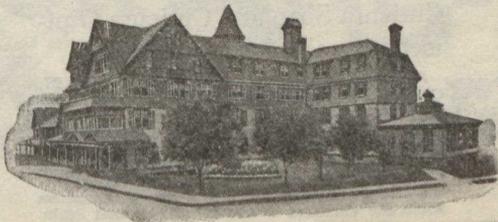
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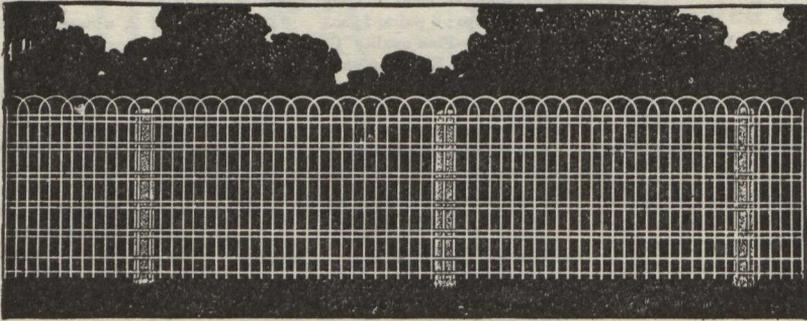
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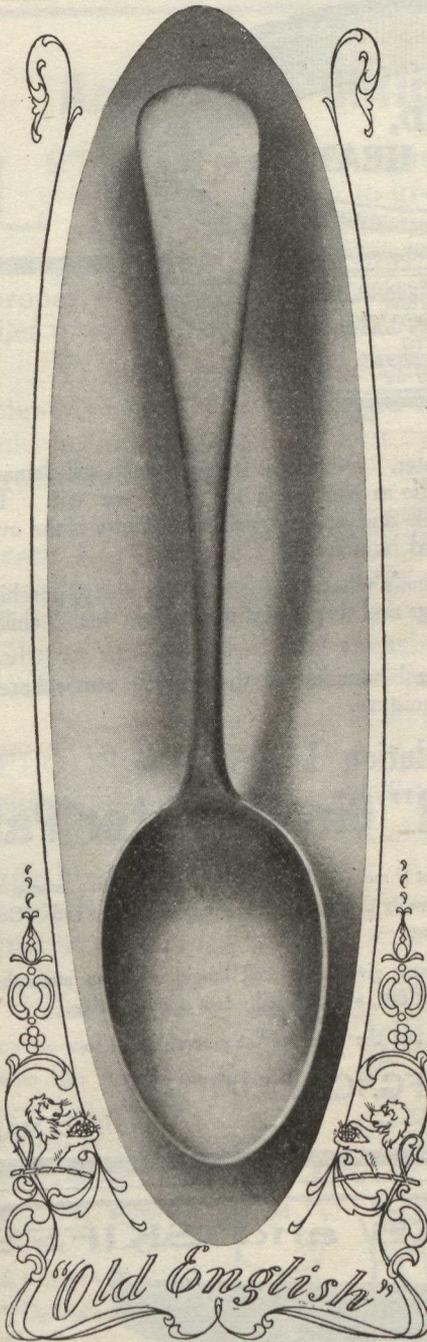
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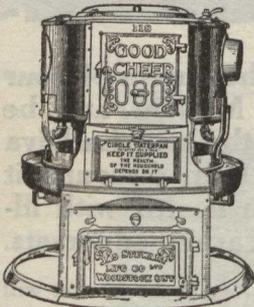
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SCIENTISTS tell us man originally lived in the water. Be that as it may, health still demands a plentiful supply of moisture in the air we breathe as well as in the food we eat. The commonest cause of colds, sore throats, pneumonia and similar troubles in winter is the over-dry, over-heated atmosphere of so many furnace-heated houses.

Of course the average Furnace gives off *heat*—that's what it is for—but it's a dry, parching, snuffing heat that cracks your skin and affects your lungs and throat and makes you feel "chilly" in spite of an overheated house.

It is *moisture* that is wanting in the air—real natural humidity of the outside atmosphere—and the ordinary Furnace is not built to provide this moisture.



The Solution Lies In The "GOOD CHEER" Circle Water Pan

A good big water pan—not a mere makeshift—placed in position where the water can be best evaporated, evenly distributed, breathing refreshment and "Good Cheer" air over the whole house.

The "Good Cheer" Furnace gives a natural, humid heat—an atmosphere which is perfectly comfortable at 68°, and as healthy as it is comfortable.

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There is no better food under Heaven for growing children than plenty of first class bread and butter. They thrive on it, grow strong and fat and rugged. Their systems crave it because it is a complete, well-balanced food.

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Bread made from OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is richest in blood building, muscle building, health building *gluten*. Children like it better and thrive better on it.

With "Royal Household" you need never have anything but the very best results for it is always the same, absolutely uniform, year in and year out and is just as good for Pastry as it is for Bread.

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If parents knew this important difference between ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR and other flours they would never use any but "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD".





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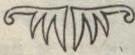
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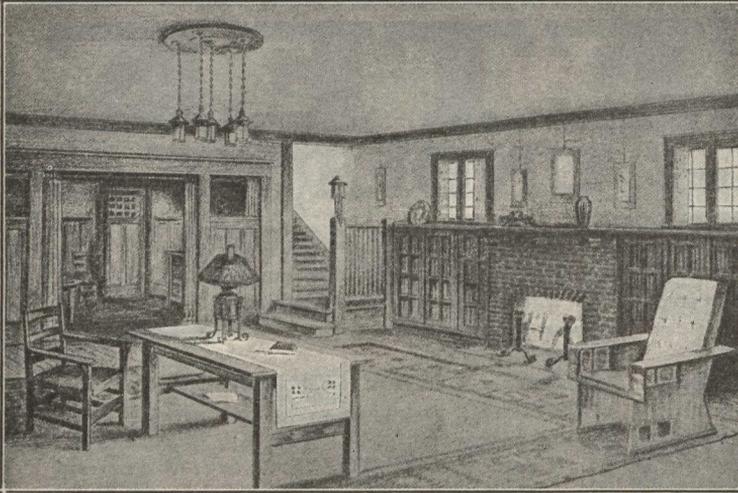
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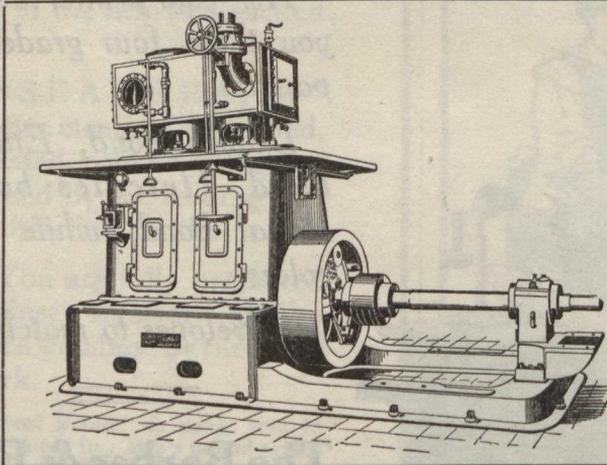
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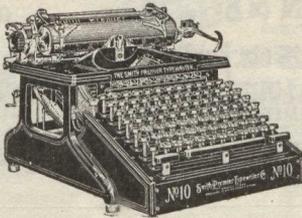
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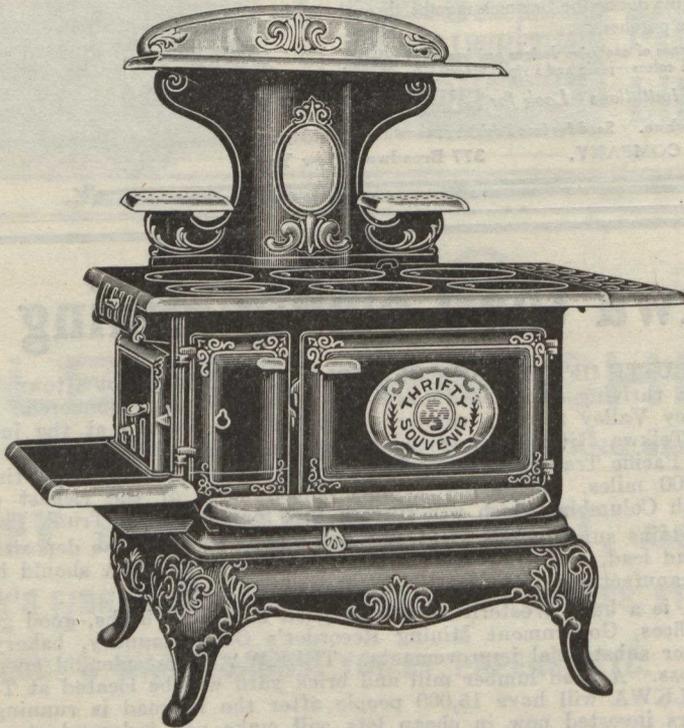
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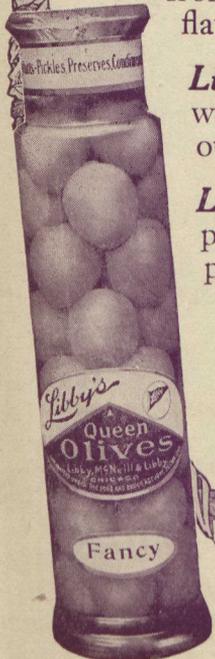
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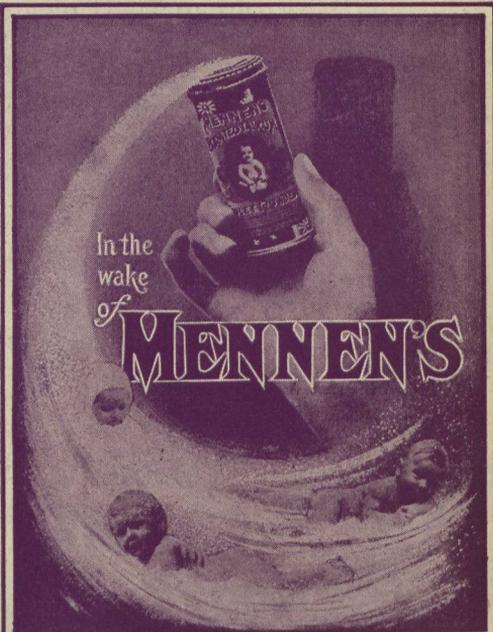
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