

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

The Cariboo Trail
Illustrated

The Washington of the North
With Illustrations of Scenic Improvements at Ottawa

Last Letters of Wolfe and Montcalm

The Canadian Immigration Policy
An Outline

The Art of W. St. Thomas Smith
Illustrated

The Trade Into the North
Illustrated

The Canadian Flag
A Suggestion for Canadian Clubs

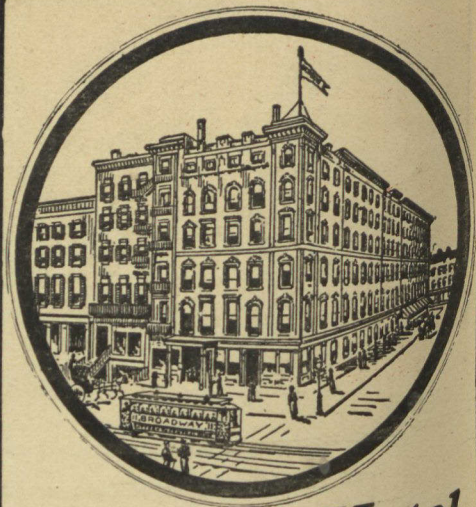
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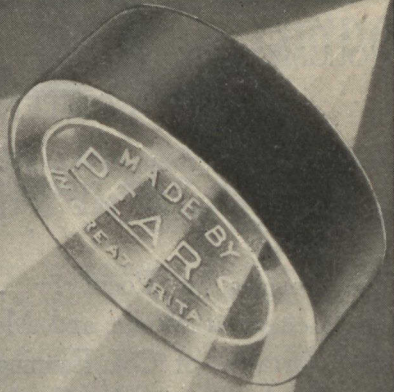
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX.

No. 4

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¶ A descriptive and historical article by Mr. Cy. Warman, the well-known author and journalist, on Prince Rupert and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

¶ Some hitherto unpublished letters of Gov. Simcoe, with notes and comments by Mr. W. R. Givens.

¶ A review of the New York theatrical season by Mr. John E. Webber.

¶ A fascinating short story by Mrs. Leeming Carr, a Hamilton lady, author of "Cupid and the Candidate." It will be illustrated by Maud McLaren.

¶ Mr. Augustus Bridle will contribute a clever impression of a modern economic tendency under the title "The Disillusionment of Dodge."

¶ Champlain's tercentenary will be observed with a comprehensive review of the great explorer's journal by Miss Ida Burwash.

¶ The foregoing are merely some of the attractions the March number will contain.

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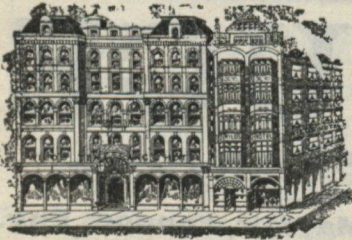
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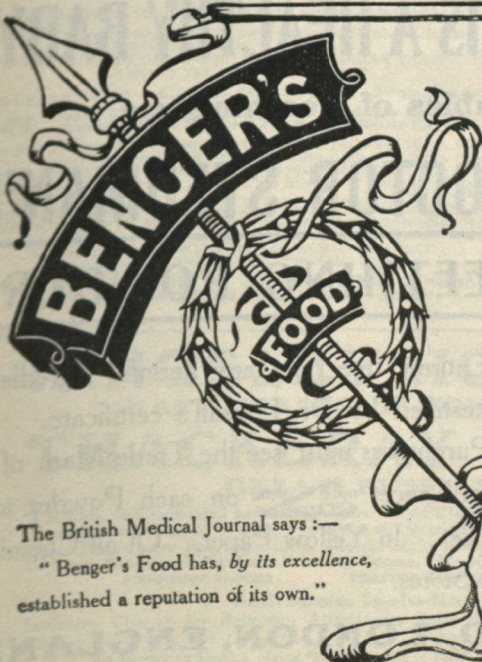
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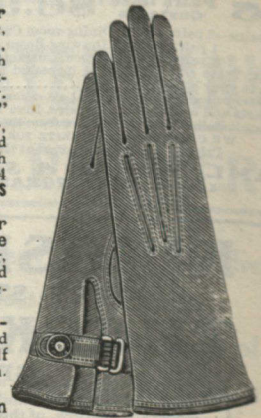
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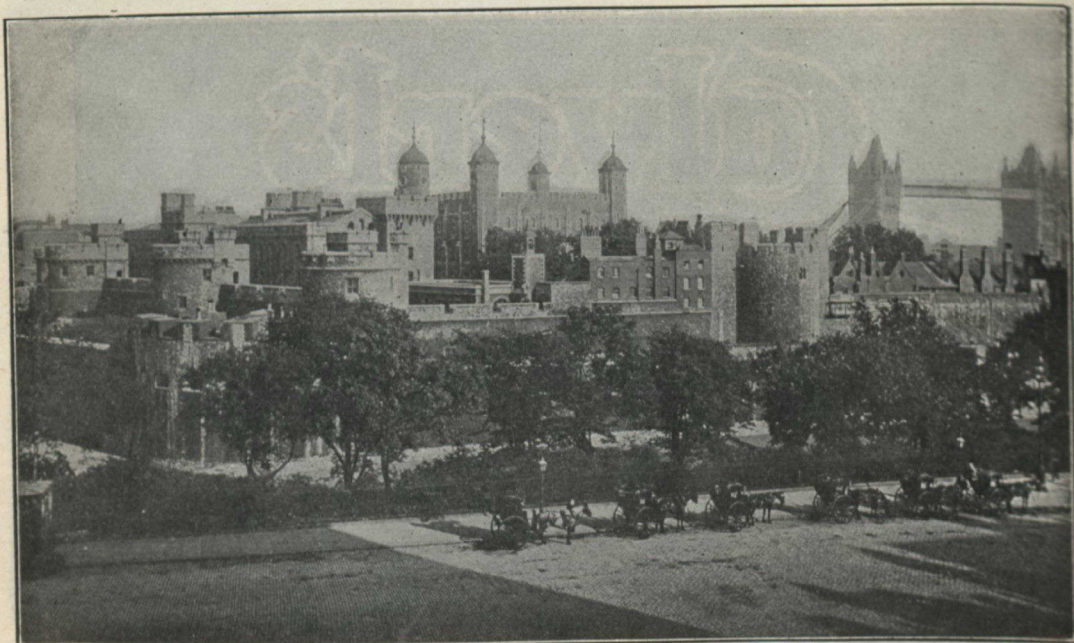
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
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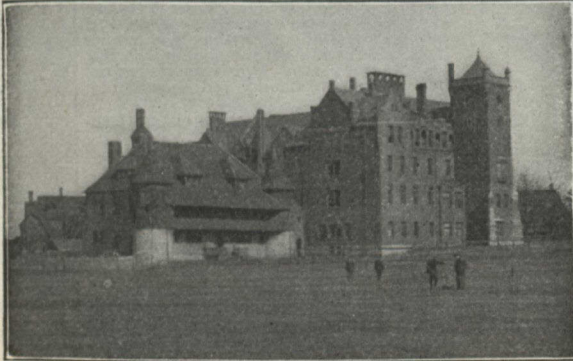
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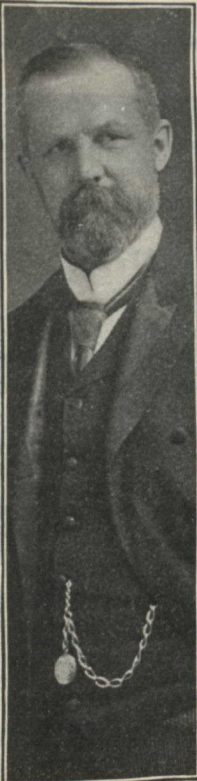
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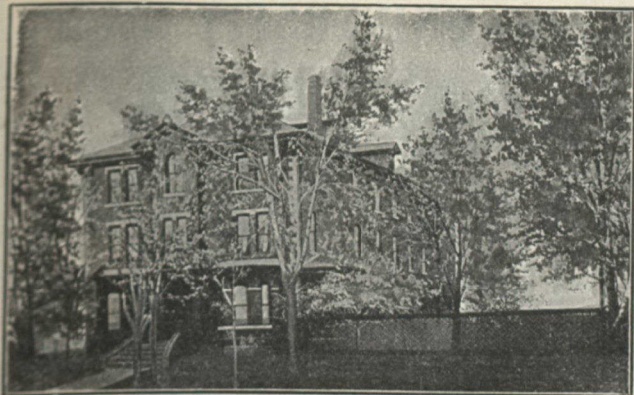
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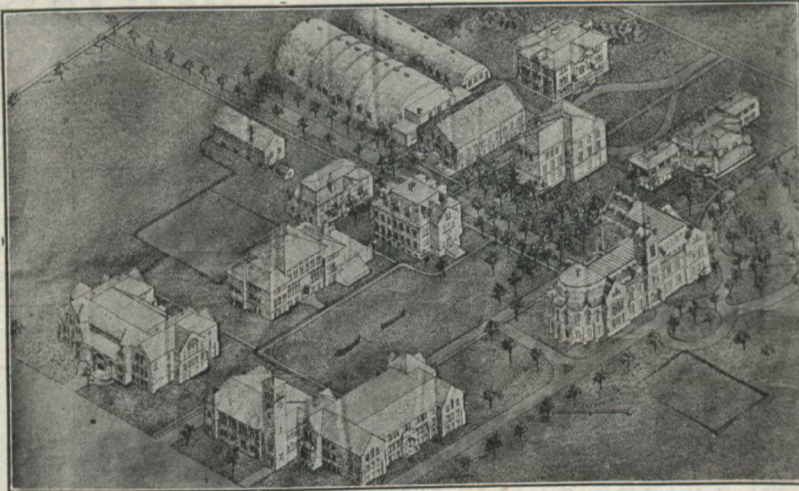
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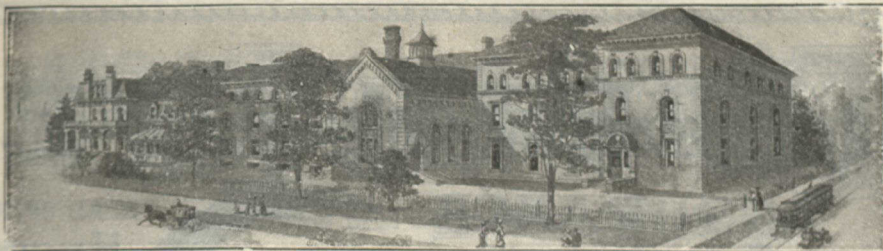
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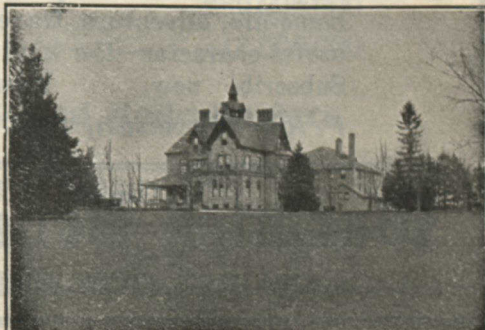
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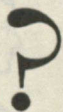
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MAKING FOR HARBOUR

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1908

No. 4

The Cariboo Trail

By FRANK YEIGH

*A cruise on the longest stage route
in America*

SOME day a writer will appear who will do justice to the trails of Canada: through the hinterlands of New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario; up lonely waterways and over heights of land to farther heights and streams; across unpeopled empire areas to Arctic shores and Yukon creeks.

When such a history appears, the Cariboo trail must needs hold large space, though this particular trail is a road. Of all highways within the boundaries of the Dominion, it is the most interesting in its picturesque past, its cosmopolitan life of to-day, its variety of scenic setting and its romantic winding way, constituting the longest remaining stage route in America, operated by the famous "B. X.," as the British Columbia Express Company is locally known.

The Cariboo country is one of the many spacious parishes of British Columbia, stretching from Ashcroft and Kamloops to Barkerville and Quesnelle and beyond on the north. For nearly seven hundred miles the stage route extends, making

accessible an area as large as many a State in the American Union.

Let us choose Ashcroft as our gateway for a cruise over the Cariboo trail. The town possesses the advantage of calling the west-bound traveller from his train at an hour long preceding the break o' day against the Bonaparte Hills, when the stars give just enough light to guide the sleepy tourist across the wide main street to the sleepy inn. One is conscious only of a bit of place set in a hollow of hills, and of the unceasing roar of the green-watered Thompson river as it rushes to its effacement in the yellow stream of the Fraser.

Daylight revealed a typical Western centre of population, squeezed in between the river and the railway. Anchored along its chief avenue of business were lines of ponderous freight schooners, with their canvas canopies and cavernous holes in which departmental stores of freight will be stored away for the long up-country haul.

Facing the freighters--the plebeians



THE CARIBOO COACH UNDER WAY

of the trail—were the big stages, aristocratic in their coats of paint and architectural adornments. In the huge barns, where some of the two hundred and fifty horses of the company are stabled, the passenger-to-be is shown a coach of special gayety, in red attire, still enjoying the fame that came to it for carrying Lord and Lady Dufferin over the road away back in the seventies. Hobnobbing with this dignified old vehicle, but not presuming on an acquaintance of equality, are ranged a row of “jerkies”—an eminently suitable name applied to carriages for private parties.

It was mid-forenoon when the quartette of cruisers inaugurated their drive over part of the Cariboo highway. A group of Asherofters leaned against the balcony posts of the hostelry and saw us off as the driver cracked the whip, loosened the brakes and headed his lively team for the bridge that spans the Thompson. There was just time to make the first rest house by the dinner hour. The dip to the bridge level involved an immediate climb through the canyon made in the gray hills by Bonaparte Creek, tumbling in a foam of white-caps so far below that its voice of

tumult was not heard. Cut out of the steep clay slopes, the road wound in serpentine fashion higher and higher, each turn bringing within the sweep of vision yonder ranges bathed in blue mists.

The very place names along the way illustrated its natural features. Rattlesnake Hill, an isolated rock mass, loomed up in its loneliness as if an outcast among its neighbours, and while the passersby failed to hear the rattle of the snakes for the rattle of the jerky, they were content to hear the creepy tales of serpent-hunters.

There was Cache Creek, too, where many a store of food has no doubt been placed in older journeying days. And Boston Ditch, which, in the tabloid language of the West country, once upon a time “went bust”—a phrase that fitted into many a case and place along the Cariboo since the first gold-searchers trekked over it nearly half a century ago.

For the trail has a history—history made up of the tragedies of unfulfilled dreams, of unrealised hopes, of the men who “went bust!”

It was just a century ago—in 1806—that Simon Fraser, the young fur trader, made his daring journey down

the turbulent six-hundred-mile river that has since borne his name, and no one can gaze upon the mad-rushing stream coursing through its tortuous channel without marvelling at the intrepidity of its successful navigator.

It was in 1857-8 that the Fraser River country first attracted the gold-seeker. In 1862 the rush to Cariboo was at its flow tide, and it was then that Governor Douglas built the famous highway at a cost of two million dollars, and which, even to-day, requires forty thousand dollars a year to keep it in repair. Those were the good old days when, far up the trail, flour was fifty cents a pound; bacon, eighty cents; beans, eighty cents; and meals, two dollars and a half each. Prices even now in some lines are not on a bargain day basis, with hay \$160 a ton at Barkerville and oats five cents a pound at One Hundred and Fifty Mile Station.

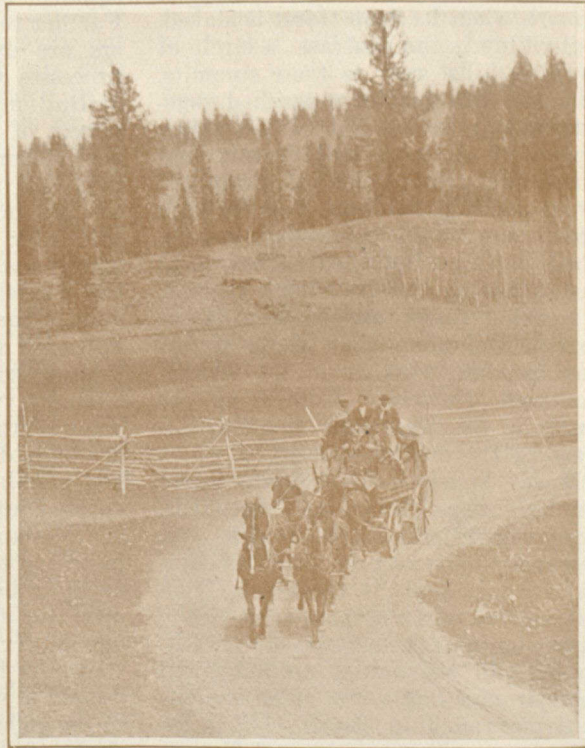
Every few miles a collection of primitive log huts, scattered promiscuously on either side of the road bespoke a rancherie, or Indian village. Everywhere in the West the red man appeals to one's sympathy. He is so shorn of the dignity that legend says was once his; he looks so dispossessed and beaten in the cruel racial struggle for supremacy; he falls so far short in real life of the ideal Indian we have pictured. And in the cabins of the Cariboo rancheries, where some live amid surroundings apparently inimical to a healthy existence, there is evidence of the dethronement of the original American.

Pure bred cayuses were tethered to the

tie-posts or were mounted by the chubby-faced boys of the reserve, while down the road and past the little church and its surrounding graves came a retinue of the old folks, two to a *beastie*, the women flaunting bright bits of red colour against the sky line of gray and blue.

In a superheated tent, built beside an earth floor cabin, two babes swung in home-made cradle hammocks—two very sick babes, fretful under the choking heat and the troublesome flies. Resentful glances met the inquiring strangers, until the note of sympathy broke down the barriers, and smiles of welcome followed. How universal is the language of kindness. It is the Esperanto of the heart, read and interpreted by all races and tongues.

Succeeding the Indian hamlet, looking lonely and unkempt in a land of



"MAKING TIME" ON THE CARIBOO TRAIL



ON THE ROAD NEAR 150-MILE HOUSE

sage bushes and sun-baked hills, came the irrigated oases. Blessed be water in a parched land! No wonder the eastern vendor cries out, as he sells the sweetened water, that it is the gift of Allah. And amid the barren desolation of the semi-arid region of the Lower Cariboo, the soil, with its germinating life seemingly burnt out, is ready to burst into a luxuriance of growth when its deep thirst is slaked.

Striking is the contrast: a circle of swelling hills, gray to their summits, with the dull garb of a parched vegetation, and in the bed of the valley a garden of trees and flowers and ferns; of green fields of grain, of sweet-smelling fields of hay through which runs a clear-hearted stream, lined with cottonwood trees and rushes having the first drink thereof.

Nothing fairer can be seen in all British Columbia than these water-won ranches, whether in the Okanagan and Kootenay valleys of the south or the Kamloops and Cariboo areas of the north and west.

More water will mean more ranches, more farms and orchards, more soil tillers, more wealth and prosperity, just in proportion as capital is applied to its transition from the reservoirs of the mountains to the thirsty lands of the benches and walls. To be told the actual annual yield value from a single acre of an irrigated fruit ranch in British Columbia is to tax an easterner's credulity to the straining point.

There is, too, the lure of the precious metals along the Cariboo. The very road which we traversed in easy stages during the summer days of 1907 witnessed, back in the 'sixties, the inrush of forty thousand men, seized with "the narrowing lust of gold." The few won fortune; the many failed, and echoes of the human tragedies still filter down through the years.

The enclosing hills of the trail reveal to the chance traveller their suggestions of untold mineral wealth. For miles the eye may trace the copper tints in the slopes, as in the bed of Marble Lake—that wonderful translucent pool of royal blue sleeping the centuries away at the base of the equally wonderful Marble Canyon. Farther to the north the Guggenheimers are experimenting by hydraulic processes with their recent purchases at Bullion, while along the flood-rent gorges of the Fraser the individual gold-seeker still washes out a living in pay dirt; and monster steam dredges are anchored to its banks awaiting the order of their owners to resume operations. And as British Columbia has yielded up a hundred millions in gold in the past, so no doubt as many millions' worth more are awaiting their discovery and recovery.

Every twenty miles or so the character of the country changed. After a day's driving from Ashcroft, we left the belt of aridity behind and entered upon a scene not unlike a bit of Scotland, with tree-covered hills guarding a chain of long narrow lakes at their base. "Now we've left the oven for God's country," exclaimed our driver, though the settlers along the route from Ashcroft to Cole Macdonald's would probably not assent to the reflection. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep helped to decorate the landscape; comfortable homes came

into view with greater frequency, and nature was fair to look upon all the way to Clinton and beyond. By the roadside, however, was a bit of architecture that told of the makeshifts of the pioneers. An old piano box stood on end, and the rusty stove pipe emerging therefrom advertised the fact that it had been the one-room home of an old-timer.

The rude habitation was in the same class as the ruined cabins along the way, half cellar and half log and mud huts. One's curiosity was aroused, however, regarding the piano. What was its history; who was the millionaire who could afford to pay the freight upon it, and is it still doing duty as a dispenser of music?

Incidents of the trail were as many as the mile posts. Always picturesque were the freight caravans slowly but surely creeping their way up hills and down grades, each drawn by a score of horses. Perched high on the box seat would be a grizzled survivor of the reckless days of the past, holding a rich store of yarn and recollection in his memory. Or the driver would be a solemn Indian, or an equally immovable Chinaman, the latter trekking goods to his own merchant countrymen up the trail.

The midday halts showed the freighters cooking a meal in the most *al fresco* style, just as at night the merchandise wagons stood horseless on the street of a village. Accidents happened, too, at times. Just ahead of us, on a narrow bit of road bordering a lake, a wheel broke from a freight schooner and all traffic north and south was temporarily stayed. Our off-horse seized upon the episode to repeat a dance performance with which he had often entertained us, and could only be induced to stand on his four feet, in normal fashion, after a committee of drivers had wait-



VIEW OF CLINTON, B.C.

ed upon him. Strapped to our vehicle was the broken-down wheel, which was later treated by the nearest blacksmith, eight miles away, and taken back to the waiting merchantmen.

Delightfully restful are the Cariboo inns. One is ready for both board and bed, for early to bed and early rising. The first few hours of driving, when all the world is fresh and cool and sweet, form memory-hours that will not soon fade away.

So it was the day we journeyed from Clinton to and up and over and down Pavilion Mountain. There were sufficient corkscrews on its heavy grades to supply a whole company of Kentuckians, and there were, moreover, numerous opportunities for amateur mountain climbing while the panting horses were making the ascent. But when the plateau was reached, a wondrous vision burst upon the eye: far below, a pear-shaped lake, hidden away in a tangle of trees; to the west, glimpses of the Fraser's northern course; to the farther west, the snow-crowned peaks of the Cascades, and immediately below, a fertile valley, dotted with farmhouses—a fair picture of peace and plenty in this big country of ours.

But on we pushed, for a fifty-mile course was marked out for the day's drive. Only a brief halt at the Grange for a midday meal, and then we were off for the Fraser and its environing hills of many colours. These we could see long before the first sight was



A FIVE-SPAN HAUL UP GRADE

had of the yellow stream itself, hundreds of feet below, and many a descent, of startling steepness, had to be negotiated before we came to close quarters with the historic waterway.

I well remember the hour and the spot. The hour was ominously near sunset, with many weary miles for the tired team yet to go. The spot was at the Fountain, where the Fraser takes an acute turn, and where the scenery is of the wildest and grandest description.



CAMPED FOR DINNER ON THE
CARIBOO TRAIL

It was a vast amphitheatre, the lofty river-hills showing strange sculptures in clay amid the Titanic clefts and gullies and buttes. A rainbow rested on the river, and all the colours of the rainbow were visible in the wierd earth walls on every hand. Wine-coloured masses here; red blood stained masses there, silver on the waters, gold on the mountains, and blue overhead.

It was overwhelming! The mind could scarce find a place for the lonely Shuswap grave, standing on a high bluff above the stormy stream; or for the pair of Indians, astride a diminutive pony, flashing a bit of clothing colour in our faces as they ambled by.

It was the River and the River's mighty bed that fascinated the human onlookers. With what infinity of patience nature carries the yellow soil of the northland to the making of a delta hundreds of miles to the west, and to the shifting of the gravels to the rich gold bars farther down stream.

We have reason to remember the last stage of the day's journey from the Fountain to Lillooet. Darkness overtook us many a league from the only possible destination, and this on a road that clings sensationally to the forbidding defiles of the Fraser, now creeping around a promontory of rock; now hanging suspended over an unnerving depth.

The way was mostly down hill, but it seemed the longest down hill road ever built. Not for an instant were the brakes relaxed, nor the watchful eye of the driver allowed off its guard. It was a strange world in which we could hear the roar of the river, and it had a savage sound; we could detect its waters by a weird ghostly light, the same that lingered on the overtopping peaks until a thunderstorm drove them away and filled the canyon with spirit mists.

Our route lay

“Where the mountain pass is narrow,
And the Torrent white and strong.”

It was a course through a chaos of shades, but at last a bridge was reached; at long last the river was near at hand, and so was Lillooet, where in the midnight hours the tired and hungry but thankful wayfarers forgot the perils of the night ride in the joys of a dreamless sleep.

No space is left to sing the praises of Lillooet by sunlight, nestling amid the mountains on its fertile benchlands and dreaming of a day when the shriek of the locomotive will echo along the trail in lieu of the crack of the stage driver's lariat or the cry of his warning bugle.

Nor is space left to tell of the other days on the Cariboo till Ashcroft was again reached, the last relay of horses were released from labour, the jerky was taken to its corner in the big barn and the Cariboo-trailers had caught a two a.m. train for the elsewhere country.

But the cruise on the Cariboo has a place all to itself in the memories of its fortunate cruisers.

The Douglas Fir

By DONALD A. FRASER

Proud monarch of the West's green-fringed hills,
Majestic pillar of the sunset sky,
In grim, dark grandeur thou dost raise on high
Thy tap'ring head to where the glory fills
The firmament. The roseate radiance thrills
My soul not more than that weird melody
The ocean breeze awakes mysteriously
Among thy boughs whenever that it wills.
Long centuries have scored thy rugged side
With gashes rude and deep; thy wounded heart
Has shed great tears, and these, congealing, hide,
Or strive to hide, the gaping rents in part;
And centuries more thou still might'st stand in pride,
But envious man now claims thee for his mart.

Last Letters of Wolfe and Montcalm

By H. V. ROSS

*By which a defence is made of Wolfe against those who parade
his brigadiers, and also of Montcalm
and de Ramezay*

THE last letters of Wolfe and Montcalm afford a striking illustration of how the discovery of even a single document may make it necessary for a significant portion of history to be revised. The recent unearthing and interpretation of these important documents, which shed new light upon Canadian history and set at rest certain vexing historical doubts, is largely due to the researches of the present Archivist of Canada. To each of the commanders who led the opposing forces in the momentous final struggle before Quebec, posterity has accorded the meed of praise; but not unanimously. Some have tried to filch away from Wolfe the credit for conceiving and carrying out the daring plan by which Quebec was assaulted and the destiny of North America changed. Some, too, have cast a slur upon the generalship of Montcalm, as well as upon the act of de Ramezay in capitulating the city a few days after the French leader's death. Apart from their perennial interest as being the final written utterances of the opposing chieftains, the last letters of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm possess great value as pieces of historical evidence; for one of them shows that the glory of the taking of Quebec was Wolfe's and not his brigadiers', while another goes far to prove that de Ramezay's surrender of the city was not the precipitate act of a weakling or a coward, but an unhappy extremity forced upon him against his will.

The last letters of Wolfe are among the treasures of the British Museum. That institution obtained them from the Earl of Chichester, who had discovered them among the Newcastle papers. They were first published in "The Siege of Quebec and the Battle of the Plains," in 1902, and have since been mentioned by Waddington in his "*Guerre de Sept Ans.*" In neither case has their full significance been appreciated or understood. No other writer has apparently been aware of their existence. To the student of the affairs of old Quebec their importance is at once so manifest that this inference is fairly drawn: had Parkman, Warburton, Kingsford, LeMoine, Townshend, Casgrain or Garneau been aware of their existence, they would have given us an entirely different version of the last few hours of the siege. If any one of this group of writers could have availed himself of the final correspondence that passed between Wolfe and his brigadiers, he could have laid for all time the doubt that has probably caused more controversy than anything else in relation to the siege of Quebec—the source of the idea and authorship of the plan of attack. The mere printing of the letters would almost have sufficed: they tell their own story. It is patent from reading them that almost up to the last moment before commencing operations the brigadiers, instead of being the conceivers and formulators of the plan of attack, were ignorant of its details

and of the exact spot against which it would be directed.

Most of the authorities have been agreed in attributing the conception of the plan to General Wolfe's three brigadiers—Monckton, Townshend and Murray. This is the position taken by Casgrain, Wright and Colonel Townshend, for example; and Warburton differs from them only in attributing it to one of the brigadiers, namely Townshend. Parkman, whose name stands for erudition and persistent research, touches upon the matter more than once, yet his attitude is on the whole non-committal. It is, however, characterised by his usual acumen and soundness. For instance, concerning Wolfe's early conception of the possibility of assaulting the city from the Heights, after a landing had been effected not far above the town, Parkman has this paragraph: "At the outset, before he (Wolfe) had seen Quebec and learned the nature of the ground, he had meant to begin the campaign by taking post on the Plains of Abraham, and thence laying siege to the town; but he soon discovered that the Plains of Abraham were hardly more within his reach than was Quebec itself."

The fact is that on the 9th of May, 1759, months before the capture of Quebec, Wolfe wrote to his uncle a letter which clearly reveals that even then the General had in mind the plan which he ultimately put into effect. In it he speaks of stealing a detachment of men up the St. Lawrence, landing three, four or five miles above the town and strongly entrenching them there. He was thinking at the same time of an alternative, which was to land his men at Montmorency and force his way into the town by way of the River St. Charles. The latter course was first tried and ended in failure.

There can be no doubt that after this failure at Montmorency the British general gave an ever-increasing amount of consideration to the more daring and difficult scheme which had suggested itself to him back in May. On the 20th of July he was certainly thinking of it, for on that date he sent Major Dalling to reconnoitre the shore in the vicinity of Anse du

Foulon. Before the 20th of August, however, Wolfe fell sick, and for more than a week was debarred from active direction of the campaign. By the 29th he had recovered sufficiently to be able to send a letter to his brigadiers, but was still far from well enough to go on with the desperate plan he had in mind and which he was to carry out later.

This letter to the brigadiers was dated from headquarters at Montmorency, and in part said: "That the public service may not suffer by the General's indisposition, he begs the brigadiers will be so good to meet, and consult together for the public utility and advantage, and to consider of the best method of attacking the enemy. If the French army is attacked and defeated, the General concludes the town would immediately surrender, because he does not find they have any provisions in the place." The balance of the letter outlines three possible plans of attack, but none of them is the assault by way of the cliff and the Plains of Abraham.

The answer of the brigadiers came back on the following day. They disapproved of Wolfe's three suggestions and offered this substitute: "We, therefore, are of the opinion," they wrote, "that the most probable method of striking an effectual blow is by bringing the troops to the south shore and directing our operations above the town. When we have established ourselves on the north shore, of which there is very little doubt, the M. de Montcalm must fight us upon our own terms, we are between him and his provisions, and betwixt him and the French army opposing General Amherst. If he gives us battle and we defeat him, Quebec must be ours, and which is more, all Canada must submit to His Majesty's arms."

The plan submitted by the brigadiers involved a landing on the north shore four leagues above Quebec, where, although natural conditions offered no special obstacle, the shore was guarded by bodies of French troops placed there at short intervals by order of Montcalm, while at Cap Rouge, seven miles above the town, Bougainville kept watch with a strong force of men. Wolfe, at this time

unable because of his health to direct the execution of his own idea, temporarily approved the plan. "Wolfe embraced it at once," writes Parkman. "Not that he saw much hope in it. He knew that every chance was against him." And a little farther on the same writer quotes from Wolfe's letter to Admiral Saunders, in which the General speaks of the projected attack on Quebec. "My ill state of health," wrote Wolfe, "prevents me from executing my own plan; it is of too desperate a nature to order others to execute."

This very significant language seems to have made no particular impression upon Parkman. Had he known of the recently discovered letters he would have had the key to Wolfe's expression. On the other hand Colonel Townshend, in the biography of his ancestor, who was Wolfe's brigadier, asserts that Wolfe instantly adopted the plan of the brigadiers, an assertion which the evidence that has come to light should force him to retract. The development of the situation is unmistakable.

On the last day of August, Wolfe was strong enough to leave the house for the first time since his attack of illness, and on the 2nd of September he sent off his last despatch to Pitt. It contained this statement of his circumstances and of the proposed attack: "I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the general utility. They are all of the opinion that, as more ships and provisions are now got above the town, they should try, by conveying up a corps of four or five thousand men to draw the enemy from their present situation and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in the proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution."

That they were actually making ready to strike a blow along the lines suggested by the brigadiers is confirmed by a letter of Admiral Holmes, and had Wolfe's health continued to render him unfit for close attention to his duties the blow would undoubtedly have been attempted in the way proposed. But he recovered sufficiently to be able to inquire more

closely into the feasibility of his own plan and to develop its details.

A delay of three days was caused by wet weather, during which time Wolfe reconnoitred the north shore of the river in the vicinity of Pointe aux Trembles. On the morning of the 10th of September, accompanied by Holmes, Monckton, Townshend, Col. Carleton and Capt. Delaune, the last two of whom were his personal friends, he continued his scrutiny down the river at Sillery, and finally chose the Foulon as the best landing place for the troops. This place is about two and a half miles above the city; it is significant that in his letter of May, already commented upon, Wolfe had named a spot only three or four miles above it.

On the afternoon of the same day General Wolfe acquainted Col. Burton, in part, with the purpose he had formed: "To-morrow," he wrote, "the troops embark, the fleet sails up the river a little higher, as if intending to land above upon the north shore, keeping a convenient distance for the boats and armed vessels to fall down to the Foulon; and we count (if no accident of weather or other prevents) to make a powerful effort at that spot about four in the morning of the 13th. At ten or eleven, or twelve at night, sooner or later, as may be necessary, of Wednesday, the 12th, we get into our boats."

The recipient of this letter knew no more of the exact spot chosen for the landing than the letter told him, and even the two brigadiers, Monckton and Townshend, who were with the General when he selected the spot in the morning, had not been taken fully into their superior's confidence. Indeed, viewed in one light, Wolfe was singularly reticent; it was part of his policy, for he probably deemed it wise to be so lest, through some inadvertence, the enemy might get an inkling of his intentions. Had he lived he would have explained this policy which, as it fell out, was misunderstood at the time and has been misunderstood ever since.

Weeks before the decision was arrived at, General Wolfe had given some attention to Foulon as the objective point of

an assault, for the fact is recorded, under date of July 18th, in the journal of an officer of Fraser's regiment. The result of his reconnoitring was to confirm his belief that the attack could be most effectually delivered by way of the Foulon, and the plan of the brigadiers, in so far as it differed from Wolfe's own idea, was dropped. This change of plan is described in a letter of date the 18th of September, 1759, written by Admiral Holmes, who was entrusted with the landing of the troops on the morning of the battle.

"A plan," he wrote, "was immediately set on foot to attempt a landing about four leagues above the town, and it was ready to put into execution when General Wolfe reconnoitred down the river and fixed upon Foulon, a spot adjacent to the Citadel, which, though a very strong ground, being a steep hill with abbatis laid across the accessible parts of it and a guard on the summit. He, nevertheless, thought that a sudden brisk attack, a little before daybreak, would bring his army on the plain, within two miles of the town. The alteration of the Plan of Operation was not, I believe, approved of by many besides himself."

It was only natural that the brigadiers should feel some resentment and irritation at Wolfe's decision, which seemed to override their best judgment and assert the independent authority of the commander. Probably the fact that his plan lacked their approval was a strong contributing cause to the secrecy with which he enveloped its details, for clearly the brigadiers were not cognisant of these details within a few hours of the beginning of the execution of the plan. Proof of the latter statement follows.

From on board the *Leostaff*, on September 12, not many hours before the battle took place, Generals Monckton, Townshend and Murray wrote the following letter to Wolfe: "As we do not think ourselves sufficiently informed of the several parts which may fall to our share in the execution of the descent you intend tomorrow, we must beg leave to request from you, as distinct orders as the nature of the thing will admit of, particularly as to

the place or places we are to attack. This circumstance (perhaps very decisive) we cannot learn from the public orders, neither may it be in the power of the naval officer who leads the troops to instruct us. As we should be very sorry, no less for the public than our own sakes, to commit any mistakes, we are persuaded you will see the necessity of this application, which can proceed from nothing but a desire to execute your orders with the utmost punctuality."

This letter, signed by the three brigadiers, was delivered to Wolfe on board the *Sutherland*. The General was at the time closeted with his old friend and comrade, John Jervis, to whom, with a foreboding of death on the morrow, he was engaged in confiding his last tender messages to kindred and friends across the sea. The letter recalled him to the stern duty of the hour. The time was half-past eight on the evening of the 12th and the place was the cabin of the *Sutherland*. Wolfe seized his pen and wrote his last two letters, one to Monckton in answer to the joint letter of the brigadiers, the other a short note to Brigadier Townshend. To Monckton he wrote:

"SIR,—My reason for desiring the honour of your company with me to Gorham's post yesterday, was to show you, as well as the distance would permit, the situation of the enemy, and the place where I meant they should be attacked; as you are charged with that duty, I should be glad to give you all further light and assistance in my power. The place is called the Foulon, distant upon two miles or two and a half from Quebec, where you remember an encampment of twelve or thirteen tents and an abbatis below it. You mentioned to-day that you had perceived a breastwork there, which made me imagine you are as well acquainted with the place as the nature of the thing would admit of. I took Capt. Shads with me also and desired the Admiral's attendance, that as the former is charged by Mr. Saunders with conducting the boats, he might make himself as much a master of his part as possible; and as several of the ships of war are to

fall down with the troops, Mr. Holmes would be able to station them properly after he had seen the place. I have desired Mr. Holmes to send the boats down, so that we may arrive about half an hour before day, as you desired to avoid the disorder of a night attack, and I shall be present myself to give you all the aid in my power.

"The officers who are appointed to conduct the divisions of boats have been strictly enjoined to keep as much order and to act as silently as the nature of the service will admit of, and Capt. Shads will begin to land the men a little off this side of the naked rock, which you must remember to have seen; within which (to the eastward) the enemy is posted.

"It is not a usual thing to point out in the public orders the direct spot of our attack, nor for any inferior officers not charged with a particular duty to ask instructions upon that point. I had the honour to inform you to-day, that it is my duty to attack the French army. To the best of my knowledge and abilities I have fixed upon that spot where we can act with the most force and are likely to succeed. If I am mistaken, I am sorry for it, and must be answerable to His Majesty and the public for the consequences."

The note to Townshend reads:

"SIR,—General Monckton is charged with the first landing and attack at the Foulon; if he succeeds you will be pleased to give directions that the troops afloat be set on shore with the utmost expedition, as they are under your command, and when 3,600 men now in the fleet are landed I have no manner of doubt but that we are able to fight and to beat the French Army, in which I know you will give your best assistance."

These are the letters which, taken in conjunction with that of the brigadiers' and with other attending circumstances, settle beyond the cavil of a doubt the responsibility for the plan of assault by which Quebec was taken. Written a few hours before operations actually commenced, and when all arrangements had been finally settled, they supply absolute proof that the glory of the daring enterprise

was Wolfe's and Wolfe's alone. The correspondence here quoted, however, shows that Wolfe had not his own glory or aggrandisement in view, but only the glory and good of his country. He was not too proud or headstrong to adopt the plan of his brigadiers when nothing better could be done; but his military genius had devised a better one, the success of which largely depended upon his own personal supervision. It was fortunate for Wolfe and for the British arms before Quebec that his partial restoration from illness permitted him at the crucial moment to put his masterly proposition to the test.

The last letter of Montcalm throws a new light upon the capitulation of Quebec. There has always been a considerable difference of opinion as to whether or not the Chevalier de Ramezay, commandant of Quebec, was recreant to his duty in surrendering the city to the English. In the main de Ramezay's memory has suffered unjustly. To a great extent the historians who have felt like censuring him drew their inspiration from Vaudreuil, the incompetent Governor-General of New France at the time of the war.

To his other sins of omission and of commission Vaudreuil added a selfish facility in transferring the blame for his own mistakes upon the shoulders of others. When de Ramezay, under the stress of a most difficult and hopeless set of circumstances, finally capitulated, Vaudreuil, from a safe point of vantage miles away from the besieged and hungry city, feigned to be surprised that de Ramezay had given up so soon, yet he himself had instructed the commandant to that effect days before. In justice to Vaudreuil it should be said here that his censure of de Ramezay, uttered on the spur of the moment, was completely withdrawn a year and a half later when he formally exonerated him from all blame; but of this historians seem to have been strangely silent.

Doubtless de Ramezay fell short of his duty in some particulars. He might, for instance, out of the hundreds of guns which lined the battlements of Quebec,

have sent more than a paltry two or three to Montcalm when the latter needed them so sorely on the Plains of Abraham, although it is doubtful if many of these guns would have been of service in the field. But whatever his shortcomings, it is clear that in defending the besieged town until matters had reached the extremity they did, de Ramezay was actually contravening the explicit orders of Vaudreuil and the written sanction of Montcalm, to say nothing of the almost unanimous voice of the besieged themselves. And when he did at last surrender, he gained such honourable terms as left France beaten, it is true, but not disgraced.

The instructions which Vaudreuil gave to de Ramezay anent the capitulation are matters of authenticated history. When the battle had been fought and lost, Vaudreuil, who had borne no share in it, called a council of war in his camp at Beauport and despatched a messenger to Montcalm asking for advice. The stricken general replied that three courses of action were open—to fight on, to surrender or to retreat to Jacques Cartier. A retreat was decided upon. At six o'clock on the same day, the 13th of September, Vaudreuil wrote a letter to Montcalm just before beginning his retreat from Beauport. The letter set forth reasons for his movements and contained the articles of capitulation which, after being submitted to Montcalm, were to be forwarded to de Ramezay, commandant of the town. At the direction of Montcalm, his Secretary, Marcel, replied as follows: "The Marquis de Montcalm fully appreciates your kindness and directs me to tell you that he approves of all; I have read to him your letter and the draft of capitulation, which I have delivered to M. de Ramezay together with the letter addressed by you to that officer." This letter was written at a little after ten o'clock, as the post-script shows. It said: "The Marquis de Montcalm is hardly better; however, his pulse is a little stronger at 10 o'clock."

The Governor's letter to de Ramezay, which Montcalm approved, directed the

commandant that forty-eight hours after the departure of the army from Beauport, if the supply of provisions in the town ran low, he was to capitulate and not suffer the place to be carried by assault. Vaudreuil neglected, however, to apprise the commandant that in his own hasty retreat from before the terrible English he was abandoning at Beauport a large stock of provisions which de Ramezay would do well to get within the town. They were much needed before the forty-eight hours had passed.

The dying Montcalm, aware of conditions in Quebec and knowing full well how little help might be expected from Vaudreuil's troops, had sanctioned the Governor's proposal of surrender. But he did more. He wrote a letter to Townshend, the British officer whom the fortunes of war had placed in the position of leader, admitting the necessity of surrender and requesting kindness towards the sick and wounded. Curiously, this letter which implicitly testifies to the integrity and valour of de Ramezay, was lost sight of until quite recently.

A couple of years ago, Colonel Townshend, of the Royal Fusiliers, whose ancestor was Wolfe's second brigadier, discovered the letter among the family papers, where it had lain unnoticed for nearly a century and a half. It was addressed to Brigadier Townshend, in command of the British forces at Quebec. Montcalm dictated it from his dying bed and his signature at the end is almost unquestionably the last word he ever wrote. The letter was received by Townshend early in the morning of the 14th of September, when the French general's life was ebbing swiftly away in the house of Surgeon Arnoux. The translation is as follows:

"Sir,—Being obliged to surrender Quebec to your arms I have the honour to request your Excellency's kindness towards our sick and wounded, and to demand of you the execution of the treaty of exchange which has been agreed upon between His Most Christian Majesty and His Britannic Majesty. I beg to assure you of the high esteem and respect-

ful consideration with which I have the honour to be, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

MONTCALM."

This letter is not mentioned by Parkman nor by any of the Canadian historians, but it seems to have been known to an early writer in the *British Magazine*, where it is apparently referred to, in the year 1760, in this passage: "Mons. Montcalm, before he died, wrote a letter to General Townshend, desiring that the prisoners and wounded might be treated with that generous humanity which distinguishes the British nation."

The discovery of the letter has an important bearing on Canadian history in two respects: it throws into strong relief the valour and persistence of de Ramezay in holding out against capitulation as long as he did, and its existence adds great weight to the suspicion of spuriousness that has attached itself to another letter purporting to be Montcalm's and quoted by most writers who have treated of the downfall of Quebec.

First, with regard to de Ramezay's surrender, mention has already been made of the instructions he received from Vaudreuil naming forty-eight hours as the limit of holding out, if provisions in the town ran short. On the 15th of September, two days later, the citizens of Quebec petitioned the commandant to yield the town, and on the evening of the same day he summoned a council of war. In this meeting the possibilities of withstanding a prolonged siege were thoroughly weighed and Vaudreuil's orders read and discussed. Of those present all except Fiedmont, a captain of artillery, gave their voices for capitulation. Marcel was there. He at least knew of Montcalm's letter to Townshend, admitting that surrender was inevitable. If he spoke of it to the council of war, the information must have strengthened them in their request that de Ramezay should yield.

But although de Ramezay himself must have known of the letter, since he had read Townshend's reply to it, the knowledge did not hasten him unduly to show the white flag. All around him was dis-

couragement and despondency. The food in the town would not last a week at half rations. Yet in the face of everything, although he might honourably have surrendered, de Ramezay stood firm until internal conditions and the impatience of the English forced him to capitulate on the 18th. Fate was never more ironical. The commandant had held out for more than double forty-eight hours. Had he held out a little longer the besieged would have received the supply of biscuits that were brought to the town just a little too late. Moreover, Vaudreuil, accompanied by General de Levis, was now bringing his troops to the defence of Quebec. He had reached St. Augustin when the news of capitulation halted his further progress on the evening of the 18th. But that was not de Ramezay's fault. From Montcalm's letter, if from nothing else, General Townshend was aware that, in holding out, de Ramezay was only hoping against hope. Nevertheless, the latter's stubborn resistance, and nothing else, won for the vanquished all the honours of war; for had the British fully appreciated the extremities to which the city was reduced they would certainly have exacted entirely different conditions.

In the second place, the production of this genuine letter of Montcalm's possesses great interest for the historian and student because of its bearing upon another letter which many writers have blindly ascribed to Montcalm, and of which the original has never come to light. This, as many now think, mythical letter was said to have been dictated by Montcalm and sent to General Townshend after the battle. It appears in the pages of Parkman in this way: "Monsieur, —The humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have made me feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector as I have been their father." Although he quoted it, the great American historian may have doubted the authenticity of this letter. At any rate

he was careful to state in a foot-note that his authority for it was the Abbé Bois. Now the most careful research has failed to discover it among the papers of Bois.

Thomas Chapais, a French-Canadian writer, made an exhaustive study of this letter and found that no mention of it was made prior to the year 1867, when Father Martin published at Tournai, France, his "Montcalm en Canada, par un ancien missionnaire." Father Martin was a Jesuit and had spent several years in Canada as rector of the college of Ste. Marie, at Montreal. The question arises, Where did he get the letter which he quotes? No one has yet been able to give a satisfactory answer. It has been suggested with a good deal of plausibility that Martin may have got it from the Abbé Bois, whom Parkman quotes. This Abbé, who was born in 1813 and was Curé of Maskinonge during the last forty-one years of his life (he died in 1899), collected many documents and was the author of several historical works. His papers, now in possession of the Seminary of Nicolet, have been searched for evidence concerning the Montcalm letter, but without results. Thus supposing Abbé Bois gave the letter to Father Martin, we are as far from the solution as ever. For where did the Abbé get it? The papers of Montcalm give no more trace of it than do those of Brigadier Townshend. In a word its existence was never suspected up to 1867. Since, then, however, it has been seized upon with avidity by nearly every pen that has depicted the great struggle at Quebec.

"It has," as Chapais says, "furnished a beautiful theme for the pathetic tirades of historians, orators and poets."

We know that in his final hours of pain Montcalm wrote another letter to Brigadier Townshend which comported better with his own character and the conditions under which it was written. Comparing the two letters given above, is it possible to believe that Montcalm wrote them both to the same man on the same day, and within a few hours of his own death? We have documentary evidence that he wrote one of them; the

other is an unknown quantity. If both letters had been written it is fair to assume that both would have been preserved.

In spite of the fact that one has been utterly lost, the suggestion has been made that it may have been a second letter, written by Montcalm in reply to Townshend. It is evident that Townshend replied to Montcalm's first letter in which the French general admitted the necessity of surrender. The return letter to Townshend came from de Ramezay, and it was written on the 14th of September, the day of Montcalm's death. This letter which is somewhat imperfectly preserved, reads in translation: "M. B. M. Bernier, the Commissary, has forwarded to me the letter which your Excellency wrote M. le Mis (the Marquis), which I have handed to him. He has also acquainted me with the arrangements which it had made for carrying out of the truce between His Most Christian Majesty and those of His Britannic Majesty. I will give the most explicit orders for its observation on our side. . . . M. Bernier has given me an account. For myself I will always be (full) of recognition of this generous (kindness) which your Excellency will be pleased to show to our sick and wounded. I beg him to be convinced of the esteem and consideration with which I have the honour to remain, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

de Ramezay."

The existence of this letter, which covers the ground of the supposed second letter of Montcalm to Townshend, lends weight to the other reasons adduced for considering that second letter spurious. Whether Montcalm actually wrote it or it was fabricated like other letters attributed to him cannot be positively settled at present; but the burden of proof is upon those who accept both letters as genuine. In any case, the authenticated letter, which Col. Townshend has produced in his life of the Marquess and the Dominion Archivist in his "Siege of Quebec," is a precious relic of the heroic days of 1759, which all students of this period will welcome.

The Narrative of Col. Fanning*

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

Fourth Installment

SOMETIME after the receipt of the foregoing letter from Col. Edmond Fanning, I intercepted an express from Virginia bound for Gen. Greene's camp, which was at that time near the lines not far from Charleston; amongst which was Lord Cornwallis's capitulation, which I have since lost. We continued in small parties until Major Craig evacuated Wilmington, when one day I took a man with me to go for intelligence and to provide oats for the party I kept with me. When at a house I spied a party of thirty rebels coming towards said house where I was. We instantly mounted and rode off. On my return to my men, I ordered sixteen of them to mount, and went back to the house we had left, but found them gone off. I pursued them about sixteen miles, when we came up with them. We killed three of them and wounded two, whom I took prisoners. I had no loss or accident on our part.

I had now certain intelligence of Major Craig's evacuating Wilmington; and that the rebels in consequence of it had separated into small parties, and were returning toward their homes, and for the space of fourteen or fifteen days I fell in with and took more or less of them every day, during which time I had information of a Capt. Kennedy and his party, who had taken a number of horses and a quantity of household furniture. I followed him about five miles,

and after a smart firing, took him and eight of his party, with the booty they had plundered. He gave intelligence that a Capt. Lopp with a party of sixty men who had been discharged by Gen. Rutherford were on their way home up the country. The said Capt. Kennedy (Cannady) all the time of our attacking Lopp stood and looked on; and as he declared that he would not make his escape, neither would he let any of his men, if we beat and drove off Capt. Lopp. I left him in a house with only two men to guard eleven, and found them all there. The guard informed me that he would not let any of his party make their escape. He proved so much to his honour that I gave him up one of his horses, saddle and bridle; and paroled him with all his men. I at this time had but thirteen men with me at a house near the road not far from where they were to pass. I mounted my men, and placed them in concealment along the road. On their coming up, I ordered them to fire and then to charge, which we did, three times, through them; they immediately dispersed through the woods; it being nearly dark, we could not tell what injury they suffered.

On the 10th of December Col. Isaacs came down from the mountains with a party of three hundred men, and formed his camp at Coxe's Mill, in the settlement I had formerly ranged in, in order to take me; where he continued nearly

* Col. David Fanning, of North Carolina, was one of the most remarkable characters developed by the American Revolution. His own narrative of his sufferings, exploits, marvellous adventures and hairbreadth escapes during the war has for years past been an object of quest by writers and students of American and Colonial history.—A.W.S.

three months, during which time the following proclamation was issued:

“STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

By the Hon. Alexander Martin, Esq., Speaker of the Senate, Captain General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the said State.

Whereas divers of citizens of this State have been deluded by the wicked artifices of our enemies, and have revolted and withdrawn themselves from the faith and allegiance which, before God, they plighted to owe their country, and treacherously have taken up arms against the same; being convinced that they have been betrayed by false hopes, supported by deceit, and now find themselves deserted by our feeble and despairing enemy, and left unprotected to the vengeance of the State, to inflict those punishments due to their crimes, in tender compassion to the feelings of humanity to spare such who are willing to return, and to stay the hand of execution in the unnecessary effusion of the blood of citizens who may be reclaimed, I have thought fit to issue this my proclamation of pardon of such of the above persons who may surrender themselves before the 10th day of March next, on this express condition, that they immediately enlist in the Continental battalions, and there render a personal service for twelve months after the time of their rendezvous at headquarters, and having faithfully performed the same for the said term, it shall be deemed as having expiated their offences, and be entitled to, and be restored to the privileges of citizens. All officers finding men of this class guilty of murder, robbery, and housebreaking, to be precluded from the above notwithstanding; and I do hereby require the Honourable the Judges of the Superior Courts of law, of oyer and terminer, and general jail delivery, and all officers, civil and military, within the State to take notice of this my proclamation, and govern themselves accordingly. Given under my hand and seal at arms at Halifax this

25th of December, 1781, and in the sixth year of our Independence.

ALEXANDER MARTIN.

By his Excellency's command,

JOHN HAWKINS, D. Sec'y.

“*God save the State.*”

During Col. Isaac's stay at Coxe's Mill he ravaged the whole settlement, and burnt and destroyed a number of houses belonging to the friends of Government. They frequently applied to me privately for advice. I recommended it to them, if possible, to remain neutral, and make their peace; as it was entirely out of my power to protect or relieve them. A Capt. Stinson of this party took one of my men named David Jackson, and *hung him up without ceremony.* A few days before Col. Isaac's departure from Coxe's Mills, he sent out notice for the friends of Government to meet him, and he would give them protection agreeable to proclamation; but on their assembling, he made them prisoners of war, and marched them under a strong guard to Salisbury gaol. Not many days after, they broke out and knocking down the sentinels, made their escape except one, who was shot in the attempt.

Two Captains in each county were appointed by Col. Isaacs, on his leaving Coxe's Mill, to keep the friends of Government down; and were going with their own men continually through the country.

During all this time I was in the woods, and kept moving with a small party as occasion required. One evening I had assembled thirty men at a friend's house, and sent out spies; they soon returned with accounts of a party of rebels within four miles of us, distressing and plundering our friends. We immediately set forward to render our assistance, and got within half a mile of them. I then sent out to get information how they were situated, and receiving intelligence by break of day came upon them. We retook seven horses, which they had carried off, with a large quantity of baggage. We wounded two of them mor-

tally and several slightly; we came off without injury, except two horses wounded. The day following we pursued them to Cumberland county, and on my way I burnt Capt. Coxe's house, and his father's. I had also two skirmishes and killed two of the rebel party. On my return to little River I heard of a Capt. Golson who had been distressing the loyalists, and went in search of him myself, but unfortunately I did not meet him, but fell in with one of his men, who had been very assiduous in assisting the rebels. I killed him. I mounted a man of my own on his horse and returned back. I then took Capt. Currie and the man of my own before mentioned, and went with a design of burning Capt. Golson's house, which I did; and also two others. In my way I fell in with a man *who had been very anxious to have some of my men executed.* I sent him word to moderate and he should have nothing to fear, but if he persisted, I would certainly kill him. He took no notice of this, but persisted for several months, and on observing me that day, he attempted to escape; but I shot him.

Two days after Capt. Walker joined me, which made four of us, and hearing that one Thompson, a rebel magistrate, had taken up a horse belonging to one of my men, I went to claim him; he gave him up without hesitation, and upon examining what arms he had, he owned to one rifle, which I took from him; he also informed me that the rebels were willing to make peace with me on my own terms, and would allow me any limited bounds I would require, provided I would not be troublesome to them. I therefore concluded after consulting Capt. Walker and Currie, to demand the following terms, which I forwarded by a prisoner I had taken; and in order to convince them that my intentions were sincere, I released him for that purpose, *though he had been the means of murdering several.*

Terms required by Col. David Fanning from Gov. Burke, forwarded to him by Lawyer Williams and Capt.

Ramsay, of 1st battalion of North Carolina Continentals:

1. That every friend of the Government shall be allowed to return to their respective homes unmolested.

2. That they shall be under no restrictions of doing, or causing to be done, any thing prejudicial to his Majesty's service.

3. That they shall not be under any obligation to act in any public station, or ever to take up arms, or be compelled to do anything injurious to his Majesty's good government.

4. That they shall not pay, or cause to be paid, any taxes or money so levied by your laws during the continuance of the present war, to support your army by their industry. If these terms are granted, I request that they may be immediately conveyed to me at my quarters by a flag of truce, appointed for that purpose, and by such officers as I can rely upon, from your hands and seals.

If these terms are not granted you may depend upon my sword being continually unsheathed; as I am determined I will not leave one of your old offenders alive that has injured his Majesty's Government, and friends who would have been of service to your country in a future day, and I do hereby recommend it to you to govern yourselves accordingly.

Jan. 7th, 1782. DAVID FANNING,
Colonel.

JOSEPH CURRIE,
STEPHEN WALKER,
Captains.

To Mr. James Williams and Capt. Matthew Ramsay.

To be forwarded by them to the Commander in Chief for the time being, Hillsboro district.

I received the following answer from Lawyer Williams:

CHATHAM, Jan. 8th, 1782.

SIR,—I received yours by Mr. Riggan at the Court House on Sunday last, and immediately wrote to Gen. Butler on the subject of your surrender, as mentioned in yours. His answer is that he

cannot receive you himself but will directly write to the Governor, and as soon as he receives his answer, he will transmit it to Maj. Griffith, who will send it to Winsor Pearce's on Deep River. If I obtain liberty, I will bring it myself. In the meantime I would recommend a moderate conduct as the best step to bring matters to an accommodation. The bearer, Mr. Riffin, has executed the trust you reposed in him; I therefore hope you will restore to him his property. *For your civility to me when I was a prisoner, I will do anything I can in honour.* Concerning your surrender, Col. Ray and Col. McDougald have surrendered and gone to Charleston. I am informed by Col. Thackston I am exchanged with a number of other prisoners at Charleston under a cartel which is renewed. You may depend as soon as I get the Governor's answer, you shall know it.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
JAMES WILLIAMS.

COL. DAVID FANNING.

I also received another letter from Capt. Ramsay by another conveyance:

Jan. 8th, 1782.

SIR,—I saw a letter to Mr. Williams and observed what you say concerning my case. As to breaking my parole, that I am clear of; as Major Craig a few days before he left Wilmington sent a party of dragoons to where we were paroled at the Sound and ordered us under the main guard, whence I made my escape; which I am certain you will not blame me for, as you are well acquainted with my honour; when I was taken prisoner, I had it in my power to escape many a time, but as long as I was treated like a gentleman, or agreeably to the rules of war, I would rather suffer death than forfeit my honour. I observe what you say concerning your parole; *for the kind treatment I received at your hands, you may rely on it, anything Mr. Williams or myself can do for you in honour shall not be wanting.* Your letter I understand is transmitted to the Governor, who I make no doubt will comply with your request. For

my part I wish for nothing else but peace.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
MATTHEW RAMSAY.

I lay neutral until I got further accounts and on the 15th Jan., 1782, Messrs. Williams, Clark, and Burns, were kind enough to wait on me at Mr. Winsor Pearce's with respect to my former proposals which I had requested of them, with the letter as follows:

15th Jan., 1782.

SIR,—Agreeable to your request I have received order to offer you a parole on the terms you desired, thirty miles east and west, fifteen miles north and south. Hammond Coxe's mill to be the centre of your bounds. Should you incline to go to Charleston at a future day, let me know it, and I will endeavour to get you that liberty when I see the Governor.

You mentioned being waylaid; you may be assured that I know nothing of it. Mr. Williams, Mr. Clark and John Burns are the gentlemen that are kind enough to wait upon you with this flag, and a blank parole for you to sign, and they will give you a certificate for your security against any of the American troops to remain as prisoner of war in the bounds specified. You may rely on it, nothing dishonourable shall be done on my part; and I have the greatest reason to believe that you will act on the same principles. No inhabitants of this county shall be molested, either in person or property, who have not been guilty of wilful murder, or plundering; it is the duty of every honest man to bring all such to justice in order to restore harmony and peace once more to our country.

I am your obedient humble servant,
MATTHEW RAMSAY.

To Col. David Fanning
per flag.

Also the following letter was left at Mr. Pearce's by the three gentlemen before mentioned:

TUESDAY MORNING.

SIR,—Agreeable to Capt. Ramsay's letter left for you, we came up to Mr. Pearce's when we made no doubt of seeing you. I

have seen his instructions to parole you, and you may depend no trap is meant for you, to any of our knowledge. Ray and McDougald were received in the same manner, and no man offered to molest them. Our orders were to have returned last night, and the Light Horse under the command of Capt. Ramsay kept back until our return; therefore we cannot possibly stay any longer. If you incline to accept the terms offered, which Capt. Ramsay cannot alter, you will meet us at Baalam Thompson's with as many of your men as you please, such as can be received according to the terms you propose, and are your obedient servants.

JAMES WILLIAMS,
A. CLARK,
JNO. BURNS.

TO COL. DAVID FANNING.

In the course of this correspondence endeavouring to make peace, I had reason to believe they did not intend to be as good as their words; as three of their people followed Capt. Linley of mine, who had moved to Wittoguar, and cut him to pieces with their swords. I was immediately informed of it, and kept a look-out for them. Five days after their return, I took two of them and hung them, by way of retaliation, both on a limb of one tree, they being deserters from the British (Col. Hamilton's Regiment); the third made his escape. After this Col. Alstine, who was a prisoner of war at this time, came to me at Gen. Butler's request, to know if I was willing to come to any terms. I asked the reason why the Governor had not answered my letter, and what was the cause of their behaviour to Capt. Linley. I then, with a number of my officers, sat down and wrote the following letter to General Butler:

"SIR,—On Friday, the 7th of January last, I wrote to Mr. Williams the terms I was willing to come under; he wrote for answer that he could not comply with my terms until he had the approbation of the Governor. On Wednesday, the 11th January, a flag was to meet me at Winsor Pearce's with a letter. But on its approach it was waylaid by Capt. Golston with a party of men, which had more the

appearance of treachery than a wish for peace, had not the gentleman (Mr. Baalam Thompson) acted as honourable; for the minute he arrived he let me know it, and declared himself innocent. This gave me reason to think he would act with honour. Still on the 15th January, Messrs. Williams, Clark, and Burns, the three gentlemen that were kind enough to wait upon me, with a blank parole, and letter from Capt. Ramsay—who mentioned in his letter that my request was granted by the Governor; in the meantime, the gentlemen waiting on me at the place appointed, there came around a company from the Hawfields, commanded by Capt. Scorely, which plainly and evidently appeared to me there was nothing but treachery meant." On Sunday, the 10th of February, I fell in the rear of Capt. Colestons and Capt. Hinds, and following their trail, came on them at dark. After some firing that night I rode off, and came on them next morning, and we came upon terms of peace till I could write to their superior officer, for which I consulted my officers, and we joined hand and heart to comply with the terms hereunder written.

"We, the Subscribers, do acknowledge ourselves subjects to his Britannic Majesty, as you are well assured of our fidelity, zeal, and loyalty to his Majesty's Government, as it has been daily the case that we have been destroying one another's property to support and uphold our opinions, and we are hereby willing to come to a cession of arms, not under six months, nor exceeding twelve; conditions underwritten.

1. Our request is from Cumberland, twenty miles N. & S., and thirty miles E. & W., to be totally clear of your Light Horse.

2nd. Request is for every man that has been in actual arms, in a permanent manner, in order to establish a British Government (except those who have deserted from a regular troop that has voluntarily listed themselves), them we do obligate to deliver up, and each and every man that are at liberty, shall have a right to withdraw themselves in said district.

3rd. If any of our men should go out of

said district to plunder, or distress, or murder any of the American party, we will, by information made to me, Major Rains, or any of the Captains, return their names (if the request is granted); they shall immediately be apprehended and sent by any officer appointed by you to be tried by your own laws.

4th. If any of your party shall be caught plundering, stealing or murdering, or going private paths with arms, signifying as if they were for mischief, these are to be left to our pleasure to deal with as we see cause agreeable to our laws. All public roads to be travelled by any person or company unmolested if he behave himself as becomes an honest man, or any army or company or waggons keeping the public roads.

5th. Every person that has been in actual arms in manner aforesaid, in order to support or establish a British Government, shall not be interrupted of their arms, provisions, person or property. If any one residing within the said district who are subjects to the States that you should want provisions or any other article from, by sending to either of the officers that I shall appoint for that purpose or use, we will send a sufficient guard to see them safe in and out unmolested. Quakers excepted from anything whatever.

6th. That I will not in the meantime disturb or distress any person or persons abiding by your laws in said district. All back plundering shall be void, as it is impossible to replace or restore all the plunder on either side.

7th. Our request is to have free trade with any port with waggons, or on horseback without arms; with a pass from any appointed officer for salt or any other necessaries and use, except the two Coxe's mills, to be free from any incumbrance of all armies belonging to the Americans.

8th. Any of my men that has been returned a Continental without taking the bounty, that has been in actual service as above mentioned, shall return in said district.

9th. If our request is granted as above written I request it may be sent to me by

8th of March, as I may forward my further determinations; if I cannot have any request granted, I shall exact and point out every feasible measure in order to suppress every person in arms against his Britannic Majesty. I am your most obedient humble servant.

Given under my hand at arms as aforesaid.

DAVID FANNING, *Col. Com. Loyal Militia.*

JOHN RAINS, *Major Loyal Militia.*

WILLIAM RAINS, *Captain.*

JOHN CAGLE, *Captain.*

WM. PRICE, *Captain.*

ABNER SMALLY, *Captain.*

JACOB MANNIES, *Lieutenant.*

*To John Butler, Gen'l of Hillsboro District
Pr favour of Col. Philip Alstine.*

A copy of a letter received from Gen. Butler:

MOUNT PLEASANT, 5th March, 1782.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of 26th of last month was handed to me last night. I have observed the contents. Had you proposed that you and the men now in actual service with you would have taken a parole to some certain bounds, until you could have been sent to Charleston to be exchanged, I should have entered on that business. But as your propositions are many, and some of them uncustomary in like cases, I conceive it out of my power. However, his Excellency Governor Burke is now at Halifax, and I will send him your letter with the proposals to him by express. This is now the 5th day of March; of course, it must be several days after the 8th before his answer can come to hand; in the meantime it may be as well to postpone the desperate measures you have in contemplation.

I am your obedient servant,

JOHN BUTLER, *B.G. for*

Hillsboro District.

P.S.—If you would not choose to be confined to bounds any length of time, it might be contrived so that you might be sent off immediately under an escort of my appointing to General Greene. He has promised me to have all such exchanged which I send to his quarters.

JOHN BUTLER, *B.G.*

About the 7th of March, 1782, Capt. Walker and Currie of the Loyal Militia fell in with a party of rebels and came to an engagement, and fired for some time, till the rebels had fired all their ammunition, and then wished to come to terms of peace between each party; and no plundering, killing or murdering should be committed by either party or side, which was to be concluded upon by each Colonel for such certain limited bounds which were to be agreed upon by each Colonel; and if they could not agree, each party was to lie neutral until matters were made known respecting the terms which they wished to agree upon; soon after which my men came to me and informed what they had done; we received the rebel Col. Balfour's answer, that "there was no resting place for a Tory's foot upon the earth." He also immediately sent out his party, and on the 10th I saw the same company coming to a certain house where we were fiddling and dancing. We immediately prepared ourselves in readiness to receive them, their number being twenty-seven and our number only seven; we immediately mounted our horses, and went some little distance from the house and commenced a fire, for some considerable time; night coming on they retreated, and left the ground.

On the 12th of March my men being all properly equipped, assembled together in order to give them a small scourge, which we set out for. On Balfour's plantation, where we came upon him, he endeavoured to make his escape; but we soon prevented him, having fired at him and wounded him. The first ball he received was through one of his arms, and ranged through his body; the other through his neck; which put an end to his committing any more ill deeds.

We also wounded another of his men. We then proceeded to their Colonel's (Collier), belonging to said county of Randolph; on our way we burnt several rebel houses and caught several prisoners, the night coming on and the distance to

said Collier's was so far, that it was late before we got there. He made his escape, having received three balls through his shirt, but I took care to destroy the whole of his plantation. I then pursued our route, and came to one Capt. John Bryan's, another rebel officer. I told him if he would come out of the house, I would give him a parole, which he refused, saying that he had taken a parole from Lord Cornwallis, swearing by God, he had broken that and that he would also break our Tory parole. With that I immediately ordered the house to be set on fire, which was instantly done, and as soon as he saw the flames of the fire increasing, he called out to me, and desired me to spare his house for his wife's and children's sake, and he would walk out with his arms in his hands. I immediately answered him, that if he walked out his house should be saved for his wife and children. He came out, and when he came out he said, "Here, damn you, here I am." With that he received two balls, one through his head and one through his body; he came out with his gun cocked, and sword at the same time.

Next day I proceeded to one Major Dugin's house, or plantation, and I destroyed all his property, and all the rebel officers' property in the settlement for the distance of forty miles.

On our way I caught a commissary from Salisbury who had some of my men prisoners and almost perished them, and wanted to hang some of them. I carried him immediately to a certain tree, *where they had hung one of my men by the name of Jackson*, and delivered him up to some of my men, whom he had treated ill when prisoners; and they immediately hung him. After hanging fifteen minutes they cut him down. In the meantime there was about 300 rebels who had embodied themselves and came after us; on account of the rainy weather our guns would not fire on either side. We were obliged to retreat, on account of their numbers being so much superior. We had received no damage.

(To be continued).

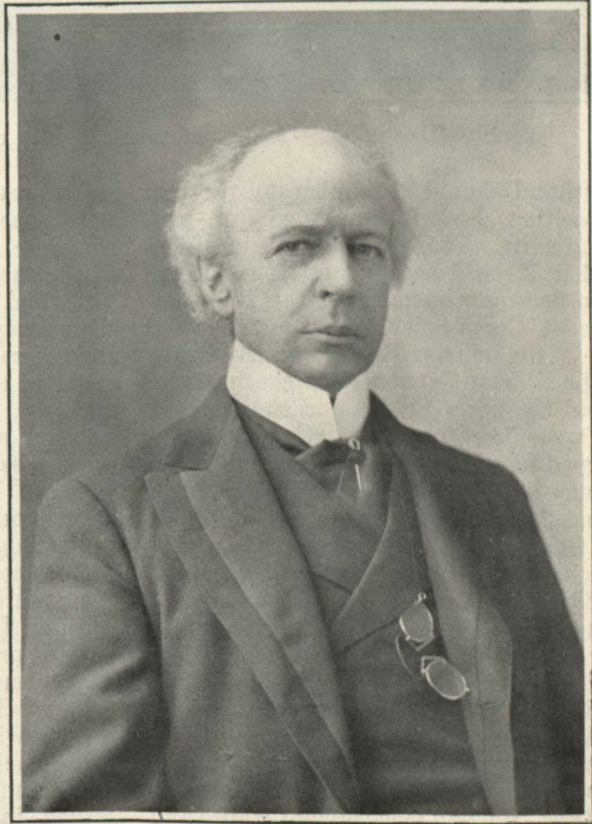
The Washington of the North

By M. O. SCOTT

THE transformation of the capital of Canada into a city of parks and drives is being realised more rapidly than most people are aware.

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier first spoke of Ottawa becoming the Washington of the North, a large portion of the city was in a state of neglected ruggedness. Scenes of virgin beauty were almost inaccessible. Picturesque stretches of land and water were disfigured with building debris and city refuse. Rocky wilds and tangled bush intercepted and destroyed many a view of near or distant loveliness. Much of this has been changed. Stagnant ponds have been filled, rocks blasted, trees felled where they were not wanted and others planted where required, rough land levelled, running streams brought into requisition and lakes formed. Nature's glories are not obliterated but revealed. This is part of the work the Improvement Commissioners have accomplished and done well and are still doing, a labour Sir Wilfrid himself would delight in were he once out of public life. "If

the occasion ever occurs," said the Prime Minister, replying to Ottawa's civic address of welcome on his return from the colonial conference of 1907,



SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
who looks forward to Ottawa becoming picturesquely as well as
legislatively the Washington of the North

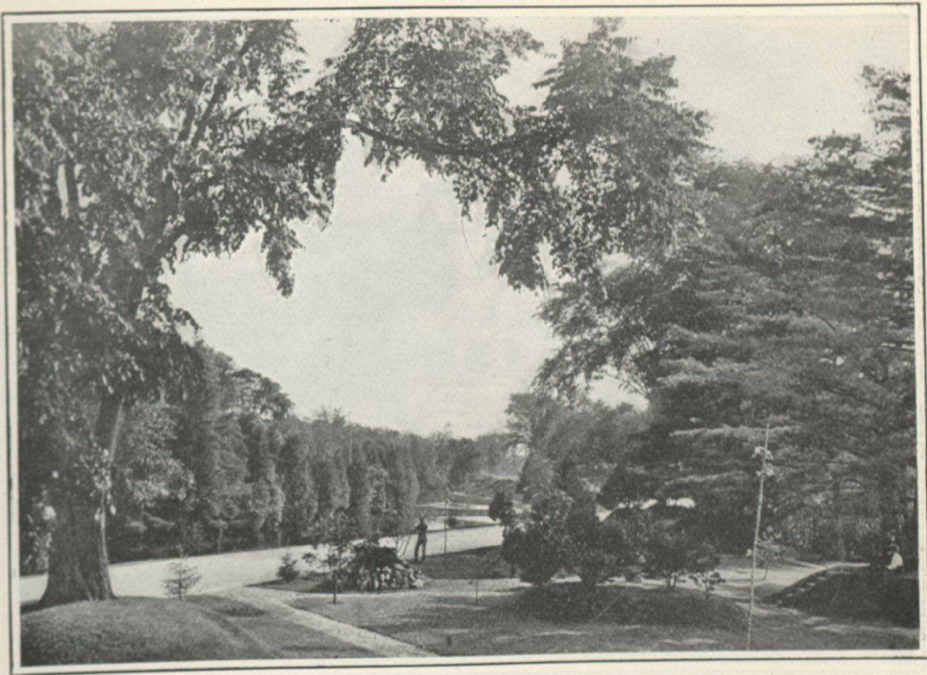


RIDEAU CANAL DRIVEWAY. A LAKE NEAR THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS IN LANDSDOWNE PARK

“that I should relinquish my present position, I shall simply go into private life. There is only one position that I could accept, and it would be to become a member of the Improvement Commission of Ottawa.”

With Laurier Bridge, which crosses the Rideau Canal a little south of the old Sapper's Bridge and the General Post-office, for a starting point, a good idea of the Commissioners' plans may be had. To the east, a driveway has been completed to Rideau Hall (Government House) gates, a distance of fully three miles, by way of King street, now King Edward avenue, with shade trees, boulevards and various improvements where needed, and Minto Bridge, built over the Rideau River from the north end of King Edward avenue, where the waste land has been turned into a park, to MacKay street and Union street. Beyond Government House and extending through the Rockcliffe and National parks, fine substantial drives have been carried to Rockcliffe rifle

range, seven miles from the General Post-office, commanding at the most romantic points thirty to sixty miles of the far-famed Gatineau valley and hills and the Laurentian range, in their ever-changing hues of purple and emerald and gold. Rockcliffe Park contains an area of eighty-two acres, and the National Park about one hundred and fourteen acres, both giving access to the eighty acres of Government House grounds and Beachwood and Notre Dame cemeteries, containing over two hundred acres. The scenery of the two parks and in their vicinity is of the most diversified and fascinating character, unsurpassed probably anywhere on the American continent in many of its aspects. It may be mentioned, in connection with Rockcliffe Park, that their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess Grey, who are both skilled in landscape gardening and have taken a keen interest in the park, have from time to time offered valuable suggestions for improvement



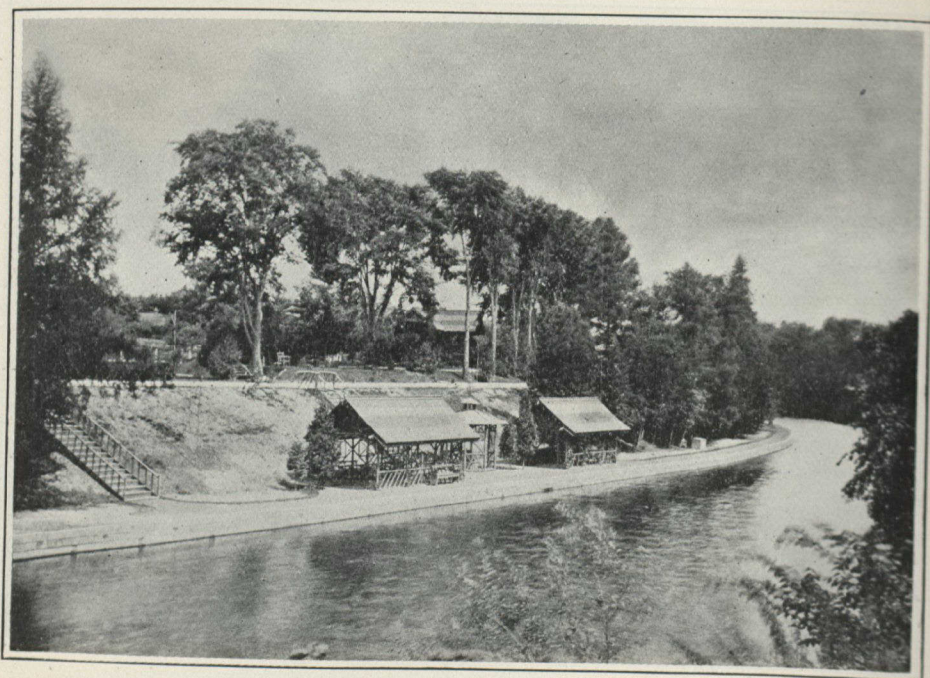
RIDEAU CANAL DRIVEWAY, WEST OF BANK STREET

for which the Commission took the opportunity in their last report of expressing their thanks. By personal direction of his Excellency a number of trees have been felled and underbush removed where the growth was too thick, "thus giving picturesque glimpses of the river flowing past the park and opening up beautiful vistas of the Laurentian Mountains in the distance." His Excellency, on one occasion, speaking to Mr. Cunningham of the panorama unfolded from where he was standing in the shade of a large tree, said: "I have been around the world, but this is one of the finest landscapes I have ever seen."

In the eastern section also, on the west bank of the Rideau River, from the high ground of Sandy Hill, one of the most fashionable residence parts of the capital, to the ridge on which the targets of the Rideau rifle range once stood, the Commissioners have created a most attractive park of eighteen acres out of the old range,

with a couple of miniature lakes from the river and rocky mounds at intervals crowned and covered with thousands of shrubs and flowers. An embankment along the river front is utilised for drives and walks, and paths lead in every direction. Shade trees are planted the whole length of the embankment, drives and walks.

To the west, a driveway has been finished from Laurier Bridge to the Experimental Farm, along the Rideau canal reserve, through the Exhibition grounds and thence by a solid causeway through Dow's Lake, twenty-two feet deep at the water's edge. This causeway is a marvel of cheap and effective construction. A party of professors from the Washington of the South, after the road was finished, drove over it. The party with one accord stopped at the causeway. One of them said: "I have been in Venice, but never saw this equalled." Footpaths extend the whole length of the driveway, four and one-eighth miles, and at frequent intervals rustic sum-



RIDEAU CANAL DRIVEWAY, WEST OF RIDEAU CANAL

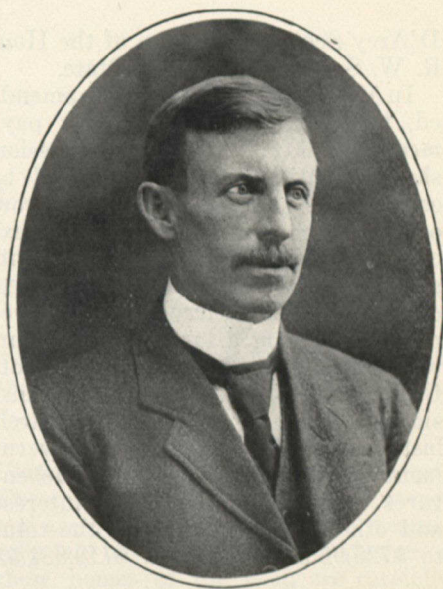
mer houses or Kiosks have been placed. East of the Exhibition ground an artificial lake has been formed, filled with aquatic plants and spanned by a rustic bridge. To quote from that portion of the Commissioners' report which refers to this section, "the boulevards and parkways on each side of the roadway and between the footpaths have been sodded, the driveway is ornamented with trees, shrubs and flowers of many species and varieties and what was formerly a rough, weed-covered, unsightly piece of ground is now a constant source of pleasure to citizens generally and to the large number of strangers who visit the city."

Work has been commenced on another driveway in this section, across the city, from Rideau Canal to Concession street, which will be known as Monkland and Clemow avenues. It will penetrate the bush above Patterson's Creek, thereby making an alternative route to the Experimental Farm, with the choice of going one

way and returning the other. The land in the vicinity of Patterson's Creek, which for years has been used as a dumping ground, will be converted into a delightful park of twenty-seven acres, eight of which are to be water. The work already done on this division and on the Rideau Canal driveway together cover a distance of close on six miles. Plans are under consideration for another extensive drive from the Experimental Farm to the Ottawa River, a distance of four and three-quarter miles, with parks. The point at which the driveway is to reach the river is Remoux's Rapids, where there are three small islands, which are already natural parks, one of eight acres and the other two of about four acres, each to be connected with the shore and one another by light bridges. Among the other improvements in the western section of the city is the conversion of a piece of vacant ground of two or three acres on Somerset street into an ornamental open space. From a



HENRY N. BATE,
Chairman of the Ottawa Improvement Commission



S. E. O'BRIEN,
Secretary of the Ottawa Improvement Commission

sandy, ugly blotch of weeds it has been turned into a pretty little breathing spot and becomes the Alameda of Ottawa. The Government Reserve, on the west bank of the Rideau Canal and adjoining the south side of Sapper's Bridge, in the heart of the city, has also been made into a park.

The Commission came into existence under an Act of the Dominion Parliament in 1899. The Act provided for the payment of an annual grant of \$60,000 and the appointment of four Commissioners. Commissions were issued on the 21st December, 1899, to Henry N. Bate, chairman, Joseph Riopelle and Chartres R. Cunningham, all of Ottawa, the fourth Commissioner, appointed by the Corporation of the City of Ottawa, being the then Mayor, Mr. Thomas Payment. A Commission was also issued, bearing the same date, appointing Stephen E. O'Brien secretary. The Commission appointed Charles Murphy as solicitor and Robert Surtees, C.E., as engineer. In 1902, the Act

was amended, increasing the number of Commissioners to eight. Commissions were accordingly issued to Sir William Hingston and Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, of Montreal, and Hon. T. F. Frost, of Smith's Falls, Ont., Senators, and Mr. George O'Keefe, Police Magistrate of the Capital. On the death of Sir William Hingston, Sir Sandford Fleming was appointed to the vacancy. Mr. Surtees, who prepared the original plans of the improvements and lived long enough to see some of them carried to a satisfactory completion, died in 1896, and was succeeded by Mr. Alexander Stuart, of Ottawa, who has proved himself exceptionally well qualified for the position by training, taste, and practical experience. The excellent work Mr. Surtees did in the execution of a task the difficulties of which can only be appreciated by those who are personally familiar with the ground he had to deal with, is universally recognised. The present representative of the Corporation of the City of Ottawa on the Commission is Mr.

D'Arcy Scott, Mayor, son of the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State.

In 1903 the Act was further amended, to provide that the yearly payment of \$60,000 to the Commission should continue until 1919, and to empower the Commission to borrow on debentures bearing interest not exceeding four and one-half per cent. a sum not exceeding \$250,000 to purchase land and carry out improvements requiring a larger outlay than was available out of the yearly grant. Under these provisions the Commission received up to the 31st March last year \$465,000 from the Government grant, \$256,930.45 from debentures and small sums from interest and other sources, bringing the total to \$725,965.50, of which \$719,881.55

was expended. All the work undertaken by the Commission, except the construction of Minto Bridge, which was done under contract, has been performed by day labour.

In conclusion, it may be said, that it is only necessary to take a trip over the driveways constructed by the Commission to be satisfied that here, if anywhere in Canada, the country has received full value for its money, and that, so far as parks and ornamental roadways and open spaces and picturesque views are concerned, Ottawa is in sober truth fast becoming, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier promised, the Washington of the North, and well worthy in that respect of the distinction of being the capital of this great and growing Dominion of Canada.

To My Valentine

By OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

There shines afar
 A star,
 Whose lustrous light,
 Fair as white beams
 In dreams,
 Makes bright the night.

Love, like that star
 You are
 Its counterpart;
 Come weel or woe,
 You glow,
 Star o' my heart!

The Towers of Silence

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

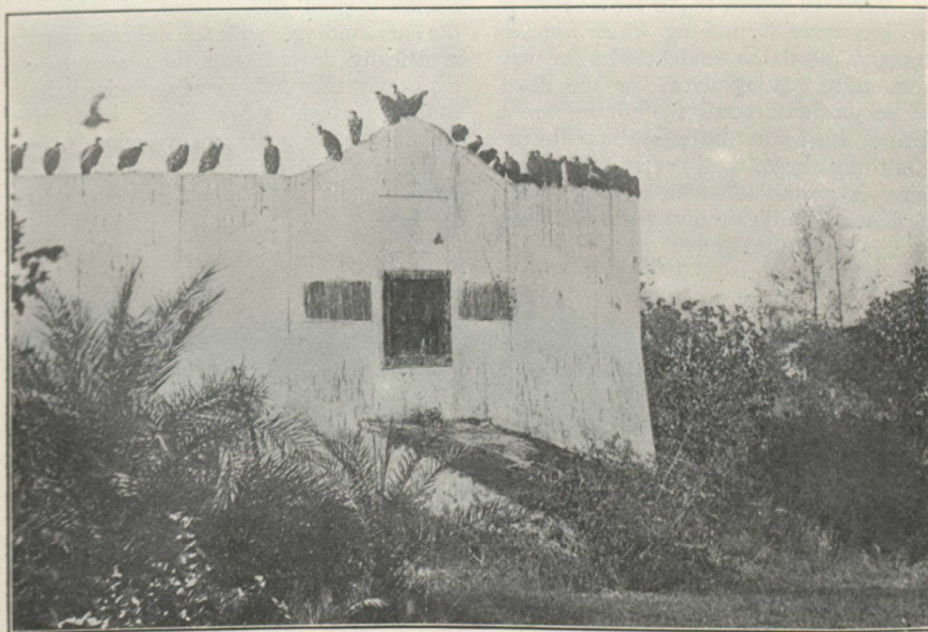
The Parsees leave their dead uncovered to the sun and vultures—a strange custom

HERODOTUS tells us that “the body of a male Persian is never buried until it has been torn either by a dog or a bird of prey.”

The Parsees, who descended from the Persians, do not quite go as far as that, but they believe in exposing the corpse to the purifying agency of the sun, and permit it to be eaten by vultures. So one sees wherever the Parsees have settled in India the Dokhmas, or Towers of

Silence, where the dead are deposited. These round towers are built of stone, and are generally surrounded by beautifully laid-out gardens. The seclusion of these homes of the dead are carefully preserved, and no European is allowed to peep within.

Round the interior are arranged niches in which the bodies are placed. There are three tiers—one for the men and smaller ones for the women and children.



VULTURES WAITING TO DEVOUR THE BODIES AT A PERSIAN BURIAL PLACE

In the centre is a deep pit into which through the gratings the bones fall. I have watched the funeral procession slowly wending its way towards the Silent Tower. Led by the priest with solemn tread through the flowering bushes and neatly kept paths, the white-cloaked party advances.

Already a number of horrible vultures have appeared as if by magic and perched themselves, with wide-open mouths, waiting for their prey along the wall. Then the door of the tower opens. The corpse is uncovered and laid out in the inches. There is hardly standing room for the birds. The door closes and in a few minutes the air is full of screeching vultures. In half an hour all that remains of the Parsee are the bones which lie under the great Indian sun to whiten and disappear.

It seems strange that these Towers of Silence are built in the midst of the European quarter, in the fashionable part of Bombay, amidst the palm trees on Malabon Hill, surrounded by the bungalows of the merchant kings of the East. Yet, with all the associations connected with the last rites of the funeral and the aftermath, which to our ideas seems so horrible, there is nothing which appears objectionable to the residents who live near these weird resting-places for the dead.

The gardens round the towers are a blaze of flowers at all times, the paths are beautifully kept, and every European visitor is permitted (with a card of admission) to wander round the walls when

there is no funeral. The Parsees themselves are a wonderful race. One sees them everywhere in Bombay; indeed, this gateway of the empire might be a Parsee city, for the streets of the business part of the town are full of the merchants and bankers, and they give largely to charities. The great Jamsetjee Seejeebhoy Hospital was built and endowed by one of them of that name. The Taj-Mahal Hotel, the best hotel in India, and one of the finest buildings in Bombay, was constructed by another.

And the Parsees are lawyers and doctors, educated at their colleges, and at Oxford or Cambridge, and who have walked the great hospitals in London and taken degrees. They have their clubs and playgrounds, and have proved themselves great exponents at the English national game of cricket. Thousands watch the annual match in Bombay between a picked eleven of the Presidency and their own team.

In the cool of the evening one sees their ladies walking along the sea front, and sitting in their carriages listening to the military band at the European Club.

At the races and at the theatres the Parsee women give a touch of colour to the surroundings, with the delicate shawls artistically draped over their oval faces, with their men folk wearing their curious Beretta-shaped, shiny black hats, for their heads are never uncovered.

There is that freemasonry amongst the Parsees that binds them together like the Jews.



French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

NOW, with the fourth class of our French-Canadian folk-lore, that is the legends which are more or less connected with the history of the country. We have three good illustrations of this class of legend in the story of Cadieux, immortalised by a touching *complainte*, in the phantom fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker, and in the legendary trial and execution of *La Corriveau*.

Is there anything more poetical than those five canoes with women and children running to escape the Iroquois, the terrible hazard of the Seven Falls rapids, on the Ottawa, guided by a woman in white gliding on the floating mist at the head of the crafts, while the self-sacrificing Cadieux, the illiterate young poet of the wilderness, shoots his gun in the woods above to attract the attention of the enemy and save his comrades? Is there anything more touching than the finding of the poor fellow half buried in the grave dug with his own hands, and bearing on his dead breast his poetical farewell to the world, written on a piece of bark? And, mind you, all the details of this story—with, of course, the exception of the woman in white, where the legend comes in—are strictly historical. Do you think a more thrilling and poetical episode could ever be found in the history of any other nation? And both the picture and the frame are ours, exclusively ours in all its aspects.

The wreck of Sir Hovenden Walker's expedition against Quebec, in 1711, is too familiar to everybody for me to enter into any details about it. There were between sixty and seventy ships in the squadron, of which about fifteen were

regular men-of-war, and the rest consisted of frigates, transports, bombs and galleys, many of which were also armed. A terrible disaster awaited them. On the twenty-second of August, the fleet, lost in a fog, was wrecked on the rocks of Egg Island, at the place since called *Pointe-aux-Anglais*. Eight men-of-war were lost with several other vessels of less importance; and the rest of the squadron had, of course, to abandon the enterprise, to the great delight of the French colony utterly unprepared for such an invasion.

Since the terrible ordeal, a wonderful legend has been lingering on that spot. According to all the fishermen of the coast, on foggy days, a strange vision is often to be seen, at the very place where the disaster happened; it is nothing less than the phantom ships of Admiral Walker, which suddenly appear mounted by sailors and soldiers in ancient uniforms, strike the breakers, and vanish in a wild clamour of distress. I have personally questioned several inhabitants of the place; and, strange to say, none of them seemed to entertain the slightest doubt as to the reality of the periodical apparition.

The history of *La Corriveau* is less known, and so deserves a little more attention. Marie-Josette *Corriveau* was a handsome young woman of St. Valliers, a parish situated a few miles below Quebec. She was tried for the murder of her two consecutive husbands. The trial took place before a Court Martial—the only tribunal then existing in Quebec, as Canada had been ceded to England by France but a few days after the crime—and was very dramatic indeed. The evidence consisted

principally in the declarations of a young girl named Isabelle Sylvain, and sentence of death was about to be pronounced on the prisoner, when her father, a white-haired old man, overwhelmed with anguish and despairing of any other means to save his daughter, arose suddenly before the court, confessed to be himself the murderer, and surrendered as such. His unnatural child consented to the sacrifice, and impassibly allowed the supreme sentence to be pronounced against this martyr of paternal affection.

The unexpected confession of the old man had, of course, destroyed the poor girl Sylvain's evidence. Her declarations were ascribed to motives of hatred for the accused; she was convicted of perjury, and condemned to receive fifty lashes on her bare back, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter P.

The superior of the Quebec Jesuits at that time, Rev. Father Clapion, was called to attend the self-convicted murderer. After hearing his confession, he impressed on the old man that, even had he the right to dispose of his own life, he could not, as a Christian, cause an unfortunate girl to suffer for a crime of which she was innocent. The devoted father had generously given his life to save his daughter's, but he would not sacrifice his soul, and the real facts were communicated to the authorities. A fresh trial took place. Marie-Josette Corriveau was condemned to death and executed on the Plains of Abraham, after having been lashed three times, once in the locality where the crime had been committed, once in the Quebec market place, and once under the scaffold. After the execution the body was locked up, naked, in an iron cage which was suspended to a tall gibbet on the heights of Lévis, just opposite Quebec, at a cross-roads half way between the churches of St. Joseph and Bienville. This cage was a curious framework of solid iron, bearing the exact shape of a human body. There was head, trunk and limbs, all outlined in heavy iron bands, riveted and held together by cross-pieces, and surmounted by a hook turning in a socket.

The terror inspired by this frightful sight, in those days of superstition, can

be readily imagined. The body confined in this horrible iron skeleton, turned and swung with outstretched arms, a lure to birds of prey, and soon became the subject of a thousand awful tales. According to popular rumour, La Corriveau used to come down from her gibbet to track benighted habitants on their way home. When darkness was thickest, she would steal into the churchyard, and tearing open some fresh-made grave, she would glut her horrible appetite, the bodies of impenitent souls being considered her property by right.

At sunset doors were solidly barred for miles round. Wherever the spectre halted in its wanderings, the spot was cursed and was sure to be the scene of dreadful mishap, until the priest had, by exorcism, removed the bane. Under the gibbet, the grass was scorched to the root. Here, goblins, evil spirits and *loups-garous* met for the celebration of diabolical mysteries. Many trustworthy persons had seen gigantic black brutes of hideous shape stand there on their hind legs and grow and grow in height until their snouts reached the suspended skeleton, and whispered fearful unknown secrets in its ear.

At other times, 'twas said, specially on Saturdays, when midnight tolled from the belfry tower of the Citadel of Quebec, the gibbet became silent; and, gliding slowly through the inky darkness, a strange and formidable phantom might be seen wending its way to the river side, adding at each heavy step the clinking of chains and fetters to the horrors of the night. Those who still happened to be awake in the neighbourhood fell on their knees, crossed themselves tremblingly, and prayed. It was La Corriveau going to keep vigil and dance a saraband with the sorcerers and witches of the Island of Orleans—*Les Sorciers de l'Île*, as they were called.

What were those *Sorciers de l'Île*?

Imagine a manner of cyclops of infernal aspect, with a mouth split from ear to ear, and a solitary rhinoceros tooth, movable at will from one jaw to the other. Monster heads with a single eye blazing like a forge-fire under a blood-oozing eyelid. Toad-like pustulous abdomens, with long and filmy frog's feet, with arms like im-

mense spider legs provided with lobster claws. Add to all this the horns of a bull, forked tails twisting and wriggling like a batch of snakes, and a breath rolling in sulphurous vapour from their nostrils, polluting the atmosphere all about for acres around!

At stated hours of the night, these ghastly beings congregated on the south beach of the island, in some hollow and dark cove, where they built large fires; and, by the red glare, screeching, yelping, howling and distorting themselves in all manner and shapes, they clattered, rattled, and made an infernal hubbub, while a still-born infant roasted on a spit, to be served up at some abominable banquet. And then, leaping, waddling, tramping and stamping, they would squeal out some dreadful strain, to which the people on the opposite shore listened in terror.

It was in this company that La Corribeau was said to spend an hour or two, every Saturday night, as a reprieve from her confinement. Before the break of dawn, she would steal back to her dread station, and swing again her ghastly iron cage in the wind.

This could not last forever. One Sunday morning, the parishioners, on their way to mass, no longer saw the dreadful skeleton hanging on its hook. Rumour said the monster had been carried off by the devil. But this part of the legend at least was destroyed, in 1849, by the finding of the famous relic buried in the cemetery of St. Joseph. It disappeared again in a few weeks later, but the devil this time was called P. T. Barnum. The remnants can be seen to-day in the Boston Museum, in a glass case bearing the inscription "From Quebec."

The Tale of the Years

By OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

Summer and Winter and Spring,
Heat and the cold and the rain;
This is the tale the years bring,
Blessing and bane.
Labour and reaping that's sweet,
Twilight and day and the night,
Seed and the soil and the wheat,
Darkness and light.
God made His earth for man,
Home for a little span.

Sowing and gleaning and rest,
Sorrow and mirth and a smile,
Glow in the east—in the west,
Day for a while.
Flowers to garland the earth,
Flowers to lay o'er the dead;
Tears and some sighs and some mirth,
Earth for a bed.
God gives His call to man
After a little span.

The Canadian Flag

By JOHN S. EWART

A suggestion for Canadian clubs

THE Union Jack is the jack or symbol of the union of England, Scotland and Ireland. It is a compound of the individual jacks of the three kingdoms. When England and Scotland united, the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew were amalgamated; when Ireland joined the union, the cross of St. Patrick was compounded with the other two, and now all three may be seen upon the Union Jack. If by any other adhesion, the union were further expanded, the flag of the newcomer would be incorporated with the Union Jack. A flag should denote correctly the sovereignty which it represents. And if Imperial Federation should ever be consummated—if instead of a British Empire, consisting of one dominant State and a conglomeration of subservient States, we should ever have a federal union of all or many of these States, the flag which had symbolised the union of England, Scotland and Ireland would be quite inappropriate and inadequate for the representation of the new sovereignty.

The flag of a country is properly used not only within its own geographical limits, but wherever its ownership and jurisdiction extends. Over every subject-territory, and over all its ships, the metropolitan flag is properly flown. When the United Kingdom takes possession of some hitherto unappropriated territory, her

officers hoist her flag in assertion of her ownership and sovereignty. The flag symbolises ownership and jurisdiction. Where these are absent the flag has no right to fly.

At one time Canada was within the ownership and jurisdiction of the United Kingdom. The Union Jack was then her fitting flag—it truly indicated her subjection to the country whose flag she flew. But it is not now as appropriate as it was. It is rapidly becoming still less so. And instinctively—to almost all of us quite unconsciously—our national aspirations have been urging us to the adoption of some symbol which would represent our Canadian nationality.

Almost immediately after federation in 1867—the great union which made Canadian nationality possible—our shipowners commenced the practice of placing the heraldic arms of Canada as a badge upon the flag of the red ensign (a). They had no right to do so. Their ships were British ships, and ought to have carried the flag prescribed by the Admiralty (b). But the Admiralty at first made no

(a) The red ensign is the flag of the British mercantile marine. It is a red flag, with the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner.

(b) It must not be thought, however, that there was no precedent for defacing (to use heraldic phrase) a national flag with a private badge. For example, in 1868 (16th December) the Colonial Secretary notified

objection to the practice. On the contrary, a notification was sent by its Board to the Colonial Office (22nd May, 1874) to the effect that

"no objection would be raised to any vessel registered as belonging to one of Her Majesty's Colonies flying the red ensign with the badge of the Colony in the fly."

The Admiralty soon changed its mind, and on the 25th July of the following year intimated to the Colonial Secretary that the only proper flag for the colonial mercantile marine was "the red ensign without any badge."

Canadian shipowners took little notice of this inhibition, and finally an Imperial statute (c) was passed to put us straight:—

1. "The red ensign usually worn by merchant ships without any defacement or modification whatsoever, is hereby declared to be the proper national colours for all ships and boats belonging to any subject of Her Majesty, except in the case of Her Majesty's ships or boats or in the case of any other ship or boat for the time being allowed to wear any other national colours in pursuance of a warrant from Her Majesty or from the Admiralty."

Canada was notified of the passing of this statute (3rd October, 1889), and at the same time was informed that there would

"be no objection to colonial merchant vessels carrying distinguishing flags with the badge of the colony thereon, in addition to the red ensign."

That was not, however, what Canada wanted, and an application was made (30th June, 1890) under the provisions of the statute

"for the issue of a general warrant which will permit Canadian registered ships to fly the red ensign usually worn by merchant ships with the Canadian coat of arms."

the Governor-General that colonial government ships, sailed under 28 Vic. c. 14, s. 3, "shall use the blue ensign with the seal or badge of the Colony in the fly thereof." By an Imperial Order-in-Council of 7th August, 1869, it was provided that Colonial Governors were "to fly the Union Jack with the arms or badge of the Colony emblazoned in the centre thereof."

(c) 52, 3 Vic., c. 73.

Objection being made, the Canadian Government passed an Order-in-Council (31st October, 1890) in support of the previous application, and Sir Charles Tupper wrote to the Governor-General (Lord Stanley) on the 13th November, 1890, saying that

"Since about 1869 our ships have been encouraged by the Government of Canada to use the red ensign with the Canadian coat of arms in the fly. . . These ships are in every quarter of the globe."

Afterwards (7th November, 1891) Vice-Admiral Watson, then stationed at Halifax, wrote to the Governor-General:

"I have read with much interest the correspondence relating to the Canadian flag. It will certainly be a great pity if the Home Government insist on its abolition. As a matter of feeling and sentiment, I know for certain it will cause very great dissatisfaction in the colony, and I can see no good result from the enforcement of the order, but on the contrary I think a change enforced might give rise to trouble and will certainly cause general ill-feeling. They are proud of their flag, and their pride in my opinion should be encouraged and not dampened."

The Governor-General took the same view, and in writing to the Colonial Secretary (12th December, 1891), referred to the use of the red ensign with the Canadian badge not only at sea but on shore, where its appearance had become somewhat general:

"It has been one of the objects of the Dominion, as of Imperial policy, to emphasise the fact that, by Confederation, Canada became not a mere assemblage of Provinces, but one united Dominion, and though no actual order has ever been issued, the Dominion Government has encouraged by precept and example the use on all public buildings throughout the Provinces of the red ensign, with the Canadian badge in the fly.

"Of course it may be replied that no restriction exists with respect to flags which may be hoisted on shore, but I submit that *the flag is one which has come to be considered as the recognised flag of the Dominion*, both ashore and afloat, and on sentimental grounds I think there is much to be said for its retention, as it expresses at once the unity of the several Provinces of the

Dominion and the identity of their flag with the colours hoisted by the ships of the mother country."

Lord Stanley added that the enforcement of the order

"would be attended with an amount of unpopularity very disproportionate to the occasion, and at a moment when it is *more than usually important to foster rather than to check an independent spirit in the Dominion* which, combined with loyal sentiments towards the mother country, I look upon as the only possible barrier to the annexationist feeling which is so strongly pressed upon us by persons acting in the interests of the United States." (d)

Thus urged the Admiralty gave way (2nd February, 1892), at the same time retaining its opinion that

"there are not unimportant objections to interference with the simplicity and uniformity of national colours. Whatever is conceded to Canada will almost certainly be claimed by the other Colonial Governments."

The warrant issued by the Admiralty (2nd February, 1892) is as follows:

"We do, therefore, by virtue of the power and authority vested in us, hereby warrant and authorise the red ensign of Her Majesty's fleet with the Canadian coat of arms in the fly, to be used on board vessels registered in the Dominion."

The Admiralty's warrant was of course limited to the use of the flag on vessels. The Admiralty has no control over its use on shore. That is a matter for Canadians themselves. From their own flagstaffs, they may fly what they please.

Disrespect to the Canadian flag has been exhibited on two occasions: In 1895 at Bermuda the master of the Canadian schooner "Emma S." received the following note from the Colonial office there:

"I have to inform you that your ship having entered Hamilton harbour with a red ensign with a badge thereon flying, contrary to the provisions of Section 1

of the Imperial Merchant Shipping (Colonial) Act of 1889, the officer of the Customs at this port ordered the flag to be hauled down and handed to him, which was accordingly done."

An equally ill-informed official—Her Majesty's Consul at Rio Grande do Sol, Brazil—compelled the master of the "M. J. Taylor," in 1904, to remove the Canadian badge from his red ensign. Upon both occasions the officials underment correction: the "Emma S." got back her flag and the Consul sent an apology.

The Canadian flag—the only flag authorized for distinctively Canadian use—is this red ensign with the Canadian badge in the fly. Its first appearance on Canadian vessels was an irregularity. With some difficulty Imperial sanction for its use at sea was obtained. Improperly, but with increasing frequency, it has appeared upon land; has been displayed upon our public buildings; has been encouraged by our Government both "by precept and example;" and has at length been referred to by a Governor-General as "the recognized flag of the Dominion both ashore and afloat."

This Canadian flag very appropriately symbolises and expresses Canadian constitutional position, for the Union Jack in the corner indicates our political origin and present affiliation while the Canadian coat-of-arms in the fly denotes the severance of the umbilical cord and the commencement of independent national life.

The equivocal use of the flag on shore has its parallel and its explanation in the ambiguity of our political status. Were we in fact as well as theory, a part of the British Empire, we should of course fly the flag of the Empire alone—the Union Jack, the symbol of our subordination. And were we, in theory as well as fact, an independent nation, we should fly no flag which did not clearly express our status and our nationality.

(d) At the Dominion Elections of 1891 the question of closer trade relations with the United States was the principal issue, the Liberals strongly advocating a policy of unrestricted reciprocity.

In 1776, after the thirteen American colonies had commenced concerted action, but prior to the Declaration of Independence, Washington (2nd January) hoisted a flag indicative at once of continued allegiance and of independent action—a flag of thirteen stripes of alternate white and red on a blue ground, with the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner. Six months afterwards, the Union Jack disappeared and the “new constellation” of thirteen stars took its place. The greater freedom which Canada enjoys, the easy concession to her in more recent years of her every wish, the frank acknowledgement of her independence in every department of political life, and her admission to the councils of the Empire upon terms of perfect equality, have deferred indefinitely, if not removed forever (who can say?) all thought of any flag which failed to indicate Canadian veneration for the flag of

their youth, and the flag of the greatest and the best of all historic Empires.

On the other hand, Canada’s self-respect requires that her acknowledged right of independent self-government, her accession to the rank of nation, and her admission to a footing of equality with the United Kingdom itself, should not only be amply recognised at Imperial conferences but should be evidenced by her flag—by the flag of the Dominion of Canada.

Canadians who see something sinister, if not disgraceful and abominable, in the suggestion of a Canadian flag, may be helped by perusal of a press despatch from London of 8th July last:

“Premier Botha and the Colonial Office have approved the new Transvaal flag, which is the Vieurkleur with the Union Jack in the corner.”

The Vieurkleur was the Transvaal flag prior to the war.

I Dreamed

By T. MURIEL MERRILL

I dreamed that I did wander out alone
 Along the river’s edge as even fell;
 Came from misty seas the warning bell,
 Where water black spake out with whispered moan,
 With melancholy sigh, in mournful tone,
 With singing weird refrain, a ghostly knell,
 Longing deep pent sorrow there to tell;
 White the cresting waves the wind had blown.

I dreamed that I did find thee waiting, dear,
 Beside the shore where shadows softly pass,
 That thou didst then thy love to me make clear;
 And as we walked upon the sweet young grass
 It seemed that thou didst hold me very near,
 And then I woke—’twas but a dream, alas!

Mr. Piper Jumps the Traces

By SHAN S. BULLOCK

THERE could be no doubt about it. Spring had come at last. In the morning, on his way to business, Mr. Piper discovered it. There was something in the air, in himself, something new and young. The soft wind stirred his blood. The sunshine glowed in him. He found himself thinking of the country and longing to be there, knee-deep in meadows full of buttercups and daisies, or wandering on the hills. He could not read his newspaper. He pushed back his silk hat, opened the top button of his waistcoat, and basked on the omnibus.

"Ha," he said to the driver, "this is something like, Bill, isn't it? Makes one glad to be alive, hey?"

"Ah, reckon it does, sir," answered Bill. "Kind o' skittish feeling. 'Osses seems to know it somehow. Want to pull their blessed 'eads off, they do."

All the morning too, Mr. Piper, toiling at his desk, felt the inspiration of spring. It flowed into the big dingy room through the open windows. It sweetened work. He felt jovial, happy, almost contented; jested with the clerks, talked cricket and holidays with the juniors.

"Glorious weather, Brown," he said, lifting eyes from the ledger and bending to catch a glimpse of the sky. "White waistcoats and straw hats, tomorrow, if this continues. How's the forecast? Ha! good! Wouldn't mind being out Dorking way this morning—or Margate, hey?"

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, with a sigh of regret, "that would be all right, I

suppose. But Margate? Hum. A bit too rowdy for my taste. Now if it was Folkestone or Bournemouth. Tell you what, Piper, a little sea voyage is what I'd like. Complete rest, don't you know; braces you up, and all that kind of thing. Wish I could—wish I could. Round Scotland, say, or out to the Canaries, or down to Gibraltar and Tangier. Ah! That would make a new man of me." Mr. Brown stretched his arms, rubbed his bald head. "I'm stodgy, Piper. I want a change."

"Why yes," said Mr. Piper, and sat pulling his whiskers. "I suppose we all do. Worst of it is we can't get what we want. Tangier and Gibraltar? Ah!"

Mr. Piper was not imaginative, but spring was kindly in him, and that glimpse of blue sky out over the roofs gave him longing. He had a confused vision of the sea, of himself in a deck-chair, of dark-eyed Spaniards with guitars, of Arabs in dazzling white robes and enormous turbans, of date trees and camels and lions in the desert; and for a while he dreamt vain dreams, an elbow on the ledger and his round, grizzled head resting on a hand.

Stupid! What chance had he of voyages out into the world? A spin on his bicycle, with Mrs. Piper or one of the girls, out to Reigate or Hayes Common on a Saturday afternoon; a Sunday now and then on the river; pottering about in the garden of evenings; a fortnight in Septem-

ber with the family at a farmhouse or some cheap seaside place; that was all the change he might expect. Some day, perhaps, when his ship came home, and the girls were off his hands, and burdens had lightened, he and his wife would see Switzerland and Paris, maybe would get sight of the lions and camels on the desert; meanwhile, spring or no spring, it was work for him and the simple pleasures of old England. Mr. Piper dipped his pen and turned the ledger.

"Easy to talk, Brown," he said and ruled a neat double line beneath a total. "Bachelors like you can do as you like. Wait till you have a wife and family, my boy. Ah, just wait. Then you'll know what Gibraltar and Tangier look like. Might as well think of the great wall of China. Just as well," said Mr. Piper, and squared his elbows, and bent to work.

But throughout the morning and during luncheon time, and in the long hot hours that ended mercifully at six o'clock, he had intervals of vision, times of longing and dreaming, moments of self-pity when the figures on the ledger blurred and he saw himself as he was and as he might be, whole minutes of dull, patient revolt against the narrow monotony of things. Why should he be condemned always to the drudgery of a high stool and a desk? Why might he never look for a while of freedom, himself on a deck-chair out on the great sea, himself sitting under a date tree in the big desert, before he died? Only one life. Only one chance. Only one spring in every year.

"Ha," said Mr. Piper to himself, "by George it's hard upon a man. That fellow Brown now! Off he goes wherever he likes. Free—no cares—only himself. And here am I!—Silly fool. Get on with your work—"

By six o'clock there was little vigour and less enthusiasm left in Mr. Piper. Slowly he trudged amidst the crowd that flowed homewards down

to London Bridge—a commonplace figure of a little man, squat, rotund, his shoulders twisted a little, his neck thick-set, his face heavy and plain, one hand grasping his umbrella, the other hiding the back buttons of his frock coat, and his silk hat tilted sideways at a rakish angle. His step was measured. His round blue eyes had a weary expression. He felt hot and hungry. In him now was small inspiration of the spring.

The cool breath of the river revived him somewhat. He stood a minute leaning on the parapet of London Bridge and watching the ships in their berths by the jetties. In the fore-castle of one a sailor sat playing lively airs on a fiddle; along the gangway of another porters went burdened with boxes of oranges. The music and the smell of the oranges, sight of the river running out to sea, and the tugs churning along, and the barges drifting easily, all this had a certain poetic appeal for Mr. Piper. He felt again that dim longing for freedom—a change—something he knew not what. That sailor had seen things. The ships down there had lain in foreign ports and ploughed the roaring main. Orange groves in Seville, vines on sunny slopes, mosques with gilded roofs and men praying on carpets before them, dancing dervishes, brigands wearing cloaks and slouched hats: these made a vague picture before Mr. Piper's round blue eyes. He had read about them somewhere. Brown had seen them. Why could not he see them too? Just once, for a week, for a day! "They that go down to the sea in ships," said Mr. Piper to himself; then smiled, and with his face to the pavement trudged on homeward across the bridge.

At St. George's Church Mr. Piper bought an evening paper and took a tram-car to Camberwell Green; thence walked to his home in a road leading from Denmark Hill. It was a small two-storied house, having a grass-plot in front, a small garden behind, and

flower-boxes faced with cork-wood, on the dining-room sills. Usually Mr. Piper lingered a minute to admire the tulips and daffodils in the grass-plot and window-boxes, for he loved flowers; usually, too, waited for Mrs. Piper to open the door; but that evening he used his latchkey and went straight in. An odour of washing-day filled the hall. In the drawing-room a Miss Piper was practising scales on the violin. From the dining-room Mrs. Piper came out, kissed Mr. Piper, and helped him to change into his alpaca jacket.

"Well, dearest you've got home," she said and stood before him with folded hands. They were large, honest hands, and had not yet recovered from a day's work at the wash-tub. Neither had Mrs. Piper herself quite recovered from it, and Mr. Piper noticed that. He hated washing days. There was no necessity for them. Always they brought discomfort and disagreeableness. Women were so obstinate.

"Yes, I've got home," said he and sat down in an easy chair in the dining-room. "Pretty glad, too. Oh, I'm hungry and tired. Where's the girls? Is that Marie performing in the next room? Wish she wouldn't. It gets on my nerves. You look done up, Emily. This beastly washing again, of course. Why will you? You know how I dislike you doing such things. Wearing yourself out. Why can't you engage a charwoman?"

Mrs. Piper did not answer. Long ago she had learnt the wisdom of not answering a hungry man. She was a homely little woman, dressed in simple black, with a patient face that had once been pretty. Quietly she went out, persuaded Marie to cease practising, called Julia from her painting upstairs, lured Helen from her novel in the garden, and helped the maid to serve dinner. "Now, dears," she said, when all was ready; and the family sat down to their evening meal.

As a rule the Pipers were happy together; but that evening, as it happened, they did not harmonise. Mrs. Piper was suave enough in her patient way, Mr. Piper tried to be pleasant, but the girls were snappy, inclined to be sharp with their mother and cool with their father. Ma looked such a fright, they thought, and in various subtle ways expressed their thoughts. Why must she wear that disgraceful black gown, and persist in dressing her hair like some old frump, and lower them all in the eyes of the neighbours by acting like a servant? Such hands, thought Miss Julia. Drinking bottled ale, sneered Miss Helen. Cold beef and salad again, and rhubarb-tart, of course, sniffed Miss Marie. Then Pa was in one of his humours, they could see. Doubtless he was tired, poor man, and hungry; perhaps the sudden change had affected him, too; and the usual things had been said about washing-day. Still what he had to endure was little—a nice comfortable office to work in, a good hot lunch, no worries or bothers—and the least he might do was to make himself agreeable. Think of their day! Nowhere to go, nothing to do, nobody calling, and now this!

Poor Mr. Piper. His share in the proceedings, which ended at last in an unseemly wrangle between the sisters, was not more than an occasional grumble and sometimes a gentle word of remonstrance. He wanted to laugh and jest, to talk over the events of the day, to enjoy his meal. He felt a strange need of sympathy, a desire to confide his thoughts. He wanted to be soothed. He wished to see everyone happy and peaceful. And here was everything at sixes and sevens, the wife worn out, the girls jangling, the dinner not fit to eat, himself sitting on thorns.

"Oh, stop it, can't you!" he said at last, flinging down his serviette and pushing back his chair. "Haven't you all the day for your squabbling.

D'you think it's for this kind of thing a man comes home!"

"Well, I'm sure!" said Miss Julia, with a toss of her head.

"Well, I never did!" said Miss Helen, with a curl of her lip.

"A pretty thing!" said Miss Marie, and rose slowly and sailed off to resume her performance in the drawing-room.

But Mrs. Piper only sighed wearily; and Mr. Piper, taking pipe and pouch from the mantel, tramped out into the garden.

There he fell to pottering among the flowers and rose trees. Presently he grew calm; yet not quite calm. His temper had a ruffle still, his nerves a quiver. He put his foot viciously on a grub, and thought "women are so deuced obstinate. They rub one up the wrong way." He pricked his finger on a rose thorn and said "There! Nothing will go right. I'm—I'm—oh, it's too bad!" The sound of Marie's violin came out to him and he said, "Confound the thing. It puts my teeth on edge." Turning he saw Helen reading at a back window and he thought, "Hum. A lot they care how a man feels." Mrs. Piper came out and stood by him with her patient hands folded and her face smiling patiently; and she said, in a while, "Hasn't it been a beautiful day, Henry? It really seems as if spring had come at last."

"Yes—oh, yes," answered Mr. Piper. "The day's been all right—what I've seen of it. Not much chance for a man shut up in a beastly office. Wish I was out of it."

He straightened his back, looked at Mrs. Piper, called himself a brute, tried to smile.

"Don't notice, Emily," he pleaded. "It's nothing. It's the change in the weather, I suppose, or a touch of liver, or something . . . Yes. Spring is here, I think. Beautiful—beautiful. It was delightful going to town this morning. Felt quite jolly, you know. Pity the feeling

didn't last . . . I say, Emily. I do wish Marie would practise some other time. And look here. I'm going to put my foot down about this washingday business. There's no necessity. It's wearing you out."

So the evening went; and night came and peace with it. The air was balmy. The stars shone clear. Up and down the grass-plot Mr. Piper went pacing, hands behind him and his head down. And as he went memories of the day came back to him, and he felt spring working in him again.

He saw the wharves by London Bridge, and the sailor fiddling, and the porters laden with oranges. He saw the sea, a ship upon it, and himself reclining happily in a deck-chair; another ship sailed away, away, and came to that foreign land where Arabs rode on camels, and dervishes danced, and lions prowled among the date trees. Ha, it would be good to see that foreign land. A change, an entire change! No worries, no cares, no wrangling, no dusty office, no stuffy rooms, no poky little garden where wasn't room to swing a cat. Lots of sunshine, life, colour, the swell of the big sea—freedom—a change. For more than thirty-five years now he had slaved. For nearly thirty years he had been married. And in all that time never a week he might call his own—not a day. The same monotonous round, the same things always—day after day, year after year, just the same.

"By heavens," thought Mr. Piper, and stood looking at the stars, "it's pretty bad. Every man should have a fling now and then. He ought to get away. It would make him feel better, more contented. It would make people value him more. By George, I've half a mind to—to—"

He laughed, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and turned for bed.

"I'm a silly ass," he said. "Don't know what's come to me. Must take a liver pill. Poor Emily, think of

keeping her awake till this hour of the night."

II.

Mr. Piper slept well; woke next morning and found it still spring weather. He shaved by the open window; dressed in his grey flannel suit; came down singing to breakfast; at half-past eight, put on his brown shoes and straw hat, kissed the girls and Mrs. Piper, and with stick and newspaper started for the office.

"Don't think I'll need an umbrella to-day, Emily," he said on the doorstep. "By Jove, it is splendid. Hope it will last, eh. Well, good-bye, my dear," he said; then closed the gate, waved his hand, and went. Afterwards he had sight of Emily standing with folded hands in the doorway and smiling her good-bye; and Emily, too, kept seeing Henry go down the road in his light grey suit, straw hat tilted and stick swinging.

In full sunshine Mr. Piper made the journey to St. George's Church; there finding himself in good time and feeling need for a little exercise, got off the omnibus and walked towards the river. His step was jaunty. He pushed out his chest. It was good to be alive, he thought. On London Bridge he lingered, watching the river and the ships, enjoying the sunshine, taking the air in deep breaths. What a time! What a day to spend on the hills, by the sea! That great longing for change took hold of him again. His heart sank at thought of spending the day in a dusty room, bent over a ledger and ruling neat double lines at foot of long columns. How could he? It was like going to prison. Shut in like a rat in a cage. The same weary round. The same drudging grind. And all the day the sun would be shining, and the wind blowing fresh on hill and meadow; and he would dream and fret again; and he would grow tired, tired; and at last he would trudge home once more, back to the little

home and the little garden, back to more jangling perhaps, worries, discontents.

"It's a shame," said Mr. Piper to himself, and leaning an elbow on the parapet looked down at the wharves. The ship and the fiddling sailor were gone. Where had they gone? To California—the Mediterranean—the Cape? Lucky sailor!

"It's a shame," said Mr. Piper to himself; then, at thought again of the office and all the weary day, covered his eyes with a hand and moaned, "I can't. I can't. It's cruel. It's a shame."

Suddenly he braced himself, full of decision.

"I won't," he cried to himself. "I don't care. I'll have a holiday. I'll have a fling. Yes, I will. I will." And with that, full of the strangest excitement, his face set and hands clenched, Mr. Piper strode on.

What he meant to do, Mr. Piper did not know and did not care. He was full of recklessness.

"I won't think," he said, "I musn't think. Anything, anywhere." By chance he turned down a street that led along the river; by chance found himself standing presently before a Shipping office and reading the notices in the window. Names in large type swam before his excited eyes — Naples — Venice — Malta — Lisbon — Oporto: and then with an arresting shock the names of *Gibraltar* and *Tangier* caught his eye and left him gaping.

Eh? What? The very places of his dreams. It was like fate. Oh, but absurd. Ridiculous! He couldn't. Yet—yet—what did he care? He had holidays. He was free. To the North Pole he felt like going that minute.

A minute Mr. Piper stood hesitant; then with a rush went into the office.

"Ah. Good-morning," he said to the clerk. "I've just been reading—. The fact is I'm thinking of taking a little trip. Somewhere south—yes—not too far, you know. I see you book

to—ah—Gibraltar and Tangier." Mr. Piper drew breath and rid the lump from his throat. "When does the next boat sail for those places?" he asked.

"This afternoon, sir," answered the clerk. "Leaves the dock at 3.30. Don't know as I've got a berth left, sir; but I think I could manage something. Just a minute. I'll telephone."

Mr. Piper stood bemused. Conscience pricked him. He thought of home, of the office, of consequences. He wondered at himself, called himself a fool. He shivered. His knees trembled. Mad—ridiculous! Lose his situation perhaps? Emily and the girls? Yet—yet——

"It's all right, sir. We can manage a berth for you. Just in time it seems."

It was the clerk's voice. Mr. Piper turned.

"Eh? What. Oh, yes." He smiled vaguely. "That—that's pretty lucky now. The last berth, you say? Hum." He nodded. "What's the fare? I see. That's return to—Tangier? Yes." He pondered a minute. "Pretty expensive, isn't it? No. The usual prices aboard, I suppose?" He pondered another minute. "How long would it take me? Hum. Pretty certain of catching a boat back, eh? From where? Oh, Tangier!" He stood in a whirl of indecision, things plucking him this way, things plucking that. "You're sure I can do it in the time?" he asked; then, without waiting for an answer, made the plunge. "Book me," he cried. "It's all right. Book me! Name? What for? Oh, Smith, then — Mr. John Smith, of Hampstead. Look here. I'll be back in an hour. Have to go to the bank, you know, and—and—Back in an hour," cried Mr. Piper, and with a wave of his stick hurried from the office.

"Well, I'm dashed," said the clerk. "Of all the rum coves! A bit touched, I should think."

For the best part of the hour Mr.

Piper wandered aimlessly here and there; at last drew a coin from his pocket, laid it on the back of a hand, and glanced at it.

"That decides," he murmured. "I'm going. Don't care. Not a button. And now for it. No more thinking, Piper, my boy. Let everything go. Enjoy yourself. That's it. Enjoy yourself—and no more worrying—and cover up your tracks. Mr. John Smith of Hampstead? Ha! My word, what a jolly old lark!"

Once decided on his jolly old lark, Mr. Piper tried not to look back. Not himself he felt now, but someone else, a new man, an adventurer—Mr. John Smith of Hampstead. Cautiously, and with an alertness of mind that surprised even his new self, he strode along, rejoicing in freedom, feeling like an errant schoolboy or some hero in a story, a large cigar in his mouth, and his round blue eyes on the watch.

"Musn't be seen, he murmured.

"Mustn't think. Must cover up my tracks. Mr. John Smith of Hampstead! My eye, what a joke!"

He drew money from the bank. He ventured near the office, and had a furtive look at it. In a quiet restaurant, hidden behind a newspaper, he ate a steak and potatoes and drank half a bottle of Burgundy. At a shop in Cheapside he bought a bag, filled it with shirts, collars, ties, gloves, a large yachting cap, a pair of rubber shoes, cigars, tobacco, and other necessities; then took a cab to the Shipping office, paid his fare, and asked the clerk to have his bag put aboard.

"What's the number of my berth?" he asked. "Good. Thirty-three you say she sails? Hope we'll make a good passage. Weather looks all right, doesn't it? And you've got my name, haven't you: Mr. John Smith of Hampstead? Right. Oh . . . My word, what a lark!"

From the office Mr. Piper went to a hairdresser's and had his hair cut and shampooed.

"That's refreshing," he said to the

barber, and sat eyeing his new self in the mirror. "Look here," he continued, "I'll have my whiskers off. Weather's turned so hot, you know. And I say. Everyone is clean-shaven nowadays." He sank back into the chair. "Just take off my moustache too," he said, a throb of excitement in his voice. "May as well be in the fashion, you know."

It surely was a new face that presently looked from the mirror at Mr. Piper. Sight of it startled him just a little; soon he felt as though Emily were looking reproachfully over his shoulder, and he flushed with shame, turned from the face, and rose hurriedly.

"Curious the difference a moustache makes to a man," he said. "I doubt if my own wife would know me now . . . No, I doubt if she would," he mused, as slowly he walked towards Fenchurch street. Anyhow there's one thing sure. I must go now. I wouldn't face Emily like this for worlds. Heigho. Fool! Ass! . . . And there's another thing I must do," he said in a while, so turned into a post-office and despatched two telegrams, one to Emily, the other to the head of his office. "That may keep them from worrying," said Mr. Piper; then, a little dolefully, resumed his jolly old lark.

For all his assumption of bravado, Mr. Piper could not help thinking. When a man has nursed conscience through fifty years or so it will not easily be stifled. Even when at last he was sailing away and away to the places of his dreams, and the winds blew, and the sea lay wide in the sunshine, and he was free, and all the day he might recline in deck-chairs, and eat, and drink, and be happy, still even then conscience shadowed him: not closely, perhaps, but more insistently as time went by. He made the most of things. He enjoyed himself all he could.

With his artless ways, his easy manners, his inoffensive appreciation of

everything, his absurd questions, his stories, his ready laugh, he found favour with his fellow-passengers — this podgy little Cockney, with his round blue eyes and beaming smile, his great cap and rubber shoes. He made friends of the captain and crew. The ladies thought him such a funny little man; the men voted him not half a bad sort. Yet sometimes at table, or whilst he sat talking on deck, suddenly he would falter and sit quiet for a minute; and then he would have sight of Emily standing in the doorway, or sitting forlorn in the dining-room, and he would imagine the girls weeping together, or the detectives uncovering his tracks, and he would flush and be miserable.

"I shouldn't have done it," he would say to himself. "What tempted me? Why did I not see the consequences?" And then maybe he would go and look at his face in a mirror and say, "They're growing again. It isn't the whiskers make such a difference. It's the moustache. But it really is growing again. By the time I get back—oh, I wish I was back!"

Before Mr. Piper came to Tangier that wish was stronger in him; for the Bay was stormy and showed him little mercy. Down in his narrow berth, lonely, wretched, sometimes afraid, he lay through the weary hours, and now wished himself dead and now longed for home. Conscience was remorseless then. It stripped him bare, left of Mr. Smith of Hampstead hardly the cap hanging on its peg and the rubber shoes lying near the spittoon. If only he were back with Emily and the girls once more; back in the garden, on the omnibus, in the office. Why had he done it? What madness had filled him? What were they thinking, doing, saying? Imagine their fears, their suspicions! How could he explain? What excuses had he? Never in life could he make them understand, never find forgiveness. The disgrace! The shame!

"Emily, Emily," cried Mr. Piper, the unfortunate, tormented man, and lay seeing his wife in the doorway, hands folded and a smile on her face, "I'm being punished. It serves me right. I thought unkindly of you. But never, never again!"

And with that perhaps Mr. Piper would let his fingers wander over the places where once his moustache and whiskers had been. The absurd little man!

But peace came at last, and Mr. Piper crawled back to the sunshine once more, and revived quickly there. He saw the Rock, walked up through the narrow white town, saw the lines, went from glare to shade in the tunnels and out to the broiling sunshine again; crossed over to Tangier also and saw his Arabs and camels, his mosques and palms, had a glimpse even of the desert wherein the lions roar. It was all wonderful enough and very good; yet somehow did not reach the fine heights of Mr. Piper's dreams. The heat and the glare tried him. He felt weary, preoccupied, out of sorts. Wherever he went there was

conscience at his elbow, whispering in his ear and fretting his guilty soul. He saw Emily among the Arabs; amid all the strange sounds and sights of the place constantly he was imagining the hour of his return to the home in Camberwell and all that would happen then. How could he face them all? What explanations would suffice? Would they believe and forgive him? Oh, not Arabs and camels did Mr. Piper want to see; what he longed for now was the homeward ship and sight of old England again. . . .

Well, in due time Mr. Piper got back home. What happened there does not greatly matter. Enough to say that after a fashion Emily understood, believed, and forgave; enough if we can picture Mr. Piper going henceforward on his monotonous round, subdued, reconciled, the same commonplace little man with his round blue eyes and grizzled whiskers, yet glancing back sometimes, as at the Rock itself, towards the romantic heights of his great experience. Whatever came now he had *that*. It was there.

The Heart's Response

W. INGLIS MORSE

NE'ER can the murmur of the shell
 Answer the sea
 As I in my undoing
 Respond fore'er to thee.
 What choric cry, fair one, I give,
 That thou mayest tell
 The dull chimes offered in the house
 Where Passion and Beauty dwell!

The Builders

By *EVELYN GUNN*

To the builders of the highways that skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
To the men that grade and the men that blast,
I raise my glass and drink.

Theirs the great Endeavour and the deed of high Emprise;
For they fight their fight with naked hands,
'Gainst forest swamps and shifting sands
And the fury of the skies.

To the builders who have fallen, whose graves mark out the line;
To the blind who nevermore may see,
To the maimed and halt in their misery,
In silence drink your wine.

For them no crashing volleys or roll of muffled drums,
Only the roar of the great rock-blast
Is their requiem-song when the day is past,
And the final darkness comes.

To the engineers, the wizards, whose word brooks no delay;
Hearing, the sleeping glens awake,
The snow-plumed hills obeisance make,
And lo, the Open Way!

For them no flaring banners when a bitter fight is won;
No cheering thousands in the street
Their gallant heroes ever greet,
Though dauntless deeds be done.

To the builders of the highways that skirt the canyon's brink,
To the men that bind the roadbed fast,
To the high and low, the first and last,
I raise my glass and drink.

The Art of W. St. Thomas Smith

By R. HOLMES

*An appreciation of a Canadian water-colourist who
is doing work that counts*

THEY paint the big things in Nature." That was St. Thomas Smith's summing up of his reasons for the faith that is in him regarding some of the living British painters of whom he had been speaking. When he does speak, which is not often, it is of other men than himself and other work than his own, and upon this occasion the conversation ran on the personality and the painting of such men as Macaulay Stevenson, Sir George Reid, Robert Hope, Alfred East, Stanhope Forbes, Clausen, Brangwyn, of the Scottish and English schools, most of whom he knew personally, and the work of all of whom he greatly admired. A man is known, partly at least, by the company he keeps, and these are strong and sincere men who, in all the concerns of life and of art, are ruled by conviction rather than caprice, who regard facts rather than fancies, and in whom a strong and deep feeling takes the place of the emotion and sentiment that move the smaller men along the lines of least resistance. Instinctively men of such mentality view things from the higher outlook, instinctively they grasp the salient points, the dominating force, the essential truth — instinctively they paint the big things in Nature. And as practical thinkers and exponents rather than visionaries, they have seriously studied the medium through

which they are to express what is in them. But the message is of first importance, and while many lesser men, especially the men cradled in the schools and nurtured in the schools from their youth up, seem to regard the canvas and the paper sheet largely as a stage upon which to parade a technical dexterity, the greater man will always regard his technique, not at all as an end in itself, but as a means whereby the greater his command over it the more forcibly and more effectively will he be able to



W. ST. THOMAS SMITH



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

NOVEMBER DAY AT SEA

deliver his message. In the attitude of his mind the subject of this sketch is very truly at one with the men who regard the big things in Nature and the virility of his artistic equipment impels him to paint things in the big way.

As to what the big things in Nature are, a note by one of the great men who himself dealt in them may be of interest. Speaking of this very thing one day to some friends, Millet took them to Nicholas Poussin's picture of *The Deluge* in the gallery of the seventeenth century French painters in the Louvre. "See," he said, in free translation, "you can feel that the terrible rain has been pouring down for a long, long time, and that it will continue to pour down for a very long time to come. You can feel that man and beast and all Nature are tired out, overcome by the pitiless unceasing destruction of all things. Everything is still, awed by the terrible downpour." Then, to show the difference between truly

great art and mere talent, they are taken to Girodet's picture of the same subject. Here a solitary rock with figures clinging to it rises above the waste of waters. "It is all very dramatic," he said, "but it is an event, something short-lived, like a thunder-clap or a flash of lightning. Those people on the rock cling to the branch of a tree that is breaking. They will disappear and there will be nothing left in your mind. This is a momentary scene, soon to be finished. It leaves nothing to think about. But Poussin's *Deluge* in its quiet way leaves in your mind so much of gloom and distress, so real a feeling of merciless calamity, that you are bound to remember it all your life."

And these great facts that contain the essence of the subject must be set forth by the painter of great pictures. In the case of St. Thomas Smith the great facts, whether always realised in his work or not, are certainly always very strongly present to his mind, his reach is always toward them and they



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

MID-OCEAN

sometimes at least come within his grasp.

The sea, with him hardly ever sunlit, seldom in a towering rage, nearly always low-toned and heaving with a great suggestion of reserved strength; the sky, not sunlit either, nor rent with storm but heavy with the mystery of power that breeds the storm, that holds in reserve the might of the storm and may at any time let it loose—these are the big things in Nature that most inspire him. The men of the sea he meets on the sea. Their chequered life is known to him at first-hand, and his pictures of the sea bear the strong impress of the seriousness born of intimate communion with it. His landscapes, too, large and small, and nearly everything else that he paints, strike the same serious note—the note that speaks of the mystery and might of the forces of Nature.

His compositions are usually arrangements of large simple masses, more often than not merging into one

another without any very sharply defined boundaries, and there is little suggestion of any fore-ordained arrangement of lines, or the equivalent, an approximation of spots forming a broken line, to lead the eye to any centre of interest, like the lines and blotches of colour in many flowers leading the bee to where the honey lies. His pictures certainly never suffer from any complex artificiality of composition, and if he works on any pet "system" either it is a very simple one or its complexity is very successfully concealed. Someone has said that "the greatest art is to conceal art," and the absence of any obtrusion of ways and means is probably very largely responsible for the feeling of spontaneity always present in his compositions.

Colour and values seem to be uppermost in his mind. Naturally so, it may be said, since these are the painter's business as painter, in contrast-distinction to draughtsman or sculptor, for instance, or architect,

but not all painters seem to live up to this view or we should not have so many examples of a subordination of the qualities that paint is peculiarly fitted to realise. His conversation continually runs on colour, but his colour is not gay, his pictures are not by any means what might be termed a riot of colour, nor are there among them any symphonies in pink and navy blue. It may be for the reason that very strong light takes the colour out of things that he does not paint sunlit scenes, but in any case the trend of his mind is not toward gayety, and his quiet seriousness seems to naturally draw him toward the purity and richness and glowing force of colour as revealed in a somewhat subdued light. In his effects of tone and colour one recognises the direction of the same mental qualities that make him paint billows rather than wavelets, and the wind that bends the

pinces rather than the zephyr that only lightly shakes the barley. Perhaps it is by reason of its colour or its absence of colour that the snow-covered landscape fails to attract him. One would think, however, that some aspects of the strenuous season of frost should make a powerful appeal to such a man, for the winter as "made in Canada" is surely of the big things in Nature, and it seems strange that, notwithstanding his admiration of Thaulow and the season as he paints it, St. Thomas Smith seems to have never painted an important winter subject.

Like most men who achieve anything worth while, St. Thomas Smith is a worker. The "infinite capacity for taking pains" is very severely present in him, though all evidence of struggle is carefully eliminated from the picture. The larger pictures especially — those on double elephant



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

A DUTCH LANDSCAPE

sheets 27 x 40 inches, and those on imperial sheets 23 x 30 inches—are monuments of careful work, however much they may look as if they had sprung into existence after the manner of the great Minerva. The colours are prepared in liberal quantities and set out in enamelled tin saucers, the paper is stretched on boards and then, whether painted on the spot or from a sketch, or from a mental impression, the board is laid flat, the paper made wet and the whole subject laid in with full rich colour in broad masses which on the moist paper are merged into one another by almost imperceptible gradations, or more abruptly as required, but without harsh dry outlines, which are of necessity absent in any subject in which atmosphere is present. The first wash is permitted to dry. Then the whole sheet is again wetted and again worked on in colour. The pro-

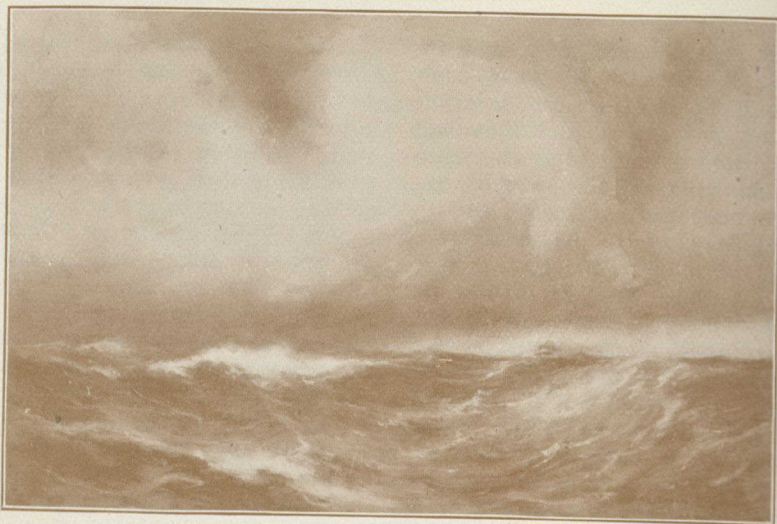
cess is repeated in some cases many times, with an eye always open to preserving the spontaneity of the original impression while realising those other qualities that go to make up a picture as distinguished from a sketch. The method is simple enough—in theory—and Whatman paper, Cambridge colours in tubes, and camel-hair brushes—for the larger washes the flat varnish brushes one, two, three inches wide such as painters use—are the material equipment.

A man's work and his influence as a unit in the community in which he plays his part are the chief concern of the public, but a few biographical details may be of some slight interest. St. Thomas Smith is Scotch as to parentage, Belfast Irish, as to place of birth, and Canadian through having lived here and studied and developed here from his very early youth. His boyhood days were spent



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

OLD WINDMILL



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

THE DERELICT

in Beaverton, on the shores of Lake Simcoe, and the waters of that lake first moved him to picture things. In 1885 he began his studies in the Toronto Art School, and later he spent some time in the studio of J. W. L. Forster. At the Art School he met Miss Julia Payne, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Payne, pioneers of Tal-

botville, and for a time the graven images of the school had only a second place in his thoughts. They were married, and in 1889 established a household in St. Thomas, which has been their headquarters ever since. Mrs. Smith is a sculptor, and has charge of the department of sculpture in Alma Ladies' College. A bust



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

THE STORM



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

AFTERGLOW

of Judge Hughes in the library of the Elgin Law Association is one of her more important works. During the last fifteen years much of Mr. Smith's time has been spent, whether in Canada or abroad, on shores washed by the sea.

Seven years have been spent in Europe, principally in Scotland, England and Holland, three summers were devoted to Percé and one or two to different parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Newfoundland, the Magdalene Islands, and all the Gulf very naturally took a strong hold upon him. The grand scale upon which the effects are massed, the mystery of the vapour-laden atmosphere, the stern, relentless war of the elements had a fascination for him that will be readily understood by those who know his temperament. His being is attuned to that sort of thing. The serious attitude of his mind towards the things of Nature and the sincerity in which he approaches the work he has assigned himself are his strongest characteristics. These are the impelling forces that most strongly move him. These are the factors that stamp his pictures with their large measure of what is impressive. And it is the ever-present bearing of these elements of seriousness and sincerity that seems likely to preserve the strength of his work and to keep him always among those who paint the big things in Nature.



Painting by W. St. Thomas Smith

OCTOBER

The Nova Scotian Hero of Lucknow

By *EMILY P. WEAVER*

THE names of many noble men—Lawrence, Havelock, Outram and Colin Campbell—are inseparably associated with that of Lucknow, the Indian city on the Goomtee, but the soldier who has perhaps best claim to the title "Hero of Lucknow" is our own Inglis, for it was

he who, through the terrible summer of 1857, held the place against a host of rebel Sepoys, and thus greatly aided in restoring British prestige in India.

John Eardley Wilmot Inglis (to give him his full name) was born at Halifax, in November, 1814. He came

of a good Loyalist stock, being the grandson of the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, and the son of the third. He was educated at King's College, Windsor, and obtained a commission in the 32nd Regiment of Foot a few weeks before he came of age. He first saw active service in Lower Canada during the Rebellion of 1837. Some years later his regiment was ordered to India, and in 1848 and 1849 he fought in the Punjab.

On the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, fifty years ago, Lieutenant-Colonel Inglis was second in command to Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, the capital of the then recently annexed Province of Oudh. The city extended for miles along the bank of the Goomtee and was a wonder at once of



From an oil painting in the Legislative Buildings, Halifax

SIR JOHN INGLIS, DEFENDER OF LUCKNOW

magnificence and squalour, with its great temples, its gilded palaces, its gardens, its mud-hovels, its narrow, crooked ditch-like streets, from which the gorgeously caparisoned elephants of the native princes often crowded out other passengers. Between the city and the river stood the King's palace, a stronghold, named the Muchhee Bhowun, and the famous "Residency." The latter consisted of houses for the British officials, a fine banqueting hall, and various guard-houses and other buildings, surrounded by beautiful lawns and flower gardens. On the opposite side of the river were the cantonments occupied by the native troops.

The population of Lucknow numbered about 300,000, chiefly Moham-medans of a wild and lawless type. When, in the spring of 1857, Lawrence was appointed British Commissioner of Oudh, he perceived that the people were in a state of great unrest, and, while endeavouring to conciliate them, wisely made preparations for defending his post. He laid in stores of ammunition and provisions, strengthened his fortifications, and collected the sick and the European women and children at the Residency. Inglis ably seconded his chief's endeavours to secure the safety of their position, but both realised its danger, for they had few European soldiers under their command, and it was impossible to tell which of the far more numerous body of native troops were trustworthy.

On May 30th, within three weeks of the outbreak at Meerut over the greased cartridges, many of the Sepoys revolted. Others, however, remained true then and to the last, doing noble service in the defence of the Residency against the traitors. But the revolt quickly spread through the country and many Europeans lost their lives.

Towards the end of June, Lucknow was threatened by a host of rebels, and Lawrence marched out of his en-

trenchments to meet them. But his troops were far outnumbered, his native gunners betrayed him, and he was obliged to retreat with heavy loss. This forced him to blow up the Muchhee Bhowun fortress, and to concentrate his men within the Residency itself. The siege now began in earnest with a furious bombardment, and on July 2nd Lawrence was fatally wounded by a shell which exploded in his own chamber. It was the second that had burst within two days in that one small room.

The command now devolved upon Colonel Inglis, and none could have proved more worthy of it. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of his brave men, and for eighty-seven weary days he guided the operations of the defence "with a master hand."

Through the sweltering heat of the Indian rainy season, scarcely taking rest by night or day, the heroic little garrison stood at its post, while outside, thirsting for their blood, raged tens of thousands of rebels, half-savage, but the more formidable from the European training they had received in the art of war. Inglis says that eight thousand men were at one time firing into their position, and that there was "no place in the whole of our works that could be considered safe." Sick men were killed in the banqueting hall, which had been turned into a hospital, and "women and children were shot dead in rooms into which it had not been deemed possible that a bullet could penetrate." It must have added sorely to the anxieties of the commander that his own wife and children were suffering with him all the horrors of the siege.

Doubtless the presence of such helpless ones nerved every man in the garrison to do his utmost to save them from the appalling fate, which had overtaken men, women and little children at Cawnpore.

But the rebels were terribly persistent. When their fierce bombardment failed to make a breach in the

British defences, they tried to carry the place by storm. They kept the garrison on the strain by night attacks, they endeavoured to scale the walls with huge ladders, they burrowed in the earth and tried to mine beneath them.

Wounds, exhaustion, cholera, small-pox and other sicknesses wore away the lives and the strength of the British, but their courage never faltered and the vigilance of their heroic commander never slumbered. For weeks they heard nothing of what was going on outside. "We sent out messengers daily," says Inglis, "calling for aid, and asking for information, none of whom ever returned till the 26th day of the siege," when there arrived the joyful tidings that Havelock would be with them in five or six days. But the hope proved delusive. After thirty-five days longer of wearing suspense, Inglis heard that the rescuing army had been obliged to fall back for reinforcements. Then there was another long, long silence, as far as all without was concerned.

The provisions of the garrison began to run low, but not their courage. Even the women, surrounded by their suffering little ones, showed "patience, endurance and great resignation." "They have animated us by their example," says Inglis.

At length, on September 22nd, came word that Havelock and Outram were advancing with a force sufficient to bear down all opposition, but the beleaguered garrison had still to endure many heart-sickenings of alternations of hope and fear.

On the third day of suspense (so the story is told in Mr. Burnham's "Canadians in the Imperial Service," to which I am indebted for many details in this article), a young Highland woman, half delirious from fever, sprang from her sleep, crying, "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? I am no dreaming. It is the slogan of the Highlanders. We are saved!" Then she rushed out to the men at the guns, shrieking, "Cour-

age! Hark to the slogan—to the MacGregor—the grandest o' them a'."

"Louder, nearer, fiercer as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor clan call,
Stinging all the air to life."

Then the others heard also, and burst into sobs and prayers and cheers, while their rescuers replied with the plaintive strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

But ere Havelock's forces could reach the gates of the Residency there was grim and terrible work to do. Through the narrow streets, past temples and palaces that blazed forth death they had to cut their way. It cost many hours, many lives but they did it. As night fell on September 25th, Havelock and Outram passed through the Residency gates. Thus Inglis and his men were relieved after making a defence "without precedent in modern warfare."

The British forces were still not strong enough to attempt to force their way through the rebel hosts with their great company of women, children and disabled men; therefore, for seven weeks longer, they were obliged to stay in Lucknow. Then Sir Colin Campbell, with 5,000 men, fought his way to their aid, and on a dark night in November the British made their way out of Lucknow without the loss of a soul.

In recognition of his services, Inglis was made a Major-General and a Knight Commander of the Bath, and on every hand he and his gallant soldiers received high tributes of praise. "The annals of war contain no brighter page than that which will recall the bravery, fortitude, vigilance and patience, endurance of hardships, privations and fatigue displayed by the garrison of Lucknow," said a high military authority, and Canadians may well be proud to claim the valiant commander as their countryman.

Sir John Inglis did not long enjoy his honours. He died at Hamburg, at the age of forty-seven, five years after the siege.

The Slighter Ghost

By KATHARINE L. JOHNSTON

ONE rainy Sunday Jimmy asked his wife to help him look over certain packets of old papers. He had forgotten for the moment that he had ever written verse, and even when Mrs. Jimmy mentioned a date he did not recollect.

"These are letters from your mother, written in 1901," she said.

"Oh, read those, Mary; they are like mother," he answered, with some pride. "Read them aloud."

So she read them, stopping for explanations of the household jests and allusions, considering gravely the philosophical and political views expressed, and making out of it all a picture of those earlier days she had not shared.

"So *that's* the kind of boy you were," she said, replacing the last letter in its envelope. "And here's something else in the same drawer—poetry, Jimmy! Is that another kind of boy you were?"

"Poetry!" he said, remembering. But she was already reading it. He listened in helpless silence.

"That's pretty bad," he said, with conviction, when she had finished.

"Pretty bad," she echoed slowly. "But—for whom did you write them? I didn't know there was anyone—before me. It's love poetry, not an imitation. You couldn't have written such bad verse if you hadn't meant what it said."

"I meant what it said," he answered, and took the paper in his hand.

"You're not to tear it," she said, warningly, "because *I* found it, you know."

He nodded acknowledgement of her right, and read the imperfect verses through once more.

"Tell me about it," Mary said.

"If I can," he answered. "How much self-analysis do you expect of a fellow of nineteen? And it's hard to analyse a stage of your development when you are once past it—though it's called easy. You can't feel what you were like; you can only remember." He stopped to consider. "Yet, some things aren't just remembering. I was nineteen that year; I thought I was in love; I have never stopped thinking so; and yet"—he looked about the pleasant, quiet library, the heart of their home, and then at Mary.

"And yet this is home, you mean?" she said. "That's what takes my breath away. I never imagined any home but this, not in my unlikeliest dreamings. But you—for you there might have been another home if—if what?" she broke off to ask. "You haven't told me what happened Amy?"

"Amy?"

"Yes. I remember thinking, when I read the second Locksley Hall, that I'd sooner be Amy than Edith. Wouldn't you? He just called her a slighter ghost to flatter Edith. And now I'm Edith."

"It isn't like that a bit," he pro-

tested. "You don't understand—any more than I do," he added. "But it isn't like that—not like two girls of contrasted characters. It's more as if that were the beginning of—of me, I suppose. A fellow doesn't think much at nineteen; at least, I didn't. I never thought of her as a sweetheart, or a wife-to-be; I just thought of her. I didn't get past that. You know, if you opened your eyes for the very first time, and saw light, you wouldn't think of anything but that it *was* light."

"No, not at first. But after a while you'd have begun to see what light was for, and then you would have lighted your home with it. And it wouldn't have been *this* home. You see?"

"I see," he said, slowly. "It's rummy when you look at it that way. Hear the rain on the windows, and realise that this is the present we're in—this present when it seems to me there never was anyone but you from the beginning of time. And yet that other day, the day when I made those verses, is no more past than this minute I'm wasting in misleading talk."

"It isn't misleading," she said, and was silent for a little. "You haven't told me yet what happened Amy," she said, at last.

"She is dead, dear."

"Dead!"

"It was that summer we went out to the coast—father and I. You've been through the Rocky Mountains?"

"Yes, but it's a long time ago."

"Did you try to describe them when you came back? Neither did I."

"But I didn't fall in love on the way through them," Mary said.

"Oh, *that* wasn't why. There's room in one's consciousness for two things at a time, when they are things as big as that. No; it was the mountains' very selves. When I thought of them afterwards my mind used to crawl 'way off into a corner of my head and hope nobody would ask it

any questions. Well, perhaps Amy had something to do with it—Amy and the mountains—they were all associated in my mind. Mountains can't be unhappy, you know—not meanly unhappy, at least, not discontented or sulky or spiteful. And Amy couldn't either. The movement of her mind was bright and quick and clear, like the mountain streams.

They were in the same Pullman with us, Amy and her relatives, and we were all more or less acquainted before our ways parted. Amy's father and mine used to smoke cigars and talk politics in the smoking room, and the rest of us admired the scenery. You know the way to see, when a particularly swagger bit of outdoors comes along on the other side of the car, is to drop on your knee in the aisle, and look out of the opposite window, while the people in that seat carefully hold their heads out of your way. Amy's mother had a good profile."

"And hadn't Amy?"

"Oh, I daresay she had. I never looked to see. But I do know the colour of her hair; it was like yours, only lighter, and of course she wore it in a long braid; she was only sixteen."

"Sixteen!"

"Yes. Oh, did you think it was a two-sided love affair—that *she* cared for me? Of course not. She didn't know anything about it; she never saw those verses. I had some sense, if I was only nineteen. But, oh, Mary, it was good, good, good for me, that first light! I never said a word to her, of course, though we got on fine talking of everything else, and even of herself and myself (except that one thing) and what we thought and felt, and all about the insides of our minds. You know youngsters' talk?" Mary nodded, but said nothing.

"At Glacier the train stopped for a little time, and we all got off and walked about. Do you remember the

stream that falls over itself all the way down the mountain there? We looked at that a long time; Amy loved mountain streams, too. She tried to get a snap-shot of the glacier, but if that film had ever been developed it would have been a better picture of me than of the glacier, because I blundered into the foreground just as she was taking it. I wanted to ask her to send me a copy, I remember, but I hadn't the cheek. After she had taken the picture we walked up and down and talked till the conductor called "all aboard." We had other talks, but that's the one I remember best."

"What did you say?"

"I don't know. *That* isn't the way you remember talks; you just remember they were good."

"I know that," Mary said, placidly. "I just wanted to see if it *was* really good."

"There was another," he went on. "Just before we reached Vancouver, but I knew we were near the end of our journey, and I hadn't any wit in me, nor the right mood for talking. But I talked, because I knew there wouldn't be another chance; they were going down to California, after spending a day in Vancouver." He stopped, and looked at Mary. "It sounds flat, doesn't it? But you'd have undersotod if you'd been there."

"I understand," she said.

"We took the steamer to Victoria," he went on; "and a few days later I read in a newspaper the account of a train wreck—the train they left Seattle in. I knew their route, of course, because I had heard them talking of it. But I don't think father did, and I put the paper out of his sight; I didn't want to hear anyone

speak of it. Do you know, I didn't even know their name? Dad may have known it, but he was talking politics to someone else by that time, and I wouldn't have asked him for the world. And I didn't need to; there were only three lives saved out of their Pullman, and they were grown people. So I knew, and I hid the paper."

"Poor boy!" Mary said in a half whisper. His attention was caught for a moment by her tone, but the tide of memory carried him on.

"I didn't know her Christian name, even; only the nickname they called her."

"They called her Röslein," Mary said, suddenly. "And not one of them could pronounce it, and her name wasn't Rose in the least, or anything like it. So when she grew old enough she made them stop and call her Mary."

"Mary!"

"Yes. We didn't take that train, because papa had caught a heavy cold on the steamer, and we stayed in Seattle till he was better."

"Mary!"

"And *you* were that nice boy. I'll show you the picture of you and the glacier, if you'll wait a minute; it isn't a bit like either of you." She was rummaging in her desk, and presently came back to him with the photograph in her hand. "And that's *you* there, Jimmy. Now give me my verses."

He gave them, laughing, and bent eagerly to examine the picture.

"Röslein—Amy—Edith—Mary," he said, "we'll go again some day."

"Of course we will," she answered; "because that time I didn't know it was *us*."



The Canadian Immigration Policy

By *W. S. WALLACE*

THE present immigration policy of the Canadian Government dates, in its broad outlines, from the year 1897. In that year Mr. Clifford Sifton came into office at Ottawa as Minister of the Interior, and under his direction, the Department of the Interior entered on a policy, not merely of encouraging immigration into Canada, but of fostering it by all means in their power. The United States had been, previously to that, absorbing nearly all the immigration flowing from the old world to the new; it was the aim of the Department of the Interior, in striking out their new policy, to divert a fair share of that immigration towards Canada. To this end, immigration agencies were established by the Department in the British Isles, and in all the larger countries of Europe. In Great Britain immigration affairs were taken out of the hands of the Canadian High Commissioner, who had carried the work on in a semi-diplomatic manner, and was placed on a business basis under the control of an official who had nothing else to do. This official, when appointed, applied himself to bringing before the notice of the people of Great Britain the advantages of Canada as a country for immigration. He placed atlases and maps of Canada in all the schools of the United Kingdom; he mailed to some 1,200,000 agricultural labourers copies of a paper on the resources of Canada; and by newspaper advertising he computed that he reached about ten million people.

Not only, however, did the Department attempt to capture the United States immigration at its sources, but it carried war into the enemy's country by establishing immigration agencies in the United States itself, in Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, and most of the other large cities of the West. Between two and three hundred immigration agents were employed on commission. Advertisements of Canada were authorised in American papers, which reached 5,700,000 families. At first, progress was made very slowly. Mr. Clifford Sifton, in an address delivered four winters ago before the Canadian Club at Toronto, told an anecdote which illustrates the difficulties and discouragements the Department had at first to face.

"We had," said Mr. Sifton, speaking of the immigration agents in the United States, "a young man who, shortly after his appointment, sent me a telegram, saying that he was coming back to Ottawa. When he came he told me that there was no use in his continuing, that the people did not know even where Canada was. We told him to go home for a holiday, and then go back to his post. Six months later he sent a telegram saying that he could make no impression, and that he was again coming home. When he came to Ottawa, I sent for him and told him I did not want to get any more telegrams of that kind from him. In six months' time I got another telegram from him. This time he said he had got one family, and thought he

could get another. In the last five years that man has sent to Canada 5,000 of the best people we have in the West."

In the end perseverance has won the day, and the immigration into Canada has now grown to proportions that have exceeded the most sanguine expectations. In 1897, the immigrants who came from the United States to Canada numbered 712; last year those who came over the border numbered 57,919. In 1897, the immigrants from the British Isles numbered less than 20,000; last year they numbered 86,796. In the last seven years, in the neighbourhood of 900,000 immigrants have settled in Canada.

Has this policy been on the whole in the best interests of the Canadian people?

It is not the aim of the present article to discuss this question fully or to answer it definitely. The subject of immigration is admittedly a difficult and complex one; and to attempt to deal with it exhaustively in a magazine article would be to court the wrath of the gods. The aim of the writer is rather to suggest, in an impartial way, the various standpoints from which the question may be viewed. It must be confessed that most of the discussion which has taken place with regard to immigration hitherto has been undisguisedly *ex parte* in character; and anything which serves, however inadequately, to suggest the different aspects of the question, must help to clear the air.

(1) What object or objects had the Department of the Interior in view in inaugurating the present policy in 1897? In his Canadian Club speech on immigration, already quoted, Mr. Sifton expounded the object of the Department thus:

"We have always been proud," he said, "of our high educational system, especially in Ontario; but one of the results has been that our young men, not finding the place their endeavours entitled them to, have sought other fields, notably the United States. We can only keep them by furnishing them with something to do, and by building up the country in such a way that they may follow their occupations as profitably as in any other land."

That is, the object of the immigration policy was to build up Canada, to enable Canada to do business on a larger scale, to enable her to better herself in a financial and material sense; and so to keep at home those of her sons who were flocking over the border. Now, it is universally admitted that in these regards the Canadian immigration policy has been a success; it has attained the ends it contemplated. The prosperity of the country during the last seven years may not be entirely owing to the immigration policy of the Canadian Government, but few unprejudiced observers would say that it was not at least partially owing to that policy. The immigration of many poor people may bring about a certain stringency in money; but it will be only for the time being, since each wage-earner, no matter how poor he may be when he enters the country, will soon be contributing his quota to the wealth of Canada annually. During the five years from 1898 to 1903, 123,000 people came from the United States alone, bringing with them \$19,000,000 in settlers' effects, and \$25,000,000 in cash, or a total of \$44,000,000—at a total cost to the Department of \$701,000. These immigrants included 25,000 heads of families, who, at a moderate estimate, would in six years be producing \$2,000 worth each every year, and thus be adding \$50,000,000 to the wealth of Canada annually. These figures, which were prepared by Mr. Sifton, show in an almost sensational manner how immigration is adding to the wealth and prosperity of the country.

(2) Is this increased wealth and prosperity likely to have a good effect on the character of the Canadian people? This, of course, is one of those elemental problems which humanity, in its headlong pursuit of wealth, delights to ignore. Sweet are the uses of adversity, but most people prefer prosperity. It is interesting to note, however, the opinions of Herbert Spencer. "I detest," wrote Spencer in his last book, *Notes and Comments*, "that conception of social progress which presents as its aim increase of population, growth of wealth, spread of commerce.....quantity only, and not

quality.....A prosperity that is exhibited in board of trade tables year by year increasing their totals is to a large extent not a prosperity, but an adversity." And so Goldsmith:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates, and men decay.

(3) A very important feature of immigration is the question of its effect on the native stock. What effect is immigration likely to have on our native-born population? In this, as in so much else, Canada may learn from the experience of the United States. I venture to quote at some length from an article on American immigration in Vol. 179 of *The North American Review*:

"Back of all statistics of the criminality, pauperism, illiteracy, and economic value of immigration lies the great question of the effect of immigration on our native, or older, stock. . . . The immigration of the last fifty years has contributed millions to our population; has undoubtedly added enormously to the wealth of the country, but these things have been accomplished at the expense of the native stock. The decreasing birth-rate of our native population—the complex resultant, without doubt, of many factors—has been very largely due to the effect of foreign immigration. The late General Walker first advanced this view, that, as newer and lower classes of immigrants came to this country, Americans shrank more and more from the industrial competition which was thus forced upon them; they became unwilling to subject their sons and daughters to this competition; and hence these sons and daughters were never born. The stronger the competition, the greater the effort to maintain and raise the standard of living and the social position above that of the majority of recent immigrants; and the greater this effort, the greater the voluntary check to population. . . . Many of our recent immigrants, not discouraged by the problem of maintaining high standards of living with their many children, are replacing native Americans. It is fundamentally a question as to what kind of babies are to be born; it is a question as to what races

shall dominate this country. Mr. R. R. Kuczynski, after a very careful study of the population statistics of Massachusetts, concluded that the native population is 'dying out.' General Walker believed that foreign immigration in this country has, from the time it assumed large proportions, not reinforced our population, but replaced it. The United States Industrial Commission, which made one of the most thorough studies of immigration ever undertaken, says in its final report that 'it is a hasty assumption which holds that immigration during the nineteenth century has increased the total population. . . . ' And more recently still, Mr. Henry Gannett, well known for his statistical work in connection with the census, in a hitherto unpublished statement says: 'I do not think that our population has been materially, if at all, increased by immigration. On the contrary, I think that our population would be almost, if not quite, as large if the great flood of immigration which began in 1847 had never reached our shores.'"

It is possible that this quotation rather overstates than understates the case; and it is possible that what applies to the United States may not apply wholly to Canada; but it appears to be shown here clearly that there are grounds for believing that the tendency of inferior immigration (and nearly all immigration is, in the nature of things, inferior), is to lower the birth-rate of the native-born population. The native-born population, in the struggle to keep up appearances in the face of the increasing competition, fails to propagate itself, commits race suicide, in short; whereas the immigrant population, being inferior, and having no appearances to keep up, propagates itself like the fish of the sea.

(4) At the same time, it must be borne in mind that the falling-off in the birth-rate of the native-born population as a result of immigration may be partially compensated for by the fact that the Canadian immigration policy has preserved to Canada numbers of young men who would in earlier days have gone to the United States. These young men now, instead of going to the United States

to better themselves, go to the Canadian West.

(5) There are a number of the more detailed features of the immigration policy that call for consideration. Should the immigration of foreigners be encouraged? The crucial question here is the question of the effect of foreign immigration on the character of the electorate. In a democracy like Canada, everything depends on the character of the electorate, on the soundness of the public conscience, on the integrity of the public vote. What will be the effect on the country of a large foreign vote, unfamiliar with the spirit of our institutions and ignorant of our political history? Will they cast their votes intelligently? Or will they sell their franchise for a mess of pottage? These are matters on which statistics will be forever unobtainable; but it is perhaps not false to say that there is a widespread impression that the foreign vote does not always stand for intelligence and integrity. It is a conceivable hypothesis which traces many of the ills from which the body politic of the United States is suffering to-day (such as the sluggishness of public opinion) to the great masses of unassimilated foreigners who are within her gates. It may be objected that the foreigner can be educated; but one can only reply by saying that the foreign immigrant puts a strain on the inadequate educational system of Western Canada that it cannot bear. Few foreigners could be transformed into good Canadians in five years' time by the best educational system.

(6) The evil of foreign immigration has

been intensified tenfold by the "block system" of settling immigrants. Every Canadian knows what a solid French-Canada, impervious to outside influences, has meant to Canada. By establishing solid colonies of Doukhobors, Galicians, Mormons, Mennonites, etc., here and there in the West, the Department of the interior has repeated the French-Canadian situation all over the country.

(7) Should there be a literacy test for immigrants as well as a medical test? President Roosevelt has advocated earnestly a literary test for immigrants coming into the United States. Should we have one for immigrants coming into Canada? We require a modicum of education in the case of our youth; why not require it in the case of our immigrants? Of course, it is conceivable that if immigrants of any sort are an imperative necessity, the dispensing with a literacy test may be justified as an emergency measure. But are immigrants of any sort an imperative and urgent necessity? Is not quality more than quantity? Is not safety better than speed? Here one touches, perhaps, on the very core of the immigration policy of the Government; it is essentially a policy of forcing immigration rather than merely a policy of welcoming it judiciously. It is a policy of making haste quickly, instead of slowly. Is it not possible that by forcing immigration into Canada, and thus filling Canada with aliens and illiterates as well as with immigrants of a higher type, the Immigration Department is fulfilling its duties not wisely, but too well?



The Trade Into the North

By AUBREY FULLERTON



THE MACKENZIE RIVER RAMPARTS,
FOUR MILES LONG

ONE side of a top-storey room lined with shelves, and each shelf filled with boxes and rolls of miscellaneous cloth things; the opposite side piled high from the floor with colored rugs and thick white blankets; one end stacked with tin trunks, boxes of hats, and more blankets; the other with rolls of duffle and bundles of tri-coloured sashes; the centre of the floor covered crosswise by long tables, and each table filled with assorted sizes of men's ready-made suits, bundles of cotton prints, and still more boxes: that is the drygoods store-room in Edmonton of one of the Northern trading companies. It is in no way different from the wareroom of a small wholesale house except that its wares have very evidently been chosen for a particular trade and with the wants of a somewhat peculiar class of buyers in view. A few months hence the entire stock will have been distributed among retail trading establish-

ments at distances of two hundred miles along the Mackenzie River, and will have entered into the barter system of the North. Remembering that, one sees why the blankets should be so thick and woolly, why the sashes and prints and tartans should be so gay of colour, why the cloths and trousers should be so firm and full of wear. They are for the North, and the North needs warm things and sound things.

In another room is the stock of those other wares which form an important part of the Northern trade—the things to eat and the tools to work with. There is the same substantiality in these as in the woven and knitted goods upstairs, with even less of the fancy goods appearance. Iron and steel wares are too heavy to freight a thousand miles unless there is a use for them at the other end, and a can of syrup is the nearest approach to the fine-grocery line. A few months hence Indian trappers away down the Mackenzie will be handling the knives and hatchets, and Indian housewives will be cooking up the flour and ladling out the syrup.

It all seems very much like any other miscellaneous stock of merchandise, and is modern enough to fit well on the shelves and tables of almost any general supply house; yet just the fact that these goods have been picked for the Northern trade and that they are shortly to be offered for sale to the inhabitants of topmost Canada, differentiates the assortment from that in any other kind of warehouse on the continent. Since the



Photograph by Mathers, Edmonton

LANDING SUPPLIES AT FORT RESOLUTION

days when Cartier and Champlain first traded beads and knick-knacks with the wondering chiefs at Quebec there has been an interest—call it romance, if you will—about the white man's trade with the red man; it has now been long driven back to the Northland, and it has grown from a barter of beads to an elaborate system of modernised commerce, but it is still the trade of the white with the red, and it still has its old-time fascination.

That stock of goods represents the best that two continents can do for the wants of the Indian. In the olden days the Northern trade was supplied entirely from England, but with the growth of Canadian manufactures it has been found a better policy to outfit as much as possible in the home market, and such wares as ready-made clothing, knitted goods, and nearly all kinds of provisions are of Canadian production. The greater part of the whole, however, still comes from over the sea. Three or four great exporting houses in London and Glasgow send their travellers each year to catch the head traders on their return from the North in the fall. That is perhaps the most unique drummer-work, in point of distance covered and territory represented, that is done

within the Empire. Other British houses sell through agents in Toronto and Montreal. In either case they show their samples, quote their prices, and book their orders just as for any other class of trade; but they must meet the particular demands of the Northern trade or they won't get next year's order.

It pays to cater to this trade from Canada's back-door country, and nowadays, with a number of firms competing for it, things are being put up especially to suit the North. For instance, the trappers in the Peace and Mackenzie country felt the need of something to wear as a foot covering, inside their moccasins, a heavy fabric that would keep out the cold and keep in the natural foot warmth without becoming moisture-soaked. British mills produced a fabric that precisely met the want, and the rolls of "duffle" on the floor upstairs are some of it—a thick, woolly, reversible cloth of which the trapper cuts a strip and winds it around his stockinged feet. The Hudson's Bay Company had the monopoly of this happy thought for many years, and opposition firms were unable to find where or how it was made, but the secret leaked out, and duffle is now a common article of Northern commerce. Rugs, blankets,

tartans, tweeds, hats and cutlery are among the other wares supplied from the English and Scottish mills.

It is all good stuff, too. The Indian, the half-breed, or even the Eskimo, is not to be put off with second-grade wares. He knows good quality in the things he uses and will have nothing else. When the Hudson's Bay Company first traded into the North it instituted the policy of taking only No. 1 stock, and this policy having been followed ever since, the Indian buyers have become educated to a keen appreciation of good quality. The high freight rates, too, work against the shoddy-man, and since it

of a year's supply for the North: some had already gone forward, the rest had not as yet arrived from England. It was a straight on-order stock. Every yard and pound of it had been ordered last autumn by the factors of the several posts, just as the country merchant makes up an order to fill his season's wants. The trading firm sends very little on its own initiative, unless it be some particular ware or new line which it thinks might profitably be introduced at its posts; but the responsibility of estimating the year's quantities is put entirely upon the factor, whose place it is to know the conditions and trade

prospects of his especial field. What he orders the firm sends. Summed altogether, it makes a very respectable consignment for the North. These fifteen Mackenzie posts, belonging to one of the independent companies, will total on their annual orders 2,000 hundred-pound sacks of flour, 7,500 pounds of oatmeal, seven tons of lump sugar, a carload of tea imported direct from Japan, 150 cases, or 7,200 pounds of syrup, six tons of tobacco, 420 pairs of blankets, of a quality selling at Edmon-

ton for \$10 a pair, and other wares in proportion. Lard and jam are on every factor's list; a few stoves and sewing machines may be asked for; and private orders are made up for the factors themselves, or for gilt-edge customers, that sometimes include gee-gaws and notions.

In all the North country tributary to Edmonton, which means the Peace, Athabasca and Mackenzie districts, straight to the Arctic coast, there are about one hundred trading-posts. The ancient and honourable Hudson's Bay Company, which began trading into this region nearly a century and a half ago, has sixty of these, and the



PARTLY LADEN SCOWS AT FORT SMITH,
MACKENZIE RIVER

costs as much to transport cheap goods as high-class goods the traders have found it more to their profit to handle only honest stock. That does not at all mean that the clothes an Indian buys at a Northern trading-post are as dressy as you or I would choose, or that the relishes he buys to fill out his bill of fare are as dainty as those on a white man's table, but of their kind they all are good and, as things go, worth their price.

These shufffuls and tablefuls of made and unmade goods were to be divided among fifteen widely separated posts down the Mackenzie. The entire collection represented a portion

remaining forty belong to the world-known Revillon Brothers, in the Peace and Athabasca, Hislop and Nagle, on the Mackenzie, and some four or five private concerns that have not as yet attained to very large proportions. To these hundred posts goes each year a stock of goods worth nearly a million and a quarter dollars, at Winnipeg prices. From twenty to twenty-five per cent. must be added for cost of freight, making it easily a merchandise value, when it reaches the North, of \$1,500,000, in exchange for which a like value in furs is brought back. These furs, which all pass through Edmonton, more than double in value, however, when they reach London and Paris. That's where the profit in the Northern trade comes in.

Packing time comes for the Northern freight as soon as the goods arrive from the mills and as soon as there is snow enough for sledding for the first hundred miles from Edmonton, which is the end of the railway, is by the horse-and-sled route. The Hudson's Bay Company sends out supplies for all its Northern and Northwestern posts from Winnipeg, shipping by rail to Edmonton and thence by sled. The Edmonton office of the Company is headquarters for the Peace and Athabasca district, but the Mackenzie posts report to Winnipeg, while all three districts look to Winnipeg for their supplies. The other traders, however, operate from Edmonton, receive their stocks there, and from there outfit their posts.

Strong and tight must be the packages for the North. The boxes are packed solid and secure, iron-banded, and then covered with sacking, all to the end that if upsets come *en route* the iron bands will hold if the boxes

break, and if wood and iron give way the sacking will still keep things in. The boxes are kept as near as possible to one hundred pounds each.

Four days by sled, from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, is the first freight stage in the real North. All through the winter big loads of boxes and bales are kept moving along the hundred-mile trail, and the spring break-up finds a vast amount of merchandise ready for the water route. Athabasca Landing is the distributing point for the North. Navigation opens there about mid-May, when staunch Northern-built steamers set out with full-up cargoes, up the Atha-

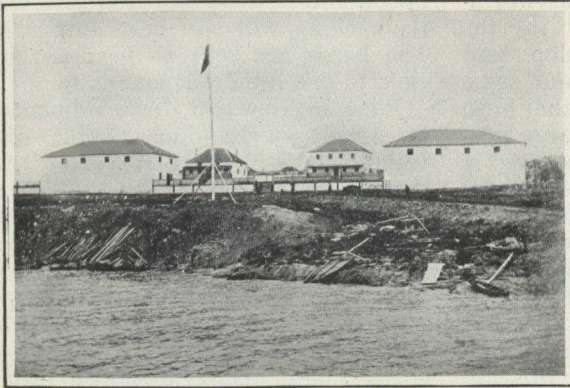


Photograph by Mathers, Edmonton

TRACKING ON ATHABASCA RIVER

basca and Lesser Slave Lake for the Peace River country, down the Athabasca for Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie.

On the last route, covering a distance of 2,000 miles, there is a deal of hard travelling. The first 160 miles, by steamer, are followed by 100 miles of rapids, through which nothing but open boats can be taken. The freight is therefore transferred to scows, ten tons to each, and put through the bad water by sheer man power until steamer is taken again at Fort McMurray. Much of the same process is repeated down the Mackenzie, with frequent portages and shiftings



Photograph by Mathers, Edmonton

FORT CHIPPEWYAN, ON ATHABASCA LAKE

of cargo, and on Great Slave Lake the scows are strung together and towed. The North-country scow is a boat of about forty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide, and three feet deep, built of North-sawn spruce, and worth a hundred dollars. Five half-breeds, strong, reckless, happy-go-lucky offspring of the wilderness, man each boat with four at the oars and one at the sweep. Very seldom do they lose a cargo, for the half-breed is a navigator seemingly proof against bad weather and bad water. He, nor any man, is equal, however, to bringing back his fleet as easily as he took it down. The greater number of the scows are sold at their journey's end for firewood, for the reason that only as many are brought back up the swift Mackenzie current as are needed to carry the return cargo of furs, and one scow can carry the fur-equivalent of perhaps ten scowloads of merchandise. Each year, therefore, a new fleet of boats is built for the down trip, a side industry of considerable importance. Of steamers there are in all about twenty on the Northern rivers and lakes, of which the Hudson's Bay Company own six and the missions an equal number.

This method of freighting costs money. The rate is fourteen cents a pound to the way-down posts, which

means \$14 added to the price of a hundred-pound sack of flour. On the return trip the rate is twenty-two cents. One may look for high prices as a natural consequence. The traveller with some money in his pocket may have to pay fifty cents for a can of corn even at Peace River Landing and a dollar at Fort Graham.

The Northern store is not radically different in general appearance from the average country store down East. It used to be

a log-built house, pioneer in all its appointments, but it is a frame structure nowadays, neatly ceiled, and fitted with counters, shelves, and bins, like any trader's shop. The art of displaying goods is not unknown, either, and samples of the stock are hung or laid about as prompters to the sometimes uncertain patrons of the establishment. The store is the hub, centre, and heart of the settlement. It stands for power and authority, for industry and the reward of industry, for comfort and respectability; and the Indian of the North looks upon the trading-post store even more in awe and admiration than we, as children, used to look upon the corner store down home.

A few white settlers in the Peace River country, the forerunners of a large population soon to come, give a somewhat different character to the trade in that district, but the Mackenzie posts have only the Indians and the half-breeds as customers. It is trade by the barter system, as it has always been, and the amount of stock which each takes out is governed by the amount of fur which he brings in. A good year's catch per man runs at about \$500; the average is nearer \$200, and according to whether his furs count near the one figure or the other will be compara-

tive affluence or bare necessities for the Indian trapper. If, however, his traps played him even more poorly, or if he was lazy, and has but a handful of furs to trade with, it means that he must go without even the necessities. He will live, but how, Heaven only knows.

There is, it is true, a credit system, and if an Indian bears a good reputation he will be given advances upon his next season's furs. But the payment of a debt, or the necessity of paying it, depends, in the Indian's code of ethics, upon whether it is a good fur year or not. If he dutifully set his traps and no fur come, he considers the debt cancelled and is thereupon ready to open a new account; nor can the store-keeper recover the old one. For this reason the traders are discouraging the credit system, and while it will probably always be necessary to some degree, it will be infinitely better for the Indian himself when his trading is wholly upon a spot-down basis.

The basis of trade is the "made beaver" skin. It is the uncoined money of the North, a wholly technical standard, in terms of which the value of furs or merchandise is estimated as equal to so many "skins." In actual money value it varies from a quarter to a half-dollar as one goes North. There is a standard of prices for the furs, which is adhered to as closely as the competition between opposition traders will allow, and if the trapper is a fairly good arithmetician he can figure up the extent of

his shopping and whether or not he can afford luxuries or only necessities.

At Arctic Red River and Fort McPherson the traders are in the Eskimo country, and the funny, happy natives of the Top Edge of the Continent have learned enough of the white man's good things to have become patrons of his stores. It is eatables, rather than clothing, that the "huskies" want, for garments of skin suit them better than wool, and such furs as they are able to bring to the posts are exchanged chiefly for lard, flour, sugar, and suchlike substantial. The Eskimo has a somewhat different system of buying from that of the Indian. Instead of disposing of his furs in a lot and taking a lump price on them, he brings one at a time and buys its worth alone of merchandise. He uses the skin as we use a dollar bill, and seems to believe that in this way he gets more for his money.

The annual visit of the supply boats to these Mackenzie posts is, it may be assumed, an event. But it is a hurried visit. The entire season is short enough to make the long trip down to McPherson and back again before the rivers freeze; and so one day's stop to unload the supplies and tell the news, and another on the way back to receive the factor's accounts and take on his furs, is all, barring storms and sicknesses, that the trader is able to give each post. And even then, though he started early in May, it is the very last of September when he lands his harvest of the North in Edmonton.



The Letters of Queen Victoria*

A REVIEW

No better evidence of the democratic nature of the British monarchical system of government could scarcely be desired than the publication of three bulky volumes of Queen Victoria's private letters. But while the sanction of the publication by King Edward was a remarkable instance of royal lenience, the letters themselves

show that the late Queen possessed a strong and unwavering persistence in her monarchical rights. Even though the letters have been selected by the editors with much apparent freedom, one cannot help wishing that the three volumes contained all of her available correspondence, or at least as much of it as would give a good

idea of her attitude towards private and public affairs throughout her entire reign, for the volumes, large as they are, comprise only the selected correspondence that took place in the first twenty-four years of the Queen's reign—that is, from 1837 to 1861. It must be taken for granted that the letters end with the year 1861, in keeping with the wish of the editors to conclude the series with the death of the Prince Consort. Some of the most important events in Queen Victoria's reign took place after her husband had been removed from the scene, and it therefore stands to reason that so important a period will not be finally overlooked, the first part having already been dealt with. The publication of



From the Miniature by Essex at Buckingham Palace, after the painting by Winterhalter

QUEEN VICTORIA AS SHE APPEARED IN 1842

* "The Letters of Queen Victoria" (Montreal: The Cambridge Corporation, Limited. Three volumes, with many engravings, \$16 net.)

these letters has been attended by a general indication of gratification by those at large who take an interest in the working out of constitutional government.

The King's sanction must be accepted as an assurance that had the Queen lived she herself would have given approval, and, indeed, there seems good ground for the belief that it was the intention of the late sovereign to write an autobiography, for she seems to have had an earnest wish to give her subjects an opportunity to become closely acquainted with what-ever she had to do that concerned them. On the other hand, she has given instances of her resentment of whatever publication of private documents would unnecessarily expose the privacy of individuals. An instance of her generosity was shown in the publication, shortly after the Prince Consort's death, of a history of his early years, in which she allowed to appear the intimate story of her courtship and marriage, as revealed in her diary and letters. The same sources of information were at the disposal of Sir Theodore Martin when he wrote "The Life of the Prince."

Taken as a whole, the letters have no great significance as political documents, and their publication offers but little new or illuminative comment on any political epochs or crises. On the other hand, they are marvelously human and full of human interest, particularly in view of the fact that they come from one who occupied the most exalted position in the greatest kingdom in the world. The letters reveal without doubt the great fact that Queen Victoria was above all things a woman, and they afford abundance of proof that she possessed an earnest and pious appreciation of the sacred duty imposed upon her. That, at least, is her attitude as revealed in her correspondence up to the time of the death of the Prince Consort, and doubtless that is the attitude that will be shown

when the final selections from her letters have been published. But while the first letters, as published, reveal her personal characteristics and sympathies to a marked degree, it is nevertheless the preponderance of political subjects that will give them most permanent value. They show how exhaustively she communicated in writing with her Ministers on affairs of state, and indeed it is known that at the outbreak of the Egyptian War, in 1882, she sent the Secretary of War, during the working portion of one day, no less than seventeen letters. It is estimated that during her lifetime she wrote at least 500,000 letters. Many of the letters declare her views on political questions of various kinds and importance. There is in them nothing to detract from the very general impression that she reigned with an eye single to the best interests of her subjects, and that she was remarkably earnest and remarkably energetic. She seems to have utterly ignored the theory that the British sovereign is in many respects a figurehead, and apparently she persistently demanded treatment as one who took an active hand in the affairs of the Empire. But, while the democratic spirit of the constitution developed materially during her long reign, notwithstanding royal activity, there is little doubt that the Queen's influence was greater than her power. Indeed, it was on questions of her power that she frequently clashed with her Ministers, and while she was apparently not a success as a dictator, she oftentimes achieved her object by means of persuasion, especially objects that worked to the national advantage.

King Leopold of Belgium, Queen Victoria's uncle, was greatly beloved by his niece, and it was to him that she poured out her heart in times of joy and in times likewise of sorrow. When the death of William IV. appeared imminent, she wrote as follows to her uncle:

"I look forward to the event, which, it seems, is likely to occur soon, with calmness and quietness. I am not alarmed at it, and yet I do not suppose myself quite equal at all. I trust, however, that with good-will, honesty, and courage, I shall not, at all events, fail." The conclusion shows her trust in a higher power: "The All-Powerful Being, who has so long watched over my destinies, will guide and support me in whatever situation and station it may please him to place me."

That the Queen was a very motherly woman is indicated in the following reference to the babe Albert Edward (now King Edward), shortly after his birth: "Our little boy is a wonderfully strong and large child, with very large blue eyes and finely formed, but with a somewhat large nose and pretty little mouth. I hope and pray he may be like his dearest papa. He is to be called Albert, and Edward is to be his second name."

In one of the letters the following is written about the Duke of Wellington:

"I am sure you will mourn with us over the loss we and this whole nation have experienced in the death of the dear and great old Duke of Wellington. He was the pride and the *bon genie*, as it were, of this country. He was the greatest man this country ever produced, and the most devoted and loyal subject, and the staunchest supporter the Crown ever had. He was to us a true, kind friend and a most valuable adviser. To think that all this is gone; that this great and important man belongs now to history and no longer to the present is a truth which we cannot realize."

In a letter referring to the Crimean War she writes of the "dreadful and incalculable consequences of war weighing upon my heart." In another she quotes Shakespeare's words, "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."

In 1857 there is this reference to the Indian Mutiny: "We are in sad anxiety about India, which engrosses all our attention. Troops cannot be raised fast or largely enough, and the horrors committed on poor ladies, women, and children are unknown in these ages, and make one's blood run cold. Altogether, the whole is so much more distressing than the Crimea, where there was glory and honorable warfare, and where poor women and children were safe."

The Queen wrote to King Leopold from Windsor Castle, the day after her marriage, as follows:

"Dearest Uncle,—I write you from here the happiest, happiest being that ever existed. Really I do not think it possible for anyone in the world to be happier or as happy as I am. He is an angel, and his kindness and affection for me is really touching. To look in those dear eyes and dear, sunny face is enough to make me adore him. What I can do to make him happy will be my greatest delight and independent of my great personal happiness.

"The reception we both met with yesterday was the most gratifying and enthusiastic I ever experienced. There was no end of crowds in London and all along the road."

Referring to Sir Robert Peel's bill to increase the grant to the Roman Catholics' College at Maynooth, the following appears:

"Buckingham Palace, April 15, 1845.

"My Beloved Uncle,—Here we are in a great state of agitation about one of the greatest measures ever proposed. I am sure poor Peel ought to be blessed by all Catholics for the manly and noble way in which he stands forth to protect and do good to poor Ireland. But the bigotry, wicked, and blind passions it brings forth is quite dreadful, and I blush for Protestantism. A Presbyterian clergyman said very truly that bigotry is more common than shame."

That Victoria had an appreciation

of a humorous situation is shown in the following:

"Millions of my subjects showed good humor and excessive loyalty, and really I cannot say how proud I feel to be Queen of such a nation. . . . When my good Lord of Melbourne knelt down and kissed my hand he pressed my hand, and I grasped his with my heart. . . . The Archbishop had most awkwardly put the ring on the wrong finger, and I had the greatest difficulty to take it off again, which at last I did with great pain. . . . The crown hurt me a good deal."

Between 1848 and 1851 there was friction between the Court and Palmerston over the conduct of foreign affairs, and finally the latter resigned. On December 3, 1851, the Queen wrote to King Leopold I.:

"Dearest Uncle,—I have the greatest pleasure in announcing to you a piece of news which will give you as much satisfaction and relief as it does to us, and will do to the whole of the world. Lord Palmerston is no longer Foreign Secretary, and Lord Granville is already named as his successor. He had become of late really quite reckless, and, in spite of the serious admonition and caution he received, only on the 9th of November, and again at the beginning of December, he tells Walewski that he entirely approves of Louis Napoleon's coup d'état, when he had written to Lord Normanby by my and my Cabinet's desire that he (Lord Normanby) was to continue his diplomatic intercourse with the French Government,

but was to remain perfectly passive and give no opinion."

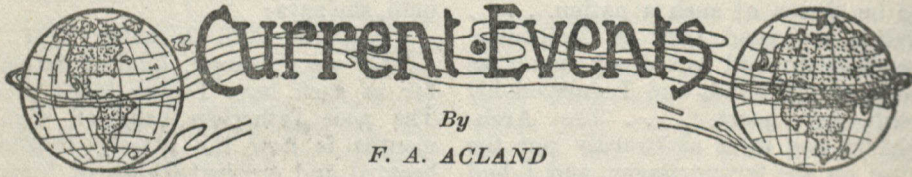
The Queen was sorely afflicted on the death of the Prince Consort, and, writing in her sorrow to King Leopold, she says:

"Osborne, 20th December, 1861.

"My own dearest, kindest father, for as such have I ever loved you. The poor fatherless baby of eight months is now the utterly broken-hearted and crushed widow of forty-two. My life as a happy one is ended. The world is gone for me. If I must live on—and I will do nothing to make me worse than I am—it is henceforth for my poor fatherless children, for my unhappy country, which has lost all in losing him, and in only doing what I know and feel he would wish; for he is near me; his spirit will guide and inspire me. But, Oh, to be cut off in the prime of life; to see our pure, happy, quiet, domestic life, which alone enabled me to bear my much-disliked position, cut off at forty-two, when I had hoped with such instinctive certainty that God never would part us, and would let us grow old together!

"Although he always talked of the shortness of life, it is too awful, too cruel, and yet it must be for his good, his happiness. His purity was too great, his aspirations too high for this poor, miserable world. His great soul is now only enjoying that for which it was worthy, and I will not envy him, only pray that mine may be perfected by it, and fit to be with him eternally, for which blessed moment I earnestly long."





Current Events

By

F. A. ACLAND

FOR several months to come the United States navy will afford the world at large a considerable amount of spectacular interest. Whatever may be the real intent of the move, and whatever may be the outcome, the American people have once more succeeded in doing what is for the moment the biggest thing of the kind ever attempted, for so great a naval force has never before started on so tremendous a voyage. Officially the American nation is endeavouring to dissociate the voyage around the Horn of the United States fleet from the bit of unpleasantness between the relations of the United States and Japan; but unofficially the two matters are everywhere discussed together. President Roosevelt, in his recent message, expresses the view that it would be well to have the fleet pass to and fro between the Atlantic and the Pacific and back again every year or two; the redoubtable Admiral "Bob" Evans takes it on his own responsibility, or appears to do so, to declare his belief that the fleet will return to the United States by way of the Suez Canal next year; and Secretary Taft, the probable successor of Roosevelt, seizes the occasion as the psychological moment for a visit to Japan; all of which does not lessen the general impression that whatever other virtues the great voyage may have, in the way of testing machinery, administrative capacity and other matters, there is also an element of precaution in it; and the precau-

tion has of necessity more or less to do with the newly-risen power on the other side of the Pacific Ocean. Without exaggerating the importance of the friction between the United States and Japan on the question whether or not Japan's subjects shall be allowed to emigrate to the United States—a question which may assume an acute form whenever Congress undertakes to enact a Japanese exclusion bill—it is at least within the mark to say that the appearance of this new and aggressive power as a neighbour of the Republic—and a very close neighbour so far as the Philippines are concerned—greatly increases the responsibilities of the United States and may not impossibly have a sobering effect on that diminishing portion of the American population whose delight it has been to twist the tail of the British Lion. There are great states and great cities on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic coast of the United States, and this fact and the coming of Japan make new and vital problems for American statesmen to solve.

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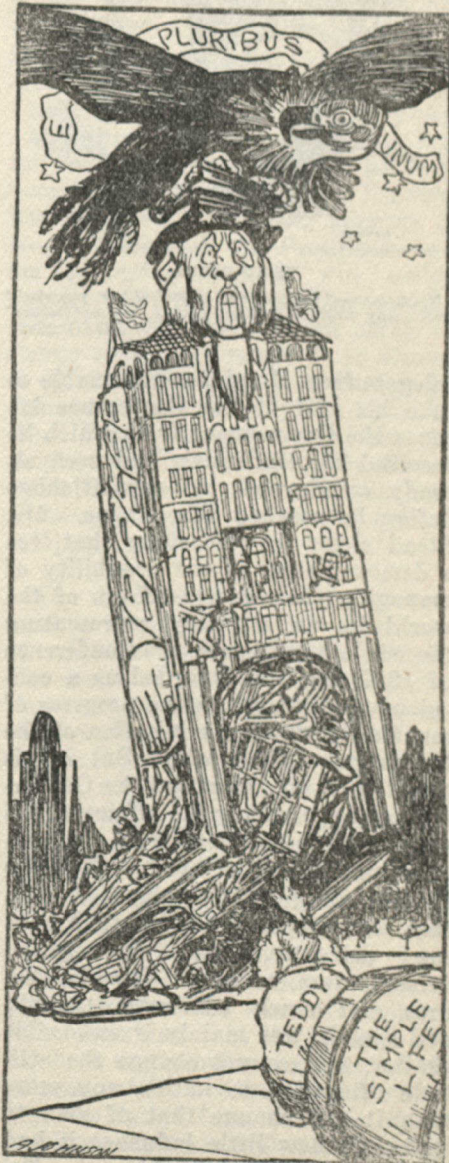
Mr. Stead has been giving in a December contemporary, his impressions of The Hague Peace Conference, which he had the best of opportunities for observing, having edited the daily paper of the Conference for some four months; the value of his impressions, of course, is another matter. On one point the reader who follows Mr. Stead is not disappoint-

ed—he finds it possible to speak good of the representatives of every country save his own. Of the British delegates he speaks slightly, save when he goes further and charges them with making a “discreditable but unfortunately characteristic” attempt to raise the colour line, while it was only, he assures us, by the Marquis of Soveral, the Portuguese delegate, that “the honour of England was saved,” and even then only “as by fire.” As a good journalist, however, Mr. Stead notes the somewhat picturesque fact that the Latin-American “nations” found themselves at this Conference, eighteen of them, a third of the Conference, being represented, as against Mexico alone at the former Conference; and that as a consequence the Spanish and Portuguese delegates—leaders by reason of the seniority of the Spanish and Portuguese nations—found themselves unexpectedly ranking as powers almost of the first class. It is true the eighteen South American powers included such small fry as Panama, Haiti, San Domingo, Guatemala, San Salvador, Cuba even—though actually administered by a United States officer at the present time—the delegates of which gravely voted with those of Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and the United States; moreover, Mr. Stead notes with special glee, these small fry voted in many cases before the big fish: Montenegro, for instance, before Russia, and Luxembourg before Spain, precedence being governed by the alphabet.

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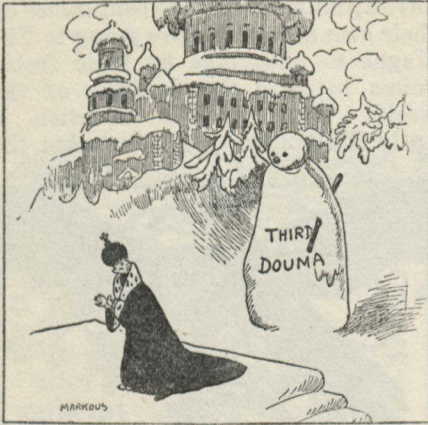
Undoubtedly the South American republics are growing in wealth and importance and the greater ones of their number, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Chile and Peru, must take a fitting place in the councils of the world. So far as the mass of little squabbling nationalities and segments of nationalities south of Mexico are concerned, however, it would have seemed not unfitting that they should

have a preliminary peace conference on their own account before going to The Hague to undertake by their feeble voices to sway the destinies of the world. Their general condition is aptly illustrated by the fact that the



FALL OF THE FINANCIAL SKY-SCRAPER

When the American bird of freedom lights upon it, the sky-scraper of rotten finance gives way
—Kladderatsch (Berlin)



THIRD DOUMA

NICHOLAS—"I am rather afraid of her, but she'll melt away when the spring comes, like her sisters"
—*Rire* (Paris)

delegate from Honduras was unable to take his seat at the Conference because the Government from which he received his credentials had been already overturned by revolutionists before he reached The Hague. Mr. Stead closes by remarking that "as a demonstration of the possibility of managing the common affairs of the world by an assembly representing the whole human race, the Conference of 1907 must be regarded as a conspicuous landmark in the progress of mankind towards a realisation of the federation of the world." But, one is tempted to ask, what did the Conference manage among the affairs of the world? It is not clear from the comparative dullness of the record of the British delegates as compared with that established by the South American delegates, that the grand debate, despite some famous figures and much admirable thought and speech, was mainly irresponsible chatter, and cannot change the attitude of nation to nation any more than it can change that of man to man, and how little influence it had in this last respect is shown by Mr. Stead's admission that two of the South American delegates settled their differences by the old-fashioned

method of a duel, the utmost their fellow-delegates could achieve being the postponement of the duel until after the close of the Conference. Therein lies the root of the war problem, and how is a peace conference to mend the matter?

* * *

The passion for reform sometimes leads to unforeseen consequences, and the Prevention of Corruption Act enacted at the last session of the Imperial Parliament was hardly expected by its authors, presumably, to give a quietus to the time-honoured custom of giving and receiving Christmas boxes. Not altogether, of course, but in the wholesale way in which the custom has prevailed as between retailers and purchasers for employers. A gift to a postman will be always in order, because the postman will hardly be induced to bring a few extra letters in return therefor; but a Christmas box to the employer or retail merchant in return for some duty outside the employer's proper duty is believed to be clearly within the meaning of the Act, there being a modicum of corruption in the motive. More frequent and more flagrant in Great Britain are the cases where the merchant makes a present to the employers of his customers, the motive of which is apparently, if analysed to the bottom, to influence the recipient to order from the donor more goods than might be ordered if the present had not been made. The corrupt intent in such methods may no doubt be sometimes considerable, though in other cases it must be microscopic if it exists at all. As originally practised the Christmas box was certainly the most innocent of customs and one of the most pleasant, but in a social sense as well as in a business sense it has been carried to an extreme degree of late years, so that there is a perfect carnival of mutual giving and taking as the season comes around, without in most cases those who really need being benefitted by the annual

burst of generosity. Such matters can hardly be effectively regulated by Act of Parliament, however, and it is to be feared that the British Act, though it will apply to only a certain class of Christmas gifts, will have a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the presents made, and will result in wholesale evasion of a too rigorous law, so that what was probably but unconscious corruption in the past in the great majority of cases will become a crime deliberately committed, under the new Act.

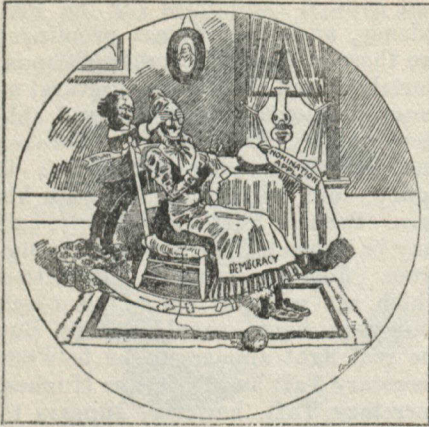
* * *

President Roosevelt has once more declared emphatically that he will under no circumstances be a candidate for or will accept another nomination. "I have not changed," he says, "and shall not change the decision thus announced," referring to his announcement to the same effect in 1904. The Democratic press of the United States is inclined to insist that in spite of this renewed declaration the President will allow himself to be forced into the fight, and the Republican writers charge that this is done deliberately as a piece of party tactics. It is no doubt the definite intention of Mr. Roosevelt to do as he has stated and refuse to have his name go to the convention, but no man is quite the master of his fate, and it is possible that in the event of any such national calamity as a war, a financial panic widespread and prolonged, or some other condition needing swift and drastic treatment, arising, there would after all be an irresistible demand for the continuance in power of the man whose character and personal force have impressed the nation and the world more than any American statesman since Lincoln. These are, of course, remote contingencies, and hardly worth taking into account as reasons for a third term precedent. There is in the meantime no lack of candidates. Secretary Taft, Senator Foraker and Senator Knox are open

and avowed candidates for the Presidency, and other names prominent are those of Messrs. Hughes, Cannon, Cortelyou and Fairbanks. Several of those mentioned are strong and able men, notably Taft, Hughes, Foraker and Cortelyou. The last named is young, and will no doubt wait his turn. Senator Foraker is elderly, and may be depended upon to make a vigorous effort to secure a nomination which age will put out of his reach four years hence, should he live. But the real fight appears to lie between Secretary Taft and Governor Hughes. Secretary Taft, however, appears to be the choice of the President, and his powerful backing will weigh heavily with the Republican convention next fall. Against an array of strong names, so numerous as almost to embarrass the Republican party, the Democrats can set only the name of Wm. Bryan, who, however, has not gained in influence during Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, and will make but a losing though doubtless a gallant campaign.

* * *

The Campbell-Bannerman Government is having the usual experiences of a Liberal Government, in Ireland. The desire of the Liberal administration to treat the people of the Island with perhaps a special kindness and forbearance is seized upon by a few of the more unworthy of the Irish leaders as an excuse for urging and practising the most audacious and inexcusable offences against the peace, and once more it has fallen to the lot of a Liberal Irish Secretary to compel proceedings against an Irish member until the member is safely placed behind the bars of a prison cell. This time it is Mr. Gimell, who has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for instigating cattle driving, the latest form defiance of the law has adopted in Ireland. There can be no doubt Mr. Birrell, the Irish Secretary, has shown extraordinary patience in the matter, so much so



"GUESS WHO, GRANDMA!"

—Webster in the *Chicago Inter Ocean*

that for several months past the Unionist journals have been insisting that his forbearance was but weakness, and that he was in reality countenancing the outrages perpetrated. Concerning cattle driving itself, the most ardent sympathiser with Irish aspirations for national life can hardly uphold it as legitimate agitation. The arguments urged on its behalf are that the ranches from which the cattle are being driven are tracts of evicted land, and that the cattle drivers are mainly evicted tenants anxious to secure small holdings for cultivation. It seems doubtful whether the land in question, grass land as a rule, is at all suited for ordinary farming purposes, but whether it is so or not, there can be but one method of dealing with those who thus take the law into their own hands; and Mr. Redmond's tacit sanction of the outrages will only discourage those who would gladly assist in redressing Irish grievances by the only methods that can be used in a law-abiding country.

* * *

What promised to be a disastrous war in South Africa has been averted by the surrender of the drunken Dinizulu, the degenerate son of Cetewayo, the Zulu chief, who for a time defied the power of England, and

when defeated and captured was lionised in London society. Dinizulu had been educated under British tutelage at St. Helena, where he grew fat and lazy and dissipated; the tutelage not apparently being all that one might desire, or Dinizulu's disposition being unequal to the strain of removal from his native atmosphere. A mistaken sense of humanitarianism, eager to soothe any slight vexations the heart of the former savage might retain, transferred him back to his own people, who had been at peace with British and Boers in South Africa ever since 1878, when after some initial losses the race was conquered by British troops. Warlike conditions were revived, centering about the person of Cetewayo's son. There was every prospect of a rising which would darken the whole sub-continent with a race war. Had Dinizulu been a warrior the struggle would have occurred to a certainty. Fortunately, the courage or resolution of Dinizulu failed him as the crisis approached, or British diplomacy was swifter than British arms; at any rate he surrendered to the British troops, and the danger is over for the present. The struggle would have fallen mainly on Natal, the colony in which the race problem is most acute, and where the supremacy of the white race, a tenth only of the whole population, is still maintained only by a constant struggle. The adjoining colonies would have undoubtedly assisted their sister province, and were actively preparing to do so; but a widely extended race war throughout Natal, the Transvaal and Cape Colony, while the country is still suffering from the depression of the war between Briton and Boer, might well have brought the populations of that great division of the Empire to the verge of despair. Dinizulu is now in the hands of the Natal Government, and will be tried on the charge of treason. The exercise of the highest statesmanship is still necessary to steer the ship of state

safely through the shoals that lie ahead.

* * *

Compared with the problems so desperate as those confronting the statesmen of South Africa, the worst difficulties of Canada dwindle into trifles. Our severest problem at the moment appears to be the digestion of the enormous mass of immigration that has come to the shores of the Dominion during the year, a task not to be accomplished without some discomfort both to the Canadian people and to the newcomers, or at least to a considerable fraction of the latter. The new population added to Canada during the year reaches the figure of 300,000, approaching the gigantic when taken into comparison with the total Canadian population, a seventh of whose seven millions is composed of immigrants of less than ten years' standing. It has been frequently pointed out, sometimes with pride, sometimes with fear, that no nation in the world has received an immigration so large proportionately within the same period. The United States had reached a population of forty millions when its immigration had attained the limits of our own. Our chief safeguard, if there is danger in the rush of immigrants to the Dominion, is found in the fact that the vast majority of the newcomers are English-speaking, and a considerable majority come direct from the parent land. But for this fact Canada would certainly have to cry a halt in its immigration policy. It is particularly incumbent upon us, therefore, to be patient with the small minority of the British newcomers who find themselves in distress this winter, having arrived too late in the season to secure a winter's work or having otherwise been unlucky or unwise in their initial experiences of the country. The policy of the Immigration Department is carefully thought-out and is handled by skilled and sympathetic

officials, but if the present extraordinary rush of immigration continues, much more if it increases, as is likely, the Department should make every effort in its power to check immigration during the later months of the year, even practically to suspend it after the end of September so far as it is able to do so, save on the part of those who come prepared to spend the winter on their own resources.

* * *

Large as are our own figures of immigration, they sink into comparative insignificance beside the tremendous total of that of the United States, which represents a million and a quarter of new population for the past year, four times our own number. Owing to the greatly larger population of the Republic, the proportion to the home people is smaller than in the case of Canada, but on the other hand, of the newcomers to the United States only a fraction is English-speaking. The United States is presumably less anxious than Canada to add strength to the English stock, and relies on its assimilative powers to graft on the home stock all of the white races who come to its shores. But considerably over a million a year of Poles and Huns and Italians, and others of the Central and Southern European races who are vitally distinct from the Anglo-Saxon type and even from the American variation of that type, is likely to give rise to problems of the most serious character. A century hence the comingling of all these races may have produced excellent results, but it is possible those results will be reached only through a shelter of chaos; and if the English language and the American modification of English laws and institutions survive the test to which they will be undoubtedly submitted it will be due rather to the chances of destiny than to the wisdom of statesmen.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Dusk, and the day is done,
Homeward I turn;
Bright as the setting sun
Home fires do burn.

Dusk, and the shadows fold
On the hill's breast;
Dark 'gainst the fleeing gold
In the far west.

Dusk, and the waking stars
Glimmer on high
Like candles newly lit
In the grey sky.

Dusk, and I see your face,
Soft lips apart;
Waiting to find your place
Near to my heart.

—*Beth Slater Whitson, in Windsor Magazine.*

* * *

EARL GREY'S PROPOSAL.

NOT only has a Women's Canadian Club been inaugurated in Montreal, but in Winnipeg, also, such an organization has set out under favourable auspices. In Montreal Earl Grey was the guest of honour at the inaugural meeting and gave much advice which women all over the Dominion might take to heart.

"Are you," said His Excellency, "using your influence to safeguard

your beautiful city from being swallowed up by the slums which have overtaken the cities of the United Kingdom and the United States?

"Are you, the women of Montreal, using your influence to secure that the increasing stream of women who enter Canada through your gates shall be switched on to rails leading to happiness, instead of misery?"

"Remember, every woman who enters Canada will make an impress on the national character, and it is important that she should be made into a good Canadian citizen as quickly as possible."

Earl Grey then gave a picturesque description of the heights near Quebec and deplored the fact that a big, black, frowning gaol is the first building there to meet the gaze of the new citizen. Then was made the proposition which is being enthusiastically discussed throughout the Dominion. "Next year, as you are aware, is the 300th anniversary of the birthday of Canada, Champlain having founded Quebec in 1608. It has been suggested by a committee appointed by Mr. Garneau, the Mayor of Quebec, that the Champlain Tercentenary should be celebrated by the consecration of the famous battlefields of Quebec. The battlefield of St. Foye, where the French in 1760, after a desperate

and bloody battle, defeated the British, and whence they would have recaptured Quebec if the British fleet had not suddenly appeared, adjoined the Plains of Abraham."

It is proposed to remove the gaol and rifle factories, to purchase certain lands, to build a museum for historical relics, to construct an avenue around the battlefields, overlooking on one side the St. Lawrence and on the other side the valley of the River St. Charles. This driveway would be about seven miles in length, and for historical interest and natural beauty would probably be the first driveway in the world. Earl Grey also hopes that it may be possible to erect on a promontory of Quebec a colossal statue of the Angel of Peace with outstretched arms.

To do all this will cost about one million dollars and to that million the patriotic and historical societies of women may contribute materially. The men of the Canadian Club of Edmonton have already signified their intention of contributing five hundred dollars and the women of the Montreal and Winnipeg Canadian Clubs can imitate this Western example. This is a cause in which the Daughters of the Empire may well take a practical interest. His Excellency referred to the great work done in the United States by women, to whom is largely due the preservation of Mount Vernon, Washington's picturesque home. In this form of enthusiastic nationalism, the women of Canada have much to learn from those of the great Republic. But we are awaking to the fact that we have a country with a history, with many romantic spots in that history. I believe that one reason why Canadian women have shown so little care about the sacred places of the Dominion is that they have not been taught Canadian history in their youth or were taught it so badly that interest died out in the dry-as-dust methods of most pedagogues. There is no subject on our



LADY DRUMMOND,
President of the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal

curriculum more wretchedly taught than Canadian history. There are few teachers who seem to know anything about the subject beyond certain dreary constitutional facts. But that is another story, to which we may sometime return. In the meantime, it is certainly the duty of Women's Clubs throughout this broad and blessed country to give heed to Earl Grey and aid in raising that million which is to give our historic field at Quebec the environment it deserves. Let it not be said that our patriotism is exceeded by that of Washington or New England.

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A CANADIAN JOURNAL.

THERE have been many Canadian magazines or periodicals published in the interests of women, but most of them have flourished for a short time and then turned their faces to the wall. But there has arrived a bright monthly magazine called *The Home Journal*, which looks as if it might have a long and prosperous life before it, with excellent

circulation. The January number has a cover of cherry colour on which is displayed the classic head, "Canada," with the motto "Pro domo et patria." The editorial page is vigorously written, with due regard to questions supposed to be of especial interest to women, but with none of that slushy sentimentalism too often adopted by "feminine" publications.

* * *

SEVENTY MILES OF PIES.

MISS TERESA McDONALD, a famous lecturer on culinary topics, recently gave the advice at a women's conference in Boston: "Concentrate your mind on the oven." In the course of her remarks, Miss McDonald, who is celebrating her golden jubilee as a cook, owned to the terrifying record of 394,000 pies baked in forty years, also 2,000,000 doughnuts and 788,400 puddings. These are achievements which ought to make Caesar and Napoleon turn green with envy — or indigestion — at the very thought of all that pastry. Miss McDonald must surely be a New Englander, and about half of the seventy miles of pies probably had a pumpkin filling. It makes one's teeth ache when one tries to imagine the imposing array of lemon, apple, raspberry, blackberry, plum and currant. What a heavenly vista for the small boy to contemplate! Were there any deep apple pies and is Devonshire cream known to Massachusetts? Anyway, it is a stupendous record, but even here one must remember that the paths of pastry lead but to the grave.

* * *

A MATTER OF NAMES.

THERE are few people who are indifferent to musical or curious names. Perhaps women take a greater interest than men in Christian names, for the reason that a woman is likely to change her surname, while a man, unless he is so lucky as to inherit money or property with a condition

as to change of name attached, retains the name that was his father's before him. A recent article in the *Grand Magazine* shows how the historic English families have kept certain names throughout many generations. The few families of undoubted Saxon origin have kept Odo, Ethel, Elaine and Edith, while others of Norman descent have shown a preference for Maude, Isabelle and Jacqueline. The Marlborough family keeps in remembrance the tempestuous and beautiful first Duchess in the name Sarah, while the plain and honest name of Jane is everlasting among the Somersets, whose family name is St. Maur or Seymour. The most famous lady of the line was Jane Seymour, who became the third wife of Henry VIII. and was the mother of gentle Edward VI. Old Puritan names have lasted through several centuries, even in fashionable households. Such quaint-sounding names as Patience, Faith, Honour, Mercy and Christiana are found in the list of the British aristocracy; also such homely ones as Peggy, Molly, Betty and Nancy.

Certain books have sometimes made a name fashionable. Tennyson's "Maud" is an instance of this effect, and Owen Meredith's "Lucille" is also said to have been an inspiration to many British households. Of flower names, those associated with the rose have probably been most popular, although the violet and the daisy have been close rivals, while such out-of-the-way blooms as iris, mignonette and clematis have human namesakes. It is taking a heavy risk to give a girl baby a flower name. A Violet may become a dashing golf girl, and a Daisy bloom into a teacher of mathematics, while even a Lily may go on the vaudeville stage. Names of places have supplied some striking names, perhaps the most common instance on this continent being Virginia, which is usually given in honour of the State, not in classic memory. In Can-

ada, several small citizens have been given such names, among them being Hamilton, Ottawa, Windsor and Brandon. So far, no youthful Canadian has been baptised Bobcaygeon or Portage la Prairie.

In this country the French element gives a welcome variety in the list of names, such musical words as Adolphe, Henri, Adelard and Rodolphe being a relief from James and William. There was an amusing fashion which followed Irene (which Canadians nearly always mispronounce), Muriel and Pearl for a few years until the very syllables became wearisome. Then there was a rush for the old-fashioned names, and Margaret, Elizabeth and Matilda were heard once more. In Roman Catholic households, Mary is a favourite, and it is difficult to think of a more fragrant name.

The Celtic names are common in Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and full of music indeed are such as Mona, Sheila and Doreen, while Patrick (bless the merry dissyllable) flourishes in both Scotland and Ireland. "What's in a name?" said Juliet in passionate scorn. Much—very much, dear dead lady of Verona. Shakespeare would not have dared to call his heroine Jemima, while no one would have mourned for young Montague had he been Bartholomew or Zebedee, instead of daring and soulful Romeo, with three melting syllables to his credit.

* * *

A ROYAL TROUSSEAU.

THE trousseau of Princess Marie Bonaparte, who was recently married to Prince George of Greece, was put on exhibition in Paris and set all the feminine world talking, since paragraphs describing its perfection were published wherever daily papers are read. Not for a gen-

eration, said the authorities on these matters, had such a magnificent display of feminine finery been seen in Paris. There were sixty-five different costumes complete, a dozen hats, a profusion of costly furs and sables, acres of linen and piles of daintiest lingerie. It is hardly surprising that some democratic journals have doubted the wisdom of publishing details concerning the costliness of such an elaborate trousseau at a time when so many suffer from want and distress. On the other hand, preparation of this trousseau gave employment to hundreds of expert toilers. So, there you are.

* * *

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.

THE soul of Ruskin would rejoice over the present return to hand-made work of all kinds. The machine is a comparatively vulgar affair just now, for we all desire to possess hand-embroidered gowns, lace which has been the patient work of careful fingers and even tables and bookcases which we have carved for ourselves. Gone is the vogue of big, elaborate machine embroideries, and dear to our hearts (to make no mention of the pocket-book) is the simple Marguerite or fern design which has been kept far from the machine's monotonous touch.

There is something so touchingly human about these fragments of old lace, in whose threads are woven the history of many households! We are coming at last to believe that our grandmothers were wiser than we, and that the few yards of rare cobwebby stuff were better than a furlong of cheap, ordinary fabric, which one would never dream of putting away in lavender or sandalwood. Lace, flowers and jewels have a strong attraction for the feminine heart, but the daintiest of these is lace.

Jean Graham.

The Front Window

Rarely has any city had so splendid an opportunity to increase its attractiveness and wholesomeness as that now afforded Toronto by the impending removal of Knox College from its present site on Spadina Crescent to the University grounds. The property will be sold, and it will be a lasting disgrace to the city should a private individual or company be permitted to outbid the City Council.



AN ARCH AT MILAN RECORDING THE VICTORY OF
NAPOLEON III AND VICTOR EMMANUEL
OVER AUSTRIA

It is known that already the authorities of Knox College have been approached in the matter by persons who have had in view the erection of an uptown department store on an elaborate scale. Should a commercial enterprise of that kind, or any other kind, be under way (there is assurance that it is at least being considered), the acquisition of so excellent a location would not likely be abandoned for the sake of \$50,000 or \$100,000 more than the ordinary market value. Doubtless the property could be bought by the city for about \$200,000, and it is safe to say that the authorities of Knox College would submit to some sacrifice rather than see the property fall into the hands of a private party. But there should be no sacrifice whatever on the part of the Presbyterian Church, because the City Council should be eager to secure the site at whatever sum it might be worth in the open market. A considerable obligation has been undertaken by the denomination in the determination to erect a new college adjacent to the University of Toronto, and therefore in the disposal of the old site it would be unreasonable to expect that a sacrifice should be made, not for the benefit of the denomination, but for the benefit of the whole community. Nevertheless there are undoubtedly among the authorities of Knox College gentlemen who have enough public spirit to



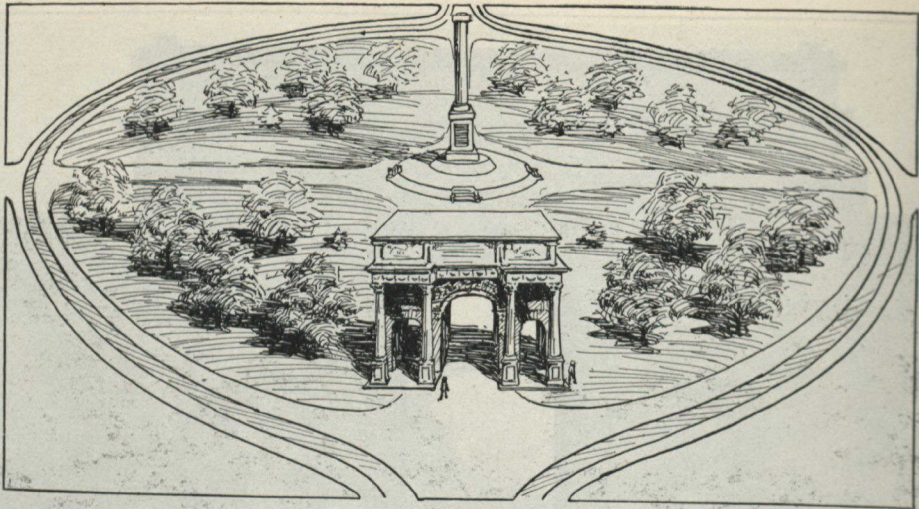
A WELL KNOWN LANDMARK IN OLD LONDON. THIS ARCH STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK. IT COST \$40,000

do all within their power and conscience to turn the property over to the city.

The location of Knox College is eminently well suited for transformation into a beauty spot, and as a park it would add greatly to the attractiveness of the neighborhood and to the good impression that visitors to Toronto would receive in going around the Belt Line. The ground is not large, but it is too large to be well overlooked. No other available spot in the city is so well placed for the purposes of a miniature park, and, goodness knows, Toronto should surely now be in a position to profit by the mistakes of the past.

One can scarcely think that the City Council will fail to buy the Knox College property, and as the site, if acquired by the city, would be turned into a flower garden, this is a good time to suggest that an appropriate entrance be made, particularly on the south side. Spadina Avenue has the most magnificent opportunities of all thoroughfares in the city, and it

would be a good thing, therefore, if, looking from the turn at College Street or up the broad sweep of the avenue, something of an imposing nature arrested attention at the very beginning of the crescent. The most suitable thing would be an arch, after the fashion of the triumphal arches of Rome, the Arca Della Pace in Milan, the Arche de Triomphe at Paris, or the Hyde Park arch in old London. Toronto is deficient in things of peculiar interest, and therefore an effort should be made to offset the deficiency. There are many things of unique attractiveness to point out to visitors who go to Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Vancouver, or Victoria, but Toronto has not been blessed in the same lavish way with gifts from nature or endowments from history. So Toronto must set up her own devices of allurements. A public garden, with an imposing arch, a result of native art, at the main entrance, a shaft in honour of South African heroes in the centre, surrounded by a fountain, might be



A ROUGH SUGGESTION OF WHAT SPADINA CRESENT MIGHT BE

one of them. The arch need not of necessity be one of triumph, although Toronto is in many respects a triumphant city. She is triumphant as a city of education; she is triumphant as a place of magnificent homes; she is triumphant as a commercial distributing centre, and she is triumphant, above all other things, as a sane and God-fearing community. A triumphal arch could therefore stand as an appropriate decoration.

The disposal of the Knox College property affords an excellent opportunity for any one of the wealthy citizens of the city to make a gift to Toronto that would cause his name to be held in enduring esteem long after he himself had passed away. There is an impression that the city refused the same property as a gift many years ago because land was not scarce in that vicinity. It would be but the irony of fate should the site be, after all, bought and paid for by the city.

The public arch is an ancient and honourable institution. It is peculiarly Roman. The earliest were erected in 196 B.C. by L. Stertinus, in the Forum Boarium and in the Circus Maximus, from spoils gained in Spain. In the late years of the empire there were about forty triumphal

arches in the city of Rome alone. Most of them commemorated triumphs on fields of battle, but others were in honour of signal achievements in the arts of peace. There is enough architectural skill and sculptural art in Toronto to produce an arch that would do credit to the whole Dominion.

THE ETHICS OF POPULARITY

No athletic figure in Canada was so widely known as Edward Hanlan, who died on January 4th, at his home in Toronto. There is perhaps good reason for his popularity, apart from his signal achievements as an oarsman. He had been what might be called the pioneer Canadian champion of the world, and as such he brought the attention of the world to the Dominion in a measure that had never before been equalled. His title to fame, therefore, rested not so much on his strength and endurance as on his ability to use his powers in a way that indirectly reflected glory on his native land. He was a great oarsman, but he was greater still in the opportunities that came to him to show the type of manhood that Canada can produce. A generous estimate might well be made of what he



LOU SCHOLES,
Winner of the Diamond Sculls

EDDIE DURNAN,
Champion Oarsman of America

THE LATE EDWARD HANLAN,
Champion Oarsman of the World

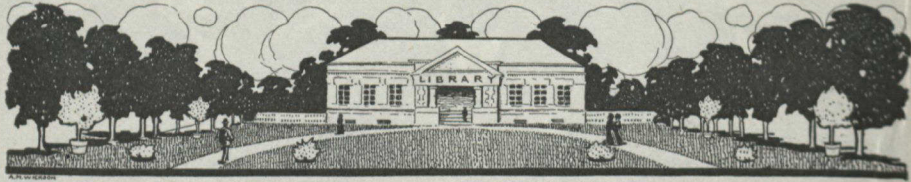
ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF EDWARD HANLAN

was as an advertisement for the Dominion, and the city of Toronto did no more than justice in presenting him with a handsome residence on Beverley Street. We have our Durnans, our Scholeses, our Sherrings, and our Longboats, but no name will stand out so prominently as Edward Hanlan's.

The esteem in which a man like Hanlan is held by a community affords an interesting example of the appeal that a feat of strength or endurance makes on the popular fancy. We have had men who have been towers of intellect as Hanlan was a tower of might, but they have not heard the acclaim of the multitude, nor has the laurel wreath been placed upon their brows. Honours in the universities mean nothing to the person in the street, and, unhappily also, to those who achieve really great things by the sheer force of intellect the populace gives but little heed. But not so of those whose success is won

on the race-course or in the field of sport. The difference is obvious. With the mind's eye the crowd can see the runner as he struggles towards the goal; they can feel his muscles straining and his pulse beating; they can hear the shouts of the spectators and imagine the mighty exertion that won the prize. In this respect the Greek Marathon race is the greatest of modern examples, for it embraces all the features that most arouse a normally sluggish imagination. Midnight oil is not so attractive, and the man of brains, as he struggles with his problems, presents an unappreciated figure, a pitiful spectacle, when compared with the one whose struggle for supremacy can be felt and understood. And yet, while his triumph of the hour is not great, while his means of achievement have failed to interest the crowd, his chance for enduring fame is better than the one whose victories tend merely to quicken a primal human instinct.

The Editor



The WAY of LETTERS

STORIES BY MARION CRAWFORD

Marion Crawford's superiority as an authority on ancient and modern life in the Middle East can scarcely be challenged, and his novels that have an Eastern setting have long been widely read and enjoyed. His latest work of this class is entitled "Arethusa" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50), and it is quite in keeping with the best that might be expected from the author. The plot is at times full of absorbing interest. The scene is laid in Constantinople in the year 1376, and the principal characters are Count Carlo Zeno, a Venetian merchant and soldier of fortune; Arethusa, supposedly a Greek slave girl, but actually a Venetian, like Zeno; Rustan Karaboghazji, a Persian slave dealer; Gorlias, a Turkish astrologer; the two Emperors, Johannes and his son Andronicus; and Tocktamish, a Tartar mercenary. Zeno buys Arethusa for a friend, but he is so attracted with her that he cannot give her up. Finally the two fall in love, and the girl turns out to be not a slave, but a Greek nobleman's daughter.

In a much different vein is "The Little City of Hope," by the same author (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, 90 cents.). It has been compared by

some critics with Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and by others with the style of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is an entertaining tale, told in a simple, unaffected manner; in fact, it moves along so smoothly that even the reviewer at times forgets that there is such a thing as technique or artificiality about it. It is also a most felicitous story. Its hero is an inventor, formerly a young professor in a college, who has given up his position and fallen on evil days because of his devotion to his great invention. But he continues in his labour of love, which, with the companionship of his boy encourages the man to persevere with his invention until his triumph comes and the gratification of all his wishes on Christmas Day.

EXPERIENCES OF A REAL HOBO

Jack London gives what he calls "the wander lust" as the cause of his going forth in early life as a venturesome youth and developing into a real American hobo. And in his latest book, "The Road" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$2), he describes in a most graphic and entertaining way many unique experiences. Having read the book, one freely accepts the statement that the author was an out-and-out tramp, for the narrative "rings true" and proves to be one of the most

engaging volumes of recent publication. The description of the way the train crew were out-pointed and out-witted and the blind baggage of the "overland" ridden on the way eastward from San Francisco, makes up an exceedingly interesting and exciting chapter. The descriptions that are given of life in Erie County Penitentiary are, to say the least, startling. Few persons could read "The Road" and not feel afterwards a keener sympathy with those shiftless mortals who "pass in the night."

FAMOUS WOMEN OF FRANCE

There seems to be no end to books about the famous women of France, and, indeed, there should be no wonder, when one considers the interest that attaches to them. A recent volume by Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D. (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited), is entitled "Five Famous French Women." The work is notable, not so much for its literary style and technique as for its wealth of information and interesting treatment. The figures chosen are historical rather than social, and comprise Joan of Arc, Louise of Savoy, Margaret of Angoulême, Jeanne D'Alberty (Queen of Navarre), and Renée of France. There are thirty excellent full-page illustrations.

AN EXQUISITE PASTORAL TRAGEDY

"The Daughter of Joris" is the title of an exquisite pastoral tragedy as translated from the Italian of Gabrielle D'Annunzio by Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola and Alice Henry. Charlotte Porter also contributes a comprehensive introduction. There is a portrait of the author, besides pictures from the Italian production, the whole making a very handsome volume. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth, \$1.50 net.) Of course, no translation could do justice to the original, but the first of the trio of translators, to whom the task of giving the work verse form in Eng-

lish was entrusted, has managed to give a good idea of the mystical soul of the tragedy, of its extremely poetical treatment, and of its wild, romantic setting. The scene is laid in the country of the Abruzzi, where there is still a clinging savour of the savage blood of the ancients. The theme is the unavailing sacrifice of a rustic maiden who hopes to save the life of her lover.

ANOTHER SOUTH AFRICAN STORY

A new book of fiction by Alice and Claude Askew is entitled "The Plains of Silence" (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.50.). The story, the scene of which is laid in South Africa, deals with the life of a pure-minded English girl of what might be considered an acceptably normal type of character under ordinary environments, but who was subjected, owing to peculiar circumstances, to very abnormal conditions of life. The narrative contains much interesting episode, and presents love affairs somewhat away from the usual style. It describes certain aspects of social life in Cape Town in a manner that makes the book a questionable one to read aloud in a family group. The heroine becomes married to a young Boer farmer, a giant in physique, with great strength of character, backed up by primitive simplicity. The love these two have for each other is intense. Their home is in the quiet of the plains, yet it is not free from dramatic incident, wherein "the call of the blood" asserts itself. Readers will be pleased with the way the story ends, even if some of the closing scenes seem far-fetched, and they will likely close the book with the thought that it has been well named.

ITALY, THE MAGIC LAND.

One of the most interesting of recent travel books is entitled "Italy, the Magic Land," by Lilian Whiting (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth, illustrated, \$2.50.). It

is not a masterpiece of conception, nor does it contain much original matter, but it has the commendable advantage of telling of the things about Italy that are generally most worth knowing. For instance, the author does not confine her work to her own impressions of the country, but she wisely includes the views of eminent persons who have visited Italy with a purpose in view, such persons as Vedder, Hawthorne, Simmons, Story, and, in a minor way, Shelley and Keats. Much attention is given to the art treasures of the chief centres of Italy, particularly Florence and Rome, and indeed there are also some interesting and suggestive reflections on the national attitude of the West with respect to art.

A STORY OF FEMININE FORTITUDE.

Much can always be said in disparagement of the literary taste and general reading of the present time. Frequently someone points out, perhaps justly too, that in fiction few masterpieces appear nowadays. Nevertheless, some novels are vastly superior to others with regard to solidity and strength. Amongst these rank "The Crucible," by Mark Lee Luther (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada, Limited) which, running serially in a New York publication, has attracted widespread attention and elicited considerable favourable comment.

The story depicts the life of Jean Fanshaw, who, when seventeen, was committed to a State House of Refuge for girls, because, goaded by an unkind mother and sister into a heated passion, she attacked them.

A few years in the refuge, where she was in daily touch with moral degenerates, tended to give her character a growth which weaned her from a tomboy nature and developed a feminine mind capable to withstand the harsh experiences she had to combat when thrown upon her own resources in the city of New York.

The girl worked in a sweat shop, department store, dental office, and afterwards posed as model in an artist's studio. The sting of prison life overshadowed her every move, and balked success. Notwithstanding this, she pressed forward, preserving her self-respect, and finally ripened into a womanly woman. Her love story is interesting, and, while as a serial the novel has been successful, it should be doubly so in book form.

AN EXCELLENT CHEAP EDITION.

The People's Library (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited. Cloth, 25 cents; leather, 50 cents) provides an excellent opportunity to possess the works of the best standard authors in good form and at a low price. Already about fifty different titles have been sent out, including some of the most popular things in English literature, such as "Adam Bebe," "Ivanhoe," "The Scarlet Letter," "Treasure Island," "Tale of Two Cities," etc. The publishers intend to eventually embrace in this series every branch of literature.

MRS. RIVES' LATEST NOVEL.

Hallie Erminie Rives' late novel of Western life, entitled "Satan Sanderson" (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25), seems to be meeting with much success, doubtless due to the fact that the story aims at nothing more than a passing entertainment. In that respect it serves its purpose. It is a tale of mining life in the Western States, and concerns two young men and a girl. The young men very much resemble each other, and complications result.

A SATIRE ON RELIGIOUS QUACKERY.

"Comrade John," by Samuel Merwin and H. K. Webster (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50), is a typically American novel in which clever character sketching is a chief feature. It is a result of dual authorship, and the

two writers have worked together in such a way that it would be difficult for anyone to tell from simply reading the book that more than one person had had a hand in its make-up. For those who wish a unique story, with abundance of incident, a clever satire on the religious quackery that is common at present "Comrade John" is the book.

A NEW LIGHT ON POLAND.

Mr. Louis E. Van Norman, associate editor of *The American Review of Reviews*, in a book entitled "Poland: The Knight Among Nations" (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, \$1.50), throws what to most readers must prove to be an unexpected light on a somewhat obscure country. Poland, from our distance away, has long appeared to be a land divided and sub-divided among Austria, Germany and Russia, a land where little was in sight for the masses except emigration. But Mr. Norman presents a more pleasing page, and in a good literary style points out the glory of a people that have maintained their nationality and advanced socially and mentally, even against great odds. He points with enthusiasm to the race that has produced such world-wide successes as Paderewski, Chopin, Modjeka, Sembrich, Sienkiewicz, Copernicus and Kosciusko. By long residence in the country of the Poles, he has made a close study of their politics, ideals and aspirations, and his concluding chapter, dealing with the two million Poles living in America should prove to be of unusual interest to persons who are interested in racial assimilation.

A NOVEL OF HIGH LIFE.

Robert W. Chambers is one of the few of the popular novelists who is really capable of putting style into his writing. His tales are artistic, and he has a fine appreciation of good humour. These qualities are well set

forth in a fascinating novel by him, entitled "The Younger Set" (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25). The story has to do mostly with a fine type of man, who, divorced by his foolish, wayward wife, becomes for a time a member of the fashionable household of his sister in New York. There he occasionally comes into contact with his former wife, who has been married again, and it is his treatment of her, while he is falling in love with his sister's ward, that marks him as a man of rare forgiveness and forbearance. Until she dies, he stands by this woman, who has besmirched his name, and caused him to resign his position in the army, but in the end he is rewarded with the love of the other, the ward whose disposition is full of promise for his future happiness. Vivid as is the picture that is drawn of New York social life in high circles, it is not pleasing to those who regard money as having a higher purpose than to make possible a lavish, almost pitiful display of finery.

AN ARTFUL FAIRY TALE.

The work of any person who was able to produce so admirable a story as "Bob, Son of Battle," should at once command attention, and therefore "Redcoat Captain," by Alfred Ollivant (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25), although a somewhat unpretentious volume, will find many friends. It has the unusual quality of interest for both old and young readers, but it will perhaps appeal more to the juvenile imagination. It is a fairy tale, told with the art that is a distinguishing feature of Mr. Ollivant's work.

A NEW CROCKETT ROMANCE.

S. R. Crockett has come out with another West of Scotland story, entitled "Vida, or the Iron Lord of Kirktown" (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50). Although in this story the au-

thor has well sustained his reputation as a most entertaining writer, it is doubtful whether he made any marked contribution to his list of successes. However, "Vida" is handled with Mr. Crockett's admirable skill as a story-teller, and the reader is kept in "sweet uncertainty" until the end. The heroine is Vida, the disowned daughter of the "Iron Lord," and she, together with a gentle, amiable young woman, Janet Fowler, and an angelic little body, Rose Nunsly, are the principal characters. The story gives a good idea of life in a Scotch mining town.

A LOST ART.

One of the most valuable and suggestive publications of the season is a book entitled "Culture by Conversation," by Robert Waters, a Canadian (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Cloth, \$1.20 net). It aims to show by precept and example what a mighty factor in education and culture the practice of conversation may be made. Few persons, without reading the book, realise the importance of the suggestions made by the author, and it is safe to say that not one man in fifty could read it and fail to receive highly valuable impulses. For in these days the art of conversation has at best greatly deteriorated. Some persons crave conversation naturally, but as a rule the subjects on which they converse are trivial and lacking in informing qualities. Others shun conversation, and thereby lose much in culture and information.

NOTES.

—Dog fanciers should be interested in "The New Book of the Dog" (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited). This is one of the most comprehensive works of the kind ever published and also one of the handsomest. It is a natural history of British dogs and their foreign relatives, with chapters on law, breeding, kennel management, and veterinary

treatment. It is edited by Robert Leighton, with contributions by eminent authorities on the various breeds. There are twenty-one full-page coloured plates, and a large number of reproductions of famous dogs and their masters.

—"The Battle of the Bears" (Chicago: W. A. Wilde Company), is the title of the latest book of sketches by Egerton R. Young, whose charge of plagiarism against Jack London seems to have good reason. The sketches are the result of actual experiences in the far Northland, and in that respect they may be regarded as authentic. They have the additional value of being illustrated with reproductions of photographs and drawings made by the author himself. The perils and hardships that attend missionary life in that almost forbidding part of the country are dealt with in a realistic manner.

—"Old Quebec: The City of Champlain," is the title of a most comprehensive history for juveniles, written by Emily P. Weaver, who is well known as a writer on historical subjects, and illustrated with appropriate pen and ink drawings by Annie E. Weaver. The volume is timely, in view of the Champlain tercentennial celebration this year. It is a most exhaustive treatment of the subject, and is the result of a great deal of ardent research.

—"A Girl in Her Teens and What She Ought to Know" is the title of a valuable little book by Mrs. George Curnock (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited). It explains the little things that girls ought to know, but in many instances do not know.

—Mr. George H. Clark, seed commissioner, recently issued under the auspices of the Dominion Government a most valuable illustrated book, entitled "Farm Weeds," which is being distributed free to schools of agriculture, high schools, rural schools, and to organisations such as agricultural societies, farmers' clubs, farmers' institutes, etc.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

What Others Are Laughing at

MINNIE'S HOPES,

Charlie has the sweetest cutter,
Got it new this year.
Often comes and takes me driving
Isn't he a dear?
Has a lovely horse, a sorrel,
Quiet as can be.
Doesn't take so much attention,
Travels very free.

Down upon the Third Concession,
Mrs. Willie White
Gave a party for her birthday,
It was Tuesday night.
Charlie called for me at seven,
Sleighting was sublime.
More than sixty of us present,
Had a lovely time.

Did not leave till after midnight,
Goodness it was cold.
Charlie wrapped the robes about me,
He's as good as gold.
Moonbeams glistened on the meadows,
But the wind was strong,
Whirled the snow upon our faces
As we drove along.

Charlie put his arm around me,
Said: "Be careful, Min.
Robes are slipping down a little,
Guess I'll hold 'em in."
Charlie didn't seem to know, he
Wasn't doing right.
Hope this frost will last. We're go-
ing
Out again to-night.

—Toronto News.

FULLY ATTENDED TO.

Merchant—"Yes, we are in need of a porter. Where were you employed last?"

Applicant—"In a bank, sir."

Merchant—"Did you clean it out?"

Applicant—"No, sir. The cashier did that."—*Tid-Bits.*



Golfer—"An' what like a day had ye here yesterday, Macpherson?"

Macpherson—"Oh, an awfu' day! It was just pourin'!"

Golfer—"Well, well, and in the toon we just had a local shower."

Macpherson—"Aw weel, I can assure you it wasna local here whatever!"—*Punch*



"The man threw himself into a chair."

IN BOSTON.

An English gentleman on a visit to Boston, called on an American friend who resided there, and after the customary greetings had been gone through, the Bostonian volunteered to show the Englishman the sights and places of interest around the city. After visiting many places they finally came to the Bunker Hill monument. Now the gentleman did not wish to ruffle the feelings of his English friend by referring to the defeat of the English at that place, so he simply indicated the monument with a wave of his hand and said, "Bunker Hill."

"But who was Mr. Bunker and what did he do to the hill?" inquired the Britisher.

"You don't seem to understand, sir," said the Bostonian; "this," indicating the tall shaft of the monument, "this is where Warren fell."

The Englishman adjusted his monocle, and after carefully surveying the monument from top to bottom, turned to his friend and said, "Really; killed him, of course?"—*The Zazooster.*

STILL HAD A CHANCE.

Virginians are telling with much amusement of the Jamestown exposition in which the Governor of one of the Southern States was an important actor. The Governor, so the story runs, was crossing from his State building to the executive offices of the exposition. He was about to pass through the gateway when he saw an old negro carrying a large box.

"You go through first, uncle," said the Governor. "You have the largest load."

"Yes, sah; ah has now," replied the aged darkey. "But hit's early in de day yit."—*Judge.*

* * *

A KENTUCKY GAME LAW.

Two old Kentucky gentlemen were seated in a café one day in Lexington and the following remarks were overheard by a passer-by:

Major: "Yes, Colonel, times have changed, sah. Ah was just noticin' in the papah that there have been a great many new laws introduced this session."

Colonel: "Yes, indeed, Majah, everything has changed considehbul."

Major: "And I see thyah has been introduced into the legislachar a bill prohibitin' the shootin' of nig-gahs."

Colonel: "You don't say! In what months, Majah?"—*The Zazooster.*

* * *

LOOKING AHEAD.

Husband—"I say, my dear, such luck. I've engaged two maids for you to-day."

Wife—"Whatever did you get two for? We only want one."

Husband—"Ah, that's just it. One is coming to-morrow and the other in a week's time."—*Simplicissimus.*

* * *

Philadelphia telephone girls must no longer say "Please." What the subscriber must not say has been indicated for a long time, but that is not the word.—*Toronto News.*

British Publications

UNDER POSTAL PREFERENCE

THE Postal Preference which the Dominion has now given to British Publications enables Canadian readers for the first time to procure them at a price very little above that paid by readers within the British Isles. These Publications—famous in many cases the world over—have heretofore been practically excluded by excessive cost and irregular service, but will now be readily welcomed in many a Canadian home.

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	C. B. Fry's Magazine	m	1.70		Cigarette World	m	0.50
	Central Africa	m	0.40	a	Citizen	w	2.25
	Chamber of Commerce Journal	m	1.70	b	Civilian	w	4.20
a	Chambers's Journal	w	2.10	a	Civil Service Candidate	w	1.60
	Chambers's Journal	m	2.15	a	Civil Service Competitor	w	1.60
	Charity Organisation Review	m	1.70	a	Civil Service Hints	w	1.60
	Charity Record, Hospital Times s.m.	m	1.60	a	Civil Service Weekly	w	2.10
	Chart and Compass	m	0.75	a	Clarion	w	2.10
	Chatterbox	w	1.10		Classical Review (except Jan., Aug., and Sept.)		4.00
	Chatterbox	m	1.00	b	Clinical Journal	w	4.20
	Cheering Words... ..	m	0.25		Coach Builders' and Wheel- wrights' Art Journal †		6.00
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	Chemical Trade Journal	w	3.00		Coal Merchant and Shipper ‡ w		2.50
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	Children's Paper... ..	m	0.25		Colliery Manager	m	1.70
	Child's Companion	m	0.40	a	Colonial Mining News	w	2.10
	Child's Own Magazine	m	0.25		Colonizer	m	0.75
	China's Millions... ..	m	0.50		Coming Day	m	1.00
a	Christian	w	2.10		Coming Events	m	1.25
	Christian	m	1.70		Coming Modes	m	3.20
a	Christian Age	w	1.65		Commercial Intelligence	f	2.10
	Christian Age	m	1.70	*a	Commercial Motor	w	2.10
	Christian Ambassador	m	0.25		Commercial Weekly State- ment †	w	5.10
a	Christian Commonwealth	w	2.15		Commonwealth	m	1.00
a	Christian Endeavour Times	w	2.15		Concord	m	0.50
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a	Christian World Pulpit	w	1.60		Cook's Excursionist ...irregular		1.00
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	Family Reader	m	1.95
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2a	Fishing Gazette	w	3.20
2a	Fish Trades Gazette	m	3.20
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	Freemason's Chronicle †	w	3.85
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	Gas World	w	4.30
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and Financial Review m		\$1.00		Insurance Budget and Commercial World f		2.10		Insurance Guardian m		0.75		Insurance Journal m		1.25		c Insurance Observer w		7.40		2a Insurance Record w		3.20		Insurance Spectator of London s.m.		2.45		Insurance World and Monetary Record s.m.		2.45		International Journal of Ethics q		2.70		International Sugar Journal † m		3.20		Interpreter q		1.30		c Investors' Guardian w		7.40		Investors' Monthly Manual ... m		3.45		c Investors' Review † w		5.10		a Ireland's Own w		2.15		Irish Bee Journal m		0.40		a Irish Catholic w		2.10		a Irish Cyclist w		2.10		Irish Emerald w		2.15		Irish Grocer w		2.20		a Irish Weekly Independent ... w		2.15		Irish Military Guide m		1.70		Irish Monthly m		1.70		Irish Naturalist m		1.70		a Irish Packet w		2.15		Irish Textile Journal m		2.90		a Irish Truth w		2.10		a Irish Weekly Times w		2.10		c Iron and Coal Trade Review ... w		7.55		Iron and Steel Trades Journal † w		6.00		Ironmonger † w		2.45		Ironmongers' Chronicle † ... w		1.25		Iron Trade Circular † w		6.35		Isobel's Home Cookery m		0.50		Irish Rosary m		1.45		a Irish Society w		2.10		J				Jabberwock m		1.70		Japanese Journal of Commerce † q		0.75		Jeweller and Metal Worker ... s.m		0.75		2a Jewish Chronicle w		3.20		Jewish Herald m		0.45		Jewish Intelligence m		0.40		Jewish Quarterly Review q		3.65		a Jewish World w		2.10		a Jockey w		1.60		a John Bull w		2.10		John Bull (overseas edition) ... m		1.00		Joint Stock Companies Journal † w		4.80		Jose Lille's Juvenile Dress-maker m		0.65		<table border="0"> <tr> <td colspan="4">class</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Jose Lille's Practical Fashions m</td> <td>\$0.65</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Journal and Transactions of Royal Photographic Society of Gt. 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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE LIST

class				class			
	Journal of Royal Army Medical Corps † m	\$4.85			Laundry News m	\$0.75	
	Journal of Royal Asiatic Society q	12.15			Laundry Record m	1.25	
	Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society † q	7.90			Law Clerk m	0.50	
	Journal of Royal Institute of British Architects † s.m	6.80		c	Law Journal w	7.40	
	Journal of Royal Microscopical Society bi-m	9.10			Law Journal Reports m	20.70	
	Journal Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland q	3.20			Law Magazine and Review † q	3.90	
	Journal Royal Statistical Society q	5.10			Law Notes m	1.70	
	Journal of the Royal United Service Institute m	6.10		b	Lawn Tennis and Badminton w	4.22	
	Journal of the Sanitary Institute m	3.20			Law Quarterly Review † q	3.05	
	Journal of the Society of Arts w	7.40			Law Students' Journal m	1.70	
	Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry † q	8.75			Law Times w	10.75	
	Journal of Tropical Medicine † s.m.	4.40			Law Times with reports w	15.10	
2a	Judy w	2.70		b	Layman w	4.20	
	Juridical Review q	3.65			Leach's Children's and Young Ladies' Dressmaker m	0.50	
a	Justice w	1.60			Leach's Family Dressmaker m	1.22	
c	Justice of the Peace w	7.60			Leach's Practical Fancy Work-basket m	0.75	
	Juvenile Missionary Herald m	0.25			Leather Trade Review † w	3.00	
	Juvenile Rechabite m	0.25			Legal Circular † w	5.10	
	Juvenile Templar q	0.25			Leisure Hour Library m	2.20	
					Liberal Magazine m	1.70	
					Liberator m	0.50	
					Liberty Review m	1.70	
					Library Association Record m	5.10	
				2a	Licensed Victualler's Gazette w	3.20	
				a	Licensing World and Licensing Trade Review w	2.10	
					Lifeboat Journal q	0.65	
				a	Life of Faith w	2.15	
					Life of Faith m	1.70	
				2a	Light w	3.65	
					Light and Truth q	0.25	
					Light Railway and Tramway Journal † w	4.90	
					Literary Guide m	0.75	
					Literary World m	1.00	
					Little Folks m	1.50	
				a	Liverpool Weekly Courier w	2.10	
				a	Liverpool Weekly Post and Mercury w	2.10	
					Live Stock Journal...without Almanac w	5.25	
					Living Waters m	0.40	
				a	Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper w	2.10	
				b	Local Government Chronicle w	4.20	
				2a	Local Government Journal w	3.17	
					Local Preachers' Magazine m	0.40	
					Locomotive Magazine m	0.75	
					London and China Express w	10.55	
					London and China Telegraph w	10.55	
					London and Provincial Music Trades Review m	1.25	
				a	London Argus w	2.10	
					London City Mission Magazine m	0.50	
					London Diocesan Magazine m	1.00	
					London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Philosophical Magazine m	8.90	
					London Fashion Review † m	5.10	
				a	London Argus w	2.10	
				a	London Journal w	1.60	
					London Journal m	1.25	
					London Magazine (Harmsworth's) m	1.40	

K

	Kemp's Mercantile Gazette † w	6.10
	Kennel Gazette m	1.70
a	Kennel News w	2.10
	Knowledge m	1.70
	Kynock Journal q	0.75

L

	Labour Gazette m	0.50
a	Labour News w	1.60
a	Labour Leader w	1.60
	Ladies' Companion w	2.15
	Ladies' Companion m	2.10
	Ladies' Fancy Work Mag. † m	8.75
	Ladies' Field w	8.10
	Ladies' Review w	2.15
	Ladies' Tailor m	4.15
b	Lady w	4.45
a	Lady of Fashion w	2.15
c	Lady's Pictorial w	8.00
	Lady's Realm m	1.85
	Lady's World m	1.05
a	Lamp w	1.60
c	Lancet w	8.45
c	Land Agents' Record w	7.40
	Land and Labour m	0.50
	Laundry Journal † w	1.35

W.M. DAWSON & SONS, LTD.,

class			
b	London Musical Courier †	w	\$3.70
a	London Opinion ...	w	2.15
	London Philatelist ...	m	1.70
	London, Provincial, and Colonial Press News ...	m	0.75
	London Quarterly Review	q	2.75
	London Tailor ...	w	3.20
	London Tailor ...	m	3.20
2a	Lunar Month ...	w	2.65

M

	Machinery Market ...	m	1.00
b	Madame ...	w	4.45
	Magazine of Commerce	m	1.70
c	Mail ...	M.W.F.	8.45
	If with 3 supplements, 4-25 extra		
	Malthusian ...	m	0.50
	Manchester Guardian ...	d	8.45
	Manchester Quarterly ...	q	0.65
*a	Manchester Weekly Times	w	2.10
	Manufacturers' Price Current, with Key to Discount †	q	3.65
a	M.A.P. ...	w	2.15
	Marine Engineer ...	m	1.70
b	Mark Lane Express ...	w	4.20
	Mathematical Gazette †		2.50
	Mathieson's Fortnightly List		15.10
	Mayflower ...	w	2.10
	McCall's Racing Chronicle... April to Nov. ...	m	2.70
	McCall's Turf Register...April to Nov. ...	w	1.50
a	Meat Trades Journal ...	w	1.60
b	Mechanical Engineer ...	w	4.20
a	Mechanical World ...	w	2.20
	Medical Review ...	m	4.65
	Medical Chronicle †	m	3.05
	Medical Magazine ...	m	3.20
	Medical Missions at Home and Abroad ...	m	0.50
	Medical Press ...	w	6.30
2a	Medical Times and Hospital Gazette ...	w	3.20
*a	Mens' Wear ...	w	2.10
	Mercantile Guardian ...	m	5.10
	Mercantile Test †	w	5.10
	Merchant Shipper †	m	2.50
	Mercy and Truth ...	m	0.40
	Messenger ...	m	0.40
	Messenger for the Children of the Presbyterian Church of England ...	m	0.25
	Messenger of Mathematics †	m	2.70
	Meteorological Record ...	q	1.70
	Methodist Evangelist ...	m	0.40
	Methodist Monthly ...	m	1.00
	Methodist New Connection Magazine ...	m	1.00
a	Methodist Recorder ...	w	2.20

class			
	Methodist Sunday School Record ...	w	\$1.05
	Methodist Temperance Mag.	m	0.50
a	Methodist Times ...	w	2.20
a	Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit w		1.60
	Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit m		1.60
a	Military Mail and Volunteer Review ...	w	2.10
b	Millers' Gazette ...	w	4.20
	Miller † ...	w	4.00
	Milling † ...	w	5.05
	Mind ...	q	4.15
	Mineralogical Magazine...price varies		
	Mining Engineering ...	m	1.00
c	Mining Journal ...	w	6.85
c	Mining World †	w	6.20
	Minister's Gazette of Fashions †	m	4.85
a	Mirror Novels ...	w	1.60
2a	Mirror of Life ...	w	3.20
	Miscellaneous Genealogical et Heraldica ...	q	2.70
	Misericordia ...	m	0.40
	Missionary Herald ...	m	0.40
	Missionary Leaves ...	m	0.40
	Mission Chronicle of the Scottish Episcopal Church ...	q	0.35
	Mission Field ...	m	0.40
	Mission World ...	m	1.00
2a	Model Engineer ...	w	3.20
	Modern Astrology ...	m	3.20
	Modern Language Review	q	2.05
a	Modern Society ...	w	2.10
b	Money ...	w	4.20
c	Money Market Review ...	w	7.40
a	Monitor and New Era ...	w	2.10
	Month, The ...	m	3.20
	Monthly Homœopathic Review... ..	m	3.20
	Monthly Magazine of Fiction m		1.00
	Monthly Magazine of Pharmacy, etc. ...	m	1.70
	Monthly Mining Handbook m		3.20
	Monthly Musical Record m		0.75
	Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society m		6.05
	Monthly Record of the Protes- tant Evangelical Mission m		0.50
	Monthly Reporter of the B. and F. Bible Society ...	m	0.25
	Monthly Statement of Colonial and Foreign Produce †	m	2.55
	Monthly Statement of Drugs †	m	2.55
	Moravian Messenger ...	f	0.80
	Moravian Missions ...	m	0.40
	Morley's Philatelic Journal †	m	0.85
	Morning ...	m	0.40
	Morning Advertiser ...	d	7.40
	Morning Calm ...	q	0.35
	Morning Leader ...	d	7.40
a	Morning Light ...	w	1.60
	Morning Post ...	d	9.55
	Morning Star ...	m	0.75
	Mothers in Council ...	q	0.65
	Mother's Treasury ...	m	0.40

WM. DAWSON & SONS, LTD.,

class	Paper	Makers'	Monthly		class			
	Journal...	...	m	\$1.70	Pottery Gazette †	...	m	\$2.45
	Paper Making †...	...	m	1.35	a Poultry	w	1.60
c	Paper Trade Review	...	w	7.40	Practical Engineer †	...	w	2.05
	Parents' Review	...	m	1.70	Practical Photographer	...	m	3.20
	Parish Magazine...	...	m	0.50	Practical Teacher	...	m	1.70
	Parliamentary Debates (during Session)	25.55	Practical Teachers' Art Monthly	...	m	1.00
	Parliamentary Record (during Session)	7.25	Practitioner †	...	m	6.05
	Pathway	m	0.25	Preachers' Magazine	...	m	1.00
2a	Pawnbrokers' Gazette †...	...	w	2.65	a Present Truth	...	w	1.60
	Pearl of Days	m	0.40	a Primitive Methodist Leader	...	w	2.15
	Pearson's Magazine	...	m	1.85	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review	...	q	2.10
a	Pearson's Weekly	...	w	2.15	a Primitive Methodist World	...	w	2.10
a	Pelican	w	2.10	Primrose League Gazette	...	m	1.00
a	Penny Illustrated Paper	...	w	2.15	Printers' Engineer	...	m	1.25
a	Penny Magazine (Cassell's)	...	w	2.10	Printers', Lithographers', Bookbinders', and Stationers' Sales and Wants Advertiser	...	m	0.75
a	Penny Pictorial Magazine	...	w	2.15	Printers' Register	...	m	0.75
a	Penny Stories	...	w	1.60	Printing World	...	m	1.70
*a	People †...	...	w	1.85	Proceedings of the Zoological Society	...	q	12.15
a	People's Friend	...	w	2.10	Process Photogram	...	m	1.70
a	People's Journal	...	w	2.10	2a Produce Market Review	...	w	3.20
	Periodical Accounts relating to the Missions of the Church of the United Brethren	...	q	0.40	a Profitable Farm and Garden	...	w	2.10
	Perry's Gazette (Bankruptcy)	...	w	15.35	Progressive Advertising	...	m	1.70
	Petroleum Review	...	w	6.35	Prophetic News	...	m	0.40
	Petroleum World	...	w	2.45	Protestant Churchman	...	q	0.15
	Pharmaceutical Journal †	...	w	5.10	a Protestant Standard	...	w	2.10
	Philanthropist	...	m	1.00	Protestant Observer	...	m	0.40
	Philatelic Chronicle	...	m	0.40	a P.T.O.	...	w	2.10
	Philatelic Journal of Great Britain	...	m	0.75	a Puck	...	w	1.65
	Philatelic Record †	...	m	1.70	Public Works	...	q	1.35
	Philosophical Magazine	...	m	8.90	2a Public Opinion	...	w	3.20
	Phonographer	...	m	1.00	2a Publishers' Circular	...	w	3.20
	Photographic Dealer (to Trade only)	...	m	0.75	b Punch	...	w	4.20
	Photographic Journal	...	m	3.20	Pupil Teacher	...	m	1.25
	Photographic Monthly	...	m	1.25				
a	Photographic News	...	w	2.20	Q			
a	Photography	...	w	2.15	Quarry	...	m	1.70
	Phrenological Journal	...	m	1.70	Qtl. Journal of Microscopical Science	11.00
	Piano Journal	...	m	1.70	Quarterly Journal of Pure and Applied Mathematics	5.10
a	Pick-me-up	...	w	1.65	Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society	...	q	5.10
	Pictorial Comedy	...	m	1.85	Qtl. Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society	5.10
	Picture Politics	...	m	0.40	Qtl. Return of Marriages, Births, and Deaths	0.85
a	Pigeons and Poultry	...	w	2.25	Quarterly Review	...	q	6.15
a	Pitman's Phonetic Journal	...	w	1.60	c Queen	...	w	8.05
	Pitman's Phonetic Journal	...	m	1.50	Quiver	...	m	1.50
a	Pitman's Shorthand Weekly	...	w	1.60				
	Planet	...	w	4.25	R			
	Play, The	...	m	1.70	2a Racehorse	...	w	3.20
a	Pluck	...	w	2.15	Racing Calendar †	...	w	8.50
	Plumber and Decorator	...	m	1.70	2a Racing Pigeons	...	W.F.	3.20
a	Police Chronicle	...	w	2.10				
a	Police Review	...	w	1.60				
	Portfolio of Ladies' Fashions	...	q	5.10				
a	Postage Stamp	...	w	2.10				
	Positivist Review	...	m	1.00				
a	Post Magazine and Insurance Monitor	...	w	2.10				

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class			class		
a	Racing World (Saturday or Monday edn.)		School World m \$1.70
c	Railway and Shipping Contractor w 7.40		Science Abstracts † (Physics or Electrical Engineering) m 4.40
	Railway Engineer m 3.20		do. both combined † m 7.30
c	Railway Gazette w 7.40		Science and Art of Mining s.m. m 2.10
	Railway Magazine m 1.70		Science Progress in Twentieth Century † q 4.85
c	Railway News w 7.40		Science Siftings w 1.60
	Railway Official Gazette m 0.50	a	Scotsman, Weekly w 2.10
a	Railway Review w 1.60	a	Scottish Chronicle w 2.10
	Railway Signal m 0.40		Scottish Critic m 1.00
c	Railway Times w 7.40	2a	Scottish Farmer w 3.20
a	Reader w 2.10		Scottish Field m 1.70
	Reaper m 0.40		Scottish Geographical Mag. m 4.65
	Rechabite Magazine m 0.40	a	Scottish Referee M.F. 2.10
a	Record w 2.10	a	Scraps w 2.15
a	Rel. Letter w 2.15		Script Phonographic Journal m 0.40
a	Referee w 2.10		Scripture Lessons for Elementary Classes q 0.15
a	Regiment w 2.15		Secondary Education bi-m 0.50
	Regions Beyond m 0.75		Select Stories w 2.10
	Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist q 2.70		Sentry m 0.40
	Reporters' Journal m 1.25		Service for the King m 0.40
	Reporters' Magazine m 1.25		Sewing Machine Gazette m 1.25
	Rest and Reaping m 0.40	a	Shamrock w 1.65
c	Review w 7.40		Shield m 0.40
	Review of Reviews m 1.70	c	Shipping and Mercantile Gazette Weekly w 7.40
a	Reynolds' Newspaper w 2.10	c	Shipping World w 7.40
	Rhodesia Review q 2.60	2a	Shoe and Leather Record w 3.20
a	Rialto w 2.10	2a	Shooting Times w 3.20
	Ridley's Wine and Spirit Trade Circular † m 10.20		Shorthand World † m 0.75
	Rosebud m 1.00		Signal w 1.00
	Royal Engineer's Journal m 3.20		Simple Testimony m 0.40
	Royal Magazine m 1.30		Sketch w 7.55
	Royal Navy List q 10.35		Sketchy Bits w 2.20
S					
	Sales and Wants (Printing) m 0.75	a	Sloper w 1.60
	Saddlers', Harness Makers', and Carriage Builders' Gazette m 1.35		Smart Novels w 2.15
	Saddlery and Harness † m 1.25	a	Smiles w 1.65
	St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal m 1.70		Social Gazette w 1.05
c	St. James' Budget w 7.40	b	Society Pictorial w 4.20
	St. Martin's le Grand q 1.00		Solicitors' Gazette † w 6.05
	Sale Prices q 2.70	c	Solicitors' Journal and Weekly Reporter w 7.40
	Salvation Army Brass Band Journal q 0.50	a	Something to Read w 1.60
b	Sanitary Record w 4.20		Something to Read m 1.70
c	Saturday Review w 7.40		Son of Temperance m 0.40
a	Saturday Westminster Gazette w 2.10		Sotheran's Price Current of Literature m 1.00
	Scattered Seed m 0.40	c	South Africa w 7.40
	Scholar's Own m 0.40		South African Pioneer m 0.50
	School m 1.70		South American Journal † w 6.05
	School and Home Magazine m 0.40		South Amer. Journal 6 mths. † w 3.20
b	School Government Chronicle w 4.20		South American Missionary Magazine m 0.40
a	School Guardian w 1.70		South American Review m 1.70
a	Schoolmaster w 2.25		Sower m 0.40
a	Schoolmistress w 2.15	a	Spare Moments w 1.60
	School Monthly m 0.40	c	Speaker (now Nation) w 7.40
	School Music Review m 0.50	c	Spectator w 7.40
	School Newspaper m 0.40	c	Sphere w 7.55
			a	Sport w 1.60
				Sporting Chronicle d 7.40

WM. DAWSON & SONS, LTD.,

class				class			
	Sporting Goods Review	m	\$1.25		Tablet	w	\$6.35
	Sporting Life	d	7.40	2a	Tailor and Cutter	w	3.40
a	Sporting Life Racing Guide				Tailor and Cutter	m	4.05
	(during season)	w	1.60	a	Tailoress and Dress Cutter	w	1.60
2a	Sporting Sketches	w	3.20	2a	Tailoring World	w	2.65
2a	Sporting Times	w	3.20		Talking Machine News (s.t.u. during winter)	m	1.00
a	Sporting World	w	1.60		T.A.T.	w	2.15
a	Sporting World, Special edition (Monday)	w	1.25	c	Tatler	w	7.55
	Sportsman	d	7.40	a	Teacher	w	2.10
	Sportsman's Monthly Guide	m	1.70	a	Teachers' Aid	w	1.60
	Springing Well	m	0.40		Teachers' Aid	m	1.70
	Staffordshire Weekly Chronicle	w	2.10	a	Teachers' Monthly	m	0.40
2a	Stage	w	3.20	a	Teachers' Times	w	2.10
	Standard, File	d	8.45	a	Temperance Chronicle	w	1.60
	Stationer, Printer and Fancy Trades Register	m	1.70		Temperance Record	m	1.25
	Stationery Trades' Journal	m	1.25		Textile Manufacturer and Diary	m	2.95
	Stationery World and Fancy Goods Review	m	1.70		Textile Mercury	w	2.10
c	Statist	w	7.55		Textile Recorder	m	2.90
	Steamship	m	1.70	a	Thames and Lock to Lock Times (March to September)	w	1.25
c	Stock Exchange Gazette	w	7.40		Theosophical Review	m	3.20
	Stock Exchange Making-up Price List	f	8.55		Therapist	m	1.70
	Stock Exchange Weekly Official Intelligence		11.00		Things to Come	m	0.40
	Strad	m	0.75	c	Throne	w	8.40
	Strand Magazine	m	1.85		Tidings of Light and Peace	m	0.25
	Stubb's Weekly Gazette	w	6.05	c	Timber	w	7.40
	Studio, without special issues	m	3.40		Timber News	w	4.25
	Studio, with 3 special numbers and Year Book of Decorative Art		9.00		Timber Trades Journal	w	5.10
	Sugar Users' Journal	m	0.75		Times—File	d	22.15
	Sunbeam	m	0.25		Times Law Reports (during Law Sittings)		6.55
	Sunday	w	1.10	2a	Times Weekly Edition	w	3.20
	Sunday	m	1.00	b	Times Weekly Edition and Literary Supplement	w	4.20
	Sunday at Home	m	1.70	b	Times Weekly Edition and Commercial Supplement	w	4.20
a	Sunday Circle	w	2.15	b	Times Weekly Edition and Engineering Supplement	w	4.20
a	Sunday Companion	w	2.20		(Only one supplement supplied with each copy of the Times Weekly Edition. If all three are wanted the "Mail," M. W. and F. should be subscribed to.)		
a	Sunday School Chronicle	w	2.15		Tiny Tots	m	0.50
	Sunday School Times	m	1.00	a	Tit Bits	w	2.15
a	Sunday Stories	w	2.15		Tobacco	m	0.75
	Sunday Strand	m	1.70		Tobacco Trade Review	m	0.65
a	Sunday Sun	w	2.10	a	Tobacco Weekly Journal	w	1.60
a	Sunday Telegraph	w	2.10		Toilers of the Deep	m	1.00
a	Sunday Times	w	2.10		Tongues of Fire	m	0.40
b	Surveyor	w	4.40		Toynbee Record	m	0.40
	Sword and Trowel	m	1.00	a	T.P.'s Weekly	w	2.10
	Symons' Monthly Meteorological Magazine	m	1.25	c	Trade Marks Journal	w	7.40
c	Syren and Shipping	w	7.70		Tramway and Railway World	m	3.65
					Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature	q	3.40
					Treasury	m	1.60
					Treatment	m	1.95
					Tribune—File	d	8.50
					Tropical Life	m	2.60
a	Table	w	1.60				

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE LIST

class					class				
c	Truth	w	\$7.40			Weekly Shipping List ...	w	\$5.25	
a	Two Worlds	w	2.15			Weekly Telegraph Novels	m	1.00	
U									
a	Umpire	w	2.10		a	Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield)	w	2.10	
	Undertakers' Journal ...	m	1.70		*a	Weekly Times and Echo	w	2.10	
a	Union Jack	w	2.15			Weekly Welcome	w	2.15	
	United Kingdom Mineral Water					Weldon's Bazaar of Children's			
	Trade Review †	m	2.95			Fashions	m	0.50	
c	United Service Gazette ...	w	7.40			Weldon's Catalogue of Fashions			
	United Service Magazine	m	6.05			(3 a year)		0.30	
	Unity	m	0.50			Weldon's Home Dressmaker	m	0.50	
a	Universe	w	1.60			Weldon's Home Milliner ... (5			
	University Correspondent	s.m	1.00			(Nos. a year)		0.16	
	University Extension Journal					Weldon's Illustrated Dress-			
	University Review	m	1.70			maker	m	0.50	
V									
	Vaccination Inquirer ...	m	0.40			Weldon's Journal of Costumes	m	1.70	
	Vacher's Parliamentary Com-					Weldon's Ladies' Journal	m	1.05	
	panion (during session)	m	1.25			Weldon's Practical Needle-			
c	Vanity Fair	w	7.55			work	m	0.60	
	Vegetarian Messenger ...	m	0.75			Wesleyan Methodist Church			
	Verulam Review	q	1.10			Record	m	0.50	
	Veterinary Journal † ...	m	2.95			Wesleyan Methodist Magazine	m	1.70	
	Veterinary Record † ...	w	4.20			Wesleyan Methodist Sunday			
	Victualling Trades Review †	m	1.25			School Magazine		0.75	
	Vigilance Record	m	0.40			West African Mail †	w	6.35	
	Vim	m	0.75			West End Gazette of Fashions	m	3.20	
	Violin Budget	m	0.40		a	Western Weekly News ...	w	2.10	
	Violin Times	m	0.75			Westminster Review ...	m	7.50	
	Vitality	m	0.75			White Ribbon	m	0.40	
	Volunteer Service Gazette	w	5.25			Wide World Magazine ...	m	1.70	
W									
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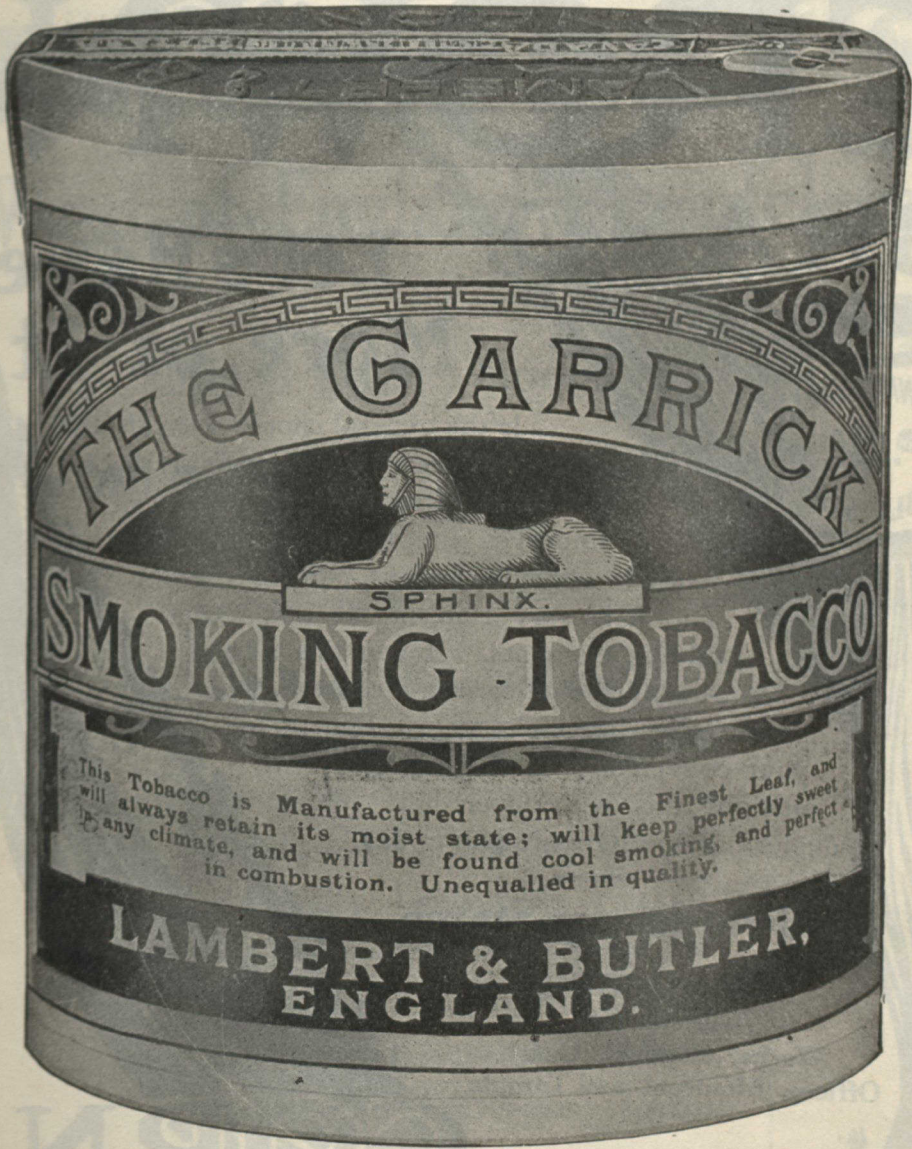
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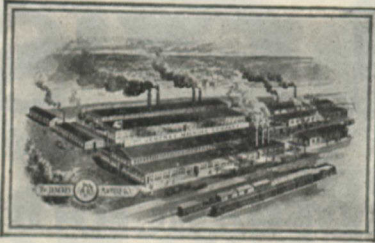
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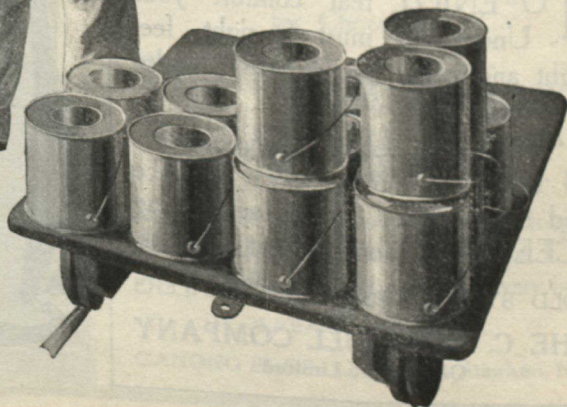
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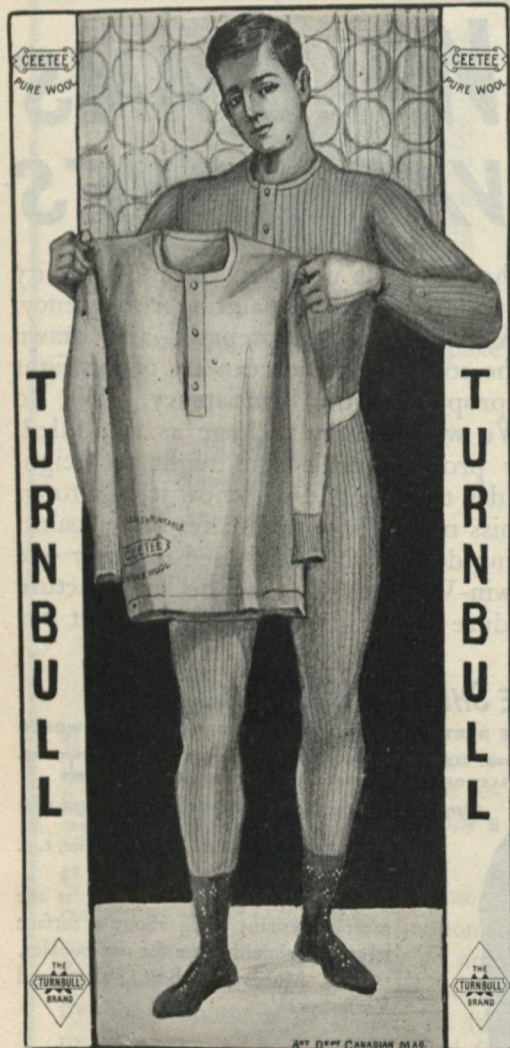
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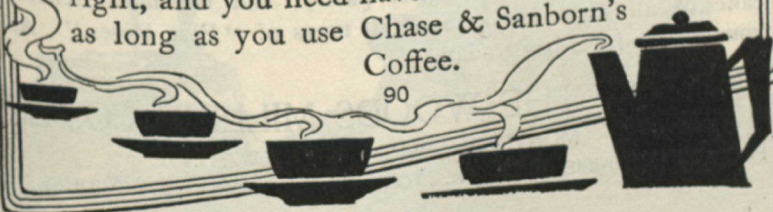
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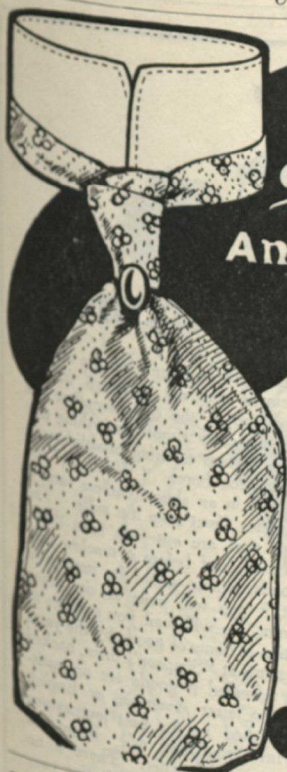
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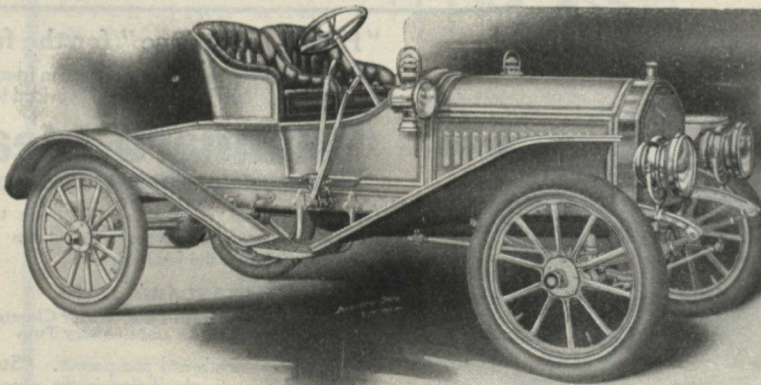
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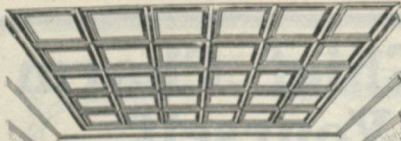
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The Salt-Royal of all Saltdom.

Each tiny crystal perfect—all its natural strength retained.

For cooking—for the table—for butter and cheese. Pure—dry—delicious—evenly dissolving. At all grocers—bags or barrels.

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Therefore—don't ask for a cake of soap, but specify "Baby's Own"—that is, if you wish to keep your skin soft, smooth and fragrant

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Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers



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One of the Most Important Questions to Consider in
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THE burning question, to you, is, "Are you getting out of life all the pleasure and the health you are entitled to?" If not, why not?

No matter whether every organ and member of your body is in a sound state of health and strength, if your stomach is in any way disordered, you are not going to be "yourself." You are going to be a worried, out-of-sorts, nervous or sullen individual, whose actions will reflect your condition inside, and people will naturally avoid you.

The world wants to smile and be cheerful, and unless you are cheerful and smile, at least, occasionally, you will have few friends, fewer opportunities, no success, and you will go down in defeat—defeated by dyspepsia and a bad stomach.

A good and thorough digestion has a quick, wonderful reaction on the brain. You must have noticed it many times, for the brain and stomach are as intimately connected as a needle and its thread, one can hardly be used to advantage without the other. If your stomach is slow and lazy in digesting your food, it will produce at once a slow, lazy and cloudy influence upon your brain. Mark it! If your stomach has absolutely quit work, and fermentation is poisoning your vitals as a result, surely your brain is going to be sluggish and correspondingly depressed. No one need tell you that.

But why continue to suffer all the miseries and torments that a disordered stomach brings you.

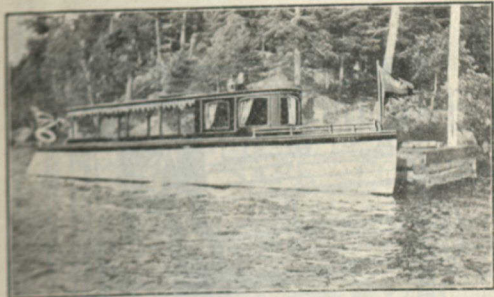
If your stomach can not digest your food what will? Where's the relief? Where's the cure?

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the relief and the cure. Why? Because, as all stomach troubles arise from indigestion and because one ingredient of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is able to **thoroughly and completely digest 3,000 grains** of any kind of food, doesn't it stand to reason that these little Dyspepsia Tablets are going to digest **all** the food and whatever food you put into your stomach? Science nowadays can digest food without having to use the stomach for it. And Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the result of this scientific discovery. They digest and digest thoroughly and well, anything and everything you eat.

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A 1908 WINNER

The Fay & Bowen 25 foot "Special" shown above is the handsomest thing in its class for 1908.

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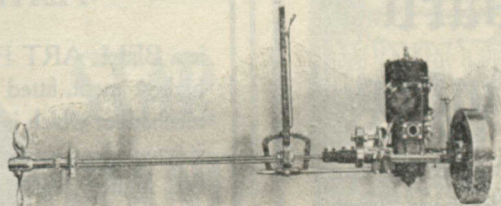
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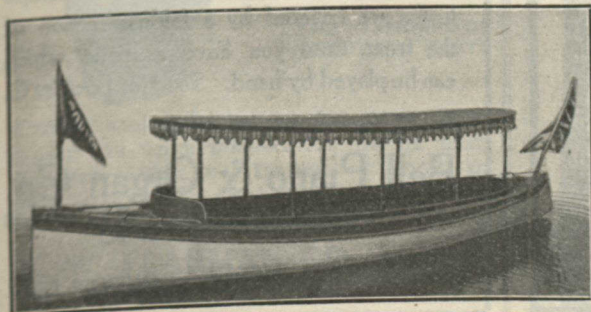
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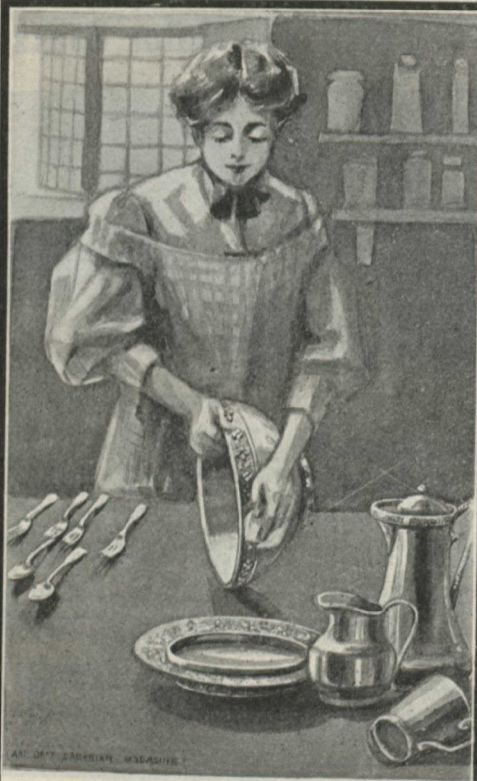


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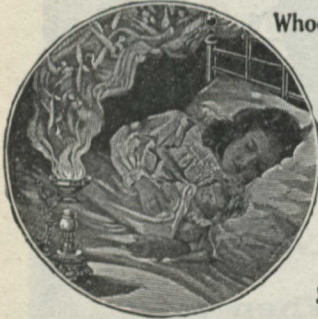
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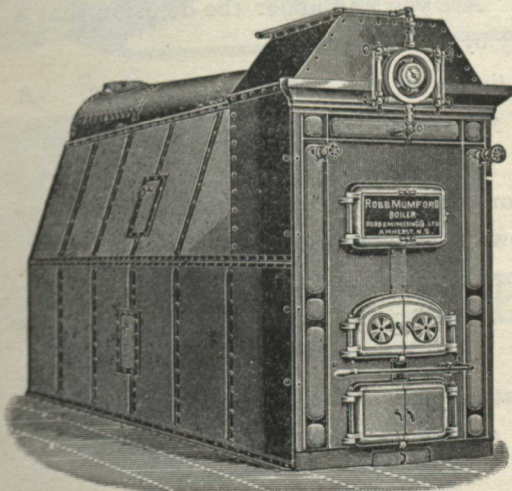
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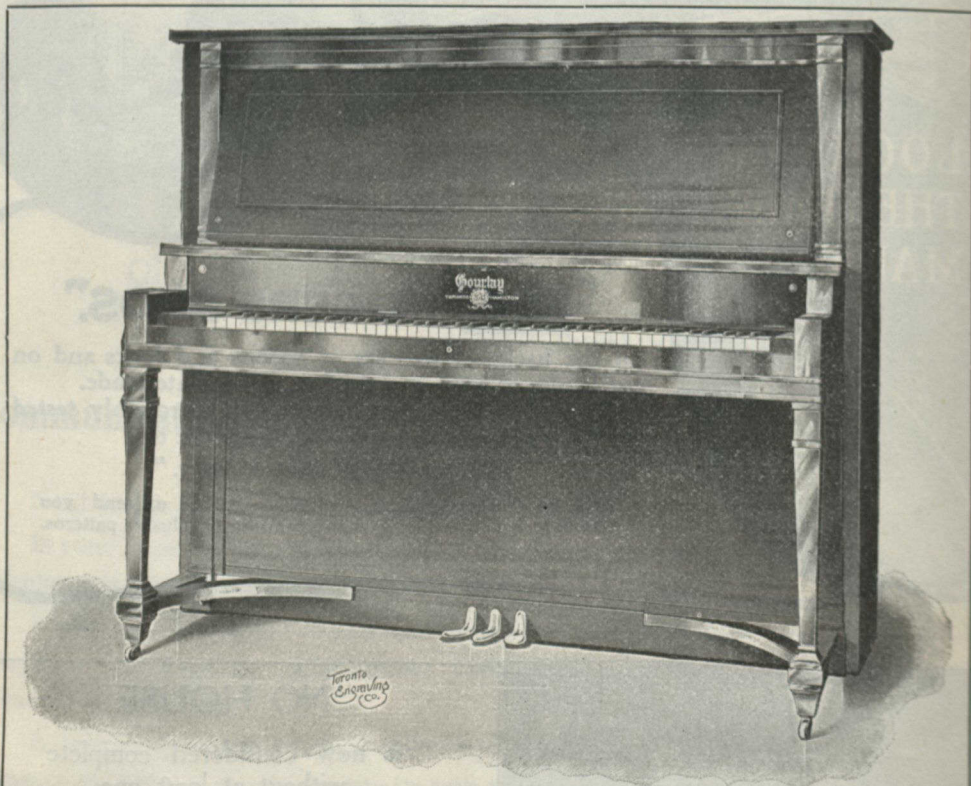
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Style 57 Old English Design

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It makes no difference how often baby goes to the photographer—and for the sake of admiring relatives his visits should be frequent—the record of his infant days is incomplete unless there are home pictures to supplement the more formal studio photographs. Mother or father or sister can readily make a series of pictures of the little ones that will grow more precious year by year. Picture taking is easy now and inexpensive too, the Kodak has made it so.

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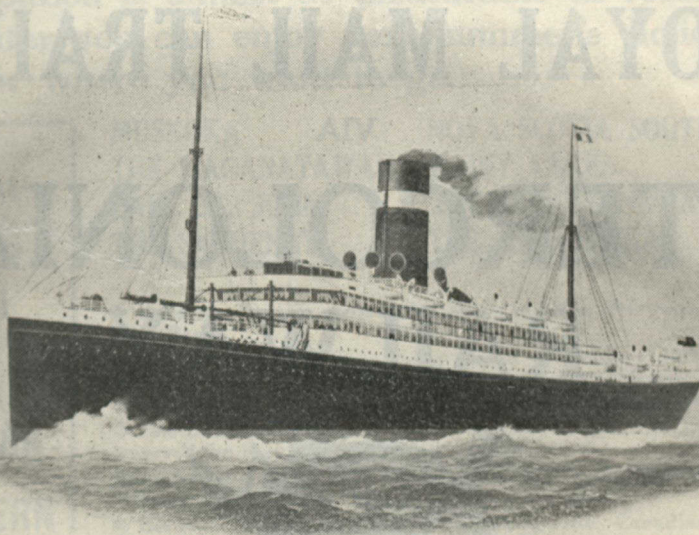
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☐ Corsican, Grampian, and Hesperian, Twin Screw New Steamers, will be on the route for 1908

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From Liverpool	Steamers	From Montreal	From Quebec
Thurs. 16 April	Corsican	Friday 1 May	1 May
Friday 24 "	x Victorian	" 8 "	8 "
Thurs. 30 "	Tunisian	" 15 "	15 "
Friday 8 May	x Virginian	" 22 "	22 "
Thurs. 14 "	Corsican	" 29 "	29 "
Friday 22 "	x Victorian	" 5 June	5 June
Thurs. 28 "	Tunisian	" 12 "	12 "
Friday 5 June	x Virginian	" 19 "	19 "
Thurs. 11 "	Corsican	" 26 "	26 "
Friday 19 "	x Victorian	" 3 July	3 July
Thurs. 25 "	Tunisian	" 10 "	10 "
Friday 3 July	x Virginian	" 17 "	17 "
Thurs. 9 "	Corsican	" 24 "	24 "
Friday 17 "	x Victorian	" 31 "	31 "
Thurs. 23 "	Tunisian	" 7 Aug.	7 Aug.

x Royal Mail Steamers

Montreal and Quebec to Glasgow

New Fast Twin Screw Steamers

From Glasgow	Steamers	From Montreal
Sat. 25 April	Hesperian , new	Sat. 9 May
" 2 May	Ionian	" 16 "
" 9 "	Grampian , new	" 23 "
" 16 "	Pretorian	" 30 "
" 23 "	Hesperian , new	" 6 June
" 30 "	Ionian	" 13 "
" 6 June	Grampian , new	" 20 "
" 13 "	Pretorian	" 27 "
" 20 "	Hesperian , new	" 4 July
" 27 "	Ionian	" 11 "
" 4 July	Grampian , new	" 18 "
" 11 "	Pretorian	" 25 "
" 18 "	Hesperian , new	" 1 Aug

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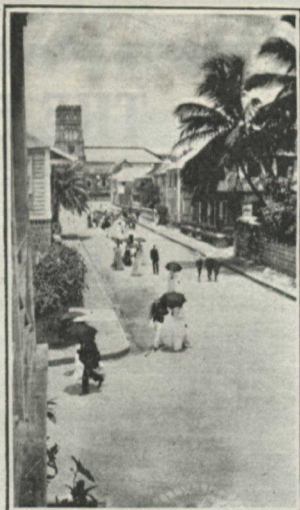
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