THE NEEDS OF THE NORTHWEST

By HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1903

PUBLISHED BY
THE
ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO

RAILWAY SUBSIDIES IN CANADA AND U.S.—By Prof. J. E. LeRossignol.

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Prepared from the finest selected Cocoa with the natural oil preserved, rendering it absolutely the most nutritious, easily assimilated and indispensable beverage for the daily meal.

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The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence, are characteristic of this Hotel, and have secured and retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

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TIME IS THE TEST OF ALL THINGS

AND THE EVER-INCREASING POPULARITY OF

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A WIRELESS MESSAGE ACROSS the ATLANTIC

Good morning! Have you used Pears' soap?

SENT 20 YEARS AGO

121st NUMBER

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XX MARCH, 1903 No. 5

CONTENTS

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

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

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EASTER CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A SPECIAL COVER DESIGN, by C. W. Jefferys, done in several colors, will be a symbol of the season.

DOROTHY TREHERNE, an Easter Love Story, by Jean Blewett, tells of the struggles of a young woman-doctor who opens an office in a country town. The story has all this writer's delicacy and sweetness.

PRECISE JUSTICE, a story, by E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," describes a line-fence controversy between two farmers in Eastern Ontario. It is truly Canadian.

THE COMPANY OF LONGWOOD GRANGE, a ghost story, by A. B. de Mille, will be found decidedly entertaining. Mr. de Mille is a clever story-teller. This will be illustrated.

THE REVIVAL OF THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL AND DRAMA, by J. Macdonald Oxley, will interest close observers of modern tendencies in literature.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY'S AUDIT, by J. L. McDougall, Auditor-General, is one of the most notable historical papers which have been offered to Canadian readers. It contains many reminiscences of the great men who have held power at Ottawa during the past twenty-five years.

BURNING OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, by J. J. Bell, recalls a most exciting period in our history. This will be illustrated from some vivid pictures of the scenes in connection with this event, these pictures being made by the artists and engravers of the period.

FROM QUEBEC TO JAMES BAY, by E. T. D. Chambers, will describe northern Quebec and its possibilities. We have heard much of "New Ontario," but little of "New Quebec." This will be specially illustrated from photographs.

THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS, a study, by Norman Patterson, with maps, will throw much light on the great transportation problem with which Canada is now face to face.

SOUL, long poem, by William Wilfred Campbell, is an ambitious and powerful bit of verse composition. It should rank as one of his best pieces, almost with "The Mother."

THERE WILL BE OTHER SPECIAL FEATURES.

The Canadian Magazine

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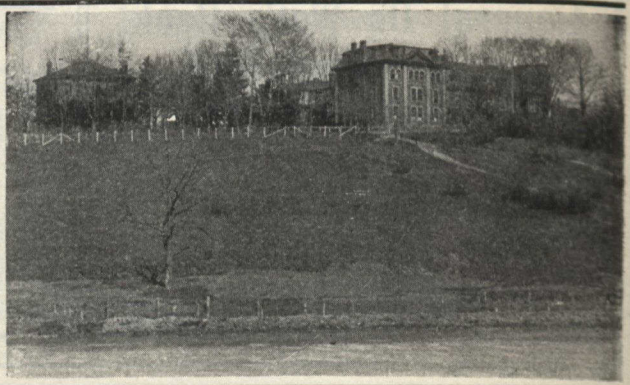

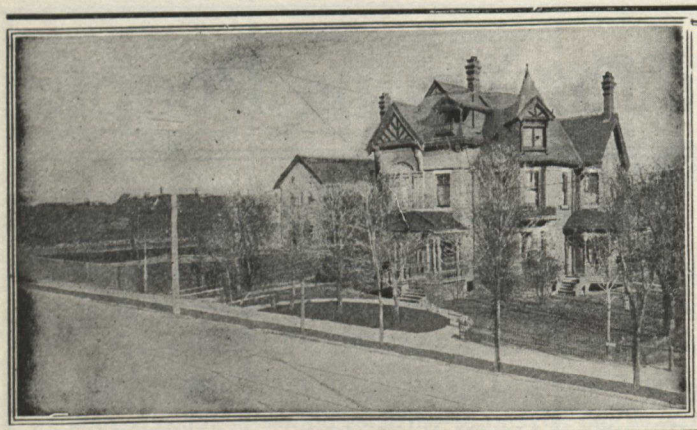

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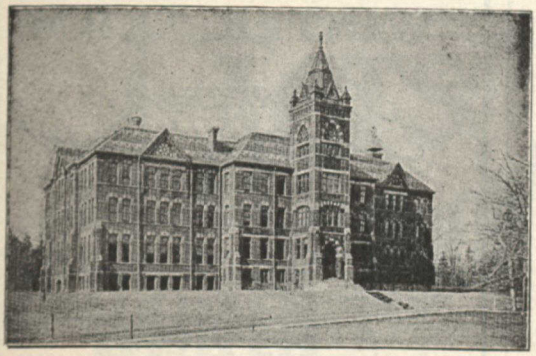

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The Calendar, which contains a list showing the positions held by graduates, will be mailed on application.

A. T. LAING, Secretary

The LONDON LIFE
Insurance Company

PRELIMINARY STATEMENT
For the Year Ending December 31st, 1902.

RECEIPTS.

Interest on Investments		$ 63,200 45
Increase over 1901	$12,907 69	
Premiums, "Ordinary" and "Industrial".		$291,902 66
Increase over 1901	$20,175 83	
Total Premium and Interest Receipts		$355,103 11
Increase over 1901	$33,083 52	

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Policyholders or Heirs		$ 75,319 97
Decrease from 1901	$5 928 49	
Dividend and all Other Disbursements		$122,273 99
Increase over 1901	$5,920 84	
Invested and Other Assets Dec. 31st, 1902		$1,302,063 86
Increase over 1901	$175,873 46	
Total 4%, 3½% and 3% Reserve and Other Liabilities		$1,211,973 22
Increase over 1901	$169,250 82	
Surplus Security to Policyholders		$ 90,090 64
Increase over 1901	$6,622 64	
Interest earned per cent. of Mean Invested Assets		5.66%
Insurance in Force Dec. 31st, 1902		$6,825,866 37
Increase over 1901	$336,732 75	

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Twenty-Second Annual Statement

OF THE

North American Life Assurance Company.

Head Office:—112-118 King St. West, Toronto.

For the Year Ended 31st December, 1902.

Dec. 30, 1901.	To Net Ledger Assets		$4,194,309 61
	RECEIPTS		
Dec. 31, 1902.	To Cash for Premiums	$1,049,652 74	
" "	To Cash Income on Investments	221,187 47	
			1,270,840 21
			$5,465,149 82
	DISBURSEMENTS		
Dec. 31, 1902.	By Payment for Death Claims, Profits, etc.	$374,513 14	
" "	By all other Payments	316,851 33	
			691,364 47
			$4,773,785 35
	ASSETS		
Dec. 31, 1902.	By Mortgages, etc		$1,070,703 98
	" Debentures (market value $1,097,535.52)		1,080,601 72
	" Stocks and Bonds (market value $1,501,764.00)		1,455,729 87
	" Real Estate, including Company's building		404,684 69
	" Loans on Policies, etc.		321,642 92
	" Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call)		351,257 00
	" Cash in Banks and on hand		89,165 17
			$4,773,785 35
	" Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection)		198,982 10
	" Interest and Rents due and accrued		38,045 76
			$5,010,813 21
	LIABILITIES		
Dec. 31, 1902.	To Guarantee Fund	$ 60,000 00	
	" Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund	4,385,565 00	
	" Death Losses awaiting proofs, etc.	50,203 45	
			$4,495,768 45
	Net Surplus		**$515,044 76**

Audited and found correct.—J. N. LAKE, Auditor.

The financial position of the Company is unexcelled—its percentage of net surplus to liabilities exceeds that of any other Home Company.

New insurance issued during 1902 ..... $6,600,265 00

Exceeding the best previous year in the history of the Company by over one million dollars.

Insurance in force at end of 1902 (net) $30,637,268 00

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The Report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 29th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, will be sent to policy-holders. Pamphlets, explanatory of the attractive investment plans of the Company, and a copy of the Annual Report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Head Office or any of the Company's Agencies.

THE STRANGE STONE MONUMENTS OF BRITTANY, FRANCE

THE CELTIC REMAINS OF MENEC AT CARNAC, WITH 874 STONES IN ONE FIELD

PHOTOGRAPH BY Z. LE ROUZIC, CARNAC

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XX TORONTO, MARCH, 1903 No. 5

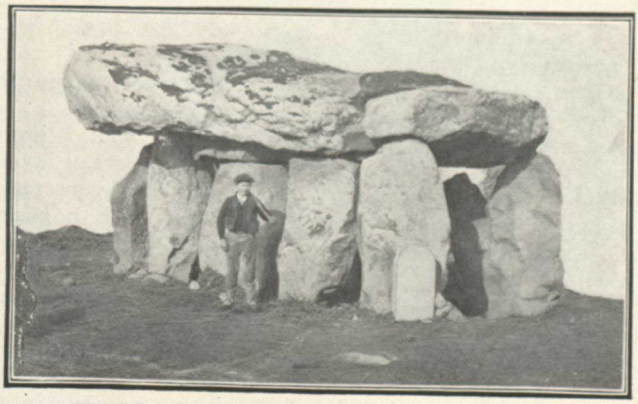
THE STRANGE STONE MONUMENTS OF BRITTANY AND CORNWALL

By Frank Yeigh

THE French province of Brittany is dotted with thousands of strange stones, of all sizes and shapes. There is scarcely a parish in the whole country that does not boast of one or more of these reminders of a prehistoric people and their mysterious religion, and the fact that so little is definitely known regarding them only serves to arouse one's curiosity. The great number still standing are, moreover, but a tithe of the total that once covered the land, for where hundreds are intact, thousands have no doubt been destroyed during the centuries. It goes to prove that Brittany was once densely populated by a strange and yet virile race, the only traces of which are these curious obelisks of natural boulders, which are still held in superstitious awe by many of the peasants.

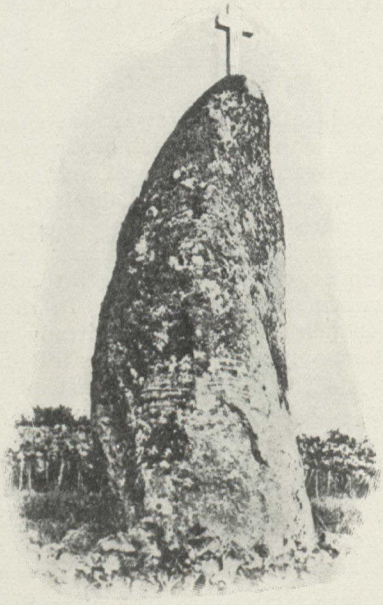
According to some scholars, these early Europeans were known as the Iberian race, which originally came from Asia, crossed the Caucasus to Southern Russia, making their way northward to the Baltic and the Low Countries and thence to the British Isles. Another branch apparently swept the shores of the English Channel, occupying Brittany, Spain and Portugal, and entering Africa at the Straits of Gibralter. The Gauls, at some remote period, conquered these Iberian emigrants, and remained their masters until the Roman domination of the Gaul. In the fifth and sixth centuries Brittany was again overrun with swarms of emigrants from Britain. This part of France was then called Armoria, the Armorian tribes being of Celtic origin. Traces of the Iberian, Gaulish, Celtic, Roman and British occupation are still observable in Brittany.

Why did these Iberians, or later, Celtics, erect so many granite monuments? In seeking for an answer one finds that even scholars disagree; in-



THE DOLMEN OF CRUCUNO, BRITTANY

deed, according to a recent writer, "historians and archæologists of the present day do not profess to know nearly as much about the Druids or Celts as did those who wrote concerning them in a previous generation." Baring-Gould, one of the latest writers on the subject, is of the opinion that the religion of these remarkable people consisted of the worship of ancestors. The grave was to them the most sacred spot on earth, the centre of the tribe. The spirit of the dead was supposed to animate the stones erected to their memory, and to expect that suitable sacrifices should be offered at their tombs. There were deities as well, such as the Goddess of Death, whose image is carved on certain sepulchres. Baring-Gould holds therefore that all these Brittany monuments had to do with the worship of the dead. Others think that, in addition, the lines or circles of standing stones marked the boundaries of sanctuary or proprietary rights



A BRITTANY MENHIR CONVERTED INTO A CALVARY

The remnants of these ancient landmarks are of several kinds. The chief form is known as the dolmen (from *taal* a table and *men* a stone)—an unhewn table supported by several upright pillars, forming sepulchral chambers, which were family or tribal ossuaries. The dead were laid in them with their weapons of polished stone or bronze and with their personal ornaments, many specimens of which have been discovered. In some cases there are long lines of these rough boulders, constituting covered walks from sixty to eighty feet in length. A fine specimen of a single dolmen is the one at Kergavat, in Brittany, illustrating the tremendous weight represented in the upper stone. The dolmens of Marie Remor, of the Madelaine and of Crucuno are also striking examples, while the series of three at Keriaval represent a succession of altars or tombs. In certain of these cairns, the walls are marked by hieroglyphics that thus far have baffled the efforts of scholars to decipher. A "kistvaen" is a type of dolmen enclosed at one or both ends.

The menhir is a single upright monolith, often standing in an isolated corner. They are of varying height, the loftiest in all Brittany being the one at Plouarzel, forty-two feet high. The one at Locmariaquer was the highest, before it fell and broke, as shown in the illustration, having been shattered by a stroke of lightning. It is estimated that this monster weighs 342 tons! How these masses of stone were brought from a distance, or how they were raised to their upright position, is as great a mystery as the purpose they were intended to serve.

The alignment is a series of parallel rows of inverted upright stones, probably erected in honour of a dead chief, each household contributing a stone, just as the Bedouin of to-day, when he visits the shrine of a Moslem saint, erects a block of stone as an act of worship.

The alignments of Carnac, in Lower Brittany, are unequalled in size and number in the world. For one such stone to be found in the British Isles

THE GREAT MENHIR AT LOCMARIAQUER IN BRITTANY. BEFORE IT WAS SHATTERED BY LIGHTNING IT WAS 64 FEET HIGH

or elsewhere in Europe, there are hundreds of these megalithic monuments in Brittany. They stand in the centre of a dreary archipelago known as the Morbihan, the wildest and oldest part of France, and at one time the chief centre of the Celtic population. Great and many as they are to-day —over four thousand in the one district—these stones are but the remnants of what originally stood there, hundreds having been mutilated or destroyed during all the disastrous wars that have swept over France since the early centuries.

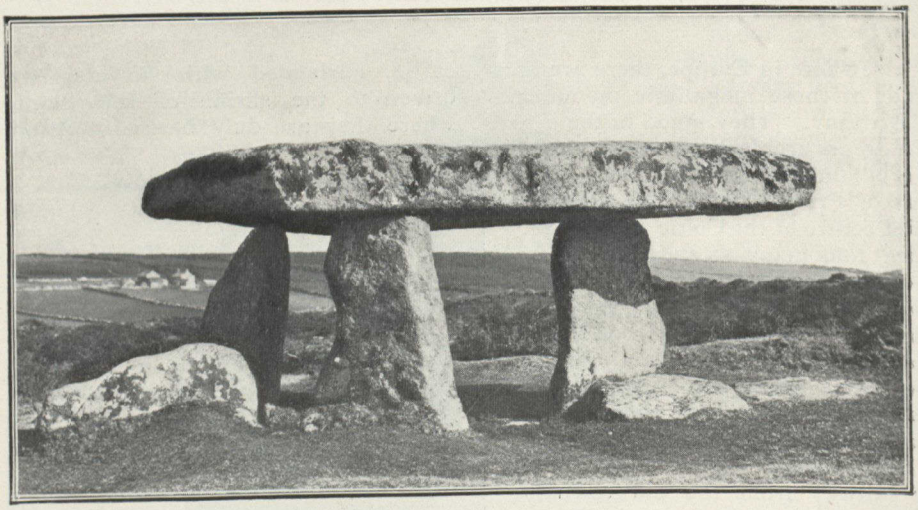
The journey to Carnac takes one by railway from the old town of Auray to a little hamlet called Plouharnel, where two modes of conveyance await the tourist: a little narrow-gauge tram-line, or an old diligence of the last century, with a horse of the vintage of 1775. The poor beast proved to be as slow as its driver, and the vehicle as disjointed and noisy as its age indicated. On either side of the white roadway every field of grain had its Celtic stone, but we drove past them to the village of Carnac, where the pilgrimage church of St. Cornelius blocks up the main street. A statue of the Saint stands above the main doorway, with carved figures of cattle to his right and left. Here once a year, on the thirteenth of September, a curious *fête Dieu* is held, in which cattle, garlanded with flowers, are driven to the shrine of the Saint, where they are duly blessed. After-

THE GIANT MENHIR OF MENEC AT CARNAC IN LOWER BRITTANY

ward, offerings of live cattle are made to the Saint. In the same vicinity is a typical wayside well and shrine, where the same Saint is worshipped by the peasants.

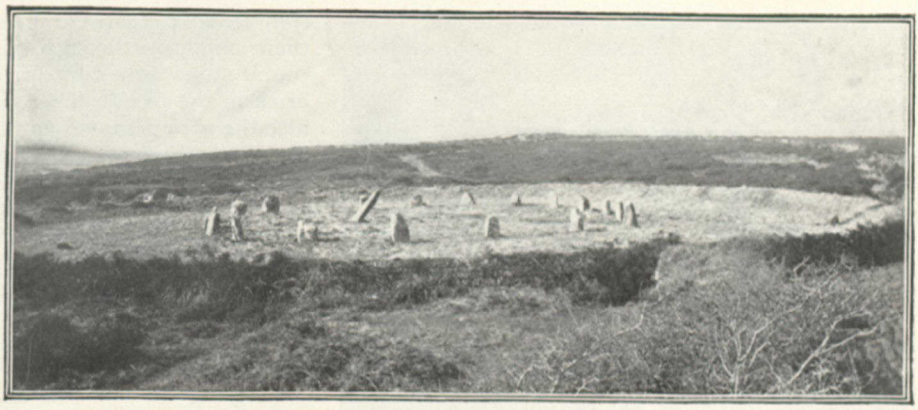
Continuing our journey, we ascended a hill, known locally as Mont St. Michel, from the summit of which a panoramic view was had of a wide area of country. Almost at one's feet stretched the famous Carnac prehistoric monuments, forming long avenues or rows a mile and a quarter in length, and comprising inverted stones ranging from one monster, eighteen feet in height, called the Giant Menhir of Menec, to boulders scarce three feet high. Over two thousand of the four thousand that exist in the commune are visible from this altitude—the alignments of Menec with 874 upright pieces of granite; Kermario with 855, and Kerlescan with 262. The three groups of stone streets end in stone circles or cromlechs. To the south glimmered the sea, the surf beating on the desolate coast and the cold wind sweeping over the low, barren moor. Here and there a Brittany farmhouse, with its cluster of steep-roofed buildings, made a human centre of interest in contrast to the weird reminders of a dead people and a forgotten civilization with which they were surrounded. As one gazed on the unusual scene, the wish was created that the curtain of Time might roll back long enough to reveal the mysteries of the strange folk that once peopled these plains and lived their brief day of life—a people, one may imagine, not unlike those of the Orient who still erect great dolmens as mausoleums of the dead, and set up menhirs as memorials of their departed great.

The time came when Christianity swept over western Europe, and the crude ancestor worship of these primitive people gave place to the symbol of the Cross. One may see evidences of the transition among the Carnac megaliths. Crosses are cut on menhirs and dolmens have been turned into chapels. At Plouaret the Chapel of the Seven Saints (of Brittany) is an old dolmen changed to its new uses. Images of the Virgin are attached to other menhirs, and not a few of the wayside calvaries are former stone monuments. Specimens of these religious anomalies are frequent.



THE LANYON CROMLECH IN CORNWALL

Returning to the Carnac avenues, a band of ragged children, whose wooden sabots clattered noisily over the cobble-

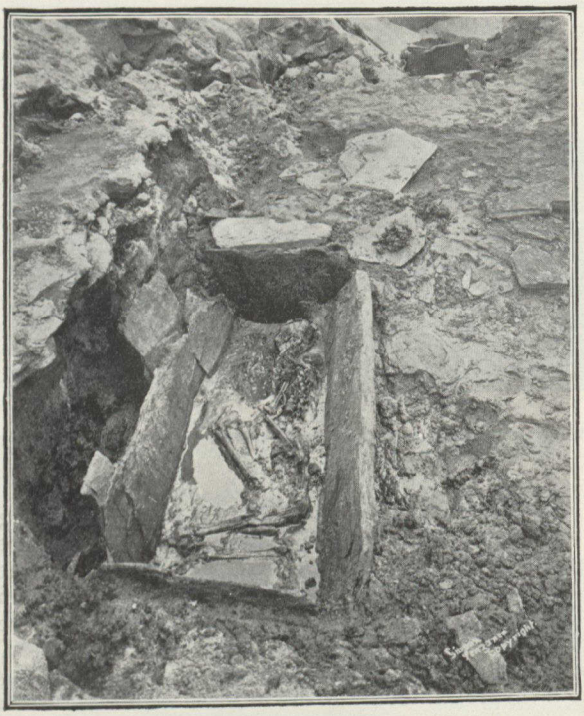


REMAINS OF A DRUIDICAL CIRCLE AT BOSCAWEN IN CORNWALL. THIS IS KNOWN AS THE NINETEEN MAIDENS

stones, acted as guides and greedily fought for the sous that were tossed to them. One large field of monuments was entered through a gate of small boulders, which were carefully lifted down and as laboriously replaced in position as we made our way to the Menec group. Beyond lay the farm of Kermario, the upright stones ending in a large circle similar to the Stonehenge group in England. The Erdeven group, on the other hand, terminated in a circular hillock crowned by two dolmens. If the theories of Baring-Gould are correct that each stone thus erected represented a male member of an ancient tribe, then these hundreds of pillars tell of tribes of numerical strength and wide influence. Yet they have disappeared from the scene as completely as the Neutral Nation of red men from the Niagara peninsula of Canada. Only a stray legend remains. As the Wiltshire peasant holds that the devil brought Stonehenge from Ireland, so the Breton believes that the menhirs of Carnac are pagan soldiers who, while in pursuit of Saint Cornelius, were turned to stone at the instance of the holy man, at the very moment when he could flee no farther because of the sea before him. Thus the patron saint of Carnac was miraculously saved from his heathen enemy.

Druidical remains are also found in the British Isles. Dartmoor can boast of twenty-five stone rows, all radiating from a tomb. In one instance, where three bodies had been buried in one cairn, three rows of menhirs start from the same mound. In other tombs there are signs that the bodies were burned, pointing to a system of cremation long antedating the modern method. Such a spot as the Dartmoor group, as well as Stonehenge, probably served as

A "HOLED" DRUIDICAL STONE IN CORNWALL. PARENTS USED TO PASS THEIR CHILDREN THROUGH THIS TO CURE THEM OF "CRICK IN THE BACK"

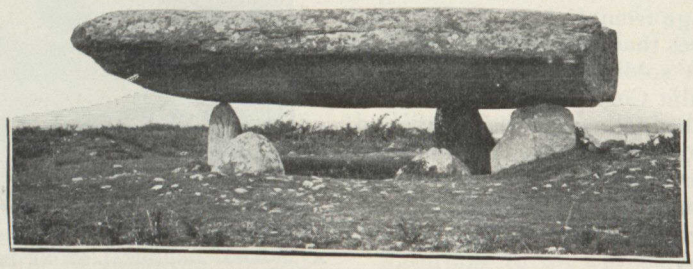


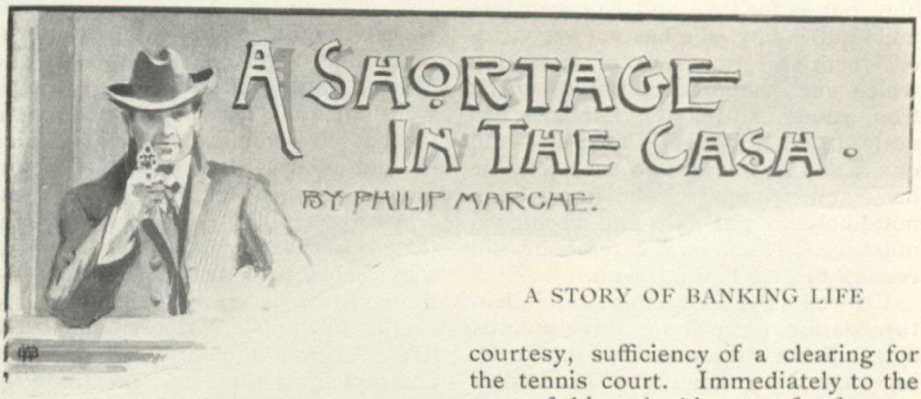
SKELETON FOUND IN PREHISTORIC TOMB AT HARLYN BAY, CORNWALL

gathering places for the clans in connection with their funeral rites or pagan feasts.

The fact that the ancient Breton language is akin to the Welsh and the now extinct Cornish tongue, accounts for the existence of many Celtic circles and mounds in Cornwall, such as the famous Men-an-tol, with its local belief that leads parents to pass their children through the round stone as a cure for a crick in the back! There is also the group known as the Nineteen Maidens, the Lanyon cromlech, and other remains. An ancient "kist-vaen," or dolmen, was accidently unearthed not long ago near Harlyn Bay in Cornwall, revealing, as shown in the photograph, a stone grave with the bones of a man lying on his side and with his knees bent.

Strange hut circles are also to be seen on Exmoor and on the downs and wolds near Whitby and Marlborough. At Abury too the avenues of huge stones and great circular earthworks tell of the dark and bloody superstitions of their devotees, who gazed awe-stricken on the sacrificial fires glowing in the darkness from the centre of the temple and on the forms of the white-robed priests. Sepulchral barrows further abound in England as memorials of loyal reverence for dead chieftains. And so in Ireland and in Scotland, as well as in Scandinavia, we of the twentieth century may gaze upon the cromlechs and tombs, and temples and circles beneath which, as in the Roman Catacombs, "there sleeps a vanished world."





A STORY OF BANKING LIFE

LUDO was sport, gentleman, banker and financier. A sport, inasmuch as he was full back in the Rugby Fifteen, captain of the Hockey Team, and secretary of the Lawn Tennis Club. A gentleman, because he dressed correctly, was well mannered and agreeable, and because he laboured unceasingly to make things pleasant for the younger ladies of the town—particularly for *one* of the younger ladies. A banker, for the reason that he was teller in the local branch of the Majestic Bank of Canada, in whose precincts he stayed every working day from nine till three-fifteen, always excepting ends of the month and such days as he was "out" in his balance—then he stayed later. As it is the purpose of this story to explain his title "financier," we shall not now take the reader into our confidence further than to say that he supported this pyramid of duties and responsibilities upon the modest wage of sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents per month—paid by the Bank.

We now conduct you, good reader, to the tennis court—beautifully situated, as you see, in a meadow just outside the town limits. The meadow is known as "The Flats." That wood, about a mile to the southeast, resembles nothing so much as a huge army with serried ranks covering the ground. As if in proclamation of its sovereignty, it has spread beeches and elms, singly and in detachments, over the face of the Flats, reserving, out of courtesy, sufficiency of a clearing for the tennis court. Immediately to the west of this a double row of soft maples shield the players from the heat arrows flung viciously by the afternoon sun.

He in the far court, towards the river, partnering the tall girl in the bicycle skirt and the pink waist, is Ludo. She is not his choice, however. He was late in getting down—there was a difficulty about balancing—and Crowell, of the opposition Bank, has forestalled him with Margie Effing. Everything Ludo touches to-day goes wrong, and since the morning things have been going from bad to worse.

Just a word of explanation here as to how matters stand between Ludo and Margie. They are not engaged. He would like to be, for he is very much in love—so much that he never dares to mention it to her, other than with his eyes and by his marked attentions. This method of wooing, as you know, is all right with some girls, but is not nearly so effective as when backed by a judicious use of spoken words.

As it is, Ludo has much to be thankful for, because he and Margie are great chums and are together a great deal. People ask them out and treat them almost as if they are engaged. Margie is a clear-eyed, clean-limbed girl of nineteen, the heart and soul of the junior merrymakings, intent with all the ardour of her fresh young spirit upon making the most of the youth-and-pleasure stage of her life. She likes Ludo because he is "nice," and because he has "go" in

him, but as for love and engagements and matrimony, she has not yet yielded them the measure of attention which such important subjects merit from young ladies. Of late she has noticed that Ludo has grown dull and quiet, and on one or two occasions he has acted strangely. She hopes he is not likely to get silly and become a nuisance. If he is not careful she will require to give him a lesson.

Crowell is a newcomer, his indenture dating from about three months ago. From the outset he had been indisposed to acquiesce in Ludo's monopoly, and had straightway entered the lists against him. It is this vigorous opposition, along with the girl's dilatoriness in checking her new admirer that has brought about the change for the worse noticed by Margie in Ludo's demeanour.

When Ludo, hot and breathless, reached the court, there were the three —Margie, the tall girl, and Crowell waiting for a fourth. Crowell and Margie were idling under the maples. The tall girl was vexing the river with sticks and stones.

The game was started at once. Sour and disagreeable, Ludo was resolved upon administering a crushing and humiliating defeat, and to this end he strained all his energies. But notwithstanding that he was perhaps the strongest player in the club, and that Crowell and Margie seemed to be but indolently pushing the game, it looked as if even this savage consolation would be denied him. His balls went into the net, out of bounds, and everywhere except where he meant them to go. The atmosphere was hot, sticky and irritating, and there were aggravating delays—Crowell must run to Margie, or Margie to Crowell to giggle and laugh over some joke or piece of news they had in common. What wonder that Ludo's temper speedily became rancorous? Under these circumstances it needed but a trifle to precipitate the catastrophe. It was soon forthcoming. Ludo returned a hot one to Crowell; the jade Fortune, happening slumberous, overlooked this ball and it scored—Ludo saw quite clearly that it scored—well within the outer line. Nevertheless Crowell and Margie were quick to claim that it went outside. Ludo reiterated that it scored. Crowell as confidently denied it, and then as luck would have it, Margie giggled—and the flood was out.

A torrent of vigorous epithets contested precedence with each other as they rushed from Ludo's tongue. He threw down his racket and advanced to the net. The girls screamed and fled. Crowell took up the challenge and replied in kind; and in a moment these two Hotspurs were locked in deadly combat.

Of the noble art of self-defence, as practised by the Corbetts, the Ruhlins and the Fitzsimmonses, Ludo had a little knowledge, Crowell none. But Ludo's superior knowledge availed him nothing, simply because, being so angry, he forgot it all. He remembered nothing, he thought of nothing, he cared for nothing but to get at his rival for the joy of battering him. With his head lowered and his arms swinging, he charged at Crowell as if that worthy had been a sheaf of oats lying on an old-time barn floor waiting to be flailed. Crowell's part resolved itself into a succession of dodges and a continuous effort to ward the series of rushes and the hailstorm of blows delivered with the rapidity and regularity of shots from a pom-pom.

Before the fleeing and panic-stricken young ladies covered very much ground they came upon the accountant of Crowell's Bank pushing his way to the tennis court. "Oh, Mr. Rufus! Oh, Mr. Rufus!" they panted in unison, "Ludo Waltman and Mr. Crowell are fighting down in The Flats. Do hurry and stop them. Hurry! Please run," and they wrung their hands and looked at him appealingly as though he was a knight of old whose business it was to go about succouring distressed damsels.

Mr. Rufus responded at once, and quickened himself into a run, mutter-

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"Crowell and Margie were idling under the maples"

ing animadversions. The girls then resumed their headlong flight, and did not entirely rid themselves of their panic until, surrounded by the female members of their respective families, they were recounting to choruses of "Did you ever's?" and "How shocking's?" the exciting events of the afternoon.

Meanwhile Mr. Rufus had reached the battleground unnoticed by the combatants. His measures were prompt and vigorous. Seizing Crowell, he dragged him out of range of Ludo's windmill-waving arms; and these presently ceased their revolutions.

"Stop it, I say, you two petering idiots. You lubbers from the infant class. Nice work this, for two leading bankers—prominent in social circles!" and Mr. Rufus' lip and eye strove to give adequate expression to the contempt and disgust that filled him.

The culprits hung their heads. Their arbitrator continued: "Upon my word, I *am* disgusted with you. This is a nice feast you've set before the carrions of gossip; a pretty mess you've dragged the Banks into. Go home, both of you, and pray for a little sense. It'll serve you jolly right if you lose your jobs over this."

These barbed truths sank home. Reason again came forth and resumed her sway over the intellects of the two young men; and they now began to think of consequences. They wended a slow, crestfallen retreat to their respective boarding-houses; and thenceforward for a while both spent many thoughtful hours, wondering what would be the outcome of their childish act of folly.

A number of warm summer weeks have passed, and events have happened. The gods were good to Ludo and Crowell; and they held their positions. Socially also they still prospered. For a time after the fight they lived in the pale, cold light of the outer fringe. Matrons responsible for the well-being of young girls would, on meeting our friends, gather up their

skirts, banish the kindliness from their eyes, and bow freezingly or not at all. But young men were too scarce and too precious to permit of this severe punishment being prolonged overmuch. They were gradually again admitted into the warm sunshine of favour, and the tennis, the dances, the picnics and the outings, flourished as heretofore.

As for Ludo, his passion for Margie raged undiminished. The prospect of a life without her still looked as bleak as a century of Novembers. But a change has come over the spirit of his game. Probably the galvanic shock, lately experienced, has quickened innate capabilities into life. He is no longer the old Ludo—morose and sullen. The new Ludo, gay and debonair, scattering on his young lady friends a profusion of flowers, ices and chocolate creams; organizing pleasurings and engineering them to auspicious conclusions; including Margie with the others in his attentions, but in nowise singling her out; evincing no desire to oppose Crowell, but rather smoothing his path—was a very dangerous foe indeed, and would have made uncomfortable running for a rival far more princelike than Crowell.

At first Margie joined the others in remarking how much nicer Ludo Waltman was in his new role. Later she was piqued at his apparent indifference to charms erstwhile so potent; and she noticed, a few evenings since, that he had no less than five dances with Nellie Blair. The sombre hood of thoughtfulness now at times enveloped Margie's fair head and shoulders. As if to make amends she affected at other times a boisterous, unnatural gaiety. Yesterday, some of her girl companions were startled at the unmerciful snubbing she gave poor Crowell for nothing at all. Onlookers saw the signs of victory more plainly than did Ludo, but he was conscious that the sky in that quarter was clearing and brightening.

In another direction, however, dark clouds were massing. This war, prosecuted so successfully, demanded a heavy outlay. The salary of sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents, strained to its limits before, had proved hopelessly inadequate, and Ludo had been forced into the emission of "promises to pay." He was just now discovering that the relief afforded by this remedy was but transitory, and that its use often brings with it the necessity for leaning ever more heavily upon it. It was also the indirect cause of leading him, as we shall see, into the valley of the Dread Shadow.

It was not alone on the petty stage of this provincial town that "things were doing." Events were also moving in the broader realms of science, finance, and commerce. Not the least important of these was the following: M. Sevenoff, a spectacled, black-whiskered Polish gentleman, resident in Montreal, by dint of deep research, had unearthed one of the secrets of the Creator. This was no less than the power to turn water into oil. Well water, river water, ocean water, any kind of water would do; add a few chemicals, and, presto! the finest illuminating oil came forth. Needless to say, the invention was forthwith made ironclad with patents. But the scientist was willing that, in his own way, others should share in the material profits arising from so glorious a discovery; and to this end it had been arranged that a joint-stock company be formed. The company was known as "Wateroil, Limited"; and the public was admitted on the following terms. There was a bond issue of five million dollars, based on plants to be erected and potential profits; and a common stock issue of ten million dollars. Every citizen of the Dominion was privileged to subscribe at par to the bonds. The five millions thus paid in was to suffice for the purchase from the inventor of his patents and the right to manufacture; to cover organization expenses, and to build and equip factories and plants; and to provide enough working capital to carry on the business until the profits began to accumulate. Of the ten millions of

common stock, five were allotted as a bonus, by way of sugar-coating, to the bond subscribers, dollar for dollar; and as a warranty of good faith the inventor and his promoters consented to accept the other five.

As to the bonds, bankers and financiers held aloof, but the public scrambled to subscribe, and the issue was covered several times over. It was announced that although the common stock at the beginning had apparently no value, yet it was confidently expected that as soon as business was fairly commenced the profits would be large enough to warrant the distribution of a dividend. Notwithstanding that it would be six months or a year before plants could be erected and in running order, a spirited speculation began at once in the common stock. The company was so well advertised and the stock-market manipulation so clever, that the rapid advance in the quotations made a great deal of talk.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"It's a sure thing, I tell you. Five hundred or a cool thou' in three or four days"

"It's a sure thing, I tell you. Five hundred or a cool thou' in three or four days."

"But I haven't a cent to put in."

"Doesn't matter. I can fix that for you."

"And I'd be sacked if the Bank found it out!"

"Never fear. No danger of that."

"And what if I should lose?"

"Couldn't possibly. Read this."

And the speaker, a local money-lender, friend to Ludo, handed him a letter. This was in the nature of a tip from a broker in Montreal, and said that the bull pool in "Wateroil" intended to advance the stock still further in a few days, and that "right now" was the time to get in. To-day's quotation

was "forty." "Sixty" was looked upon as certain for next week.

Ludo's needs were pressing, and in spite of an inflexible by-law of the Bank forbidding its officers to speculate, the conference ended by his taking "the fly," the money-lender loaning him the amount necessary for margin.

Embarked in this speculation the stock market reports acquired an added importance, and for the next few days that portion of the daily paper received his very first attention. Exactly six days after his initiation the papers came out headlined "Slump in Wateroil," "The stock drops twenty points on rumours that the invention is only a partial success." Our hero was not, however, dependent upon the newspapers for information about this disastrous decline. His friend the money-lender sent him urgent requests for more margin, and these not being complied with, his stock was sold and his deal closed out; the transaction resulting for Ludo in a loss of two thousand dollars—owing to the money-lender. That individual now became exceedingly disagreeable; and threatened, if he did not get his money, to give the whole thing away to the Bank.

Poor Ludo was in deep distress and cursed the folly that had led him into this more serious trouble. Ruin and disgrace seemed sure. Of course, the Tempter suggested his taking the money from the Bank—from the cash entrusted to his care; but Ludo knew that any respite purchased that way would be short-lived. It is probable that he would have faced the music and taken his punishment but for a gross piece of carelessness on the part of a customer of the Bank. A wealthy farmer, who visited the office but seldom, one day shoved hurriedly in at Ludo's wicket three thousand dollars, and without waiting for voucher or certificate, rushed away. There could be no doubt as to his intention; the money was for deposit. But the fellow should have waited. Ludo was angry with him—but not for long. The Tempter seized the occasion to press his advice. "The man might not come back for six months or a year; and many things could happen in a year?" Ludo listened, and fell. He credited only one thousand dollars to the farmer's account; with the other two thousand he paid off the money-lender.

His sufferings now began in earnest. In covering his former misdeed by a worse felony he had exchanged the frying-pan for the fire—the purlieus of hell for the dread domain itself. His condition became pitiable in the extreme. Life lost all its charm for him and death its terrors. He panted to quit this stifling atmosphere—to lie down in the cool, quiet ground and be done forever with the multitude of accusing fingers he saw levelled constantly at him. This world was so full of present terrors that the prospective dangers of the next faded into nothingness. But for his poor widowed mother down by the sea he would have shed his life most joyfully, most thankfully; but he shrank from dealing her so terrible a wound. This avenue of escape closed, he was travelling swiftly towards madness, when it pleased the Creator to intervene.

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It happened that a leading citizen died, and it was in order to bury him. The funeral had been set for to-day. Now the townspeople patronized funerals with great liberality, and this one was no exception—the men turned out *en masse*. The Bank was represented by the Manager.

The tail of the procession had passed, on the way to the cemetery, half-an-hour ago. The accountant, in whose charge the office had been left, was out at lunch. As its customers were all at the funeral, the Bank was about as quiet as a deserted schoolhouse. Ludo and Little Meigs, the junior, had practically no company except their thoughts.

Two men came in, ordinary-looking men in tweeds. One carried a bulky Gladstone bag, which he quietly set on the floor. He then moved to the teller's counter, fumbling in his pocket

for the paper which constituted his business. He found it and passed it through the narrow wicket. The document had a curious foreign appearance and differed so much from the usual run of documents passed upon that it chained our teller's instant attention. Bending closely over it, the better to examine it, Ludo forgot for the nonce his ever-pressing nightmare of trouble. When at length, nonplussed, he looked up for an explanation of the puzzle presented to him, he was met by the cold, unsympathizing muzzle of a six-shooter levelled directly at his head, and the gruff command:

"Now, then, young fellow, up with your hands!"

Ludo saw that, over to the left, Little Meigs was similarly contained by the second stranger. Apparently the enemy held the day in the hollow of his hand. But this estimate is reached without reckoning that, desperate as were these criminals in front, they are eye to eye with a despair and contempt of death more unyielding than their own. To Ludo, this is the opening of the gates whereby he can make an honourable and expiatory exit. It is, therefore, with a calm satisfied smile that he leans forward squarely facing the burglar, his elbows resting on the desk.

"And if I disobey, Mr. Burglar, what will you do then?"

This was unexpected.

"What'll I do? Is it that you're asking? Why I'll blow your bloomin' brains out if you don't look sharp. Put up your hands."

Still the hands did not go up. Instead Ludo said, "I'm curious to know what it's like to have my brains blown out. Go ahead and blow, Mr. Burglar."

But the burglar didn't blow. He didn't want to make a noise if he could help it. He muttered:

"Well, I'm darned. If this isn't the gamiest bloke I've struck since Aunty died;" then raising his voice, "Bill! go round behind and fix him."

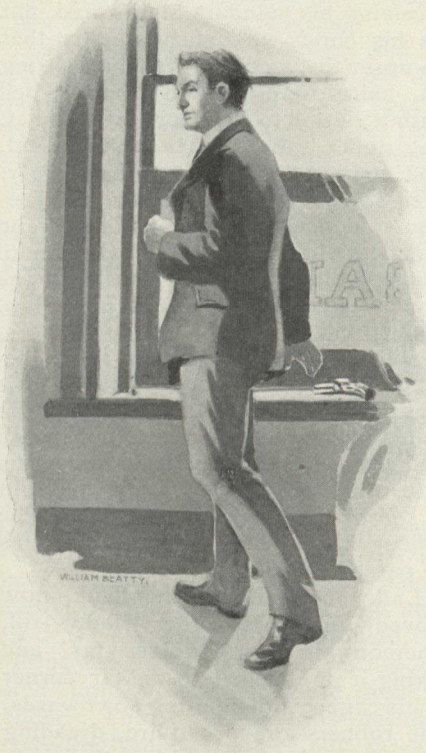
Bill had succeeded in inspiring Meigs with an ecstasy of fear. On receiving his mandate Meigs had put up his hands with such alacrity that he upset the stool he was half-sitting on, half leaning against, and it fell with a clatter to the floor. "Be quiet, you duffer," the robber angrily said, and twirled his pistol threateningly. Meigs, from excess of terror, now began to dance, his hands still up, and he cried out imploringly, "Oh, Ludo! Put up your hands and give them the money. Please! They'll kill us. Oh-h! They'll kill us both."

Bill was here told to go round behind, and he moved to obey. This was more than Meigs could stand. He rolled over on the floor bereft of speech and sense, curling his head under his arms, between his legs, anywhere out of sight of that terrible revolver. The robber kicked him contemptuously as he passed to "fix" Ludo.

Ludo, threatened on his flank, now moved quietly to the window-sill, whereon his own revolver lay, and taking it up, backed to the far corner of his cage, pistol pointing downwards. The robbers forebore to fire, dreading the noise. In this position the three remained for a minute, the silence unbroken. The spell was shattered by Meigs, who, espying the uncovering of a retreat through a rear passage, made haste to take advantage of it. He gathered himself up noiselessly and bounded wildly for the exit, yelling as he gained it "Help! Help! Burglars in the Bank. Help! They're killing Ludo." He reached the street through the back gate and continued his ear-piercing cries as he ran through the business portion of the town.

At the beginning of Meigs' movement Bill ran to settle him, but was just too late. The chief robber also for a moment turned his head; when he turned it back again it was to meet a streaming tongue of flame which leaped from Ludo's weapon and tore a smoky, grimy hole through his brain. The robber dropped in his tracks.

Bill, seeing his leader slain, and the alarm given, bolted for the door. Ludo fired at him, but his bullet was cheated



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"Ludo moved quietly to the window-sill, whereon his own revolver lay"

by an intervening wire of his cage. Rushing to an open window he saw Bill leap into a rig which a third pal had in waiting, and the pair dashed away. He sent two shots after them. The first missed, but the second hit the horse. The few citizens left in town were gathering, and a chase began, in which the leading files of the returning funeral joined as lustily as did their brothers who had not witnessed the impressive ceremony. Thanks to the lamed horse, the outfit and the pal were captured. Bill escaped into the woods.

The General Manager and Directors of the Bank, out of consideration for the fact that Ludo had probably saved them from a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, made him a present of twenty-five hundred. The newspapers published the affair in flaring headlines; the trumpets blared, and our teller was proclaimed a hero throughout the length and breadth of the land. Heaven and himself knew how little of the heroic there was in his action, but they were content to let it be so.

You may be sure that as soon as he was able he restored the farmer's money; from his position of teller he could do this without fear of discovery, and that incident was closed. He was moved within a month to a higher position in a more important branch, and is now filled with ambition to climb the business ladder.

As to whether or not he eventually marries Margie we are unable to say; but we make no doubt that after he has a firmer grip on the future, if he still cherishes his old ideas as to the superiority of her charms and qualities, he will one day return and lead her, if she be willing, to the altar.

RAILWAY SUBSIDIES IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

By James Edward LeRossignol, Professor of Economics, University of Denver

James G. Blaine estimated that the total advances to the United States railway companies, together with all the outright gifts by towns, counties, states and the nation, would total One Billion Dollars. Yet, had these same railways been subsidized at the average given to Canadian railways, the total would have been Three and a Half Billions. The Federal Government of the United States never gave cash bonuses, however, and has made no land grants since 1871.

SINCE the beginning of the French and English settlements in America the problem of transportation has been of paramount importance. By nature the English colonists were confined to a strip of land between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea, while the French had the advantage of a magnificent waterway, extending, with a few *portages*, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Had France been duly sensible of the importance of maintaining, though at great expense, this natural system of internal communication, she would have secured dominion over a vast region, the most fertile part of North America, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghanies.

In later times the history of both countries was profoundly affected by the lack of means of transportation. To this cause, more than to any other, were due the disasters of Saratoga and Yorktown during the American Revolution; and the failure of the invasion of Canada in the war of 1812, has been attributed to the same cause So, also, the conquest of the South, during the Civil War, was exceedingly difficult and prolonged because of defective communications.

It would seem, then, as though a poor system of transportation were of great advantage to a country in time of foreign invasion, and an argument against internal improvements might be based upon this fact. But a state of war is abnormal and exceptional, especially in North America, and were it not so, protection against a foreign enemy could best be secured by a full development of all the resources of the country, with a perfect system of transportation as a necessary means to that end.

Realizing the value of improved internal communication, without which rapid settlement was impossible, and knowing that the settlers themselves could not pay for such improvements, the Governments of the United States and Canada early gave aid for the building of roads and canals. Notable among these public works were the Cumberland Road, built by the United States Government, between 1806 and 1838, at a cost of about $6,800,000; the Erie Canal, built by the State of New York, between 1817 and 1825, at a cost of about $9,000,000, and the Rideau Canal, constructed by the Imperial Government for military purposes, between the years 1826 and 1834, at a cost of $3,900,000.

The Cumberland Road was of great benefit to the early settlers in the Ohio Valley, and the Erie Canal was the cause of rapid development and great prosperity in Central New York, but colonization roads and shallow canals

were soon superseded by the rapid extension of railways. With few exceptions, the canals of the United States are now almost obsolete, but the canal system of Canada, because of its connection with the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, is still an important factor in the industrial life of the Dominion.

The building of railways commenced at about the same time in both countries, but for many years development in Canada was very slow. The first railway in the United States was the Baltimore and Ohio, of which the first section, fifteen miles in length, was opened in 1830. The first Canadian railway was opened in 1836, between Laprairie and St. Johns, a distance of fourteen and one-half miles. In the year 1850 there were 8,571 miles of railway in the United States, and only 71 miles in Canada. Both countries have made enormous progress since that time, for on June 30, 1901, there were in the one country 197,237 miles of railway, or one mile to every four hundred inhabitants, and in the other 18,294 miles, or one mile to every three hundred inhabitants.

The earlier railways in America, as the Baltimore and Ohio, the New York Central and the Grand Trunk, were built in the eastern and more settled parts of the country, chiefly by private capital, without the aid of governmental subsidies. It was not until the western territories were to be opened up that extensive grants of land and money were demanded and given.

The policy of granting public lands for railway purposes was proposed in the United States as early as 1832, but was not put into effect until the year 1850, when Congress made a grant to the State of Illinois, for the benefit of the Illinois Central Railway, in the form of alternate sections of public land for six sections in width on both sides of the line, amounting in all to 2,595,053 acres. The theory upon which the grant was defended was that the alternate sections reserved to the Government would be, at least, doubled in value by the construction of the railway, and the price to settlers was raised from $1.25 to $2.50 per acre.

Between the years 1850 and 1871 Congress made grants of land for railway purposes amounting, in all, to about 197,000,000 acres. Of this amount about 35,000,000 acres have been forfeited by subsequent legislation, leaving unforfeited grants of 162,000,000 acres, or 253,000 square miles, an area greater than that of the Province of Ontario. Up to July 1, 1902, there had been patented 97,967,537.80 acres, leaving an estimated balance of 64,023,462 acres yet unpatented, much of which is mountainous, desert or other comparatively worthless land.

It is impossible to estimate the value of these lands with any degree of accuracy. Before the railways were built they were of little value, and afterwards they were sold from time to time at various prices. Up to 1886 the Union Pacific had received $39,474,213.71 from the sale of 13,414,447 acres, or about $3.00 per acre. The average price obtained by the Northern Pacific was probably not greater than this. Taking into consideration the time that elapsed before the companies could sell their lands, it is safe to say that all the grants together, amounting to 162,000,000 acres, were worth not more than $300,000,000 at the time they were made. If to this we add the sum of $25,000,000, the estimated cash value of the loan to the Union Pacific, we have the sum of $325,000,000 as the total value of federal grants to railways in the United States. Since the mileage of the land-grant railways was some 18,000 miles, the average subsidy was about $18,000 per mile.

The assistance given to these and other railways by states, towns, counties and individuals has been very great. In the United States, as in Canada, it has been common for railway corporations to demand a species of blackmail in the form of gifts of land, money, bonds, or subscriptions to stock, as the price of deviating from

the direct route or building branch lines for the benefit of favoured localities. Before 1891 forty-three counties in Nebraska had voted bonds in aid of railways to the amount of $4,918,000. Lancaster county has been especially generous in this way, with the result that it has prospered greatly at the expense of its less enterprising rivals, and the city of Lincoln, though not well situated by nature, has become a centre of trade second only to Omaha.

The same practice has been followed in Canada, where municipalities have given to railways the sum of $12,331,087 in money, besides loans and subscriptions to capital amounting to $6,253,811. Similar exactions have been made in every part of both countries by skilfully taking advantage of the ambitions and rivalries of towns small and great, playing one against another so as to secure the greatest possible advantage to the railways that hold the scales. It may be *good business* for the city of Montreal to grant exemption from taxation to the Canadian Pacific shops for a long period of years, but it cannot be thought that such a policy on the part of Montreal is of benefit to Toronto, North Bay, Quebec or the Dominion at large.

In the absence of statistics such as are given in the Statistical Year-Book of Canada it is impossible to give an accurate estimate of the amount of railway subsidies in the United States. The statement of the late James G. Blaine is perhaps as good a guess as any:—"If all the advances to railway companies, together with all the outright gifts by towns, counties, states and the nation, be added together, their money value would not fall short of $1,000,000,000."

This estimate is probably excessive, but it does not seem great when compared with the assistance so lavishly given in Canada, especially since the year 1881. Cash bonuses have been granted amounting to $201,372,591. Loans have been made on favourable terms to the extent of $24,027,800, and grants of public lands have been made amounting in all to 52,064,650 acres. Allowing $100,000,000 as the value of the land and neglecting the advantage of government credit, we have the sum of $300,000,000 as the total cash value of subsidies in land and money granted by the federal, provincial and municipal governments of Canada, chiefly within the last twenty years. If the railways of the United States had received as much in proportion to mileage, they would have received the enormous sum of $3,500,000,000. On the other hand, it should be stated that most of the governmental assistance in the United States has been given to western roads, and that if all the roads in the United States had been aided as was the Union Pacific, they would have received grants worth at least $5,000,000,000.

The history of the Union Pacific Railway bears a striking similarity to that of the Canadian Pacific. The agitation in favour of a transcontinental railway was begun by Asa Whitney, a merchant in the China trade, in the year 1846, when the people of the United States were ready to go to war with Great Britain to settle the question of the Oregon boundary, and the war cries of the day were: "All Oregon or none," and "Fifty-four-forty or fight." The treaty of 1846 settled the dispute, but the acquisition of California in 1848, and the discovery of gold there in the same year, furnished additional reasons for maintaining political union by means of an improved system of transportation.

The need for the railway soon became apparent, and it would probably have been built in the early "fifties" but for the ill-feeling that existed between North and South, and the jealousies of rival towns, each claiming to be the most suitable eastern terminus of the great road. The interests of Oregon, Nevada and Colorado, and the need for control over Mormons and Indians, were used as arguments in favour of the northern route, while the people of the South had reasons which appeared to them to justify the building of the road through Texas and Arizona. Thus the matter was delayed from year

to year, until the outbreak of the Civil War decided the question in favour of the northern route.

The Pacific railway companies were chartered by the Act of July 1, 1862, according to which they were to receive a loan of $50,000,000 and a land grant of ten sections, or 6,400 acres, per mile. Under these terms private capital refused to invest in the enterprise, and it was not until, by the Act of July 2, 1864, the land grant was doubled and the terms of the loan improved, that it was possible to obtain the necessary funds and provide for the construction of the road.

The railway was begun in 1865 and completed on May 10, 1869, with 1,775 miles of track. The system was extended, with governmental assistance, until October, 1874, when 2,794 miles were completed, at a cost of $115,214,589.79. The actual cost to the construction companies probably did not exceed the Government's loan of $64,623,512, the balance representing the profits of construction. The land grant of twenty sections per mile amounted to 26,029,534 acres, of which 13,789,507.03 acres were patented before July 1, 1902. This land was perhaps equivalent to a cash bonus of $45,000,000, and the favourable terms of the loan were probably equal to a gift of $25,000,000. Taking into consideration other favours, it cannot be far from the truth to say that the six companies forming the Union Pacific system received from the federal government the equivalent of a cash bonus of $70,000,000, or an average subsidy of $28,000 per mile.

The Union Pacific was never able to do much more than pay interest to the holders of its regular bonds, leaving most of the interest due the Government to accumulate, until principal and interest amounted to $138,096,569. During the financial crisis of 1893 the road went into the hands of a receiver. Since then a settlement has been effected, providing for the payment of the Government's claim, and the road has been reorganized under new management and with improved prospects.

The Canadian Pacific has had a very similar history. It was built for the sake of uniting British Columbia and the Northwest with the rest of Canada, and to encourage the settlement of the vast region thus rendered accessible. From 1877 to 1881 the Dominion Government built about 640 miles of line at a cost of about $33,000,000, or $50,000 a mile. In 1881 the road was given to a private company, which also received 25,000,000 acres of land and a cash bonus of $25,000,000, besides other favours. The road was completed in 1886, with 4,533 miles of track. If we suppose the land to have been worth $2.00 an acre, the value of the total subsidy was $75,000,000, being $19,000 a mile for the portion of the road built by the private company. Since the cost of the road was $131,350,019, the Government contributed over one-half of that amount.

The analogy between the Canadian Pacific and the Union Pacific could be carried still further. The scandals and corruption connected with the *Credit Mobilier* are well matched by similar revelations or accusations in regard to the financial management of the Canadian Pacific. In both cases there have been abuses connected with the grants of alternate sections of public land, tending to hinder the settlement of the alternate sections reserved by the Government. Squatters, and even regular settlers, have been dispossessed of their claims without compensation for improvements. Valuable timber has been taken from public land for the building of roads, and perhaps for other purposes. It is possible, however, to exaggerate these and other abuses and so lose sight of the main fact that the roads have been built, and that, without governmental assistance, the building of the Union Pacific might have been delayed for ten or fifteen years, and perhaps the Canadian Pacific would not have been completed at the present time, unless by the Dominion Government itself.

The last grant of public land to railways in the United States was made

in the year 1871. By this time three transcontinental lines were assured, and the public domain was rapidly decreasing in extent. Besides, it was felt by many people, especially the western farmers, that the railways had not shown themselves sensible of the favours they had received, but were disposed to treat the shipping and travelling public according to the monopolistic principle of charging all that the traffic could bear. Instead of making further grants to railways, the trend of public opinion was toward the regulation of rates and the increased taxation of railway corporations. This movement, led by the "Grangers," failed to develop a satisfactory system of regulating rates, but resulted in the establishment of railway commissions in many states, and increased taxation of railway property for state and local purposes. In the year ending June 30, 1901, the railways of the United States paid in taxes the sum of $49,726,006, an average of $261.36 per mile. If the railways of Canada paid as much as this they would contribute to provincial and local budgets the considerable sum of $4,781,432—an amount greater than the annual subsidies given to all the provinces by the Dominion Government.

Canada may be said to be passing through a stage in its railway history out of which the United States emerged over thirty years ago. There are still vast areas of public land and much territory as yet wholly undeveloped. Without railways little can be done to induce settlers to enter upon the work of building up a rich and populous community. Railways must be built, and in many cases they must go in advance of settlement. Capitalists are unwilling to take the risks essential to investments that may prove unprofitable for years to come, even though there may be a certainty of ultimate success. They, therefore, look to the Government for assistance, demanding, rather unreasonably, that the Government take all the risk and leave them all the profit.

Judging from the experience of the United States, one would be inclined to condemn the policy of giving public land to other than *bona fide* settlers under the homestead law. It is often said that when the Government secures the building of a railway by means of a grant of unsaleable land, it is giving away what is of no value, and is therefore obtaining something for nothing. This is not true, for there is a future value in all the unimproved land that is suitable for agricultural or other purposes. Doubtless, the value is unknown, but the very fact that the value of a land grant is unknown renders it unsatisfactory, both to the Government and to the railway company. The Government does not know what it is giving, nor the company what it is receiving.

This objection does not hold in the case of a cash bonus, which would seem to be the most satisfactory form of gift where any gift is necessary. The only question at issue is—is it necessary? The Government of the United States has never given such bonuses, perhaps because of the nature of the Constitution. The Canadian Government has apparently thought it necessary to subsidize railways on a very extensive scale, and the tendency appears to be to increase the gifts from year to year. In the year ending June 30, 1901, fifteen railways received subsidies amounting to $2,512,329, and the gifts were so distributed as to lead one to suspect that they were partly due to the reprehensible practice known to American politicians as "log-rolling."

But the Canadian Government has not confined itself to the policy of aiding railways by grants of land and money. On the contrary, it has given them assistance in every way known to man. They have received help in the form of—"Government guaranties of interest; Government issues of debentures by way of loan to railway companies; Government guaranty of railway bonds; direct issue of Government bonds to railways with a first mortgage on the companies' properties; release of Government loans by placing them behind other loans; com-

position of Government claims"—and if there is any other way of aiding railways that human ingenuity could devise, it is reasonably certain that the Canadian Government has made full use of it.

With such an accumulation of experience from which to draw, the Government must surely be able to evolve some general principles for the guidance of future action. To a superficial observer it would seem as though a Government guaranty of interest on bonds would be sufficient to secure the construction of a second transcontinental railway, or any other railway whose prospects of success were reasonably sure. It would surely be sufficient if the Government could take advantage of the rivalry existing between the two great railway corporations by granting the privilege of building the new road to the company offering the most favourable terms.

From the experience of the United States another conclusion may safely be drawn. While the country is new and sparsely populated, the railways of Canada will be able to earn little more than enough to pay running expenses, cost of improvements and interest on bonds. As population and wealth increase the net revenue of railways will also increase, and in a geometrical ratio. It is evident, then, that the Government, which has rendered aid in time of adversity, should share in the prosperity which it has helped to bring about. The time seems to have come when unconditional gifts and favours to railway companies need no longer be made, but when all advances may be considered as investments upon adequate security, such as will yield, not only the stipulated interest, but a goodly share of profit as well.

MY SHIPS

THO' all my ships along life's shore
No harbour safe have found,
Battered and wrecked, while waves break o'er,
Helpless they lie aground;
Laden with hopes on Time's bright sea
So gaily did they go—
I cannot see the reason yet
Why they were broken so.

And shall I watch with tear-dimmed eyes,
The billows madly beat
Against each treasure-ship that lies,
A token of defeat,
And hopeless turn away in woe,
Or think with bitter scorn,
How many ships are wrecked at night
That sail away at morn?

No, I shall wait a peaceful sea
And new ships launch again,
And let them from their moorings free
To sail o'er Time's wide main.
And pray that they may weather storms,
And safely breast the gale,
And treasure-laden safe return
With flying flag and sail.

Jean Walker

THE NEEDS OF THE NORTHWEST

By Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior

IT is now about twenty years since the first considerable movement of population towards the western prairie section of Canada took place. The Canadian Pacific Railway had reached Winnipeg and was stretching westward over the plains. People suddenly awoke to a conception of the possibilities of the country. As a result, a mad fever of land speculation set in, the parallel of which can certainly not be found in the history of Canada. At the city of Winnipeg land was surveyed into town lots far outside of the limits of possible occupation. The keenest and brightest of business men congregated there and dealt in those lots at prices based on the idea that the city was at once to become the Chicago of Canada. The inevitable reaction came quickly with all its attendant evils, bankruptcy, litigation and liquidation.

For many years afterwards Manitoba was only known in many Eastern communities at the place where people had lost their money.

There was in reality no legitimate foundation for the views then entertained of rapid development. The movement of population had never assumed proportions sufficient to warrant such views. Of the agriculturists who left eastern Canada in those years, a large proportion for reasons which need not now be discussed, went to the north-western States. Of the Canadians who went to our own Northwest many were not farmers, and had no intention of permanently becoming farmers. When the excitement subsided and matters settled down to a normal condition, it was found that the real agricultural population of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories permanently settled upon land did not greatly exceed that of a good-sized Ontario county.

The influx of people in the years when the Canadian Pacific Railway was being built through the prairie section was almost entirely from eastern Canada. There was no considerable addition to the population from other countries. A moment's consideration of the facts will show that no great development of the vast district between Red River and the Rocky Mountains could be looked for until a steady and substantial movement of settlers from the outside was inaugurated. Until this movement took place values were problematical, and the future of all large business operations was uncertain. Business men recognized this fact, and it was not until the long expected tide of immigration began to flow northwestward that the banks and wholesale houses of Winnipeg began to erect the commodious and substantial structures which are now beginning to be a prominent feature of that city.

During the past twenty years it has been a common saying of speakers and writers who have dealt with the future of Canada that its hope was in the west. Until last year, however, it could never be said with any degree of certainty that the present generation would see the realization of that hope. To-day there are good grounds for the assertion that if we exercise reasonable care the present generation may reap the full benefit to be derived from the possession of our western domain.

Nearly all new districts, after the first rush of pioneers, pass through periods of depression. The Canadian Northwest has been no exception to the rule. The early settlers, after the excitement of 1880 and 1882 passed away, found themselves face to face with the realities of pioneer life. Many of them were wholly unfitted by training and previous habits for such a life. Others, bred to the farm,

found their situation congenial from the beginning, but all alike settled down to the task of winning a livelihood from the soil. The result of their twenty years' labour is to show that there is not a country in the world where better results await the labour of the agriculturists, or where the soil and climate are better fitted to enable the farmer to obtain happiness and prosperity.

The knowledge of this fact widely disseminated is bringing to us in increasing numbers an army of settlers who, as a producing population, cannot be equalled, man for man, in any movement of population known in modern times, except that which took place when the great States of the Northwest were opened up. The feature of distinction between this movement and that which is taking place towards other countries is, that the people we are drawing are people who have been agriculturists at home and intend to be agriculturists here. While other countries, the United States for example, are drawing larger numbers, we are getting people who will, almost without exception, immediately become producers in the best sense of the word. The effect of this is already seen in the enormously increased production of wealth.

What are the needs of the West? When I answer this question I do not speak in a sectional sense. What the West really needs, it is the interest of the East to give, because from no other source can the Dominion of Canada as a whole derive so great material benefits.

First of all, the West needs population. In 1902 we added from 60,000 to 70,000 to the population of Canada and the Northwest Territories. In 1903 the figure may reach 100,000. If we can maintain our position and keep the annual immigration up to that number for ten years we shall then have in that region a million and a half of people. When that time comes Canada will begin to do business on wholesale instead of retail lines, because it is to be remembered that the wealth-producing power of the individual is fully four times greater on the prairie farms of the West than in any other portion of the country. But even then there will be fertile homesteads left for the whole of the next generation of Canadians. There is abundance of room to sustain from fifteen to twenty millions of people. We need not, therefore, be afraid that our children who may be so inclined will be unable to become farmers for lack of available land. But if the present rate of settlement is to be kept up we must get rid, once and for all, of the idea that we can safely abandon our efforts because the world is getting to know more of Canada. We have, it is true, achieved a little success. Our success, however, has already aroused strong opposition. In the Western States, from which we are drawing large numbers of most desirable people, a powerful combination has been set to work to counteract the movement towards Canada. The idea that there is no more land to be had in the United States is an entire mistake. There is abundance of land to be had there. It is true that the land which is available in the United States now is not to be compared in quality with what we have to offer, but our rivals will not inform the intending settler of that pertinent fact. We must do it or it will not be done. Liberal expenditure along lines which experience has proven to be effective and increased energy in the British Isles and the United States is imperative if we are to expect our growth to continue.

Transportation stands next in order. It is a complicated and difficult problem, the understanding of which demands a knowledge of the conditions from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean. Its solution is imperative, but there are many difficulties in the way. First of all is the necessity for rapidly and economically getting the grain away from the local shipping points. Last year the railways were choked with traffic. It was hoped that this year they would be better able to take care of the business, but the hope has proven illusory. The sudden

growth of the business has upset all calculations, and almost paralyzed the efforts of the railways. To-day the Canadian Pacific Railway is confronted with a problem of tremendous proportions—millions of bushels of grain yet to be moved out, coal and lumber to be moved in, and thousands of cars to be provided for the purpose of bringing in new settlers and their effects.

The immediate and imperative need, then, of the present situation in the West is that the railways shall equip themselves sufficiently to do the business that is offered.

The next and most pressing necessity is the construction of more railways in the Northwest Territories. It is an unfortunate fact that much of the railway mileage there is not so located as to furnish the best local accommodation. The location may have had its advantages, but the settlers, who are the best judges of the quality of land, did not, in respect to long stretches of the railway, find that the land in its immediate proximity was of the best quality. It is necessary, therefore, for many branch lines to be built. The extension of the Canadian Northern, too, across the middle section of the territory is of pressing importance. On that great stretch of fertile land lying between the Riding Mountains and Edmonton settlers will be swarming in a few months, and the necessity of a railway there is no longer debatable.

The next phase of the transportation question after the local movement is dealt with arises in considering how the grain is to be got to the seaboard. Every loyal Canadian wishes to see the East and the West working in harmony in the task of achieving national progress. We want the wealth of the prairies to go abroad over Canadian railways, in Canadian lake steamers, and by Canadian seaports. To accomplish this is the duty alike of those who have the interests of the East and the West at heart. To the West it means better and more reliable service, better control of rates, and the power to land our unrivalled hard wheat unadulterated in the British market. This last desideratum involves millions annually to the Northwest farmer in the price of his grain, and it will never be achieved until the route of Canadian grain to Great Britain is an all-Canadian route.

To Eastern Canada the accomplishment of this object means the prosperity which flows from the construction, equipment and maintenance of railways, elevators, and ships, and the employment of a vast number of men in their operation. Steel rail mills, car factories, locomotive works, and shipyards will all be required, and must multiply with each annual increment of western produce. Every mile of the territory through which this traffic goes will be benefited and enriched by it. The movement of trade also between eastern and western Canada will be kept intact, and the great volume of produce flowing to the seaboard will furnish the means of transporting merchandise cheaply from the East by way of return freights. In every step, therefore, that is taken the Canadian seaport should be the objective point.

A mere statement of the case as above outlined makes it clear that no immediate sacrifice is too great if it will enable us to achieve a satisfactory solution of this question. Let it be remembered, also, that if we do not solve it in a patriotic Canadian way it will be solved otherwise before long. Just south of the 49th parallel are the great systems of the American railway lines. Traffic will go along the line of least resistance, and if, to use Sir William Van Horne's phrase, the Canadian "spout" is not big enough for the "hopper," the American "spout" is big enough, and will quickly be called into action. As a matter of fact, it is in action now.

As respects the land policy, the simple principle of holding the land for free grants to the settler is the corner stone of a successful settlement policy. It is gratifying to know that the railway land grants of the past are rapidly being acquired by settlers, but no extension of the policy of granting agricultural lands in any way except to

actual settlers should be thought of, except in a few cases where special conditions require special treatment. Land companies may or may not help settlement. Some have done so in a marked degree. Others have totally failed to do so. There is no guarantee as to the policy for any length of time, and every immigration agent knows that it is the free farm from the Government which, in nine cases out of ten, attracts the settler.

One other subject remains to be mentioned. The Northwest Territories does not, at the present time, enjoy Provincial powers. The question of Provincial autonomy, however, must soon be dealt with. The local administration must meet the many harassing and insistent demands which inevitably follow rapid settlement. Upon its financial ability to meet these demands in a reasonable way depends the contentment and loyalty of our new fellow-citizens. The Territorial Government has not the power to collect revenue from Crown lands, timber, or minerals, and the scope of its financial resources will therefore depend upon the liberality of the Dominion. Having this in view it will be evident that the interests of the whole country will be best served by judicious liberality in the financial provisions of the settlement. Only in that way can permanent contentment and satisfaction be assured. It is satisfactory to know from the public utterances of the leading men of different shades of political opinion that this view is likely to prevail.

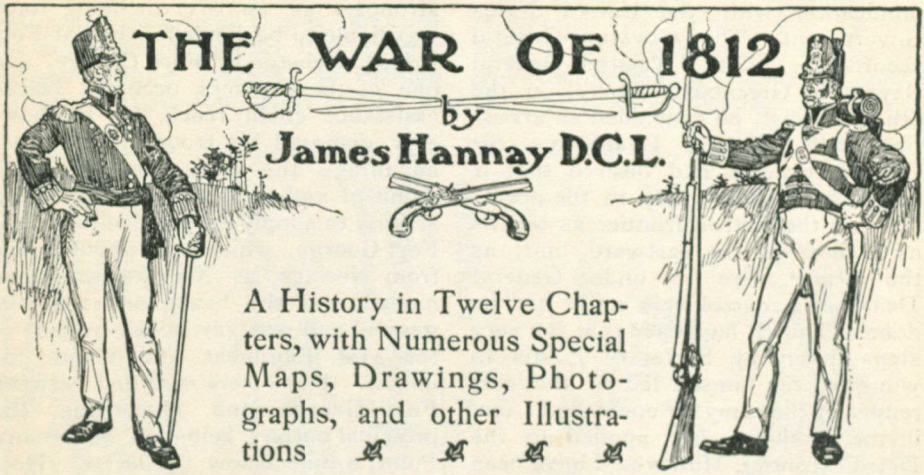
Speaking generally, and without reference to particular topics, it is of paramount importance that a spirit of moderation and conciliation—that spirit which has been found so necessary in many important crises in the history of Canada—should continue to be exercised. The vast extent of our Dominion, its peculiar geographical situation, the wide diversity in the interests and occupations of our people, and, above all, the separation of the East from the West by the almost uninhabited region lying north of Lake Superior, give rise to obstacles which few young countries have had to face. So far the energy and wisdom of the Canadian people have been equal to the task laid upon them. If the difficulties of the next ten years are successfully surmounted, the foundations of enduring national prosperity will by that time have been safely laid.

A CANOE SONG

IN the moonlight on the river, cool beneath the summer dew
We grasp our bird's-eye paddles and swing out the old canoe;
Then down the trickling pathway in a silver wake of light,
Are left our cares behind us as we pass into the night.
Night of shadows, shimmering moon,
Lighting all as bright as noon;
Hear the murmur of the water,
And the wild cry of the loon.

Hear the shrill scream of the night-hawks as they sweep the fragrant air,
Heavy with the scent of cedars, hemlocks, maple, spruce and fir.
Oh! your heart is light within you as we swiftly glide along,
And with her voice to thrill you we awake the woods with song.
Night of shadows, shimmering moon,
Lighting all as bright as noon;
Hear the murmur of the water,
And the wild cry of the loon.

Lloyd Roberts



CHAPTER III—THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

IT was a fortunate thing for the people of Canada that Secretary Eustis was so much enamoured of his own special enterprise against the Detroit frontier, that he bestowed a smaller share of his attention on the other armies embraced in the contemplated plan of invasion than the exigencies of the case seemed to demand. General Dearborn had been appointed first Major-General or acting Commander-in-chief in February, and the call for one hundred thousand militia had been issued in April, but there was no army ready to take the field when war was declared. General Dearborn, soon after the commencement of hostilities, fixed his headquarters at Greenbush, opposite Albany, and established there a military depot. His orders from the War Department were to prepare for a movement in the direction of Niagara, Kingston and Montreal, to take charge of the militia which Governor Tompkins had called out, and to make demonstrations against the Canadian frontier so as to prevent reinforcements being sent to Malden by the British. The militia of New York State, which was being collected under his banner, was formidable in point of numbers; the quota was twelve thousand men, who were divided into two divisions and eight brigades, comprising twenty regiments. Stephen Van Rensselaer of Albany was appointed to the command of this force, and was charged with the duty, not only of defending the frontier of the state, from St. Regis to Pennsylvania, but also of invading Canada itself. This gentleman was not a military man, but a politician who had been opposed to the war, and whom it was thought proper to conciliate by this appointment. It, therefore, became necessary for him to take, as his aid and military adviser, his cousin Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who had served in the regular army. Thus, by this unique arrangement, the singular spectacle was presented of a Commander-in-chief going to war to learn the art of war.

The British Government, as has been seen, on the 23rd of June—four days after war had been declared but long before any news of it reached England—revoked its Orders-in-Council so far as they affected the United States. So certain were the British authorities that this would satisfy the Americans, that they instructed the Admiral on the North American station to suspend proceedings against captured vessels, and advised Sir George Prevost to propose an armistice and a suspension of operations on land, pending a com-

munication with the United States Government. The Governor-General accordingly sent Adjutant-General Baynes to Greenbush, where, on the 6th of August, he concluded an armistice with General Dearborn. Sir George Prevost had desired that it should be made to apply to the operations on the Detroit frontier as well as as to those to the eastward, but, as the former were not under General Dearborn's control, this could not be done. Thus it happened that the very steps taken by Secretary Eustis to win glory for himself led to the surrender of the army he controlled ; for, if the armistice had applied to the Detroit frontier, Hull would have been saved. The American Government refused to ratify the armistice, putting forth by way of justification several pretexts, such as that the President doubted the authority to suspend the proceedings of prize courts ; that he saw no security against the Indians ; and that the arrangement was unequal as it would afford an opportunity to reinforce Canada. Dearborn was peremptorily ordered to bring the armistice to a close, and it terminated on the 29th of August. Mr. Madison and his advisers believed that all Canada must speedily become their prize, and so, regardless of all else but the easy triumph which they anticipated, they resolved to go on with the war.

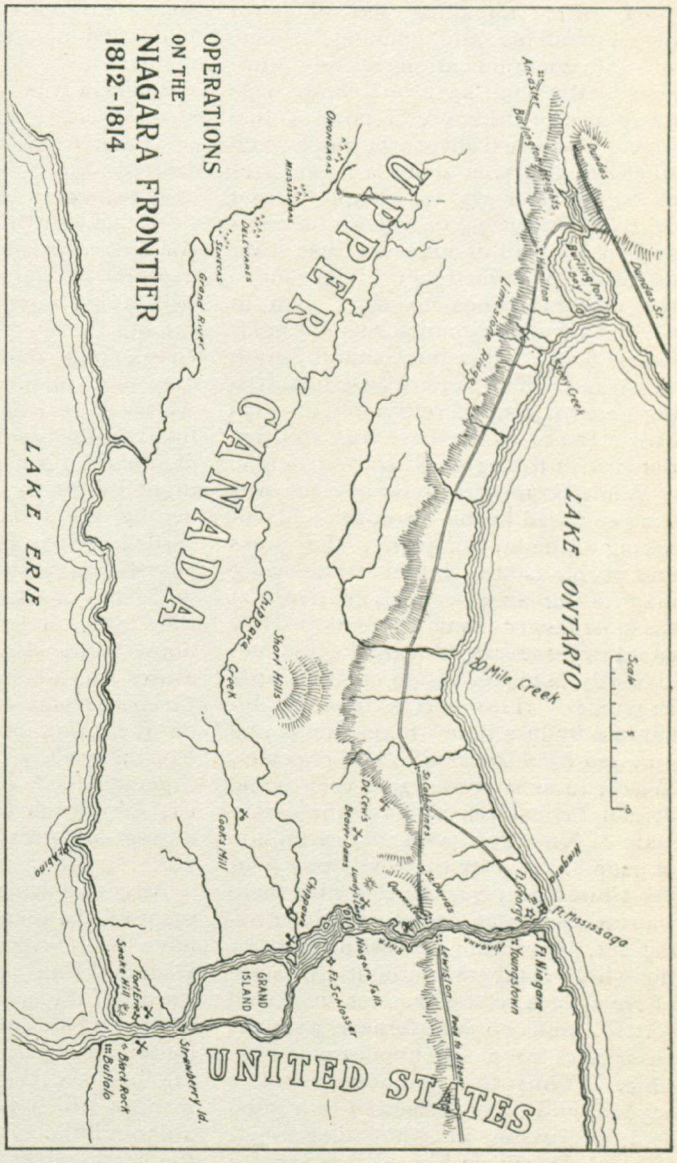
The armistice, while it lasted, was very detrimental to British interests, for it enabled the Americans to convey supplies and munitions of war for their army from Oswego to Niagara by water, and it released a number of commercial vessels blockaded at Ogdensburg, which afterwards were converted into war ships, by which the command of Lake Ontario was, for a time, wrested from the British.

The Niagara frontier, which on the Canadian side is some thirty miles in length, is naturally weak and liable to attack from the other shore at many points. It was impossible for General Brock with the small force at his command not exceeding twelve hundred regulars and militia, to guard it strongly, as an overwhelming force was liable to be landed either at Fort Erie, Queenston or Fort George, and one of these places occupied before assistance could reach it. He however, disposed his troops to the best advantage the circumstances would admit of and trusted to vigilance and activity to supply the place of numbers. Fort George, which was about a mile from Newark, as Niagara was then named, was the headquarters of the general and was garrisoned by part of the 41st Regiment and about 300 militia. Guns were mounted between Fort George and Queenston, the principal battery being on Vrooman's Point, a mile below the latter. Here was placed a 24-pound carronade which commanded both Lewiston on the American side of the river, and the Queenston landing. Queenston was occupied by the flank companies of the 49th Regiment under Captains Dennis and Williams and a body of militia, the whole numbering about 300 rank and file. On Queenston Heights was a battery mounting an 18-pounder which commanded the river. At Chippewa were a small detachment of the 41st Regt. under Captain Bullock and the flank companies of the 2nd Lincoln militia under Captains Hamilton and Rowe. At Fort Erie, which was in an unfinished condition, was a small garrison consisting of a detachment of the 49th Regt. and some militia. Guns were mounted a short distance below Fort Erie and these commanded Black Rock on the American side of the river. The forces named formed a very inadequate provision for the defence of so extensive a line of frontier, but they were all that were available.

General Van Rensselaer arrived at Fort Niagara on the 13th of August, at which time the armistice was in force. It was terminated, as has been seen, on the 29th, but General Dearborn was so leisurely in his movements that Van Rensselaer was not informed of the fact until the 12th September. The delay, however, made no difference, for he was in no condition to be-

gin active operations. The militia gathered slowly, and it was not until the first week in October that he felt himself strong enough to invade Canada. Van Rensselaer's plan of invasion, as disclosed to his subordinates, Major General Hull of the militia of western New York, and Brigadier Smyth of the regular army, can best be stated in his own words:

"I propose," said he, "that we immediately concentrate the regular force in the neighbourhood of Niagara and the militia at Lewiston, make the best possible dispositions, and at the same time the regulars shall pass Four Mile creek to a point in the rear of the works of Fort George and take it by storm; I will pass the river here (Lewiston) and carry the Heights of



OPERATIONS ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER

This map shows the strategical importance of Burlington Heights. Troops crossing the river between Niagara (Newark) and Queenston could easily march along the shore of Lake Ontario, without attempting to climb the Limestone Ridge which runs from Queenston Heights to Burlington Heights. Reaching Burlington Heights, there was only one climb to be made and the whole of Upper Canada was open to an invading army. Brock and his successors would, apparently, have been wiser, considering their small forces, in not attempting to defend the Niagara frontier at all, but simply to await an attack at Burlington. This, however, was not the policy adopted, and hence the battles of Queenston Heights, November 28th, Fort Erie, Lundy's Lane, and others. During the whole war, Burlington Heights remained in the possession of the British and Canadian forces.

Queenston. Should we succeed we shall effect a great discomfiture of the enemy by breaking their line of communication, driving their shipping from the mouth of the river, leaving them no rallying point in this part of the country, appalling the minds of the Canadians and opening a wide and safe communication for our supplies. We shall save our land, wipe away part of the score of our past disgrace, get excellent barracks and winter quarters, and at least be prepared for an early campaign another year." The letter, in which this comprehensive plan of invasion was thus detailed, contained an invitation to the officers named to meet him in council ; but the council was not held, owing to the failure of General Smyth to attend. The American commanding general was therefore left to his own plans as to the best way to drive the British from the Niagara frontier.

While General Van Rensselaer was thus engaged in the agreeable duty of taking Canada, on paper, the press and people of the United States were manifesting an extreme impatience at the slowness of his movements. They could not understand why he did not instantly take possession of the Upper Province. Here was a territory inhabited by less than 100,000 souls and guarded by a few militia and regulars. Was it to be supposed that they could defend themselves against the great state of New York with its one million of people, aided by the whole power of the United States? In this case there was no danger of communications being cut, as was the case with Hull, for the whole route throughout the State of New York to the frontier was well settled, and no interference with the passage of troops or supplies was possible. Thus the impatient public argued, and there seemed to be a good deal of reason in what they said. General Dearborn himself appears to have held similar views, for on the 26th of September he wrote to Van Rensselaer: "At all events we must calculate on possessing Canada before the winter sets in."

The militia of the State were also extremely anxious to begin active operations. They desired to wipe away the disgrace of Hull's surrender, and their clamour to be led against the enemy became so loud that Van Rensselaer feared his army would break up in confusion unless he made an immediate advance. The martial zeal of the militia was further inflamed by the success of an enterprise which was undertaken by Lieut. Elliott of the United States navy, who had been sent to superintend the creation of a fleet on Lake Erie. Two small vessels, the *Detroit* of 200 tons, which had been captured at Detroit, and the *Caledonia* of 90 tons, were lying off Fort Erie on the 8th October. The *Detroit* mounted six six-pounders, was manned by a crew of 56 men, and had on board 30 American prisoners. The *Caledonia* had two four-pounders, a crew of 12 men and 10 American prisoners. That night Elliott, in two large boats manned by 124 soldiers and sailors, succeeded in boarding and capturing both vessels, no very difficult achievement when it is considered that the prisoners they had on board were almost as numerous as their crews, and that the attack was a complete surprise. The *Caledonia* was carried under the guns of the American battery at Black Rock ; but the *Detroit* was driven on Squaw Island and destroyed, neither the Americans nor the British being strong enough to retain possession of her.

After this achievement any postponement of the invasion of Canada would have been regarded as unpatriotic. General Van Rensselaer was well aware of the weakness of the British force, and he considered his own army quite strong enough for the work. He had six thousand three hundred men, of which 3,650 were regulars and 2,650 militia. At Lewiston, which was the headquarters of the United States general, were 2,270 militia and 900 regulars. At Fort Niagara there was a garrison of eleven hundred regulars, nearly as many as the entire force which Brock had at his disposal to

guard the thirty miles of frontier. On the tenth of October a spy, whom General Van Rensselaer had sent across the river to the British camp, returned with the false report that General Brock, with all his disposable force, had moved off in the direction of Detroit. This news at once brought the scheme of invasion to a head. The General resolved to make the crossing early in the morning of the 11th, at Lewiston, where the river is not more than an eighth of a mile in width, but flows with a very swift current. Accordingly thirteen large boats, capable of carrying 350 men, were prepared, experienced boatmen were secured, and the command of the flotilla given to Lieut. Sims, who was considered to be the best skilled officer for the service. At the appointed hour the troops were ready, Colonel Van Rensselaer, who was to lead them, at their head. Lieut. Sims entered the foremost boat and started, and as soon as he got away from the shore it was discovered that he had taken most of the oars with him. In vain the others waited for his return. Sims crossed over with his boat, and as soon as he had landed on Canadian soil took to his heels and was no more seen by his too confiding countrymen. The rest of the intended invaders sulked on the American shore, in the midst of a furious rainstorm, until daylight, and then marched back to their camps drenched to the skin, but more determined than ever to capture Canada.

On the following night a more successful attempt was made. It was arranged that Colonel Van Rensselaer should first cross with 300 regulars and the same number of militia, to be followed by more regulars and militia. Three o'clock on the morning of the 13th was the appointed hour for the start, and it proved intensely dark, and therefore favourable for the enterprise. The boats, 13 in number, were conducted by a citizen of Lewiston who was familiar with the river, and the place of landing on the Canadian shore was to be at a point just beneath the site where afterwards stood the Lewiston suspension bridge. The regulars reached the boats first and crossed over, taking with them about 60 of the militia. Three of the boats, in one of which was Lieut.-Col. Chrystie, lost their way and put back, but the other ten with 225 regulars reached the point aimed at in safety, landed the men and put back for reinforcements. Before this the alarm had been given and the 24-pounder on Vrooman's Point, and the 18-pounder on Queenston Heights began firing on the American boats, and this seems to have been the cause of Chrystie's retirement. His boatmen had become demoralized and sought the American side of the river. One of the two boats which accompanied him, however, crossed over by his orders to the Queenston side, while the other made a bad landing on the Canadian shore and was captured. The American batteries at Lewiston replied vigorously to the British guns, and sought to cover the landing of the troops, which were now hurried across as rapidly as possible.

Queenston, as has already been stated, was at this time held by the flank companies of the 49th Regt., under Captains Dennis and Williams, and a body of York militia, the whole numbering 300 rank and file. As soon as the landing of the Americans became known Captain Dennis with 60 men, made up with parts of the grenadier company of the 49th, and Capt. Hatt's company of the Lincoln militia, and a three-pounder, advanced against Col. Van Rensselaer's force, which was now awaiting the return of the boats with the militia. The British made their presence known by pouring a deadly volley into the American ranks and a brisk skirmish took place. The guns in the Lewiston batteries were turned on the little British detachment and the Americans were reinforced on the other side of the river. They had suffered severely, and Col. Van Rensselaer and several other United States officers were among the wounded. Captain Dennis was now

joined by the remaining subdivisions of the grenadiers, and of Hatt's company of militia, while the Light Infantry of the 49th, under Captain Williams, and Captain Chisholm's company of York Militia opened a severe fire on the Americans from the brow of the heights. The invaders, who had been able to advance to the plateau, were now compelled to fall back and take shelter from the fire of the British and militia on the beach below the hill. There they were further reinforced by the arrival of more regulars from Lewiston.

General Brock, who was at Fort George when the attack was made, was aroused at the first alarm, and accompanied by his aides Macdonell and Glegg, at once galloped to the scene of action. He arrived at the battery on the heights about break of day, and, observing that the Americans were being strongly reinforced, ordered Captain Williams and his regulars and militia to descend the hill and support Capt. Dennis. The only force then left on the heights was the twelve men left in charge of the 18-pounder. Seeing the heights thus denuded of troops, Colonel Van Rensselaer conceived the idea of capturing them by a surprise. There were among his officers, two lieutenants who knew the ground well and who undertook to guide a force by a concealed path to a point behind the battery. Captain Wool was ordered to this duty, and, taking a strong detachment with him, he proceeded to carry out his instructions. As some of the men had been seen to falter in the previous skirmish, Col. Van Rensselaer ordered his aide-de-camp, Judge Advocate Lush, to follow the column and shoot every soldier who evinced any disposition to retire. The path which Wool took had been observed by General Brock, but he was assured by those whose local knowledge should have been superior to his, that it was inaccessible, and so it was left unguarded. The result of this incorrect intelligence was the loss of his own valuable life.

The first intimation that Brock had of the presence of the Americans on the heights was the sight of them issuing from the woods a few yards in the rear of the battery. As they were in force this necessitated a speedy retreat from the hill, and the General, his two aides and the twelve gunners, accordingly retired leaving the Americans in possession of the 18-pounder. Despatching a courier to Fort George for reinforcements, General Brock took command of Captain William's little force of regulars and militia, which numbered about one hundred men, and led them up against the three or four hundred American regulars and militia which now occupied the battery. As he was gallantly showing them the path to victory and cheering them on, this brave soldier was struck by a bullet in the breast, and almost immediately expired. His aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, now arrived with the two flank companies of the York Militia and led them and Williams' detachment, the whole numbering about two hundred men, up the heights against the enemy. Wool and his men were driven from the battery and forced to spike the 18-pounder, but at that moment both Macdonell and Williams fell wounded, the former mortally, and being without a leader the British and Canadians were forced to fall back. As from the great number of the enemy now on the heights it was evident they could not be dislodged until reinforcements arrived, Capt. Dennis, who now took the command, led his little force to a position in front of the battery on Vrooman's Point. The Americans proceeded to establish themselves on the heights by despatching outflanking parties, gathering up their wounded and drilling out the 18-pounder, which Wool says in his report, they desired to bring to bear on the village. Just then Chief Norton made his appearance on the field followed by about fifty Indians. They drove in the enemy's flanking parties and terrified some of the militia, but, after a sharp skirmish, fell back before his over whelming force.

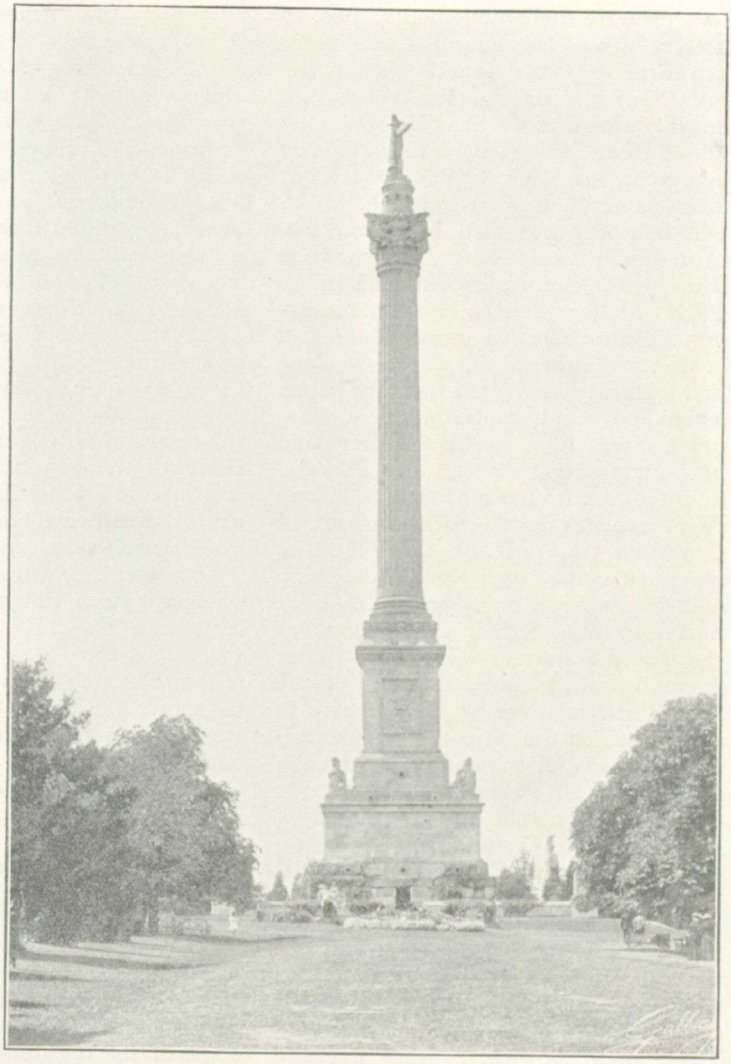


PHOTO BY GALBRAITH PHOTO CO., TORONTO

BROCK'S MONUMENT ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

The invaders, however, were not to be long permitted to rest undisturbed. Major-General Sheaffe was advancing rapidly from Fort George with reinforcements, consisting of 380 rank and file of the 41st Regt. and three hundred militia. These were the flank companies of the 1st Regt. of Lincoln Militia under Captains J. Crooks and McEwen; the flank companies of the 4th Regt. of Lincoln Militia, under Captains Nelles and W. Crooks; three companies of the 5th Regiment of Lincoln militia under Captains Hatt, Durand and Applegarth; Major Merritt's Niagara Dragoons and a body of Militia Artillery under Captains Powell and Cameron. General Sheaffe marched down the St. David's road to a path through the fields, which was pointed out as a favourable track for ascending the heights, and formed his men in a field near the Chippewa road. Here he was joined by sixty grenadiers of the 41st Regt., under Captain Bullock; the flank companies of the 2nd Lincoln Regt., under Captains Hamilton and Rowe, and a few of the volunteer sedentary militia. The whole force under General Sheaffe's command and available for an attack on the enemy, including the troops engaged in the morning, numbered about five hundred and forty regulars, four hundred and fifty militia and a few Indians.

General Van Rensselaer, from the heights whither he had followed his army, had seen the approach of General Sheaffe's force, and also observed that the troops at Lewiston were embarking very slowly. He passed over at once

to accelerate their movements, but, to use his own language, to his utter astonishment he found that "the ardour of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided." Says he, "I rode in all directions, urged the men by every consideration to pass over, but all in vain. Lieutenant-Colonel Bloom, who had been wounded in action, returned, mounted his horse, and rode through the camp ; as did also Judge Peck who happened to be here, exhorting the companies to proceed—but all in vain." The militia of New York had suddenly abdicated their functions as soldiers and had become expounders of the law. A week before they had been clamorous to be led into Canada, now they set up the plea that as militia they were not liable to serve out of their own state. They had seen the wounded come over from Queenston and it was not a pleasant sight. They had been told by their companions of the terrible powers of the "green tigers," as they called the men of the 49th Regt., and they did not desire to meet them on the field. Those excellent sticklers for the constitution have been somewhat severely dealt with by their own countrymen, so that it is unnecessary for a Canadian writer to reopen the wound. They have been denounced as "cowards" and "poltroons"; their correct constitutional views have been held up to public scorn as "a miserable subterfuge" and they have been designated as proper objects for "a storm of indignation." These men, however, were average citizens of the state of New York, and, no doubt, in after years they figured in gaudy uniforms in many a martial procession, and were venerated and regarded with awe and pride by a new generation as heroes of the war of 1812.

As the Americans on Queenston Heights could not be reinforced, General Sheaffe made very short work of them. He had placed two pieces of field artillery with thirty men under Lieutenant Holcroft in front of Queenston, to prevent the enemy from entering the village, and he now advanced upon the Americans with two three-pounders. The light company of the 41st Regt. under Lieutenant McIntyre, with about 50 militia and 30 or 40 Indians, fell upon the American right. A single volley was followed by a bayonet charge which drove the invaders back in confusion. Then Sheaffe ordered the whole line to charge and the Americans broke instantly and fled, a terrified and demoralized mob. Some threw themselves over the precipices, some escaped down the pathway; there was no thought among any of them but to get in safety to the American side of the river. Many leaped into the swift current and swam across; many were drowned in attempting to do this, and others seized such boats as were on the Queenston side and rowed across. To the majority, however, such means of escape were not available, and the American General, Brigadier Wadsworth, sent in a flag of truce by Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott offering to surrender the whole force, which was done immediately. The Americans who thus laid down their arms numbered 931, including 73 officers. This number was inclusive of two boat loads captured in the morning. They acknowledged a loss of 90 killed and 100 wounded, but these round numbers are probably under the mark. The best estimates place the number of Americans who crossed over to Canada at 1,500, and it is impossible there could have been fewer, unless some of the regulars disobeyed orders and stood upon the constitution as well as the militia, for there were, including Lieutenat-Colonel Scott's regiment, 1,300 regulars in Lewiston on the morning of the invasion, and 300 militia were taken on Queenston Heights with arms in their hands. The British loss amounted to 11 killed and 60 wounded. This includes the loss suffered by the militia, who covered themselves with glory on that day. The Indians lost five killed and nine wounded. The only officers killed in the battle were General Brock and his aide, Lieut.-Col. Macdonell,

"whose gallantry and merit," to quote General Sheaffe's words, "render him worthy of his chief."

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the extent of the loss which Canada suffered in the death of Sir Isaac Brock. At the time it was justly regarded as an offset to the victory, and the lapse of years has strengthened that impression. He was a man of such energy and skill that had he lived the subsequent campaigns would have assumed a very different complexion. He was the only officer in Canada of sufficient rank and authority to be able to counteract the malign influence of Sir George Prevost, whose conduct throughout the war was such as to leave students of history in doubt even as to his loyalty. Yet there were compensations even for Brock's death in the example which he left behind him of chivalrous daring and unswerving devotion to duty. His name sounds in Canada to-day as the watchword of the patriot, and no bugle blast could call the loyal to arms more quickly than a demand that they should emulate the heroic Brock. The traveller who approaches Queenston Heights, from whatever quarter, can see the lofty column, which the people of this land have erected to his memory, standing boldly out against the sky-line to inform the whole world that patriotism still lives in Canada. If ever the men of Ontario need a rallying ground against any future invader they will find one on Queenston Heights beneath the shadow of the monument they have reared to General Brock.

LIEUT.-COLONEL WINFIELD SCOTT, WHO CARRIED IN THE FLAG OF TRUCE WHEN 931 UNITED STATES TROOPS SURRENDERED ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS—FROM PETERSON'S "MILITARY HEROES"

CHAPTER IV.—THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 28TH.

WHILE the battle was going on at Queenston, the batteries of the American Fort Niagara and of Fort George commenced a vigorous cannonade which continued for several hours, or until the American garrison under Captain Leonard were compelled to evacuate their fort and retire out of gunshot. The enemy fired red-hot shot and, with an utter disregard of the courtesies of civilized warfare, turned their guns on the village of Newark and set several houses on fire. The guns on the British batteries near Fort Erie also opened on the American barracks at Black Rock, and there was a brisk interchange of shots, which continued until a ball from a heavy gun, aimed by Bombardier Walker, of the Royal Artillery, penetrated a magazine in the east barracks at Black Rock, from which powder was being removed, and blew it up, causing a great destruction of life and property. At the request of General Van Rensselaer, Major-General Sheaffe, who was now in command of the Niagara frontier, agreed upon an armistice on the morning after the Queenston battle. It was confined to the frontier between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and was to be terminated on thirty hours' notice. This arrangement was viewed with great disfavour in Canada, because it was justly thought that the motive of the American General in asking for a cessation of hostilities was to enable him, without disturbance, to gather his forces to a head for another attack on the frontier. As in the demoralized condition to which the American army had been reduced the capture and destruction of Fort Niagara was a feasible operation, there seemed to be no reason why the opportunity to take this fortress should be thrown away. Had this been done and the position held, any further invasion of Canada from that direction would scarcely have been possible, and the destruction which fell on Newark and the Niagara frontier generally, at a later period, might have been averted.

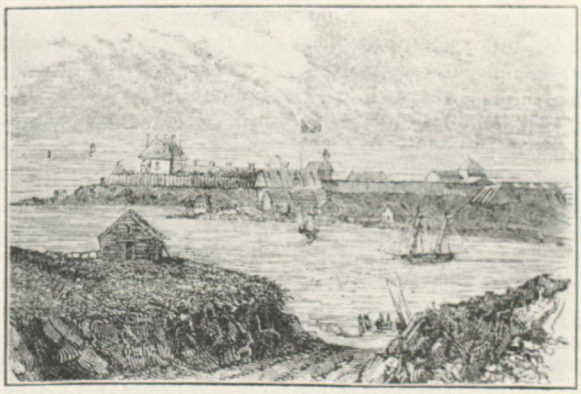
The United States regulars captured at Queenston were sent to Quebec as prisoners of war for exchange, but the militia were paroled and allowed to go home. The whole affair was a deplorable humiliation to the American people, who had expected nothing less than that their Niagara army would winter in Upper Canada. In the Detroit surrender there was some slight solace for their pride in the fact that they could lay the blame upon General Hull, and, while representing him as weak and cowardly, exalt his army as a band of heroes who had been balked of their conquest. But the Queenston disgrace was a dark cloud that had no silver lining. It was not the General who was at fault, but the men, and the shame was not that of an individual, but of a nation. Here was a militia army of invasion which would not invade, and a band of heroes that dreaded the smell of gunpowder. It may be of interest to note the fact that the militia which thus stood upon its constitutional rights belonged to the brigades of Generals Wadsworth and Miller, and comprised the regiments from Seneca, Geneva, Ontario, Oneida, and St. Lawrence counties.

General Van Rensselaer, having arrived at the conclusion that he could be more useful to his country elsewhere than at the head of the army, on the 24th of October resigned the command of the troops on the Niagara frontier to General Smyth, of the regular service. This officer at once began making preparations for a third invasion of Canada, and as a preliminary measure, issued, on the 10th of November, a proclamation to the "men of New York" inviting them to flock to his standard. In this remarkable document he took occasion to censure both Hull and Van Rensselaer by saying, "One army has been disgracefully surrendered and lost. Another

has been sacrificed by a precipitate attempt to pass over at the strongest point of the enemy's lines with most incompetent means. The cause of these miscarriages is apparent. The commanders were popular men, destitute alike of theory and experience in the art of war." "In a few days," he continued, "the troops under my command will plant the American standard in Canada. They are men accustomed to obedience, silence, and steadiness; they will conquer or they will die. Will you stand with your arms folded and look on this interesting struggle? The present is the hour of renown. Have you not a wish for fame? Would you not choose in future times to be named as one of those who, imitating the heroes whom Montgomery led, have, in spite of the seasons, visited the tomb of the chief and conquered the country where he lies? Yes, you desire your share of fame. Then seize the present moment; if you do not you will regret it and say: 'The valiant have bled in vain, the friends of my country fell—and I was not there.'"

Stimulated by these tremendous words, the men of New York flocked to General Smyth's standard until he had more than 4,500 troops in his camp at Black Rock, in addition to the large detachments at Fort Niagara and other parts of the frontier. On the 17th November the American General, thinking that the patriotism of his army needed some further stimulant, issued a second proclamation addressed to the soldiers of the "Army of the Centre." In this truly Napoleonic document General Smyth says: "Companions in Arms—the time is at hand when you will cross the stream at Niagara to conquer Canada, and to secure the peace of the American frontier. You will enter a country that is to be one of the United States. You will arrive among a people who are to become your fellow-citizens. Soldiers, you are amply provided for war. You are superior in number to the enemy. Your personal strength and activity are greater. Your weapons are longer. The regular soldiers of the enemy are generally old men, whose best years

GENERAL DEARBORN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMIES IN 1812

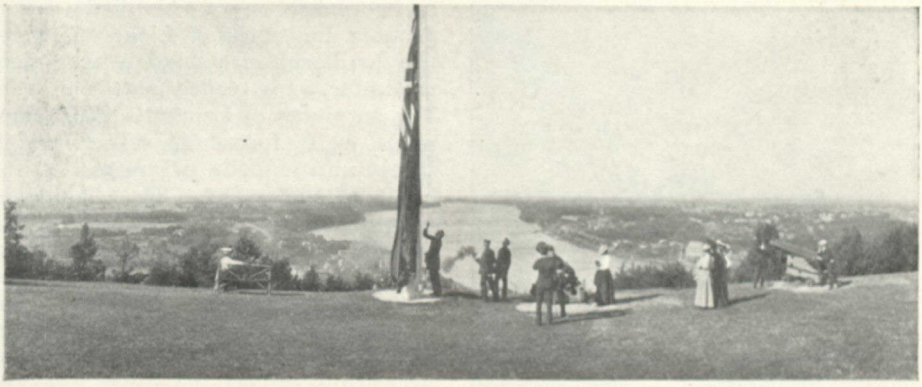


FORT NIAGARA (U.S.) AT THE MOUTH OF THE NIAGARA RIVER AS IT WAS IN 1812—FROM AN OLD PRINT

have been spent in the sickly climate of the West Indies. They will not be able to stand before you—you who charge with the bayonet. You will shun the eternal infamy that awaits the man who, having once come within sight of the enemy, basely shrinks in the moment of trial. Soldiers of every corps, it is in your power to retrieve the honour of your country and crown yourselves with glory. Come on, my heroes! And when you attack the enemy's batteries, let your rallying word be 'The cannon lost at Detroit or death!'"

General Smyth had always maintained that the Niagara river should be crossed at some point between Niagara and Chippewa, and he made active preparations for a movement in that quarter. On the 19th November, he gave notice that the armistice was to end, and on the 21st the American batteries at Black Rock, and those on the Canadian shore opposite, cannonaded each other as did Fort George and Fort Niagara at the other end of the line. These operations were not attended with much loss on either side, but several houses in Newark and the buildings in Fort Niagara were repeatedly set on fire. On the 25th General Smyth issued orders for "the whole army to be ready to march at a moment's warning." The period for the third invasion of Canada had arrived. On the 27th a general muster of the troops at Black Rock showed that he had 4,500 men in line. They consisted of his own regulars, the Baltimore Volunteers under Colonel Winder, the Pennsylvania Volunteers under General Tannehill and the New York Volunteers under General Peter B. Porter. The regulars of this army numbered upwards of 1,500. Nor was there any lack of facilities for crossing the river. Seventy boats, each capable of carrying 40 men, were provided, in addition to five large boats, each capable of holding 100 men, besides ten scows for artillery and a number of small private boats, so that 3,500 men could cross at once, a force so overwhelming that had they been landed on the Canadian shore successful resistance would have been impossible.

The force on the Canadian side of the river above Chippewa was in almost ludicrous contrast to this formidable array which General Smyth commanded. At Fort Erie, which formed the extreme right of the British position, Major Ormsby of the 49th Regt. was in command with 80 men of that regiment and 50 of the Royal Newfoundland Regt. under Captain Whelan. Two companies of Norfolk Militia under Captain Bostwick occupied the ferry opposite Black Rock and distant about a mile from Fort Erie. At the Red House, a building used as a barracks on the Chippewa road three miles from Fort Erie, were stationed Lieutenant Lamont with 37 men of the 49th, and Lieutenant King of the Royal Artillery with two light field guns, a three and a six-pounder, worked by a few militia artillerymen. Near the Red House were two batteries, one mounting an 18 and the other a 24 pound cannon, in charge of Lieut. Bryson of the militia artillery, and under the general direction of Lamont. About a mile farther down the Chippewa road was another small detachment of the 49th, numbering 37 men, under the command of Lieut. Bartley. Near Frenchman's Creek, five miles from Fort Erie, Lieut. McIntyre was stationed with the light company of the 41st Regt., numbering 70 rank and file. Lieut.-Colonel Bisshopp, who commanded all the troops from Fort Erie to Chippewa, was at the latter place with a detachment of the 41st Regt. under Capt. Saunders, a company of the 2nd Lincoln Militia under Captain Hamilton and a light six-pounder in charge of Captain Kirby of the militia artillery. A short distance from Chippewa towards Fort Erie was a detachment of the 5th Lincoln Militia under Major Hatt. The total number of troops available to defend the 16 miles between Fort Erie and Chippewa did not exceed 1,000, of which 400 occupied the five miles from Frenchman's Creek to Fort Erie. This last fact suggested to General Smyth a plan by which the

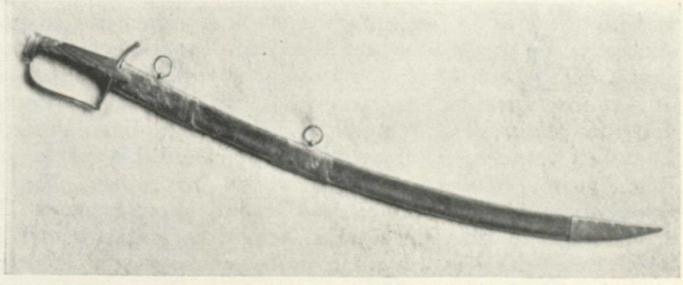


LOOKING DOWN THE NIAGARA RIVER FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS TOWARDS LAKE ONTARIO. THE VILLAGE OF QUEENSTON IS JUST BELOW THE HEIGHTS. LEWISTON, ON THE UNITED STATES SIDE, IS JUST ACROSS THE RIVER

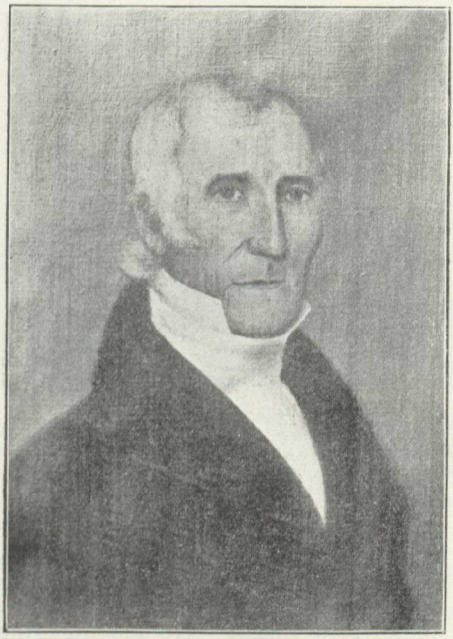
PHOTO BY MICKLETHWAITE, TORONTO

frontier could be carried. This was to effect a crossing with one detachment at the ferry where the Canadian Militia were stationed, and, while the British were concentrating in that quarter, to send another detachment to Frenchman's Creek, rout the troops stationed there, and hold the line of the creek so that Major Ormsby could not be reinforced from Chippewa, while the American army was crossing at Fort Erie. This was an excellent plan, and with a little more courage and coolness on the part of the Americans, and a little less vigilance on the Canadian side of the river, it might have succeeded.

Between two and three o'clock on the morning of the 28th November, the third invasion of Canada commenced. The American armies had been assembled in the darkness and the detachments which were to clear the way for the crossing of the whole army, were embarked. The force intended for the assault on the militia and the capture of the British batteries opposite Black Rock was in 10 boats, and consisted of 320 regulars selected from four different regiments of United States infantry, and 80 sailors under Lieut. Angus. The whole was under the command of Capt. King of the 15th Infantry. The detachment whose duty it was to destroy the bridge over Frenchman's Creek consisted of Col. Winder's Baltimore Volunteers 440 strong, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Boerstler of the regular army. King's party, which got away first, was discovered by the Norfolk Militia, when about half-way across the rivers, and although the night was intensely dark, the loyal yeomanry gave them such a warm reception that they did not venture to land at the point



AFTER THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS, 73 UNITED STATES OFFICERS SURRENDERED THEIR SWORDS. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE SURRENDERED ON THAT OCCASION, AND IS NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE MERRITT FAMILY, ST. CATHARINES. PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE"



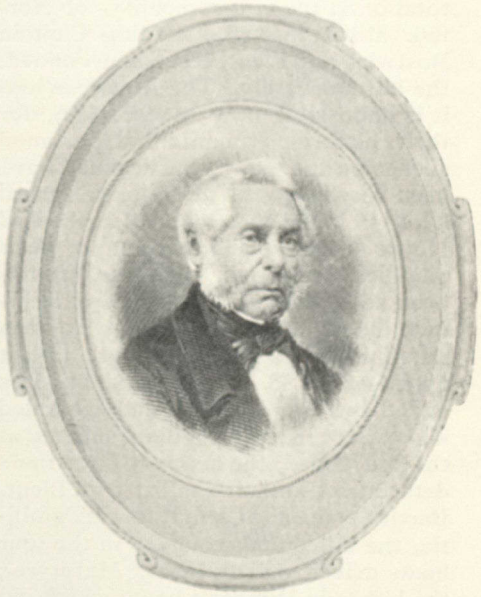
MAJOR THOMAS MERRITT, U.E.L., COMMANDING OFFICER OF MOUNTED CORPS OF NIAGARA DISTRICT, 1812-14. PREVIOUSLY CORNET IN QUEEN'S RANGERS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. AFTER THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON, HE WAS DEPUTED BY GENERAL SHEAFFE TO RECEIVE THE SWORDS OF THE ENEMY. HE WAS ONE OF THE PALL-BEARERS TO GENERAL BROCK. HE WAS AFTERWARDS SHERIFF OF THE NIAGARA DISTRICT AND DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE.

intended, but fell down with the current nearly opposite to the Red House. The field pieces there fired two or three rounds, although nothing could be seen, and this had the effect of arousing all the British posts as far as Chippewa, and of frightening back six of the ten boats to the American shore. King landed with the remainder of his force consisting of 100 regulars and 60 sailors and attacked Col. Lamont's detachment of 37 men at the Red House. After a struggle which lasted some time the Americans were driven back to the shore with heavy loss, but, passing by a circuitous route in the darkness, they came on the left of Lamont's position. That officer mistook them for a reinforcement which was expected, but was rudely undeceived when a volley killed or wounded 15 of his little party. Lamont himself and Lieut. King of the Artillery were severely wounded, the latter, as it turned out, mortally. The survivors of Lamont's half company were forced to retire leaving three unwounded prisoners in the hands of the emeny. The Americans now spiked the two field pieces and set fire to the Red House. As there was no adequate force to defend the batteries they had no difficulty in taking them, but Lieut. Bryson before he retired spiked the 18-pounder. The Americans spiked the other gun and dismounted both.

Major Ormsby, as soon as he heard the firing at the Red House, leaving Capt. Whelan's detachment of the Newfoundland Regt. to guard Fort Erie, advanced by the back road with his 80 men of the 49th towards the batteries to support Lieut. Lamont. But having met with Lieut. Bryson, who informed him that the enemy were already in possession of the batteries, he changed his direction and moved to the right along the front road which passed below the batteries. This was done with a view of falling in with some part of Lamont's detachment, and also that of Lieut. Bartley a mile below the Red House. The advance of Major Ormsby led to a curious result. Capt. King's regulars had become separated from the seamen under Lieut. Angus who were gathered near the beach. The latter had suffered very severely in the encounter with Lamont's men, so as Ormsby approached Angus gathered his detachment into the boats, with his wounded and some of the British prisoners, and rowed back to the American shore, leaving Captain King and his party without any means of crossing. That officer fled along the shore towards Chippewa for a couple of miles, until he found two large boats in which he placed all his officers and most of his detachment, but there was not room for all of them, and, with the 30 men that remained with him, he was captured by the British soon after daylight.

Boerstler's 11 boats, in the meantime had been crossing with a view to landing near the bridge over Frenchman's Creek, the destruction of which was the principal object of the expedition. The boats became separated in the darkness and four of them fell below the bridge, having been driven off by Lieut. McIntyre with the light company of the 41st Regt., and were out of the fight. The other seven boats with Boerstler himself landed above the bridge and were assailed by Lieut. Bartley with his half company of the 49th, and for the moment checked, but 37 men could not be expected to stand long against 280, so Bartley had to retire after losing all his men except seventeen. Capt. Bostwick now approached with his two companies of Norfolk Militia, but after a short skirmish, finding the enemy greatly superior in numbers, he retired with the loss of two killed, 17 wounded and six taken prisoners. The difficulties of the situation for the British were enormously increased by the fact that it was pitch dark, and the force of the enemy unknown. Most American writers attempt to make a great hero of Boerstler and describe how he "exerting a stentorian voice, roared in various directions, as though he commanded thousands, and created such a panic in the enemy, that they fled before him wherever he moved." It will be seen in a subsequent chapter, what a pitiful figure this loud-voiced American hero cut at Beaver Dam a few months later.

As Lieut. McIntyre's detachment was engaged in preventing the landing of the four boats that had fallen below the bridge, Boerstler was able to reach that structure without further opposition, and attempted to destroy it. In this he failed, American writers say, because the axes had been left in the boats, but in reality because of Major Ormsby's approach. A few shots were fired at his men by the Americans from a house above the bridge, but Ormsby pushed on and crossed it, yet although he halted there for some time, he could neither see the enemy nor discover his movements. The fact was that Boerstler suddenly took himself off about this time, and sought safety on the American shore. Ormsby, after a long wait, advanced about a mile farther down the road where he was joined by Lieut. McIntyre's company and halted his men until daylight. Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp arrived at this time from Chippewa with 300 men of the 5th Lincoln Militia, under Major Hatt, which he had overtaken on the road. He also brought with him from Chippewa a light six-pounder under Capt. Kirby. These with Capt. Saunders' detachment of the 41st Regt. and Capt. Hamilton's company of the 2nd Lincoln Militia, under Lieut.-Col. Clark, brought up his force to about 600 men of which 250 were regulars. Bisshopp now advanced and took Capt. King and his 30 men prisoners. Col. Winder with five boats containing 250 men, at this time attempted to cross to reinforce King, but all but the one in which Winder was were driven back by the fire of the light



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT, SON OF MAJOR THOMAS MERRITT, SERVED WITH HIS FATHER DURING THE WAR. AFTERWARDS TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN UPPER CANADA POLITICS.

six-pounder. Winder himself had the temerity to land, but the loss of six killed and 22 wounded in less time than it takes to relate it instantly convinced him of the necessity of a speedy retreat. Bisshopp took up a position in the rear of the batteries and awaited any further attack that the enemy might make, but none was made, although the troops had been under arms since daylight and the work of embarking them had been going on all the morning. General Smyth about noon sent over a summons to Bisshopp proposing the surrender of Fort Erie, "to spare the effusion of blood," but this demand was declined. The order then came for the Americans to "disembark and dine" and this ended the active operations of the day.

The British loss in killed on this occasion was heavier than that in the battle of Queenston, although the whole force engaged did not much exceed 300 men, and the severe fighting was confined to little more than half that number. The total was 16 killed, 37 wounded and 30 missing. Of this total of 83 the two companies of Norfolk Militia lost 26, including Captain Bostwick and Lieut. Ryerson wounded, the latter severely. The American loss it is impossible now to ascertain, for their historians maintain a profound silence on the point, but it must have been very large. The sailors returned a loss in killed and wounded at the Red House of 30, including nine of their 12 officers engaged. Winder, as has been seen, lost 28 men of the 50 in his own boat; Capt. King lost 30 men taken prisoners. These figures make up a total of 88. But to these must be added the loss in killed and wounded which Capt. King's regulars suffered at the Red House; the losses of Boerstler's detachment in their conflict with Lieut. Bartley's men and Capt. Bostwick's militia, the killed and wounded in the four boats driven off by Lieut. McIntyre; the losses in Winder's boats which did not land, and in others that were sunk in attempting to cross. Adding these items together it is impossible to believe that the losses of the enemy were less than 250, and possibly they were greater. Nothing saved the British that day from a great disaster but the heroic courage of the British and Canadians engaged, the vigilance of Bostwick's Norfolk Militia stationed at the ferry, the activity of Lieut.-Col. Clark and Major Hatt of the Lincoln Militia in bringing up their reinforcements from Chippewa to Frenchman's Creek, a distance of ten miles, by daybreak, and, it may be added the extreme caution, not to say timidity, which the Americans showed in crossing after Lieut. Angus had got back to Black Rock with his bloody cargo of wounded from the Red House. No Briton or Canadian need be ashamed of the way in which his countrymen fought in repelling that formidable invasion. Bostwick's militia lost about one-fourth of their whole number, and Bartley's 74 men about two-thirds, for of the 52 men of the 49th who were killed, wounded, or missing, nearly all belonged to that little company.

Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp, having recovered his field guns and remounted his heavy cannon, was in a good position to resist any attack that the enemy might make. The American General had called a council of his officers, but they could not agree as to the propriety of another attempt on Canada. On the evening of the 29th, however, Smyth issued an order for his troops to be ready to embark on the following morning. He addressed his men in such stirring words as these: "The General will be on hand. Neither rain, snow nor frost will prevent the embarkation. The cavalry will scour the fields from Black Rock to the bridge and suffer no idle spectators. While embarking, the music will play martial airs. 'Yankee Doodle' will be the signal to get under way. The landing will be effected in spite of cannon. The whole army has seen that cannon are to be little dreaded. . . . . Hearts of War! to-morrow will be memorable in the annals of the United States."

Smyth's officers objected to the time and manner of the proposed embarka-

tion, and the General was induced to defer it until the following day, which was Tuesday, the first of December, and it was arranged that the American troops should land several miles below Black Rock and near the upper end of Grand Island. From that point they were to march directly upon Chippewa. Tuesday morning came, but at the appointed hour only 1,500 men were embarked, the Pennsylvania Volunteers having raised the constitutional question that they were not compelled to fight out of their own country. Their example was imitated by others who held back from the boats, and from the dangers which they had been eager to face a few days before. At this juncture Smyth hastily called a council of his regular officers, and their decision was soon made known. The men on the boats were disembarked and informed that the invasion of Canada was abandoned for the present. The regulars were then ordered into winter quarters and the militia sent home. This ended the operations of the Grand "Army of the Centre" which had boasted more and accomplished less than any similar body of men of which history has left a record.

WHERE DO THEY DWELL?

TELL me where the poets dwell,
Mountain side or rocky dell,
River bank, where flowing stream
Rolls in majesty serene.
Is it here the poets dwell?

Dwell they near the banks of snow,
Or where the scented violets glow,
Or far-off banks, where codlings leap,
Or sandy banks, where mermaids sleep?
Oh, where do the poets dwell?

Do they sail on cloud-bank far away,
Rise to the stars till the break of day,
Rest with the eagle on mountain crest,
Or skim with the gull the ocean's breast?
Where do they find their song?

'Tis not in the bank with the miser's dust,
But the bank which inspires the loftiest trust,
Touching the spring of supremest law,
Hiding in clouds of sublimest awe,
They drink at the fount of song.

Some have soared with a mighty wing,
And some have bled as they learned to sing,
And all like flame rise up to give
Their voice where hallelujahs live!
They sing their lasting song.

H. T. Miller

ICE-BOATING ON TORONTO BAY

By J. M. Jackson

ICE-boating on Toronto Bay, according to the earliest known authentic records, dates as far back as 1830. A finer situation for this king of northern winter sports could scarcely be imagined.

Almost enclosed as it is by the city on the north and the Island on the south, the bay measures perhaps five miles in width by a mile and a half across, with a channel at each end, navigable by steamers during the season.

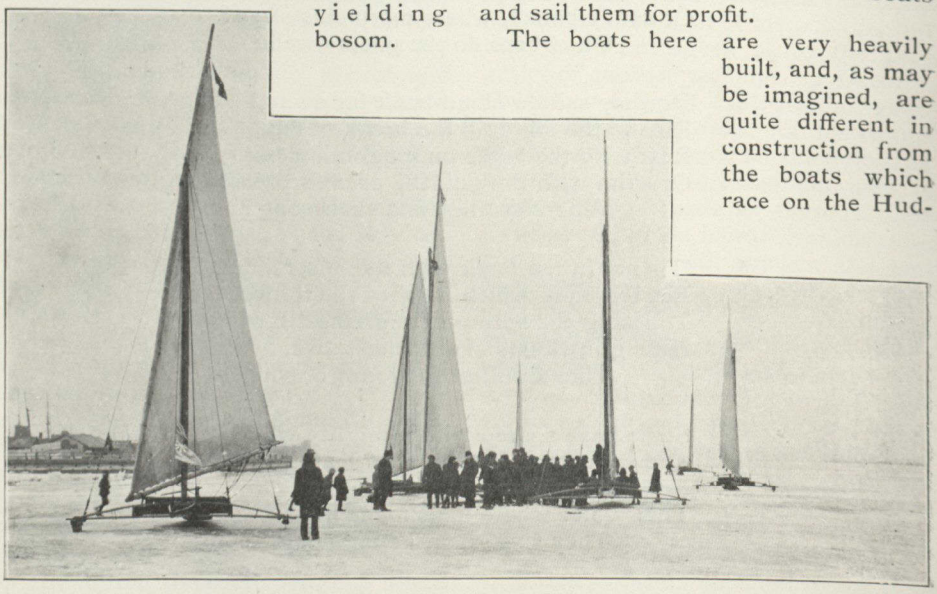
This body of water freezes across, generally in December, so as to be capable of carrying skaters, and thereafter for three or four months the ice varies in thickness up to sixteen or eighteen inches, and will, of course, accommodate the heaviest weights without the least danger. Teams of horses and heavy waggons constantly cross and recross, while heavy ice-boats and hundreds of skaters (when the surface is smooth) skim lightly over its unyielding bosom.

While the skaters can use the ice only for a limited period each season, usually after a thaw which levels it up, the condition of the surface makes little or no difference to the ice-boats. A snow storm which effectually puts the skaters "out of business," scarcely affects the boats, which go over and through anything.

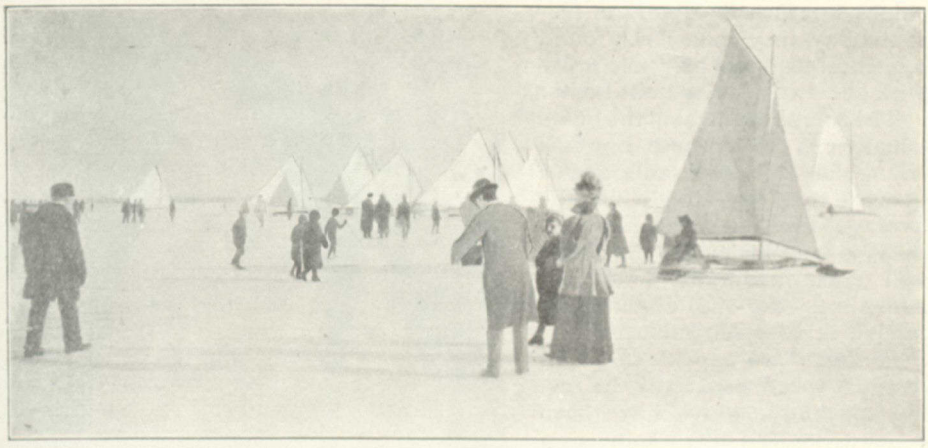
The ice-boat fleet on Toronto Bay numbers about twenty boats. These boats range in size from the twenty-footer, carrying about 200 square feet of canvas, to the thirty-five footer, carrying up to 600 square feet.

Ice-boating on the bay is conducted almost entirely as a pastime, for the benefit of the citizens as well as visitors from abroad, who seldom fail to participate in this diversion while here. At intervals during the winter, however, races are held on the bay, when the boats usually carry passengers as well. The business is almost entirely in the hands of professional boat builders, who build their own boats and sail them for profit.

The boats here are very heavily built, and, as may be imagined, are quite different in construction from the boats which race on the Hud-



A COMMON SCENE ON TORONTO BAY DURING JANUARY AND FEBRUARY



ICEBOAT REGATTA—KINGSTON HARBOUR

son, and are built solely for speed.

The Toronto boats all have lateen sails. They are built of pine and oak, with solid steel runners, and the largest ones are capable of carrying comfortably four or five passengers.

The American racing boats, on the contrary, carry a jib and mainsail, or sloop rig, as it is known in ordinary sailing parlance. They are usually built of basswood for runner plank and backbone, and do not carry the accommodation for passengers. Instead, the runner plank is braced fore and aft with steel wire to the backbone, and the runners are merely a slip of steel fastened to wooden blocks. Their boats thus attain the minimum of lightness, with just the strength required for the strain put upon them.

The latest development to attain still lighter construction is the introduction of what is known as bridge-work, or the substitution of thin steel plates arranged in zigzag fashion, between parallel sides, also of steel, instead of the solid runner planks.

These boats are all very well in their way, and are admirable as racing ma-

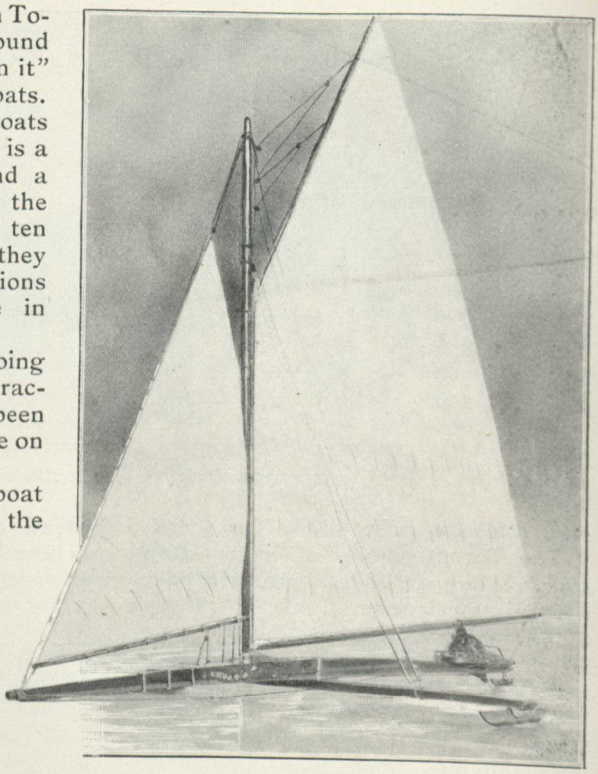
A KNOCKABOUT ON TORONTO BAY—NOTE THE SINGLE SAIL

chines, but for rough work on Toronto Bay they have been found by actual tests to be "not in it" with our own heavier built boats.

The course over which the boats usually run on Toronto Bay is a triangular one of a mile and a quarter to a leg, and while the average time for covering ten miles is an hour and a half, they will under favourable conditions sometimes do the distance in twelve or fourteen minutes.

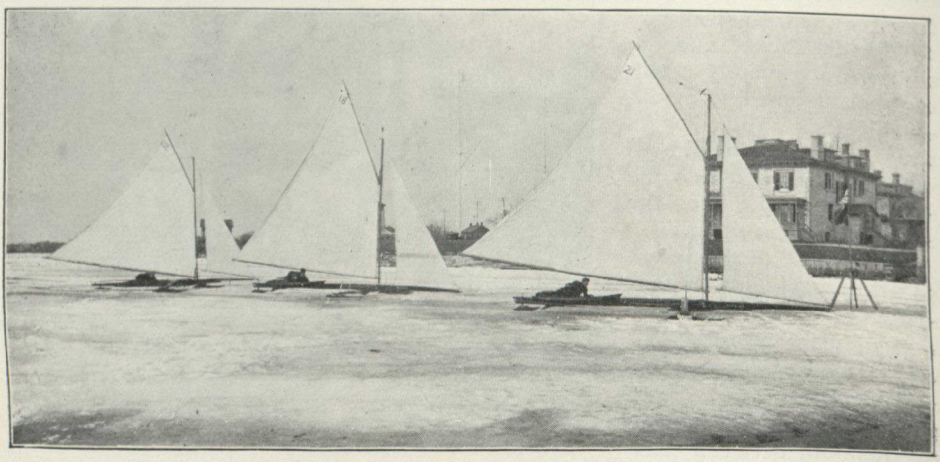
Ice-boats are capable of going at great speed, especially the racing machines, which have been timed to make a mile a minute on clear ice.

Curiously enough, an ice-boat will go faster running into the wind than running free, and will also travel faster than the wind. Thus, with a forty-five mile wind a boat will make fifty-five to sixty miles an hour. On rivers the course is generally ten, fifteen or thirty miles to windward and return.



THE NORTH WIND—A KINGSTON FLYER—NOTE THE TWO SAILS

Ice-boating, as may be imagined, is a pretty cold job, and passengers make no mistake in putting on all they possess in the way of clothes. The man who is steering has a particularly cold time of it and all he can do in controlling the rudder. Occasionally boats become unmanageable, and the passengers have to take chances. Unless there is open water ahead, this is



A CLOSE FINISH IN KINGSTON HARBOUR

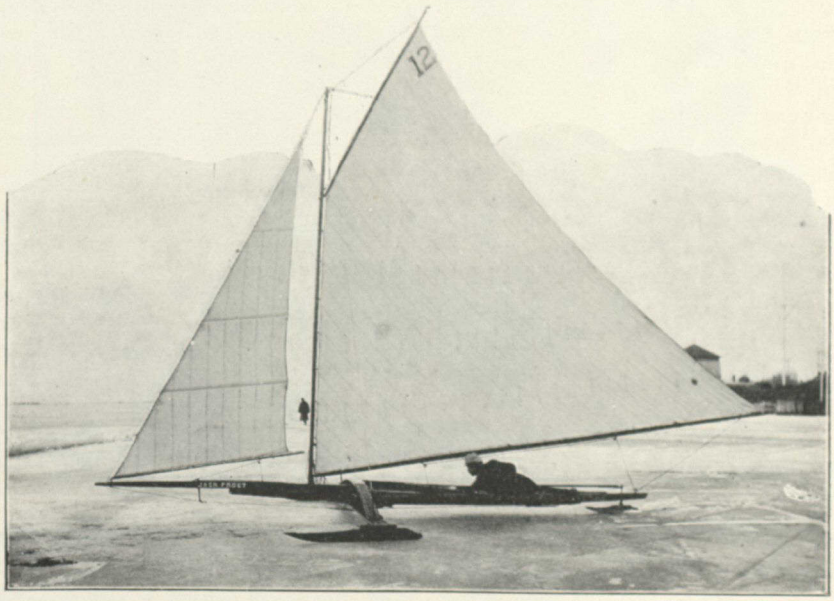
by no means the risky business one might imagine. An upset means simply a harmless roll on the ice, as the passengers are seated only about sixteen inches above the surface, while the action of carrying away the mast merely brings the boat to a gradual standstill. Speaking of accidents, it may be said that the boats will jump a narrow crack in the ice, and the racing craft on the Hudson, with a good wind, will jump ten feet. They are built with a curved projection under the backbone and near the rear runner, to prevent it catching on obstructions.

Some idea of the interest which is taken in ice-boat racing may be gathered from the fact that owners of boats in St. Paul and other points in Minnesota and other western States will send their craft a distance of 1,500 miles to compete in races on the Hudson River and at Shrewsbury and Orange Lake in New York State. These places have large clubs, and handsome and valuable trophies are competed for annually.

Another point at which much interest is centred in the sport is on the St. Lawrence River between Kingston, Canada, and Cape Vincent, New York. These places have long been rivals for supremacy in this particular sport, and mighty battles are fought and decided every winter on the iron-bound surface of this majestic waterway.

While the Toronto public has to be satisfied with boats valued at $65 or $75, the price of the best racing shell is said to go as high as $1,000.

In conclusion, it may be added that another novel pastime occasionally to be seen on Toronto Bay is the spectacle of a skater using a sail to aid his progress. Members of the Canoe Club sometimes indulge in the recreation, using their canoe sails, which are well adapted for the purpose. With a good wind and ice they can attain a speed of fifteen or eighteen miles an hour.



JACK FROST ANOTHER OF THE KINGSTON TYPE (TWO SAILS)

MADAM ALBANI GYE

THE CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA WHO HAS FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS HELD A PROMINENT PLACE AMONG THE SINGERS OF AMERICA AND EUROPE

PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLI.—MADAME ALBANI

THE present month marks the close of another of the successful appearances in Canada of Madame Albani Gye who has sung her way once more through a large portion of the vast territory of her own country, moving like any queen until that most prosaic affair—a concert tour—becomes, in her case, a sort of Royal Progression before which the hearts of her fellow-countrymen bow in the sincerest love and respect.

No hereditary Sovereign is more of a National Institution, in the best sense of the word, than this woman who has ruled over our finest affection for years, who has bound every Province in this wide Dominion more closely together by the beautiful art of song, and who has come back to us, after every fresh triumph, more our own than ever. Albani, educated musically in an American city, reflects credit on the neighbouring republic; Albani, the beloved singer of the dead Queen Victoria, is easily the favourite of England; Albani, the cosmopolitan cantatrice, is a notable figure in Europe; but it is Albani the Canadian, a woman simple of soul, pure of life, high of ideal, pre-eminent in faithful art that we especially claim, and from the National standpoint write concerning her for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Marie Louise Emma Cecile Albani Gye, is the daughter of Joseph and Melina Lajeunesse of the ancient family of St. Louis, and was born in Chambly, Que., in 1847. She was educated at an English school at Plattsburg, N.Y., and later at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Sault au Recollet, Que. Her first musical training came from her father, himself a skilful musician, and at the age of seven years we find Mdlle. making her first appearance in public under the auspices of certain influential citizens, in the Mechanics' Hall, Montreal. At the age of fifteen she went to Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where she held a position as organist for some time, later becoming professor of singing and piano at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Ambition spurring her on, however, and with some monetary assistance on the part of the Bishop of Albany, and by aid from the proceeds of a concert, but largely through her own efforts, the young singer left shortly for Paris. There Madame Lafitte introduced her to Prince Poniatowski who advised her to study with the great Lamperti at Milan. Years of vigorous application to the details of her art followed, resulting in a début as "Messina" in 1870, under the *nom de théatre* of Albani. The rest is a world story and nothing new need be related of the long succession of triumphs at London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Edinburgh, Berlin, Malta, New York, and on to the coasts of Africa and Australia.

Excite Albani as to memorable occasions, however, and she will invariably recall, as a special triumph or a delightful moment for personal reminiscence, some great national function in England at which she was called upon to sing by the request of Royalty. It happens that upon both occasions when the writer of this sketch has had the pleasure of personal intercourse with Madame Albani—the first time in March, 1901, and again in January last when she visited Toronto—the prima donna had but lately figured in state ceremonies whose significance must stand out conspicuously in the annals of the century. First, in February, 1901, at the funeral obsequies of Victoria, when such a wave of feeling swept over the entire country as had never been evinced before on the death of any sovereign, and beside the coffin of the dead Queen, she who had been more than court singer, as much a friend as favourite, rendered her last obligation of song to the beloved lady

whom in life she had adored. Again, at the Royal procession through South London of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, during the Coronation ceremonies in August of the past year, it was the voice of Albani, typifying the voice of Empire, which was upraised at the Guildhall after the toast to His Majesty, in "God Save the King."

These occasions and others—as when in May of 1886, she sang the ode written by Tennyson at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and figured most prominently in the Jubilee of 1887, or at Balmoral in October of 1890, when Victoria gave her a special token of her personal esteem in the valuable picture containing portraits of the whole of the Royal Family—are brilliant points in a coronet of conquests which testify to the national significance of Albani's art.

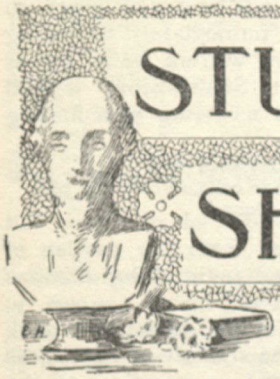
As to that art itself, and the consideration of her voice from a purely musical standpoint, no one, except the critic who is more carping than correct, can gainsay its greatness. Of a peculiarly sweet and bell-like quality, and a resonance that is remarkable even yet, the voice of Albani, while undoubtedly showing the touch of time in certain notes, and especially in certain songs, is yet after the years, in spite of the years, perhaps because of the years, a voice of angelic sweetness and purity of tone. She cannot now sing a waltz-song of Arditi with all the spring-like freshness and airy ripple of fifteen or twenty years ago, but no one who has heard her declaim the majestic phrases of the "Ave Maria Konigin," or sing the rapturous "L'Extase de la Vierge" of Massenet, dare deny the genius which makes such interpretation possible. "You are never content to sing the same repertoire over and over again, Madame Albani," I said to her the other day, and she made the old, ever-recurring reply of the worker: "You know as well as I do that there can be no standstill in art."

Indeed, it would be impossible for such a woman to go on singing "Casta Diva" and "The Last Rose of Summer" indefinitely. And yet it is, after all, in just such familiar music that her real greatness lies: that power of interpreting the well-known and loved that has made her what she has been and is to the people of Canada! Her predilection is for Oratorio, and no one in the world sings "I know that my Redeemer Liveth" as she can sing it; she is French-Canadian, and the whole personality of her race is expressed in her rendition of "Ma Patrie"; but above all she is Canadian, and so for us there is a depth of meaning that can only be expressed by the one word Patriotism when she, who has held high our fame for many years, comes back with "Home Sweet Home" upon her lips.

Say what we will about German opera and Italian arias and French chansons, it is greater, after all, to touch the heart of the people by that "truly popular" that is common to all classes and unites them in the eternal realities of art, by the great universally understandable things that bind us all together. This is the art—the soul-art—that lasts when the first freshness of the voice has gone, this is the something in Albani which makes her more than just a famous Prima Donna or a typical Canadian, and leads us to declare with just as tender truth to-day as in years gone by when she was in the golden prime,

> What wonder we in homage bring
> Our hearts to her?—to hear her sing.

Katherine Hale



STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

V.—HIS USE OF THE BIBLE

AMONGST the interesting things to take note of in studying Shakespeare, are his references to the characters and incidents mentioned in the Bible.

They are scattered through most of his plays, and show a very wide and accurate knowledge of the Bible.

The purpose of this paper is simply to point out, for the benefit of those who have not made a careful study of the poet's works, a few of his references to the best known of the characters and incidents of the Bible, in the hope that the reader will pursue the study further, and work out fully a subject which, when fully worked out, will contribute in a very large measure to a knowledge of the two greatest books in the English language.

A very interesting article might be written about the peculiar use of words and phrases common to both; but only one or two can be noticed here. The use of the pronoun is perhaps the most common.

Shylock, inviting Antonio and Bassanio to close the transaction about the ducats, says :—

"Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond."—(Act 1, sc. 1.)

In Joshua xxii. 26 the words are—

"Therefore we said, Let us now prepare to build us an altar."

And in Judges vi. 2—

"And the hand of Midian prevailed against Israel: and because of the Midianites the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains."

A very amusing instance of this use of the pronoun occurs in *The Taming of the Shrew.*

Petruchio, and Grumio his servant, are standing before the door of Hortensio's house, and when Petruchio tells his servant to knock at the door, Grumio misunderstands the sense in which "me" is used :—

PET.—"Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.
GRU.—Knock, sir! Whom should I knock? Is there any man has abused your worship?
PET.—Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
GRU.—Knock you here, sir! Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
PET.—Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate."—(Act 1, sc. 2.)

The phrase "by-and-by," in the sense of immediately, is used in Matthew xiii. 21 :—

"Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word by and by, he is offended."

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris have sat long into the night discussing the death of Tybalt and arranging for the marriage of Juliet and Paris, when Capulet, getting tired, exclaims :

. . . . "It is so very, very late,
That we may call it early by and by,"
—(Act 3, sc. 4.)

In the same play, the page who waited on Paris, and who saw the en-

counter between Romeo and Paris before the tomb in which Juliet was placed, says in describing it :—

"He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave ;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
And by and by my master drew on him ;
And then I ran away to call the watch."
—(Act 5, sc. 3.)

The references to the characters, incidents, and teaching of the Bible are so numerous that only a few can be referred to.

There can be no doubt that when, in *The Tempest*, Caliban describes how Prospero treated him kindly and sought to teach him

"How to name the bigger light,
And how the less,
That burn by day and night,"
—(Act 1, sc. 2)

he was referring to the creation of the sun and moon, on the fourth day, as described in Genesis xvi. 1 :—

"And God made two great lights ; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."

There is another passage in *The Tempest* which is perhaps as well known to readers of Shakespeare as any in his plays, which, according to Bishop Wordsworth, owes its origin to several verses in the Bible, but especially to the 6th verse of the 51st chapter of Isaiah :—

"Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath : for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner."

The reader will probably not need to be told that the lines referred to are those in which Prospero announces to Ferdinand and Miranda that—

"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

And it may not be out of place to quote the lines immediately following which so many writers refer to as showing that Shakespeare looked upon the future as being past finding out :—

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

The expulsion from the garden of Eden is referred to in *King Richard II*, Act. III, sc. 4.

The queen and her ladies, who have stepped into the shadow of the trees to listen to the conversation of the gardener and his attendant, overhear them speaking of the dethronement of the King, which had even then taken place. The Queen thus addresses the gardener :—

"Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news ?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man ?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?"

In the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Mowbray in Act I, sc. 1, of the same play there is a reference to the murder of Abel. Bolingbroke accuses Mowbray of having received money to pay the soldiers, which he kept and used for other purposes, and of treasonable practices, and goes on to say—

"That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon believing adversaries,
And consequently like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood,
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement."

And so when the King in *Hamlet* cries out :—

"Oh, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it.
A brother's murder."

The punishment of Cain is recorded in Genesis IV, 12—

"A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou live in the earth."

Bolingbroke, after he became Henry IV, employed one Exton to murder

King Richard II, and when he reported the murder done, the King, trying to repudiate the order he had given, said to Exton :—

"The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word nor princely favor,
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light."
—Act 5, sc. 6.

There are references in *The Comedy of Errors*, *Julius Cæsar* and *As You Like It* to the flood. Falstaff tells the Chief Justice in *King Henry IV* that he is as poor as Job. The merry wives in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* say of Falstaff that he is as poor as Job and as wicked as Job's wife.

In the same play Falstaff declares—

"For in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam ; because I know also life is a shuttle."

In 1st Samuel XVII, 7, we are told of Goliath that—

"The staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam."

And in Job VII, 6, the words are :—

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope."

In *The Merchant of Venice* there is the plainest reference to the dealings of Jacob and Laban, and in the same play when Portia, in the assumed the character of a doctor of law, declares that—

"There is no power on earth can alter a decree established."

Shylock, having in mind the 5th chapter of Daniel, exclaims—

"A Daniel come to judgment! Yea a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee."
—Act 4, sc. 1.

It would be difficult (outside of the New Testament) to find a plea for mercy set forth with such force and beauty of expression as it is to be found in the speech of Portia in the well-known trial scene in the same play.

Portia, on obtaining an admission of the bond from Antonio, begins her plea in his defence by saying :—

"Then must the Jew be merciful."

SHY.—"On what compulsion must I? tell me that."

POR.—"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himself :
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy season's justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy." (Act IV, sc. 1.)

Samson's strength is alluded to in *King Henry VIII*, Act V, sc. 3.

And in *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act 1, sc. 2, in *King Richard II*, Act 4, sc. 1, reference is made to the field of Golgotha ; and when the king finds himself deserted by his followers he exclaims:—

"Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry all hail to me?
As Judas did to Christ; but he in twelve
Found truth in all but one; I in twelve thousand none." —(Act 4, sc. 1.)

Antonio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, says that the devil can cite scripture to his purpose, and Richard III certifies to the truth of this statement for as he leaves Shakspeare's hand if he be not the devil himself he is one of his near kin. In speaking of the treasons and crimes which, when Duke of Gloucester, he had committed, he says :—

"But then I sigh: and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil ;
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen forth of holy writ :
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil."
—(Rich. III, Act 1, sc. 3.)

In *Love's Labor's Lost*, the power which the Bible tells us Satan sometimes exercises, is referred to by Bron when he warns the king who is in love with the fair French princess—

"Devils soonest tempt resembling spirits of light." —(Act 4, sc 3.)

And in Hamlet he says—

"The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape." —(Act 2, sc. 2.)

And Iago had such an intimate acquaintance with the methods of the Prince of Darkness that one could not reasonably ask for higher authority when he declares that—

"When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now." —(Othello, Act 2, sc. 3.)

Banquo, referring to the message of the witches to Macbeth and himself, speaks of the dangers of employing half-truths to lead the unwary astray.

"But it is strange;
And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence." (—Act. 1, sc. 3.)

The individual who is quite willing that all the commandments shall be observed, excepting the one which applies to his own vocation was abroad in Shakspeare's time.

LUCIO—"If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

FIRST GENT.—Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

SECONÔ GENT.—Amen.

LUCIO—Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

SEC. GENT.—Thou shalt not steal?

LUCIO—Ay, that he razed.

FIRST GENT—Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal."
—(Measure for Measure, Act 1, sc. 1.)

There is a passage in *King Richard II* which sets forth with great force and beauty the doctrine of the divine right of kings. The king is hard pressed, his forces are deserting, his courtiers tell him that Bolingbroke grows strong and great in substance and in power:—

KING RICH.

"Discomfortable cousin! Knowest thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men can not depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right."—(*Richard II*, Act 3, sc. 2.)

The doctrine of the redemption is referred to, in *Measure for Measure*, by Isabella in a most reverent manner in her appeal to the deputy Angelo for her brother's life. The deputy, in answer to her plea, refers to the majesty of the law, which calls for vindication.

Her answer is:—

"Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once:
And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."—(Act 2, sc. 2.)

Old Adam, in *As You Like It*, when he hands over to Orlando the money which he had stored up against the helplessness of old age, says:—

"Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age."—(Act 2, sc. 3.)

In Psalms cxlvii. 9 the words are:—

"He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

Matthew vi. 26:—

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them."

The King's speech, in *Hamlet*, on prayer and repentance, teaches fully the lesson that there cannot be for-

giveness without amendment and satisfaction :—

"What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?
That cannot be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
—(Act 3, sc. 3.)

The reference to Christmas, in *Hamlet*, falls upon the ear like a benediction, and could have been written only by one who felt and fully appreciated the lessons of peace and good-will to all men which the observance of that day carries with it to all the Christian world :—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, or witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."
—(*Hamlet*, Act 1, sc. 1.)

THE END

THE HEART COURAGEOUS

WHO hath a heart courageous
Will fight with right good cheer;
For well may he his foes out-face
Who owns no foe called Fear!

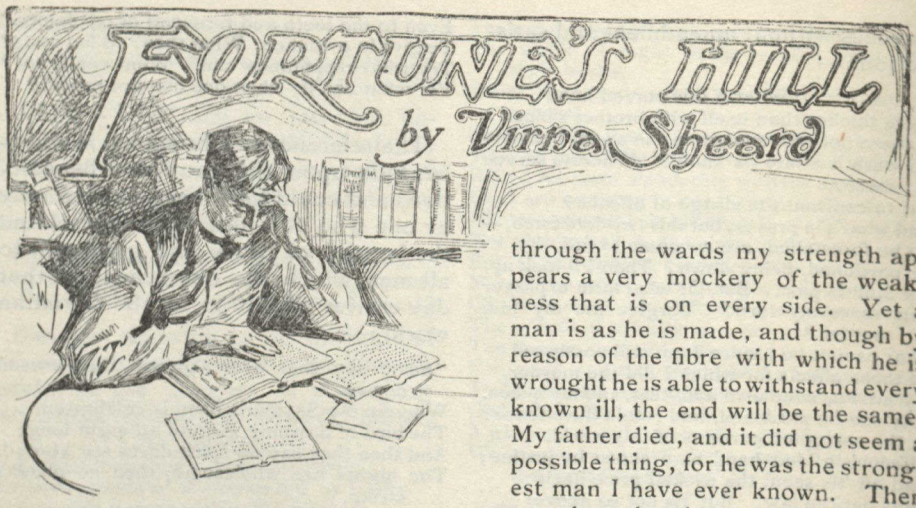
Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight as knight of old
For that which he doth count his own—
Against the world to hold.

Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight while fight he can—
'Tis not the Victory—but the Strife,
That doth proclaim the man.

Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight both night and day
Against the Host Invisible—
That holds his soul at bay.

Who hath a heart courageous
Rests with tranquillity,
For Time he counts not as his foe—
Nor Death his enemy.

Virna Sheard



SYNOPSIS—This is a story of student-life. The rich man's son and the poor man's son—Teddy Darryl and David Trent meet on common ground. Darryl has a dread of surgery; Trent is stronger, older, and more brilliant. Darryl's cousin Margaret is in the background inspiring both. The blacksmith's son would cross the social gulf to meet her, and he is building the bridge as it is built in this country where the social gulfs are not too wide. Darryl is tempted by a wager to visit the dissecting room at night; faints in the attempt, and is rescued by Trent. Darryl's aunt and his cousin Margaret come to the boarding-house to nurse him. Thus Trent and Margaret are again thrown together. Eventually Darryl and Trent finish their courses, the latter graduating a double gold medalist.

CHAPTER XVI.—AS DAVID TRENT THOUGHT

TWO years have passed since I entered the London Hospital, and I find that the work can absorb time and thought till life within these walls becomes the one reality, and outside things turn faint and dreamlike.

We of the house staff see such a panorama of woeful pictures each day; the maimed, the halt, and the blind are so constantly pouring in through the hospital doors, that I often feel as though this world were a great wheel upon which men are bound and broken. I wonder why I should escape — why the swift fevers, the slow and wasting illnesses, the violent accidents should pass me over. At such times when I go through the wards my strength appears a very mockery of the weakness that is on every side. Yet a man is as he is made, and though by reason of the fibre with which he is wrought he is able to withstand every known ill, the end will be the same. My father died, and it did not seem a possible thing, for he was the strongest man I have ever known. Then came a day when he overestimated his strength and lifted a weight that was too great for him, thereby straining his heart, so he told me; and after that he could work no more, for there are no remedies for such things. I remember how he used to sit through the summer, looking away out over the lake with sombre yet peaceful eyes. Though his mighty frame might have been used as a symbol of strength, his time was over, and he was but as a watch in which the mainspring is hopelessly broken.

As we date back to the events that stand out in our lives, I find myself counting from the day of his death, which occurred three years ago, and saying this or that took place since my father died.

There were weeks and months of which I kept no particular track, as all were filled in by the same grim round, and then came another day to date from.

It was on a Monday afternoon six months ago that Sir Wilfred Arnold, whose house surgeon I was, offered me the position of assistant in his private practice. When the gods are kind it is not for a soldier of fortune like myself to question them. So I accepted Sir Wilfred's offer in all thankfulness.

When I finish here, which will be to-morrow, I go directly to him. No man could desire a fairer outlook, or a straighter path to success, and yet if

it does not lead to my heart's desire why should I take it? What difference will it make whether I visit the rich who are sick, or the poor? It is better, I think, to visit the poor.

Still there is a tide in the affairs of men and I fancy mine is at the flood. I dare not make a mistake or risk failure. Happiness for me means one thing, and I shall make my way to where my lady is, slowly if it must be, painfully without doubt, but certainly. It is the road I mapped out long ago.

The classes have invisible barriers which are none the less real; for me—I shall break them down. It is only the bars that God places in our way against which we beat ourselves in vain.

I have a little engraved picture of her fastened up on the bare white wall of my room here in the hospital. Her eyes look down at me out of it—in the morning and the evening. Such eyes—so deeply tender—so unfathomable. I came across this picture in a magazine which chronicles the doings of the Court.

A convalescent patient in one of the private wards was reading it and called my attention to a page which held the pictures of several English girls who had lately been presented.

"Did you ever see more charming faces than these, Dr. Trent?" he said, enthusiastically. "One might travel around the world and not find a more lovely one than this, for instance," and he held the book out to me. The picture was that of Margaret Darryl.

"Yes," I answered, "one might." And in the afternoon I went into the city and bought a copy of the magazine.

I have seen her only once since I came to London. A week ago as I was crossing the Strand about nine o'clock in the evening, the horses in a passing brougham grew unmanageable as some part of the harness had suddenly broken. I went to the assistance of the coachman, who was alone on the box. After we had things righted, I turned to fasten the brougham door. The glass of it was down, and Margaret Darryl leaned against the frame and looked out at me.

"I thought I heard your voice," she said breathlessly. "It is you,—David Trent?"

My heart stopped—then went on again hard.

"Yes," I answered. "It is I. I hope you have not been frightened? There is no danger now from the horses. Your man has them under control again."

"Oh! the horses," she said. "Indeed no, I am not in the least frightened about them. Tell me—you are still at the London, are you not? Why have you not come to see us? Why did we not hear from you? It was hardly kind."

There was an eagerness in her voice which brought the blood to my face. I fancied the words trembled a little. There are times when a man must hold his heart in leash, and I waited before answering.

"Yes, I am still at the London," I said, "but I go to Sir Wilfred Arnold's next week."

"To Sir Wilfred Arnold's," she cried, "to share his practice? Teddy did not tell me."

"Darryl did not know," I answered. "I have said nothing to him of it."

"Well, it is very good news—surprising news. Teddy has his M.R.C.S. too. Are you not glad of that?"

"Yes," I answered, "very glad."

"Then you will come and tell us so?" she said, questioningly. "You will be friends with us, will you not, Dr. Trent?"

I laid my hand on the carriage door and steadied myself.

"I will come," I answered, "but I do not know that it will be possible for me to be friends—with you."

"Why?" she asked, after a moment and in the quick, intense little way that is her own. "Now why not?"

"I love you." I answered. "If you had not tempted me too far I should not have said it, yet—but now you know—I love you. Perhaps you have known all along."

She caught her breath and drew back into the shadow. Her iris-colored wrap, with its edge of sable, had slipped back, and I saw the gleam of her ivory white throat and shoulders, while above was the gold of her hair.

"I love you," I said again.

"Hush!" she cried softly, reaching her hand toward me. "You must not say it—I must not hear. We will be friends."

"We cannot be friends," I answered half roughly.

"No," she said. "No, I hardly think we can. It would be like having a lion for a friend, and one would never know if you were quite tame."

The horses stirred restlessly, and I stepped back from the curb.

"Will you come?" she said, looking out.

"If you say so," I answered shortly.

She gave a swift upward glance; there was a smile on her lips, and I could not tell what it might mean.

Then in a moment more I was alone upon the street, for all the quickly-passing throng.

CHAPTER XVII.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

I HAVE seen David Trent again. Last night the horses got beyond Griggs' control when we were on the Strand, and if Dr. Trent, who was passing, had not come to our assistance, undoubtedly something would have happened.

David Trent has been in my mind all day, but it is scarcely to be wondered at.

If a man says that he loves a woman, I fancy she is apt to think about him quite actively for an hour or so; then perhaps he slowly fades from memory after the fashion of a dissolving view. Still, it is more than a few hours since I heard David Trent speaking to the frightened horses, and I find he has not faded in the least.

Against my will I think of him to the utter exclusion of every other subject.

The little thrill that set my heart beating furiously—when he first spoke—comes over me at thought of it yet. The sudden gladness I felt when he came to the carriage window is with me now. I cannot understand it, for of course I do not love him—it would be out of the question.

But he loves me! He told me so, and it was the first time in his life, I believe, that he ever said anything he did not intend to say.

If Griggs had only driven on at once, as he should in reason have done, but no—he held the horses by the curb, no unseen force preventing him—and—we talked. It is very like playing with fire to talk to David Trent. I felt the danger of it last night, and knew what he would say. I would even hear him say the words again if I could—and in the same tone. But he must not—ever.

On looking back over this diary I find that eight other men have, without provocation, said the same thing to me at different times. I have put their names and the dates down, as well as a love-lorn little sketch of them for remembrance.

Yes, there are eight, unfortunately, though, of course, only I and this diary know it, unless they wrote to my uncle: Sir Hubert Stretton, little Lord Stafford, the two handsome Burtons, Signor Boletti, Captain Wellington, the brave and learned Sir Wilfrid Arnold—whom Dr. Trent is to practise with, strangely enough—and, lastly, Lord Welford, my brother-in-law, Lord Brandon's brother.

I must be of a contrary nature that among such a number of goodly gentlemen there is not one to my taste. The truth is, I like them all so very well that if it were a matter of absolute necessity that I should be married, one would be much the same as another. But there is no such grim need, I tell dear Uncle Edward. It annoys him very much, and he says every woman should marry as a *duty*, and he has selected Lord Welford as the most desirable of the eight for my husband.

We have had a few very unpleasant conversations on this subject, and I am beginning to see now why Teddy went into medicine against his every inclination. Uncle Edward is a Napoleon for bending people to his will. I think he very much resembles the pictures of the Little Corporal. He has the same cast of nose and eagle eye. What might be called a compelling nose and eye. As the head of a peaceful Canadian family he is thrown away. He should be in command of principalities and powers.

His desire is that I should make an alliance—as Sybel has done—which will connect him with one of the great houses of England. Oh! what does it matter? What does a name or title weigh against one's happiness?

Lord Welford certainly would not add to my happiness in the least. To see him frequently would, in all likelihood, take away from it. He is very pleasant to talk to—for a while, yet is not the type of man one would ever look up to. He is so colossally idle.

Brandon says he has never in all his life done anything but spend money, and has never thought of anything but how to spend it.

Then he is rather old, though Uncle Edward contradicts this. But as Teddy said one day, "Lord Welford certainly gives you the impression that he's lived a lot, and anyway, age is not a matter of years altogether."

If Uncle Edward only knew that David Trent had *dared!* But what would not David Trent dare, I wonder? He does not know what fear is.

His strange, dark face, when it reflects a strong feeling, is magnificent, and he makes one conscious of his strength of body and will without effort. No evidence of it is needed to know it is there. Every reserve force in him seems to have been developed to the utmost, and to wait in readiness any sudden call.

Teddy says that in some ways David Trent is like men were long ago, before they were properly tamed and fastened into a harness of conventionalities, and that he would be as dangerous as a primeval savage if he were angry. It may be so, and while I do not in the least wish to make him angry, but would be friends with him, dangerous things are very fascinating.

How can I be friends with him though? In my life, with its round of gaiety—its eternal dressing, and dining and dancing—where could he find a place? He has not tried to find a place in it. No, he has not once come to see me here in London; and even after last night—he may not now.

For him to wish to do a thing is not always for him to do it as with the most of us. He is stronger than his desires. And his life is so grave. So grave and earnest. So often darkened by the shadow of death, and filled in hour after hour by the sights and sounds of agony.

It is strange to think that such a man should love me, yet he does—he does.

On such inconsequent trifles depend the things that mark our lives, that if Griggs had only driven on (as he should) instead of drawing up to the curb, very possibly I never would have known.

As coachmen are not, as a rule, I fancy, guided by any inner vision of the mind, perhaps he simply followed a blind impulse. In any case I can only say, "Oh, wise Griggs—most wise and admirable Griggs!"

CHAPTER XVIII.—EDWARD DARRYL CONTINUES

THE unexpected has happened, and I am an M.R.C.S. I went up to the exams. sans hope, sans nerve, sans everything, but wrote the papers, stumbled through the orals, and left the results on the knees of the gods, who were pleased to be gracious. Incidentally, my new cards look uncommonly well,—Edward Darryl, M.D., M.R.C.S., though what it cost me to decorate my name with those letters I alone could tell. The Govern-

or takes a tremendous satisfaction out of them, so that's something.

I am entering the London just as Trent is leaving. He has had no end of luck and goes direct to Sir Wilfred Arnold, as his assistant. As Sir Wilfred is in the sere and yellow, is a bachelor, and holds one of the finest practices in the city, it's comparatively easy to prophesy Trent's future.

Jimsy says he was helping Trent with a case one morning some months ago, when Sir Wilfred came up. He stood looking on a few moments, and said in his abrupt way:—"You'll make a surgeon, Trent. *All operators are not surgeons*, mark you. I'll take you into my work when you are through here—if you'll come."

It was a sharp rap, Jimsy said, for some of the men whose one idea is to carve.

Jimsy is walking the hospital now, and cultivating a grave and professional air. He believes, he says, in a physician wearing his face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" by way of giving his patients confidence in him. It's rather an effort for him to keep it up, as in nature he's as merry as a grig. They are awfully fond of him in the London. He simply pervades the hospital, making himself charmingly at home in every department of it.

No matter how great a mogul we have giving a clinic, Jimsy chirps right up with any question that happens to be agitating his mind at the moment, and this in spite of the fact that the cold dignity of some of these English doctors fairly congeals my young blood. I wonder at Jimsy, yet perforce admire him; for to feel so perfectly at ease in the presence of greatness must be a rare comfort.

I am progressing in some ways, however, and can go through things now that I should have bolted from madly a while ago. I asked Trent what I should do about it all three years ago, and he looked at me in his steady fashion and smiled that confident smile that so illumines his dark face so.

"Say:—'I will,' Darryl," he answered, "and live up to it, old chap." Which advice I took.

Even Jimsy congratulates me occasionally. "By George, Ted," he remarked, "what used to knock you out at St. Johnnie's? Here you keep as stiff an upper lip as any of us." I flatter myself, therefore, the effort to do so must be concealed.

The Governor is at last positively proud of his seventh son. After the dismal failure I made of those first exams.—of ancient memory—he metaphorically turned the wrong end of his opera glasses on me and saw me through them exceedingly small. Now that I have acquired the important letters, he has reversed the glasses, and I look quite abnormally large to him.

One thing he sees clearly. My case has proven beyond doubt that he can read the future and manage people for their own good.

Margaret Darryl keeps him in a state of irritable annoyance by persistently refusing to marry Lord Welford. The Governor says it is giving him insomnia. I cannot understand why he lets things like that worry him at his age. When it is Dolly's turn, she will certainly have to marry a duke or fail to carry out the paternal idea of her destiny. But I don't know about Dolly. She is ridiculously like my father, and will probably take the duke or leave him according to her own sweet will.

CHAPTER XIX.—DAVID TRENT SPEAKS

FOLLOWING my meeting with Margaret Darryl, six months ago, I called upon her guardian, Mr. Edward Darryl, at his club by appointment. We had a short and irritating interview.

I went straightway to the point and told him it was my desire to marry his ward—if I could win her. I plunged into certain details regarding my income, which after the death of my father I found would be larger than I had

thought possible. In truth, I had never known what money my father had saved or how he had invested it.

I also told Mr. Darryl of Sir Wilfred Arnold's very generous arrangement with me.

He listened in darkening silence, and with an unpleasant setting of his mouth which made me keep a firm hand on my temper. When I finished I waited for him to speak.

"I believe," he began, after a moment, and looking me over as though I were a rare but undesirable specimen of the race, "that you are—are—a—a son of Trent who was the blacksmith at Grandville."

"Yes," I answered, "I have that honour. I know of no man whose son I would rather be, but the Spanish have a proverb—'every man is the son of his own works.' You may have heard it."

"I have heard it, sir," he returned, with suppressed violence. "I *have* heard it, but I pay small heed to the Spanish or their damnable proverbs. I rule my life by *English* rules and precedents. My answer to you is final. With my consent you shall never marry—my niece—and ward—and I am amazed at the outrageousness of your presumption in dreaming of such a possibility.

"Your father was a worthy, hard-working man, who shod horses remarkably well, and you would have done best to follow his humble calling instead of pushing your way into a profession and circle for which your early training has entirely unfitted you."

A vision of my father came to me: the strong, hard-knit frame of him; the great head, with its calm face and steady eyes, from which looked out a soul that knew no fragment of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness towards any of God's creatures, and, by contrast, I saw the man Darryl calls "his Governor." He was reddened with unreasonable anger which swept away every point in his favour.

"You need say no more, Mr. Darryl," I interrupted. "I came to you but as a matter of form, and did not count upon any kinder reception than I have had."

He turned upon me furiously. "What do you intend to do, sir?" he said, hoarsely. "What do you *mean* when you say you come to me as a *matter of form?*"

"I mean simply this," I returned. "That in the future I will leave you out of the reckoning—I shall act independently of any wishes of yours, and, further, that possibly I shall leave everything to Fate. It has been somewhat kind to me already."

"And I tell you," he answered, hotly, "that if at any time—by any combination of circumstances—such a marriage as that of *you* and my *ward*, Margaret Darryl, was brought about, she would be cut off from her family totally. Every house would be closed to her, and she would be utterly estranged from her people."

I reached for my hat and turned to the door. "I have but your word for that," I said, stubbornly, and left him.

It happened six months ago, and the sting of it rankles yet. I have left things to Fate, but it has done nothing. Well, when a man has work to do he can fill in his days and wait. Yet I grow restless and impatient of life, hearing no word from her, never seeing her.

What purpose is there in things? Why should I care at all? The two questions torment me, and to escape from their troubling I fill in my days with work,—grim work, where the nerves are keyed up oftentimes to the highest pitch, and where the reaction is often so great as to amount to depression of soul.

At such times the brain flaunts out danger signals and one feels that the constant strain must be lifted.

For our bodies are machines built but to do certain work; to stand just so much wear and tear; to last but such a time; and their powers of endurance the Maker of them alone knows—though He warns us when the pressure of life is too heavy.

"Still, it is not all of life to live," I say

to myself, and by many a deathbed it has been borne in upon me—that "it is not all of *death* to *die*"—so I press on, and these gray days are strung together with a golden thread of love, which is none the less love because I do not see the lady of my heart.

I might see her doubtless. There is a possibility that she even cares somewhat to see me. I have thought so from the look on her face that night. It haunts me. But no, I will not take her at her word and go to her.

Even if the thing I most desire could come to pass, even if she loved me, loved *me—David Trent*—what have I to give in return for all she would lose?

Her people would forgive many things—but not that. I am not of those they would receive into their "inner circle"—at least, so he said. And why not? In heaven's name what is social equality when the thing is sifted? What are gentle folk but those of gentle thought and habit who deal fairly and bear uncomplainingly and bravely the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"? Of such people I have come. It is *qualities* that are inborn; manners and tricks of speech are but the world's veneer. If one unhappily lack them, they may at small cost be acquired.

Of late I have grown weary of London, and long for my own country; for the great stretches of it; the fields of Indian maize and the wild land along the river; for the unbroken solitudes of the forests and marshes at the head of the lake, where the water-fowl build their nests; for the green gloom of the forests. A man cannot get out into the open in England—not what we Canadians call the open—there is not room enough. The woods here are but parks, while the land is cultivated everywhere to the last square inch, and whether it be entailed or not, one never gets away from the feeling that it probably is.

Now that the war has broken out in South Africa, I think those men who have no home ties are restless and would gladly be with the troops. Out yonder in the midst of the stress and strain of conflict it would surely be easy to get away from thought.

At any rate, I grow each day more unsettled. Perhaps I was over-ready to accept Sir Wilfred's offer, or over-flattered by it; or it may be I am just dissatisfied with myself and at warwith life.

CHAPTER XX.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

I FEEL that I must write it all out plainly and convincingly, for things lately with me have gone into such a dreadful tangle. Uncle Edward, who has had charge of all my money, invested it in some mines that have utterly disappointed their shareholders. Of course he spoke to me about the matter before entering into it. Since my twenty-first birthday we have made a point of having business discussions, but it ended, as always, by my telling him to do exactly as he thought best. Which he did.

The result has been horrible, for it transpires that not only my little all, but his and that of many other people is swept away totally. Fortunately, neither of my sisters suffers any loss, as Uncle Edward ceased to be their guardian when they married; and for myself, I do not much care, for I suppose I will now find out what I can do—and do it. That has always been my idea of life, that one should find out what part they were intended to play in the drama.

No, I honestly do not care so much for myself, though it will necessarily mean making one pair of gloves do the work of six, and wearing linsey-woolsey petticoats instead of silk ones; but the heart of me is broken for Uncle Edward. This trouble has turned him into quite an old man, and he is humble and pitiful—the two things he has never dreamt of being in all his life before.

He looks a little, I fancy, as the French Emperor must have, after they took everything from him and left him on his rock out in the sea.

It is two months since the crash came, and we begin to realize it. I tell Uncle Edward not to trouble over me, that I will suffer nothing in comparison with himself and Dolly. He only looks at me in a white, trembling sort of way and says nothing.

He has not mentioned Lord Welford's name, but I know he is thinking of him, and indeed Lord Welford has been most kind. If I married him it would not matter at all, he says, that my little fortune has slipped into some bottomless abyss, for he has so much money that it long ago became a burden. But if that marriage was impossible at the time I was independent of such considerations, how much more is it impossible now, when like the miller's daughter "my face is my fortune" only. It sounds vastly conceited, but this small book is the only thing that knows I wrote it, and I have inadvertently mentioned to it before that as a family we are good looking.

Lord Brandon and Sybel have asked me very charmingly to share their palatial home, and dear Dick Travers and Maud want me to go to Canada; but whilst I love them for their goodness, I cannot accept it, and will just see if Margaret Darryl cannot make a place for herself in this busy world.

I have been thinking that it might be possible for me to be a nurse and go into an hospital.

I am tired of hearing of marrying and giving in marriage. I am surfeited with the honey of life—the lights and flowers and soft colours and perfumes, the flatteries and compliments, the sophistries and polite untruths—"necessary lies," as some one calls them. I am tired of it all and of the people I meet; the men who do nothing and the women who do less. Besides, I must work—I cannot take from those who would give to me, and I have no great talent to lift me.

I have told Uncle Edward what I wish to do, and he says nothing—nothing against it, that is. He is very unhappy, and I grieve for him. I am sorry for Teddy, too, It is so perfectly quixotic for him to feel that it rests with *him* to retrieve our fortunes and set things right. Yet it is so chivalrous and splendid and exactly what I knew he would try to do. His own road has been an uphill one, and he has fought every inch of it. Indeed, I think it possible that having gone so far, he may continue till he becomes, like that ancient relative of ours, "physician extraordinary to the reigning sovereign." Ah! well! when such day comes, I will let him help me if he wishes to.

I have not met Dr. Trent since the night he caught the horses, when Griggs had such a wild time with them.

He did not take me at my word and come to see us—and how can a girl make such a man understand that she really *wants* him to come. Ordinary methods of conveying ideas fail with him. He baffles one so completely, and yet his character appears to be laid on perfectly straight clear lines.

I find that Sir Wilfred is introducing him everywhere. Sir Wilfred was never known to do things by halves, and shortly, without doubt, Dr. Trent will be revolving with the rest of us in our little circle—meeting the people that I meet, going around the same maze, learning the true inwardness of one particular set. But I forget. I shall have to drop out of it all. I am almost sorry that I cannot be near to watch the metamorphosis of David Trent into a society man—a man of the world. I wonder if he will change?

CHAPTER XXI.—EDWARD DARRYL CONTINUES

"DAME FORTUNE is a fickle jade." I don't know who wrote it—it sounds like Ben Jonson or one of those old chaps—but faith, 'tis true. Who could imagine that the Governor would sink all his capital along with the funds he held in trust for Margaret Darryl in those North-

west mines? He has always been so far above the frailties of the ordinary speculator—has seemed so perfect a law unto himself, and withal such a human copy-book of polite maxims for the guidance of other people, that to see him come to grief in a commonplace fashion, takes my breath away. He has insisted that we as a family should regard his judgment as infallible till I fancy he came to believe it was so himself. Therefore, to find he is capable of making a tremendous mistake, has given him a sort of shock.

I'm very sorry for him—the dear old Governor — and I shall try to straighten things out. It will take years I'm afraid, but it must be done. At the very least we must see that Margaret has every dollar returned. Doubtless Bob and Douglas, although they are so far away, will feel as I do about it.

My father and Dolly are stopping with Lady Brandon just now, and Margaret has entered Guy's Hospital as a nurse.

She appears positively elated at the prospect of work, and goes into it with a buoyancy of spirit that is refreshing, while I never saw anyone so altogether fetching as she is in her regalia.

I tell her it is but a question of time and all her losses will be squared. Yet she does not listen to a word, and insists that she never found life so well worth living as now; that she regrets the misfortune only on my father's account. So far as she is concerned, it is a blessing in disguise which enables her to do the one thing she has always longed to do, and so forth and so on.

Every one knows she might marry Welford to-morrow. He has made no secret of it, Heaven knows! And there are other men of more or less good looks and fortune in love with her, according to report. Therefore, as she prefers Guy's to life with any one of them, it stands to reason that she means what she says. Anyway, she's a darling, this particular cousin of mine. But, by Jove! girls are the unsolvable riddle—and I've written it before.

The Governor is a bit shaken, and seems to have lost his hold. At times he has a pitiful gleam of hope that he may retrieve part of what has gone. They were gold mines he invested in, and he maintains, irritably, that the gold is still there. It may be for all I know; there is gold at the bottom of the sea—coffers of it—and, I fear me, as easy to come at.

I persuade him not to worry, and tell him he ought to be jolly well glad things are no worse, for he has sons to come to the rescue, but he is past cheering up.

I have left the London, and Jimsy and I are going to throw our lots in together. We have taken an office in a well-to-do but not too fashionable locality, and as I am a seventh son and he is the seventh of a seventh it will go hard with tradition if we don't succeed. Jimsy says he plainly sees the hand of Providence in it.

He has given over wearing the depressingly thoughtful air he cultivated for a month or so at the London, the reason being that he came across a verse in Proverbs which struck him as decidedly *à propos* for the profession. It was this—"A cheerful spirit doeth good like medicine."

It certainly is a pleasant little text, and he has had a motto painted of it, which now hangs in his room behind the office.

It is rather an attractive office, and we have already had a patient, so, although the outlook is sufficiently blue, it is not of an alarmingly deep indigo.

But all the chances and changes of this fitful life have not come to us alone. David Trent has had his share. The difference is that he has largely made them himself. He moulds affairs to his liking, does David Trent, as far as any man may.

He sent me a note ten days ago, saying that he had been offered the post of surgeon to a regiment about to start for South Africa, the surgeon in regular being disabled by a recent accident. He said he laid the matter

before Sir Wilfred, who decided for him that he had best accept it, saying that he would go himself were he a younger man, and that he gladly did what he could in sending him.

This is what Trent wrote in fewer words than I have used.

"I went at once to see him and we had a talk together, though it was on the eve of his departure when he had little time and much to do.

We talked about many things, he and I, that night while we smoked.

Of the old days at Grandville when we were college boys; of the years at St. John's when I was struggling through, and he carried off all the honours each term, of the horrible night that has left me as a legacy a head of white hair and a limp. After that we pulled at our pipes for a while in silence, and then Trent told me of an interview he had some months ago with my father, and of the hopelessness of his love for my cousin, from the Governor's point of view, which he had come to think perhaps was the right one.

He was glad to leave London, he said; that it was such men as he—those without ties—who were needed at the front, and he told me these things in case he did not come back, for one never knew.

I did not say very much after that. He looked white and tired, and there was something in his face that stopped words.

I did not even tell him of the Governor's affairs, or that Margaret had gone into Guy's.

The truth is—for some unexplained reason of her own—she had made me promise I would not tell Trent. I was sorry I had promised, for it didn't seem exactly fair that he should not know.

Next day I stood with the crowd that saw the regiment off, and across the surging, yelling mass of people I caught sight of Trent's face. He nodded good-bye to me with his old steady smile, though my eyes were so blurred I could hardly see it.

After they were gone I tramped back to the office and Jimsy. It was a raw, east-windy day and my heart was like lead. There is one thing I can do, however, and I shall do it.

I shall make a point of letting Margaret know of Trent's interview with the Governor.

TO BE CONCLUDED

PAT McGUIRE, SCAB

By Hubert McBean Johnston

IN defiance of the fact that he was a union man and always had been, when the strike came Pat McGuire stuck to his job. He felt that he owed it to Murphy. As urchins, they had lived with only a board fence betweent hem; had ridden the same goats; and had fought many pitched battles with one another. Later, they had worked on the same jobs. Then, when Murphy went into business for himself, McGuire went to work for instead of with him.

On the start, Murphy dug cellars, but as his capital increased he also built foundations, and thereafter fair estimates might have been made of the growth of his bank roll, by observing the advancing points reached by the limits of his successive contracts. Ultimately, he built whole buildings and the thickness of his wad was then discernible only in the size and value of the structures he erected. In fact, he was an all-round, successful man.

To say that McGuire believed him to be perfection would be to do but poor justice to the depths of Pat's devotion. He simply set the man on a pedestal and worshipped him.

The work in hand at the time was the erection of an addition to the Consolidated Trust Co.'s office building, a

skyscraper which required a very solid base and pneumatic foundations. Now, not being a believer in the divine rights of unions, when a deputation waited upon Murphy and told him he must cease employing coloured labour for his compressed air work, he very promptly consigned his visitors to a certain warm spot reputed to lie considerably deeper than any of his caissons had yet penetrated.

The Sand-hog Union—the compressed air workers—went on strike. As this work, however, did not call for labour of a very highly skilled variety, Murphy was not badly handicapped. Then the engineers struck in sympathy. That is, they all did with the exception of McGuire. With anyone else under the sun he would have walked out with the rest, but with Murphy it was different.

"'Tain't as if Johnny was only an ordinary boss an' a fellow was only workin' for what there is in it," he explained to his brother Jim. "But me an' him has been together on one bit o' work or another now nigh on these thirty years, an' I ain't agoin' back on him now, union or no union. He never threw me down yet, an' I tell you it wouldn't be a square deal."

Jim McGuire was strongly in favour of the union's side of the case, and lacked sympathy with what he called "Pat's d——n foolishness."

"Yes," he sneered, "you been with him for thirty years, an' all that time what's he ever done for you? Ain't you an engineer yet, just the same as you was when you started? I tell you, you don't owe him anything, and you best quit with the rest."

But McGuire's Irish was up now, and he would have stuck it out no matter who the contractor might have been.

"I guess I know what I'm doin'," he replied, heatedly. "Course I hate to go agin the boys an' all that, an' I know they'll feel a bit sore, but I sort o' think they ought to see how it is. Anyhow, three dollars a day is better 'n two an' a 'af, and that's what anyone else 'ud be givin' me."

"It ain't all in what one's gettin'," argued his brother. "But I'd think you'd be ashamed to be takin' the bread out o' honest men's mouths. That's what it amounts to."

"Amounts to nothin'," answered McGuire, derisively. "It's tham that's tryin' to do just that. If they'd let the niggers earn an honest day's pay there wouldn't have been no strike, so there you are. As for their throwin' me out o' the union, well—I've got to take my chances on that."

But the effect of the strike on Murphy did not cease here, and two other jobs shut down for lack of engineers. He managed, however, to get four non-union men, and with McGuire and these, made shift to carry on the Consolidated Trust work. Some reorganization was necessary, but after the first day or two things were running more smoothly than might have been expected. For a time the strikers approached the new men on their way to and from work, and arguments were put to them to induce them to join the union. Murphy anticipated this by giving a higher rate of pay and everybody stood firm. Although the strikers hung about the work, no offers of violence were made, and, with the single exception of what was said to McGuire, no hard names called. Against him the feeling ran high.

One day he was sitting in the engine room, thinking it all over, when he became aware of a shadow across the floor. Murphy was standing there, smiling quizzically.

"Well, Mac," said he, seeing himself discovered, "what do you think of it now? The game's not worth the candle, eh? I suppose you could back out yet, couldn't you?"

McGuire looked at him. Had he not understood just how much and how little the contractor meant what he said, he would have been hurt. As it was, he was merely put out that Murphy should refer jokingly to what, to him, was so serious a matter.

"Back out?" he snorted. "Crawl, d'ye mean? What d'ye think I'm made o', Johnny Murphy? Sure, I've

worked with you long enough for you to know me better than that."

"Tut, tut, man," laughed Murphy. "You mustn't lose your temper so easily. Now, I appreciate all you've done, and I want to let you know it. What's more, I'm goin' to show it to you in a way that you'll understand."

"Ah, shure it's nothin'," answered McGuire, flushing with pleasure. "It's no more than you'd have done for me if I'd been in your fix. Any old friend would have done as much for you."

"Never you mind what any old friend would have done," retorted the contractor, shaking a pudgy forefinger at him. "It was you as did do it, see? I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin to have your rate changed to four dollars a day, an' give you straight time."

McGuire started to speak, but Murphy cut him short, thinking him about to refer to his own unworthiness.

"You needn't say anything more about it, man. You deserve it, an' you've got to take it."

But it was not this that was playing in McGuire's mind. What would Jim and the boys say, if he accepted?

"No, no, Johnny," he replied, "I can't take it. If you think a bit, you must see that yourself. The boys would all say I'd sold myself to you, and that it was only a question of a few cents in my pocket, no matter what *they* had to stand for it. Shure," he said, "*you* can't think that I stayed just for that?"

Murphy did not understand.

"You always were a bit cracked in that sentimental way, Pat. There is no reason on earth why you shouldn't take it. Heaven knows you haven't any too much, and still you sit there and tell me you're afraid of what the men will say. The trouble with you is, you haven't enough independence of character, and you're too much afraid of what people will think; you never consider what others would *do* under similar circumstances. Will you take it?"

McGuire shook his head.

"No, I won't. When I stayed, all the gold in the world would not have kept me. You must see it my way this time, Johnny, and not be offended. If you like to make me the offer some time when things are different, I'll be right glad to take it, but I can't look at the others in want and do it now. I can't—you know I can't."

Circumstances among the strikers were rapidly growing worse. Two or three of them had found situations, but the season was a poor one in the building line, and steady jobs were few and far between. A crisis in matters was near at hand, and still Murphy, who in the meantime had started work on another large job, showed no sign of weakening. The caisson work was finished, and the original cause of the trouble was consequently gone. No union men had gone back to work; though, for that matter, the contractor had all the engineers he needed.

Ultimately, affairs reached such a pass that a meeting to discuss the situation was held in the back room of McAvoy's saloon. The debate was brief but stormy.

"It ain't payin' to keep it up any longer," said the chairman, voicing the sentiments of the older men. The best thing we can do is to drop it. Those that are able to get back can go in then, and say nothing."

Younger blood was hotter and more impetuous.

"What?" cried one, taking the floor. "Go back to work with Pat McGuire there? I'm willin' to stand for the union losin' the fight an' all that, but I'll not go back so long as that fellow's there."

And so, instead of being a debate on sustaining the union's dignity, it resolved itself into a question of whether it would be possible to force out McGuire. The odds were about even. Murphy was in a position to keep up the fight indefinitely without much personal loss, but there must come a time when the union would be a necessity to him, and when union labour could not be done without. Even as it was, he would not be under the same diffi-

culty in securing steady, reliable men if the strike were declared off. The case appeared to be about as strong now as it ever would, and the ultimatum finally reached was that a delegation should be appointed to put the case to Murphy and hear his decision.

The committee, on this occasion, was vastly less confident of its powers and importance than the one which had sought to influence the contractor before the strike. When they were shown into the office, it was less a question of who should go first than who should bring up the rear. Askin, the chairman of the meeting, acted as spokesman, and, though at first somewhat nervous, once he started to talk he got himself well in hand.

The contractor looked at them grimly.

"Well?" he at last interrogated.

Askin shifted from one foot to the other.

"Well?" repeated Murphy.

Then, recovering his voice, Askin explained the situation. He touched on every detail, and reviewed each feature from its most favourable aspect. He did not hint that the strikers were finding it necessary to come to terms. He glided over that and brought out the statement that there was now no reason for prolonging the strike. The non-union men would have to go, but that was to have been expected. Most forcibly he urged that ultimately it was going to be necessary for the contractor to return to union labour, and now when the opportunity offered it would be advantageous to accept. He made no threats; he was too shrewd for that, and his hearer might imply them or not, as pleased himself.

Murphy lay back in his chair, absently fingering a paper knife. He gave no sign that he heard, and finally Askin paused and looked at him.

"Well?" demanded Murphy for the third time.

"Well!" replied Askin, "that's all."

"And you expect me to throw out the men who are working for me now to make room for a lot of fellows that deserted me once and are as likely as not to do it again?" queried the contractor, harshly.

Askin hesitated.

"The union is willing to make some concessions," he answered, suavely. "It will not be necessary to drop them all at once. You can discharge them as you are through with them, and when you take on others take union men."

Murphy remained silent.

"There is one thing more." Askin was manifestly ill at ease. He had been fighting shy of what he knew to be the danger point, but now there was no way of avoiding it. "There is one man you'll have to fire right away. We won't go back to work with Pat McGuire."

Save for the ticking of the clock on the wall, the room was silent. Then the contractor swung round in his chair and started turning over some papers on his desk.

"I believe that is all, gentlemen," he said, decisively. "Good-morning."

"I suppose we may expect to hear from you in a day or two," said Askin. "Good-morning."

Murphy did not answer him.

Once they were gone, he did some hard thinking. The men were in a position stronger than they knew. Not only on the Consolidated Trust, but on another building as well, he was ready to put up iron work, and he realized that he was almost certain to have another sympathetic strike on his hands. A further delay was not to be thought of, for already the strike had held him up too long, and more waiting would necessitate an extension of the contract's time limit.

Then the tempter whispered to him that he might avoid any trouble by simply ridding himself of one man. To do him justice, he fought against it. Suddenly he was struck by an inspiration. Would it not be possible to salve the engineer's feelings through his pocket? The idea, he knew, would have appealed to himself, and he felt he could put it to McGuire so it would appear all right.

"McGuire," he said to the engineer that afternoon, "you've heard what the strikers say?"

"That if you fire me, they'll come back?" Never for an instant had it occurred to the honest fellow that Murphy would dream of doing it, and in order that the contractor might be under no loss on his account he had already resolved to quit.

"That's it," said the contractor, relieved that McGuire had heard, and that he was saved the necessity of explanation. "But don't you worry. I'll make it square with you, and you won't lose anything by it."

McGuire looked at him in astonishment. At first he did not comprehend. Then it dawned upon him that this was his discharge, and had a bomb exploded in front of him he could not have been more astounded.

Murphy drew a slip of paper from an inside pocket and handed it to him.

"That ought to square us on this deal," he said.

McGuire glanced at it. It was a cheque for five hundred dollars.

Holding the cheque at arm's length, he looked at it without seeing it. Then he handed it to Murphy.

"Thanks," he said, "I'll not need that."

A STATE SECRET

A STORY OF CIVIL SERVICE LIFE

By Francis Banbury Ford

MY friend Brown came in the other evening as usual for a pipe and a chat over old times. Our talk drifted to the days when he was Private Secretary to the Premier, and I was one of the special officers attached to the Department of Justice. Our reminiscences are not often of a kind that we could properly allow to be published, but there is no reason, in the present instance at least, why the veil of secrecy should remain drawn.

"By the way," said Brown, "I suppose you remember the great row over the publication of the Beatty letter in reference to the Speakership in 18—?"

"Yes," I replied, "I remember it, but never heard the solution of the mystery, except that everyone understood that no blame attached to you."

"Well, pass me the matches and I will try to tell you in detail what happened."

He lit his pipe with characteristic deliberation and continued:—

"You remember the period of unrest and party clamour after the election of 18—, and how much depended, or was thought to depend, upon satisfying the rivals for the Speakership of the House of Commons. Well, on Tuesday the 10th of June the Cabinet met for the purpose of discussing matters. Each of the claimants for the office had strong advocates. It was not known whom the Premier favoured, although it was supposed that Beatty, who had been at King's College with him, and had been called to the bar in the same term and on the same day, would probably get his support, and of course if he desired it very strongly for his friend, the odds were in Beatty's favour. That meeting of the Cabinet lasted long into the evening, and it was eight o'clock when the Premier called me in, greeting me with Brown, 'we have decided to offer the Speakership to the Honourable John Beatty, but it is important that for the present not a whisper of our decision should reach the ears of the public. I have thought it well to take from each of my colleagues a promise that they will talk about the matter to no one, and I know you will not. What I want to do is to dictate to you personally a letter. I cannot trust it to any of the

stenographers. You must take down the letter on a separate sheet of paper, not in your notebook, make two copies separately on the typewriter—not trusting to the destruction of the carbon—let me lock up the extra copy in my strong box and you destroy your shorthand notes. The letter must reach tonight's mail for T——.'

"This was the only occasion since my appointment on which he had cautioned me to secrecy, and I understood from the length of his instructions, and the unusual minuteness of detail, that he considered the matter of the utmost importance. Before he proceeded, I took a typewriting machine into the room. He himself went to each of the sound-proof doors with which the Chamber was provided and locked them, and I transcribed my notes in his presence. When I finished the Premier signed one copy, and I saw him lock up the other in a small safe, of which he alone had the combination. I tore my shorthand notes into small fragments, threw them into the wastepaper basket, directed an envelope, added mucilage to the corners and sealed it with wax, using my own seal ring to make the impression. I intended taking the letter and mailing it on the train myself so that it would go through fewer hands. But, as I was starting for the train the Premier said: 'Brown, I think you had better take the train yourself and deliver the letter to Mr. Beatty personally.' Sudden flights with him were not unusual. He undertook to telephone my wife to say that I would not be back that night. I had just one minute to spare on reaching the train. When I turned in for the night I put the letter in a pocket which I always have made inside my pyjamas, and on waking up in the morning found it all right.

"Another match, please. Little dreaming of what was going on at home, I delivered the letter. Hardly had I done so when I received a telegram from the Chief, reading, 'See this morning's *Cosmos*, and return as soon as possible to explain. Matter important.'

"What could this mean? Before I had time to get that paper, which arrived on the afternoon train, I looked at the T—— *Evening Journal*. You can imagine my surprise when I tell you that the first thing my eyes lit upon was a telegraphed 'special' containing the full text of the letter which I had so carefully guarded. It was said to be copied from the morning *Cosmos*, a sensational and bitterly hostile paper which goes to press at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"What had happened? There staring me in the face was the full text of the letter with only three unimportant words altered. I took the next train back in fear and trembling, knowing full well what suspicion must attach to myself. As soon as I arrived at the office I lost no time in seeing the Premier. He met me with a look of half-suspicion and dismay. I think I was able to convince him of my faithfulness. But being satisfied that I had not turned traitor only added to the mystery. He explained to me that on reading the paper, as was his wont, before breakfast and before seven o'clock in the morning, he was almost dazed to read his own letter in cold type. He did me the honour of saying that at the time no shadow of suspicion as to myself had crossed his mind. He immediately, however, called a coupé and was driven straight to the office. He found everything as he had left it the evening before at 8.45, the women not having arrived to clean up. There apparently were the remains of my shorthand note. He had examined his strong box and found the copy of the letter in precisely the position he had left it. In any case no one could have opened the safe without some signs remaining. Indeed, there was a clock attachment which recorded each time the safe was opened, and his opening it in the morning had only added one to the number of registrations. He had taken the waste-basket as he had found it and locked it up in a cupboard to give me the chance of seeing it. I looked at it and there sure enough were the remains of my notes. The Chief said that if the paper had contained merely the anouncement of the name and the

fact of the offer of the appointment he would have thought that one of his colleagues had inadvertently betrayed the secret, or that the enterprising reporter had used his imagination; but to see the whole text of the letter, which presumably only he and myself were aware of, baffled him. He examined me critically as to my movements after leaving him, and I gave a detailed account of my doings.

"As I say, he seemed convinced of my honesty, but was baffled. For my part I intended to resign if within a reasonable time no explanation was forthcoming, for I knew that others would not believe me innocent even if the Premier continued to do so.

"I consulted one of the Secret Service Staff, and he threw the first light on the mystery. He asked me to show him the scraps of my notes. I did so. His next question was, 'Do you think you can put them together and read them?' 'Well,' said I, 'it will be a hard job, but I think I can accomplish it in time.'

"I asked to be relieved from duty that day and set about the task, the detective staying with me and watching my progress with interest. What struck me first was that the shorthand did not on closer examination look like my own. The next important thing that occurred to me was that only the few words which I was able to make out were not words which appeared in the published letter.

"'By Jove,' I exclaimed, 'these are not the scraps at all!' The detective's next question showed that he had a theory as to how the 'scoop' had been obtained. 'Do you think,' said he, 'that if you saw some shorthand similar to these scraps that you could recognize it?' 'I think so,' was my reply. He cautioned me to say nothing about our conversation and to be patient.

"I did not see Roberts for three days. When he returned he brought with him a notebook full of shorthand. 'Now,' said he, 'compare these with those scraps.' I picked out several words from the torn pieces and compared them with the notebook. Certain signs of a peculiar nature, such as many stenographers make for themselves, and which lend character to their writing, appeared in both the notebook and the scraps.

"'Now, have you any idea whose notes these are?' said my friend, the detective. 'No, whose are they?' was my reply. 'They are Seath's, of the morning *Cosmos*.'

"To cut a long story short, what the detective had ascertained from his three days' enquiries was, that on the evening of the writing of the letter the reporter of the morning *Cosmos* had got wind that something important was going on, had found that the Premier and myself had remained some time after the meeting, had obtained access to the building before the night watchman came on, and had remained in hiding until the Chief and I had left. It seemed that a messenger, whom you will remember resigned shortly after the printing of the letter, was in the habit of leaving a key to the Chamber hanging on a nail behind a wardrobe in an anteroom which was left unlocked for the convenience of a youth who relieved him at meal times, and had not been over discreet in going for it. The reporter had got the key, gone into the Chamber, found nothing but some scraps of shorthand notes in the basket written on paper from a pad lying on the table, and being on the scent for news had taken the scraps, scrawled some notes of his own on similar paper from the pad, gone away at once, pieced my notes together and handed in his scoop just in time to catch the paper going to press.

"'What became of the Speakership?' I asked Brown as he rose to bid me good-night.

"'Oh,' said he, 'Beatty got it all right, but not till after the Premier had been compelled to submit to much importunity on behalf of the friends of other candidates.'

"Well, let's have a nip before you go, and come over to-morrow night, and I will tell you how in my younger days I was nearly compelled to resign my appointment."

MR. WILLISON'S "LAURIER"

By Norman Patterson

THE late Sir John Bourinot once wrote: "In the literature of biography, so susceptible of a treatment full of human interest and sympathies—as chatty Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' and Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' notably illustrate—we have little to show, except it be the enterprise of publishers and the zeal of too enthusiastic friends."* Since those words were written there have been few additions to Canadian biography. Read's "Life and Times of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock" and his "Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario" are historical rather than biographical. Beckles Willson's "Strathcona" is fairly good, though not so valuable or elevated as Pope's "Sir John Macdonald." The Haliburton Club's memorial volume of Judge Haliburton is an addition to our literature not to be overlooked. Hopkins' "Sir John Thompson" and Ross and Buckingham's "Life of Mackenzie" have not, however, filled the requirements concerning these statesmen, although they are decidedly important. The most notable of all these is Mr. Pope's book.

To so meagre a collection of Canadian biography we must now add Mr. Willison's "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party,"† which will easily rank as the greatest biography yet produced in this country. It is greatest not only because of the weakness of its companions on the biographical list, but because of its method, its breadth of view, its wideness of research, its clearness and fairness, and last but not by any means least, the excellence of its style.

The author apparently does not deem it a mere biography. On its title-page he calls it "a political history." It is all that he claims for it and more. It is also a social history. The excellent account of the Guibord incident, for example, is more social than political in that it is a side-light upon the long struggle in French Canada to preserve to the Roman Catholic population of Quebec social and religious liberty, a struggle necessitated by the encroachments of an over-zealous clergy.

The purely biographical features of the work are of course the most interesting to the general reader. The future Sir Wilfrid Laurier is introduced to us as a boy attending a Protestant school in a village not far from St. Lin, his birthplace, whither he had gone to learn the rudiments of English. He does more. He makes friends with the Scotch Presbyterian grocer and works behind his counter that he may gain the power of conversation in English. Nor did his seven years at L'Assomption College drive from his mind this zeal for a knowledge of the English language. When attending the law school at McGill, he listened to both English and French lecturers. As a prominent member of the persecuted *Institut Canadien*, he was one of those who refused to obey the clergy and to shut out the Montreal *Witness* from the reading room. This was the institution which caused years of social strife in Quebec, echoes of which were heard in Ontario. Archbishop Lynch took part in the controversy and in 1875 wrote two strong letters in the Toronto *Globe*. The Archbishop, however, did not condemn the *Institut* for its English books and papers, but because it possessed the fetid books of modern France.

In January, 1865, Mr. Laurier made his first important public appearance, to speak in favour of a Quebec plebiscite on confederation. He had recently been called to the bar and was practising law in Montreal. Of this period, Mr. Willison writes:

*"Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness," 1893.

†"Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party," by J. S. Willison. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Two volumes.

He was as much a student during these years at Montreal and later at Arthabaskaville as he had been at L'Assomption College, and at McGill. His mastery of the English tongue and love of English books greatly influenced his character and opinions. At this time he spoke and wrote chiefly in French, while he read in English and even thought in English. This implied no lack of love for the brilliant language of literature and diplomacy which was his birthright. He has always reverenced his native tongue, and facing an unsympathetic Parliament on a memorable occasion in the mid-stream of his political career, he uttered the fine sentence, 'So long as there are French mothers the language will not die.' But he was quick to recognize the fact that on this continent English must be the language of commerce, of politics, and of literature, and that a command of English speech was essential to full and effective participation in the life of the community. Even in youth he had to meet the taunt that he spoke French with an English accent, and it was sought to use the gibe to his discredit among his compatriots. But he smiled at such attacks, perseveringly perfected himself in English, and knew well that he was steadily increasing his capital, both as a lawyer and as a politician. He derived his knowledge of English mainly from the study of English books and from the habit of thinking in English. It is said that he translated from the French into English all of Shakespeare and much of Milton, while he has dipped deeply into English poetry and the great English essayists, and has devoted long and laborious study to the choicest specimens of English oratory. He is fond of Burns and of Tennyson. Bright's speeches he knows as they are known to few English readers. Macaulay's history and essays are among his favourite studies. He finds an enduring charm in Mr. Goldwin Smith's simple and exquisite English. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg and the second Inaugural he ranks among English classics, and perhaps no other career in history has taken such hold upon his heart and imagination as that of the inspired and martyred President. He has read every book that ever appeared dealing with that strange priest and prophet of the common people; and though of far finer texture than Lincoln, his own life and character reveal something of the patient purpose and silent, strenuous endeavour which distinguished the American President.

Mr. Laurier got his first opportunity to enter Parliament when the Quebec Legislature was dissolved in 1871. He contested Arthabaska and won by 1,000 votes, a signal triumph. His first appearance at Quebec is thus described by Mr. Willison :

The Legislature met on November 7th, and three days later Mr. Laurier rose to speak on the Address. It will be remembered that the system of dual representation still prevailed, and that many of the men who were conspicuous figures in the old Parliaments of united Canada, and some who had high rank in the Federal Legislature had seats in the Assembly. Among these were George E. Cartier, Luther H. Holton, George Irvine, Joseph E. Cauchon, Theodore Robitaille, H. G. Joly, Telesphore Fournier, Joseph G. Blanchet and Hector L. Langevin. Such a House could have no mean debating standard, and only a speech with body, spirit and finish could make an impression in such surroundings. Contemporary writers agree that Mr. Laurier scored an unequivocal success. No doubt the bearing and manner of the young orator were material factors in this initial Parliamentary triumph. No speech that Mr. Laurier has ever made reads quite as well as it was spoken. The rich, musical voice, the erect form and classic face, the simplicity and candour which are the outstanding characteristics of the man, cannot be transferred to paper, and without these the speeches of Wilfrid Laurier are mere shadows of the actual performance. This speech, as it has come down to us, has some of the noteworthy characteristics, but, of course, does not take rank with the best of his later deliverances. It has, however, no hint of the petty quarrels of the hustings. It has none of the flavour of the scrap-book.

His subsequent progress is thus described :

But it was not in the Quebec Legislature that Mr. Laurier was to find his sphere of service. The Liberal leaders were not slow to perceive that his natural field was in Federal affairs, and he was easily persuaded to seek election to the Federal Parliament. He therefore resigned his seat in the Legislature, and at the general election of 1874, as stormy a time as our politics have known, he stood for the Commons for Drummond and Arthabaska, and was returned with 238 of a majority. He took his seat in the first Liberal Parliament returned after Confederation, and the only Liberal Parliament which Canada knew until he himself led the Liberal party to victory nearly a quarter of a century afterwards. His desk mate was Dr. Louis Frechette, and though that brilliant scholar and writer soon wearied of the stress and strain of party warfare and returned to his books, there was then formed between the two a friendship as close as it has proved to be enduring. Dr. Frechette thus describes Mr. Laurier's introduction to the House of Commons: "As the resounding triumph of his debut in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec had placed him in the highest rank among the most brilliant French orators of his own Province, so that which marked his entry into the House of Commons, in 1874, carried him at one bound to the distinction of being almost without a peer among the English-speaking debaters of the Dominion."

Current Events Abroad

By John A. Ewan

THE matters in dispute between Venezuela on one side, and Britain, Germany, and Italy on the other, have been referred partly to a mixed commission and partly to the Hague International Tribunal, and at the moment of writing the war-ships are drawing off from the sea-front of La Guaira and Porto Cabello. It was a rather remarkable incident all round, and we may be sure that Lord Lansdowne and his fellows of the Imperial Cabinet breathed more freely when they were finally out of the woods. The way in which Germany went tramping rough-shod about the business was distressing in the extreme. The whole attitude of the English bailiffs was one of great discretion, not to say humility. They seemed, in effect, to be going about with their finger on their lip, and warning their allies not to talk so loud as to wake their Uncle Samuel. But the German gentleman was in no mood to do the job quietly. He had a lot of war vessels, brand-new, which he has never had a decent chance of putting to anything like a practical test, and he was just dying to take advantage of the opportunity that presented itself. Fort San Carlos offered a chance, and it was eagerly jumped at, and we had the spectacle of two or three German ships banging away at the fort and village, while the allies mourned the day that ever cast them into the same adventure with so intractable a partner.

JACK CANUCK—"What fools some of us mortals certainly be."
—*Toronto Star.*

And the amazing thing is that during the whole time the American press, which is not usually lacking in peppery readiness to take offence at any seeming ignoring of its greatness, has remained astonishingly quiet. I have used the words "amazing" and "astonishing" because they reflect the feelings of the English and Canadian press about the matter. There has been a disposition to think that Uncle Sam is "mellerin' with age." My own opinion is that the explanation is to be sought elsewhere. Had these proceedings ensued on action taken by Great Britain alone, we would not have found our friends at Washington or in any other part of the United States so quiescent and acquiescent. Every Anglophobe in the length and breadth of the Union would have had his bristles up, and if Mr. Hay or the President had been dis-

posed in that case to sympathize with the purpose of the blockade they would have had to face a great deal of angry public opinion. The presence of Germany in the squabble made all the difference in the world. The German vote in the United States is not to be despised, and the Emperor is just shrewd enough to know that.

Two things may be said in contradiction of this view. It may be said, in the first place, that Germans in the United States become good Americans, and in the second place that if there is a German vote there is surely also a British vote among our neighbours. In regard to the first, it is true that the Germans become good American citizens, but it is impossible for them to cease to be Germans. When they come to the new land they are unacquainted with the prevailing language, a fact which has a tendency to confine their acquaintances to people of their own nationality. This accounts for the turnvereins and other German societies that exist so plentifully in every United States city. The German does not cease to be a German as rapidly as an Englishman ceases to be an Englishman. When John Bull comes to America he comes among a people speaking his own tongue and with institutions similar to his own. If he takes the oath of allegiance he soon becomes wholly American, and will side very often with his adopted country against his own homeland. If he does not take the oath of allegiance—and thousands of Englishmen never do—he does not count either in the caucus or on election day. But even if a certain policy were calculated to alienate the votes of Englishmen, there would be a corresponding and probably much greater gain among the Anglophobic classes in the United States—the Bunker Hill and Hibernian sentiment. There have been times, however, when it was thought that the English vote showed its resentment at shabby treatment of the motherland. It has always been considered that the Cleveland administration's treatment of Sir Sackville West was resented by the British vote in the United States, and it is a fact that that was almost the last occasion when pulling the lion's tail was indulged in as a prominent feature in a national election. When the United States paid an indemnity to the friends of the Italians who were lynched by a mob in New Orleans a year or two ago, it was said that the Italian vote in certain parts of the Union was much more influential than the representations of the Italian Government in bringing about a concession to the Italian demands. If the various "votes" in the United States have the effect of making the administration at Washington more urbane towards foreign Governments, it can only be thought

HIS RECIPROCITY ALTERNATIVE

UNCLE SAM—"You give me the profits on handling and milling your wheat and I'll take your market for manufactured goods; or, you give me your market for manufactured goods and I'll take the profits on handling and milling your wheat. See."

JACK CANUCK—"Don't know that I do."

—*Winnipeg Telegram.*

CANADA (TO UNCLE SAM)—"Seems to me she is dead. If not, you would better hurry and waken her. I can't wait on the remains much longer."—*Minneapolis Times.*

that, whatever the motive, the effect is beneficial. It is time that the Canadian vote was heard from.

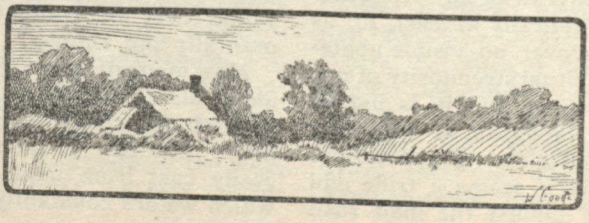
There are people, of course, who continue to think that Germany has ulterior designs on some part of the South American continent, and that for this reason the Monroe doctrine is found to be excessively inconvenient, to say the least of it. In the January number of the *North American Review* Mr. Stephen Bonsal gives some account of the German settlements in the southern provinces of Brazil. Baron von Treutler, the German Minister to Brazil, recently made a tour of these settlements, making speeches to his countrymen, which the Rio Janeiro press declared to be "impregnated with patriotism and love of the Fatherland across the sea." Senhor Barbosa Lima, a member of the Rio Congress, made the German settlements the subject of a speech a short time ago, and, as a result of his observations, he laid down the propositions that the southern states of Brazil are being slowly denationalized; that, while other nationalities became Brazilians and adopted the Portuguese language, the Germans everywhere cling to their nationality and language; and that the Germans born in the southern states, though Brazilians by law, consider Germany as their Fatherland, and celebrate with great fervor all the German national festivals and anniversaries.

The immigration of these colonists to Brazil has been going on for half a century, and yet a German traveller is able to write to-day: "The German spirit is ineradicably grounded in the hearts of these colonists, and it will undoubtedly bear fruit, perhaps a rich harvest which will not only prove a blessing to the colonies, but to the Fatherland." The vast hinterland has been traversed by German travellers commissioned by German colonial associations, and it is certain that more is known about such Provinces as Matto Grosso and Amazonas in certain quarters at Berlin than at the seat of the Brazilian Government. For many years Brazil paid a portion of the passages of these immigrants, but when it was observed how unassimilable they were, paid passages were abandoned. The number arriving has diminished as a consequence, but the natural increase is said to be phenomenal. Blumenau, one of the original colonies, more than doubles itself every ten years and has now attained the very respectable population, for a town, of 45,000 souls. Not only do the Germans increase rapidly, but they are said to Germanize other races that come within touch of them. In the meantime patriotic Brazilians are becoming alarmed, and one publicist, Dr. Murtinho, has declared that the native-born population of Brazil is neither numerically nor intellectually capable of assimilating the larger number of

immigrants of a superior race that are pouring upon the shores of Brazil. Mr. Bonsal does not regard the growth of a "Greater Germany" in South America with alarm. On the other hand, these well-ordered prosperous communities have always appeared to him "pregnant with hope for the future of the neglected continent, as oases of activity and industry in a dreary desert of intrigue and corruption that sketches almost without interruption or exception from Panama to Cape Horn." But, in view of the Monroe doctrine, there seem to be great opportunities for complications in these offshoots of powerful European nationalities on the shores of the New World.

All eyes are being turned to Macedonia. That the Province is seething with discontent is certain enough, and we have in addition tales of murderous oppression and tyranny which, if true, would be quite sufficient to account for the prevalent unrest. Doubt is thrown upon the truth of some of the worst of these tales. It is the most striking commentary on what Turkish rule does for those countries over which it is exercised to know that the ancient seat of the Philip against whom Demosthenes thundered, and of that Alexander who conquered the world, is so cut off from civilization that we have to depend for news of the conditions that exist there on the most accidental and unreliable sources; and that the London *Daily News* is sending a correspondent in there much as they would send one into the region of the Mad Mullah. Until some such dependable connection is made with the mountain valleys of Monastir we will not certainly know the extent of Turkish oppression and misgovernment there.

One would think that the most hopeful feature of the situation is that Russia is not financially ready for a great war. She has been spending so much on the development of her Asiatic possessions that a prolonged war would be a sore trial to her. The danger is of setting a programme of reforms for Turkey, which, if curtly or peremptorily rejected, might leave no other resource but the sword. That it would be no easy task, even though nothing but Turkish soldiers are encountered on the way to Constantinople, we may well believe. It is said that 250,000 Turkish troops would be mobilized and thrown towards the Balkans. They are well armed with Mauser rifles, would be on the defensive, and under Edhem Pasha, who proved himself so cool and masterly a strategist in the Turko-Grecian war a few years ago, they would give even a more powerful invading force many a rough day's work. The latest intelligence is, that the leaders of the committees which were making Bulgaria a land of refuge where their plots could be carried out in safety had been arrested by the Bulgarian authorities. While on the face of it this appears to be an act of friendship towards Turkey, it is in reality done in a way to make it most exasperating. It is accompanied by a sort of challenge to Turkey to explain why she is massing troops along the Bulgarian border. One thing that has to be remembered is, that neither Macedonians nor Bulgarians are Greeks. They are mainly Slavs and will put up a stiff fight in the hilly country which will be the scene of operations if an uprising takes place.



WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

IN MARCH

The sun falls warm: the southern winds
awake:
The air seethes upward with a steamy shiver:
Each dip of the road is now a crystal lake,
And every rut a little dancing river.
Through great soft clouds that sunder overhead
The deep sky breaks as pearly blue as summer:
Out of a clift beside the river's bed
Flaps the black crow, the first demure newcomer.
The last seared drifts are eating fast away
With glassy tinkle into glittering laces:
Dogs lie asleep and little children play
With tops and marbles in the sun-bare places;
And I that stroll with many a thoughtful pause
Almost forget that winter ever was.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

SOME one has recently announced that "the strenuous life" is doomed—in oratory and literature at least. But yesterday supreme—to paraphrase long-suffering William—now is there none so poor to do it reverence. Even Mr. Roosevelt, once its most ardent advocate, in several of his recent speeches alluded to it only once, and then it was with a sad lack of enthusiasm.

The pendulum is swinging in the other direction—theoretically at least, for as yet one can discover no visible abatement of the habitual strenuosity of our times and customs; but it is indeed well that our thoughts, at any rate, should be turned in the right direction.

At first glance it seems a trifle odd that a protest against the mad rush and complexity of modern life should come to us from Paris; yet on second thoughts, one feels that it is only natural that the voice of remonstrance should issue from the midst of the maelstrom, rather than from the out side, where one may indeed *see* but cannot *feel* the life-destroying force of modern conditions at their highest pressure.

Compared with the inhabitants of Paris and most American cities, the average Canadian woman would appear to dwell in an almost idyllic atmosphere of calm tranquillity and peace. Yet, even in our Dominion, so often dubbed "slow" and "jog-along," one has only to use one's eyes and ears to learn that we too are not only experiencing, but are breaking down under the wear and tear of modern life; so that such a book as "The Simple Life," the work of Charles Wagner, a Protestant clergyman of Paris, comes to one like the touch of a calm, cool hand on a fever-burning brow.

Are we not, too many of us, cumbered like Martha of old, with many unnecessary cares? Would not we and all with whom we come in contact be more steady of nerve, more glad of heart, more serenely happy, if we would only be content to live more naturally and simply?

How many of us are plodding wearily along life's pathway, our backs bowed beneath the weight of a great self-imposed burden: a burden we might easily cast from us if we would, but which we are constantly making more

heavy and unwieldy by picking up on the roadside a useless little fad here, an unnecessary strength-consuming responsibility there, until at last we sink down, broken, exhausted, having sold our birthright of vitality and opportunity for a mess of pottage—gone with nothing to show for it!

If only the woman (and her name is Legion) who spends her days in a mad rush from one supposed duty to another, from club to committee meeting, and from one form of so-called recreation (save the mark!) to another, feverishly chasing the fleeting hours in a wild game of follow-the-leader, would only pause long enough to ask herself seriously and soberly if it is all worth while, I think the honest answer would be an emphatic negative. Surely such a woman could not delude herself into believing that in her unsatisfactory and unsatisfying existence, she is getting out of life all that it is not only her privilege but her duty to take.

Life is more than a mere succession of hurry-scurry days, a series of hours which must be spent some way, any way, so that we do not mark their going. Ah no, the rush, the whirl, the "each-day-for-itself" way of living is *not* worth while. There will be no strong, serene middle age, no tranquil, blessed evening of life for her who squanders her energies and hours in useless manifold complexities; for hours and energies once spent can never be recovered. Simplicity in work, in pleasure, in thought, in action—for this M. Wagner pleads, and pleads with reason and eloquence.

It may seem impossible to some to attain to simplicity in any direction, but one may be *in* the world without being *of* it, and in every dense throng of excited, rushing, pushing individuals, there are always a few who, without noise or disturbance, move steadily, serenely forward, outstripping their more turbulent fellows and arriving at their destination calm, unruffled and undisturbed.

"Simplicity," says Wagner, "is a state of mind. It dwells in the main intention of our lives. A man is simple when his chief care is to be what he ought to be, that is honestly and naturally human. . . . . All the strength of the world and all its beauty, all true joy, everything that consoles, that feeds hope, or that throws a ray of light across our dark paths, everything that makes us see across our poor lives a splendid goal to a boundless future, comes to us from people of simplicity, those who have made another object of their desires than the passing satisfaction of selfishness and vanity, and have understood that the art of living is to know how to give one's life."

The last report of the Farmers' Institutes of the Province of Ontario is very interesting reading, particularly that part of it which is devoted to Women's Institutes.

The importance and value of the work which is being done by the latter cannot be over-estimated, and that the farmers' wives of Ontario are becoming more and more alive to the advantages and benefits to be derived from a connection with the Institutes, is proved by the fact that whereas in 1901, the membership was only 1602 with a total attendance at the meetings of 3,500 women, for the year ending June, 1902, the paid-up membership numbered 3,081. Three hundred and thirty-six meetings were held during the year, at which 617 papers were read or addresses delivered, to audiences aggregating 16,410 women.

The papers and addresses presented cover a wide range of subjects from the Care of the Person, Good Manners, and Child Training, to practical advice regarding every variety of farm work and scientific expositions on Flower Culture, Ventilation, Sanitation, Emergencies and Economics.

Mrs. Torrance, a delegate sent out by the Department of Agriculture to spread the work of the Institutes through the Eastern Townships, writes that one woman told her in Adolphustown that she had driven

twelve miles to attend the meeting, and her mother had driven almost as far to keep house for her while she was away. The mother had been at one of the previous meetings and had been so interested that she insisted upon her daughter taking the long drive to attend the one in Adolphustown. In writing of the helpfulness of the Institute, one of the local presidents says: "The benefits attending the Institute are varied and various, among which are the exchanging of ideas and learning how to do common, everyday duties in a simple manner, enabling us to economize in the most precious commodity we possess, viz., time. We are also enabled to learn the reason why we do certain things, and the doing of them from a scientific standpoint. We are also taken out of ourselves, and our lives broadened, thus beautifying the 'common round,' to say nothing of the foundation of pleasant friendships."

My eye was caught and held this morning by the following rather unique advertisement which appeared in one of our interesting daily papers:

"Our Genie of Fancy Ices and Sherbets is yours to command; he is apt at making attractive individuals or suggestions, either or both for luncheons, etc.; he always uses pure materials."

Surely this clever "Genie" will be overwhelmed with orders and "commands"; for "attractive individuals" are none too common at "smart" luncheons. One is glad that the Genie is not so unkind as to limit his efforts to the improving and brightening of luncheons alone, for one could suggest half-a-dozen other forms of social entertainment where a goodly sprinkling of "attractive individuals" would be hailed with delight.

I wonder what the "pure materials" are which the Genie uses—the "ribbons and laces and sweet pretty faces" of the old song, or something more modern and complex—if less alluring?

Energetic ladies of leisure who are looking about for some pleasant and profitable way of employing their time may, perhaps, find suggestion and inspiration in the admirable work which has been done by one woman, in providing pleasant and harmless *rendezvous* for Tommy Atkins when off duty.

How a private soldier may spend his hours of idleness is a difficult problem for all armies, a problem which has been the subject of many fiery editorials and vigorous sermons on army canteen. The movement to provide at tractive "homes" for soldiers which was begun some years ago by Miss Elise Sandes, in the British garrison of Tralee, Ireland, promises a reasonably successful solution of the problem. The first "home" was in Miss Sandes' own house. There are now thirteen homes in Ireland, four in India, and several in England. W. B.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A CLUB WOMAN?

Kavanagh, writing to the *Outlook*, describes the purpose and method of the homes :

"The home in the city of Cork was the first one to be built, so that a description of it will serve for an illustration of the work as a whole. It was built by voluntary subscriptions over and above what Miss Sandes and her friends subscribed. The building contains elaborate baths and lavatories, and a comfortable café, in which the soldier may obtain the best of plain food at a little over cost price. The second floor is furnished and fitted in a style that may be termed a combination of the domestic sitting-room and a club reception-room. It is large and roomy ; comfortable chairs are plentiful ; a long table containing books and papers occupies the centre of the room; and, crowning feature of all in the soldiers' estimation, are a fireplace and mantelpiece. For the benefit of soldiers on 'all-night pass' or travelling, or otherwise compelled or desiring to seek lodging outside of the barracks, the home offers dormitories and cubicles ; so that the cheap saloon lodging-house is frequently robbed of its victim. A marvellous feature of the undertaking is the influence of the beautiful appointments and the refined atmosphere of the house throughout."

London *Truth* tells of a novel method of dealing summarily with female kleptomaniacs of gentle birth, which is being followed with good results in certain West End shops.

Every woman detected in the act of shoplifting is given her choice of being prosecuted in court or being birched by the manageress.

"In one shop alone," says *Truth*, "twenty women have accepted the ordeal of birching, in addition to two young girls of a foreign nationality who, in consideration of their tender years, were treated to a milder form of chastisement."

It would be a most excellent thing if birching were introduced into our courts as a legal and just retribution for some of the grave offences for which the sole punishment appears to be a paltry fine. Perhaps if the man who is so ready to inflict pain on women, children and animals knew that the punishment for his brutality would be a sound flogging, he might learn to control his temper and fists. As it is, the imposition of a small fine is frequently only an aggravation and new cause to inflict further suffering on the helpless creatures in his power.

MISS JESSIE N. MACLACHLAN

Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan, whose rendering of Scottish songs has endeared her to her countrywomen and countrymen in every land where she has appeared, was born in Oban, Argyleshire, Scotland. Miss Maclachlan received her musical education, for the most part, in Scotland ; hence it is that she excels in her interpretation and rendering of Scottish songs. The present is the third successive season in which Miss Maclachlan has toured Canada and the United States, under the management of Mr. Wm. Campbell, Toronto.

In endeavouring to arouse interest in our own handicrafts, the Woman's Art Association of Canada is doing an excellent work, work which should appeal strongly to all of us.

The President of the Association has been good enough to write for *Woman's Sphere* the following short account of this movement :

In March, 1900, the Head Association in Toronto held a loan exhibition of handicrafts, hoping to create an

interest which would lead to some developments such as were being achieved in the United States, and to induce inquiry regarding the revival of interest in England and on the Continent, which was so marked that it seemed to herald an epoch in handicrafts. Canada alone appeared to be indifferent. By dint of much searching, isolated and desultory efforts were brought together in the exhibition, showing that there were some lines along which advance might be made, were proper encouragement given. Following the initiative taken by the Head Association, the Montreal branch organized in 1901, a much larger and more comprehensive Loan Exhibit, which was also educational, and gave impetus to some definite work being begun. In June, 1902, the branch opened a department for Canadian handicrafts at 4 Phillips Square, hanging up a sign bearing the words "Our Handicraft Shop," the sign being in the form of a shield with the Association motto "Labore et Constantia," and monogram.

The wares in this shop consisted of "homespuns" from the looms of the French-Canadian women, beautiful in weave and in colors, suitable for outing dresses ; cover pieds and portiéres of artistic greens, blues, pinks, terra cottas, etc., wrought with quaint designs, known as the "tufted" work of the habitante. They at once won popularity, and were eagerly sought for country homes.

The rag carpet and mat industry became transformed into pretty colours and design. The light, firmly-made chairs with splint and rush bottoms found ready sale, thus giving to the men and boys an evening employment.

Indian beadwork has been put upon a better basis, and it is expected that what had become such a degenerate article as we have been accustomed of late to see at our country fairs will soon be restored to its *primitive* beauty by judicious guidance and by furnishing proper materials.

Basket making is another craft almost valueless, but which it is the hope of the Association to restore by creating a demand for a good article.

The Doukhobor embroideries and linen work, which were fostered by a committee of the National Council of Women, and which is now looked after by the Montreal Branch, is a charming industry which should not be allowed to deteriorate.

The economic value of this movement must at once be apparent. Farm and village industries which enable the workers to use their spare time in making entirely from the resources at hand good useful articles, which win self-respect for the maker and the user, must create a valuable element in the community, adding to the resources of the country. This is no Utopian idea. One has but to look at what has been accomplished in these industries in Maine and New Hampshire, where commonplace, remote and poverty-stricken villages have become in a few years prosperous centres of a number of crafts, producing both useful and beautiful things.

The Association feels from its four or five years' attention to these matters that there is something better for the handworkers of Canada than being turned into human machine feeders, multiplying cheap superfluities by the thousands, but that made up as Canada is, of English, French, Galician, Doukhobor and Scandinavian, all skilled in some handicraft, that with a little fostering a few years would show as wide a range of crafts developing as in the United States and European centres.

An exhibit ot these Art Industries has just been held in Toronto, and will be repeated from time to time, giving the public knowledge of and a chance to encourage the movement.

Experiments are being made with vegetable dyes, designs are being supervised, and materials being provided where needed, thus producing from home resources what is suitable for the making of a good artistic article.

The Association hopes for the cooperation of all patriotic and progressive people in this work."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

BETWEEN SESSIONS

WHEN a session of the Dominion Parliament comes to an end, it is customary to think that the Government of the country has been completed for another year; that all that happens between sessions is mere routine, a carrying-out of the policies conceived and enunciated during the term of sitting. To some extent this is true. Yet the between-sessions period seems to be growing in importance. The Government and the Opposition are amending and extending their respective policies by constant communication with the members of Parliament and those equally important persons who, though not members of Parliament, are interested in the larger questions of public policy.

For example, the party which acknowledges Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader is now busily engaged in deciding what shall be the tariff policy of the Government during the forthcoming session. The various corporations, associations and bodies interested are laying their views before the Ministry and attempting to influence the minds of those men who have the power of saying whether a certain line of goods shall be on the free list, shall be subject to a small customs duty or shall be placed among the list of articles on which a high rate is demanded. Even the consumers—the most unorganized of all classes in the community—are constantly expressing their views through the newspapers or by deputations visiting Ottawa.

This between-sessions period is growing in importance at the present time owing to the fact that both political parties are inclined to follow public opinion rather than lead it. The present leaders on both sides are very careful to avoid taking the initiative in all controversial questions. If a railway company desires a charter, an extension of a charter, or a new or additional bonus, it works hard between sessions to impress the public and the Parliamentarians that its demands are reasonable and popular. Carefully prepared articles are published in the newspapers, favourable interviews are telegraphed over all the country, members of Parliament and other politicians are interviewed—all in the hope that when Parliament meets the leaders on both sides will be influenced by the agitation which has been carried on. When Sir Charles Tupper made his compact for a fast Atlantic service with the Allans, it was done between sessions. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government decided to build a railway line to the Yukon, and to give a subsidy to the Crow's Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific, the bargains were struck between sessions. There is no doubt also that the Government's attitude towards the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific will be decided upon before Parliament meets.

The increased facilities for travel, for letter carrying, for telegraphic or telephonic communication, have an effect upon this between-sessions period. Members of Parliament may visit Ottawa in comfort without much loss of time; they may be consulted at their homes by their chiefs with ease and despatch, since letters and telegrams

PREMIER PARENT, OF QUEBEC, WHO IS OF THE OPINION THAT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT SHOULD INCREASE THE PROVINCIAL SUBSIDIES.

travel quickly. The Government is hardly ever out of touch with all its important supporters.

The Provincial Premiers have been exhibiting much activity of the between-sessions nature. A few weeks ago they met in Quebec and drew up a series of resolutions to be presented to the Ottawa Government concerning increased subsidies for the Provinces in general. Then, still more recently, they gathered at Ottawa and presented these resolutions in person, talked over the possibilities of success, had their pictures taken, and returned home.

UNREASONABLE DEMANDS

Apparently, the Provincial Premiers regard the Ottawa Government as their natural enemy. The federal authorities collect all the customs and excise duties—those great indirect taxes which the public permit without protest. The Provinces cannot collect indirect taxes; the constitution forbids it. The federal authorities collect everything and pay the Provinces a certain amount each year on a basis agreed upon at the time each Province entered Confederation. These doles to the Provinces were satisfactory until recently. The Provinces found them sufficient, with the revenue from Crown lands, to meet all necessary expenditures. But the Provinces are growing, and the spectre of direct taxation is appearing in the near distance. The Provincial Premiers shrink from direct taxation, although it is the most just and economical of all methods of taxation, and has been universally adopted by cities, counties, towns, and townships. Why they fear it no one knows; but they do. Hence this combined demand for more subsidies.

It is gratifying to see that almost every newspaper of importance has discountenanced this raid on the Dominion treasury. It is a raid, because it has no legal or constitutional basis. The Confederation debates at Quebec and Ottawa show conclusively that the grants made to the Provinces were in liquidation of all claims.* "Full Settlement of all future demands upon Canada" are the words used over and over again in this connection, and embodied in section 118 of the B.N.A. Act of 1867.

The Provinces may increase their revenues in many ways without making illegal demands on the Dominion treasury. They may tax the railways, for example. As pointed out by Mr. Pettypiece in his article in the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and by Professor LeRossignol in this issue, there are just and sufficient reasons for an increased tax on railways. Reforestization of certain sections is a scheme which would be eminently suitable for providing constant and increasing revenues. There are other equally just methods open to consideration.

Why not open negotiations for the purchase of that strip of United States

* Pope's "Confederation Documents," pp. 34, 51, 195, 241 and 276. Each one of these pages gives a separate proof of this statement.

territory which runs along the western edge of British Columbia? It is hardly likely that the six jurists will decide the dispute in such a way as to close the case for both sides. They will undoubtedly give us a clearer opinion as to whether the Canadian view of the matter is as just as we think it is. But no matter what the decision, why not make the next step, negotiations for the purchase of whatever the jurists decide to be the property of the United States?

AN ALASKAN SUGGESTION

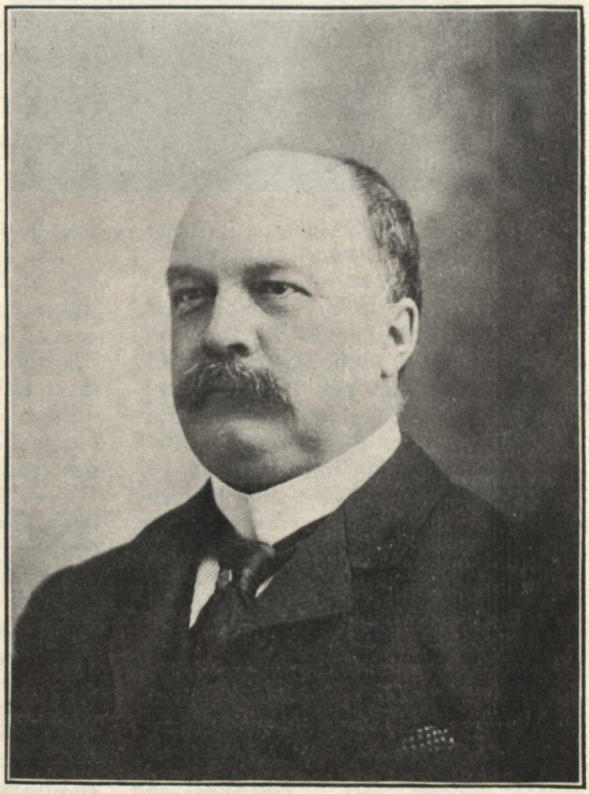
This narrow strip is more valuable to us than to the United States. As the Toronto *Star* points out, Skagway and Dyea are in an unnatural position; they are United States ports whose commerce is almost wholly Canadian. Mr. F. C. Wade also indicates this circumstance in his article in *The Empire Review* and thinks that Skagway and Dyea will soon be glad to become part of the Canadian territory which they serve. The United States interests in the Yukon would also favour a sale to Canada of this United States strip, because under changed conditions the trade of that district would be less hampered. These are some of the reasons which indicate that negotiations for purchase at a reasonable price would find favour in the United States.

The friendly settlement of this dispute would clear the ground for more amicable trade relations between the two countries. At present there is a hard feeling in this country concerning our Southern neighbours, and it will no doubt be their policy in the near future to soften that feeling in the interests of the manufacturers and producers who annually sell us a hundred million dollars worth of goods.

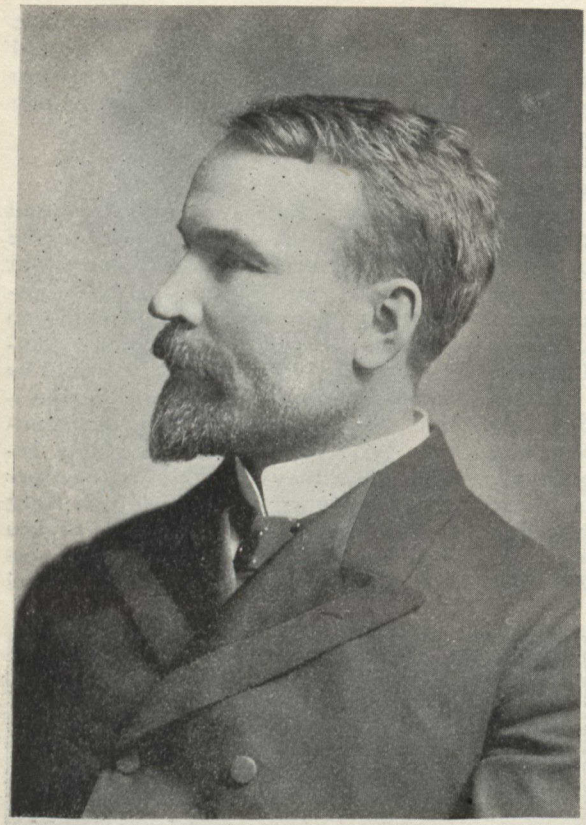
Already they are asking that the Joint High Commission meet again. Their request should be treated courteously, yet without unnecessary gush. Time is working almost entirely in Canada's favour.

It is said that the Hon. Raymond Préfontaine, the newest Minister in the Laurier Government, has declared that the Manitoba school question is settled, Archbishop Bruchesi to the contrary notwithstanding. It would be lamentable indeed if this burning question should again convulse this country. The Roman Catholics may believe that they did not get proper treatment when deprived of their right to have separate schools in the Prairie Province, but they should recognize that only harm can come of any revival

UNIFORM SCHOOLS



HON. MR. PRÉFONTAINE, MINISTER OF MARINE—THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE LAURIER CABINET.



MR. J. A. MACDONALD, THE NEW MANAGING EDITOR OF THE TORONTO "GLOBE."

of the subject. Every broad-minded citizen hopes that some day there will be no separate schools in Canada, neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic; that some day we shall have public schools where English and French, Protestant and Roman Catholic children will study side by side, learning with their elementary lessons that mutual respect and toleration which is the only basis of common citizenship. Religious teaching is not a part of the public school curriculum in its more modern form. The public school teacher cannot be made a religionist without endangering his efficiency. At least, this is the view which is taken by the growing majority of advanced educationists. The home and the Sunday-school should be sufficient bulwarks and fortresses of religion.

The Ontario Government has recently added weight to this opinion. It has refused to make any concession to the Anglicans who desire to establish voluntary schools with grants and inspections similar to those of the public schools.

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, the new managing editor of the Toronto *Globe*, has long been known as a forcible speaker, a broad-minded clergyman, and an energetic journalist. He takes life and life's problems seriously, though perhaps not quite so seriously as his predecessor. He believes in the power of a strong man to influence his generation for good, and he has always used his talents for the uplifting of his race. With his guidance, the *Globe* will not cease to be the great power which Mr. Willison made it.

George M. Wrong, Professor of History in the University of Toronto, has written to the London *Spectator* to point out that a London penny weekly costs eight cents in Toronto. Some light and popular journals are a little less, but the majority cost the price stated. He also points out that because English periodical literature is not read in this country, and because United States literature is, this country is growing less British in sentiment, custom, and vocabulary. The Professor does not insist that this development is bad or undesirable; he points out the facts and leaves the readers of the *Spectator* to decide upon the desirability of such development.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the new Postmaster-General, may visit Canada this year. If he comes, his friends should allow him to visit a few Canadian bookstalls and see what is there displayed for sale.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS

ART AND THE PUBLIC.

MANY people look at pictures without seeing them. They know that certain pictures are notable, and they look upon them, or upon reproductions of them, with awe and a bored interest. They reverence and respect the names of the great masters, giving them a sort of hero-worship. They wander through picture galleries with the mournful satisfaction of performing a toilsome duty. They treat all art in the same way. The magnificent architecture of a great building overpowers them though they do not understand it. A handsome piece of pottery, of jewelry, of plate, of china or of furniture, impresses them simply because they are told that it is old, or antique, or great. The trained eye and the understanding mind are not theirs.

For such as these Robert Clermont Witt has written his book, "How to Look at Pictures,"* and there is no one volume known to the writer which will do so much to transform the industrious and well-intentioned reader into a just and appreciative critic. No one can taste its simple language and follow its attractively arranged information without being the better able to understand the ambitions and the spirit of the artists of different ages. Pictures which before

> We have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see,

will acquire a new interest, a fascination that will be a revelation. The purely intellectual pleasure in the problems and puzzles of pictorial art, its historical and archæological sides, will grow in keenness. Enjoyment follows only upon understanding; understanding is based on thought and knowledge. With experience and understanding, each picture acquires a distinct place in the mind, is associated with others, suggests comparisons and parallels, and a sense of the essential unity of pictorial art.

Mr. Witt points out the attitude which the spectator must assume, the considerations which must be given to the time in which the picture was painted, the school to which the artist belonged. He begins with the characteristics of the age of Giotto, when perspective was unknown. In the following century, the fifteenth, perspective was introduced, and the art of painting spread from Italy to Germany and the Netherlands. In the sixteenth century the advance became more rapid and more general, and Italian art reached its fullest maturity. Colour was boldly and successfully used by Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese in Venice, and draughtsmanship was shown in great perfection by Leonardo, Michaelangelo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto, in Florence. At the same time, Dürer and Holbein inaugurated a renaissance in Germany. In the seventeenth century, Italy was eclipsed by Rubens and Van Dyck in the Netherlands, Hals, Rembrandt, and Ruysdael in Holland, and Velasquez and Murillo in Spain. In the eighteenth century, English art came

*London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Tyrrell's Bookstore.

to the front with Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. And then follows the nineteenth century with its broad and general diversity. Each age had its peculiar manner, its own triumphs and failures, its characteristic excellences and defects. The great picture from the past must be judged by its time and age, must be viewed with the eyes of the painter's own period. The old masters are not all greater than the new masters, but each has his distinguishing quality.

It is such subjects as these which Mr. Witt discusses in the early part of his book before he goes on to examine the different schools, historical paintings, portraits, landscapes, genre, drawing, colour, light and shade, composition, treatment and methods and materials. One feels that here is a book on art which is worth while, which touches the warp and woof of the subject, not merely the fringe. It is a volume which cannot be too highly commended.

MATCH-MAKING WOMEN.

All women are match-makers at some time in their careers. The mother of sons picks out certain young women, while the mother of daughters selects certain men. Mary Cholmondeley deals with both kinds and some others in her new story "Moth and Rust."* She lays bare the whole game of love-making, lays it too bare for the person whose nature is sensitive. Speaking of a match-making mother, she has the following sweet morsel:

"What a nuisance men are," says Mrs. Trefusis, who has a son who is determined to marry a beautiful vulgarian. "I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea."

"If they were," said Anne, with her rueful little smile, "mother would order a diving-bell at once."

But this match-making has its dark side. The two who marry without love find life a dull, pensive affair. The two who love and do not marry have the same experience. Miss Cholmondeley paints both sides of the picture, making a story which appeals to our humanity, to our hearts. Perhaps the drama is too real, the painting too vivid. Each reader must judge for himself. He would be a wise critic who undertook to decide.

*"Moth and Rust" and three other stories by Mary Cholmondeley, author of "Red Pottage." Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

HUMOUR.

It is a very peculiar feature of Canadian life that this country has seldom produced a humorist. Judge Haliburton wrote some bright things in Yankee dialect and then the Canadian product ceased. A bright Scotch lady who once lived in Canada wrote "The Epistles o' Airlie," but it was Scotch humour. J. W. Bengough did some good work along the right lines until he was overpowered by notions concerning prohibition and social reform. Sir John A. Macdonald was a humorist, but he mixed his humour up with politics until it was nearly all politics.

During our century of existence we have depended mainly on the writings of M. Quad, Mark Twain and a few other genuine humorists living in the United States. *Truth*, *Puck*, *Life* and *Judge* have been our standard humorous periodicals, though *Grip* did succeed for a time. Now we have the *Moon*, but it is a satirical journal rather than a humorous one. All the jokes in the Canadian papers are clipped from United States contemporaries—with the addition of a few epigrammatic remarks made by three or four clever journalists who have not yet left for "the other side."

Just now the leading Canadian humorist is Mr. Dunne, of Chicago, alias Mr. Dooley. He was not born in Canada, never lived in Canada, and does not discuss Canadian affairs. Yet Canadians read him widely and know him intimately. His latest collection entitled "Observations,"* is now to be found on the Canadian book-stalls.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Mr. Dooley does not write humorous stories; he simply comments on the varying phases of politics and other features of daily life, in Irish brogue. Hence his work is ephemeral, which genuine humour should not be.

A VOLUME OF VERSE.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley is an ardent imperialist who labels himself an English Esau. His volume of verse is therefore entitled "Songs of an English Esau."*

Colonial Esau! would'st thou change thy pottage
For Jacob's birthright, morning air for smoke—
Take Jacob's palace for thy backwoods cottage,
His fettered feet for thine which know no yoke—
His victories won for thy delight in winning,
His wedded fortunes for the fate you woo,
His work well ended for thy work beginning,
Memories of deeds for deeds still left to do?

His life in British Columbia has led him to admire the colonial Esaus, "The Kootenay Prospector" and "The Western Pioneer" and to apostrophise "The Chain of Empire" which binds these men to the Jacobs of Old England. He eulogizes "The U. E. Loyalists" and "Strathcona's Cavaliers" and appears to believe that the sword of the conqueror is greater than the skill of the tradesman. And thus he voices the colonial's call to the sluggish, ease-taking dwellers in the heart of his beloved Empire:

Surely you lay up treasure where the mean man may break in?
Surely ye choose a contest in which mongrel folk must win?
Back! from the feet of Mammon to the knees of your father's God;
Back! from the market by-ways to the trails your kinsmen trod.

The world's map is your ledger; write there as your fathers wrote,
Wherever a man could clamber, wherever a ship could float.
Is it better, think ye, to grovel, to gather The Thing Accurst,
Or die in touch of the World's last goal, beggared, forlorn, but *first?*

This volume of verse should find a place in every Canadian collection, beside the author's excellent Canadian stories.

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

MISS ALICE JONES OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX, AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK HAWK."

NOTES.

A new story by Alice Caldwell Hegan, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will be published this spring. The Canadian market has fallen to the fortune of William Briggs. Even in these days of surprises it is rarely that an author scores such a first success as did Miss Hegan in her inimitable "Mrs. Wiggs," which seems to lose nothing of popularity as time goes by.

An ex-patriated Canadian, named G. A. Powles, now living in the United States, has persuaded a firm of New York publishers to issue his novel entitled "Oliver Langton," presumably on the ground that it is a description of Canadian life. An examination of the volume proves two things, first, that Mr. Powles has no literary ability, and

second, that the publishers have no literary advisers. To make matters worse, the story is a travesty of Canadian life, a travesty without any kind of saving grace.

"The Mabinogion" consists of some tales from the famous Welsh classic "The Red Book of Hergest." They were translated for English readers by Lady Charlotte Guest more than half a century ago. They are now being revised by Owen Edwards of Lincoln College, Oxford, and issued in duodecimo volumes by T. Fisher Unwin. Some of the adventures here related are grouped around Arthur and his knights, some are older and antedate the Christian era. They are decidedly unlike anything in modern fiction and thus have an interest which cannot be entirely merged in their historical interest.

A paper on "Canadian Novels and Novelists," by L. J. Burpee, was issued some time ago, and gave that writer a new status; his paper on "Modern Public Libraries and their Methods," read before the Royal Society, and now issued as a pamphlet, is also to be commended.

Emile Zola's posthumous novel, "Truth," will be published in this country by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited, early this month, through a translation, by E. A. Vizetelly. It is the third book in the group called "The Four Evangelists," of which the two first were "Work" and "Fruitfulness." The plot is virtually a resetting of the celebrated Dreyfus case, in which Zola took such an active part.

The first volume of Mr. Morgan's "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present" is announced for early issue by William Briggs. The portrait engravings, 350 in number, are said to be good specimens of the engraver's art. Accompanying each will be a biographical sketch, a work which has necessitated an enormous amount of research and correspondence. The results will be found highly gratifying because of the revelation of the number of Canadian women who have won distinction in the various walks of life. The work of selection has been a delicate and difficult one, requiring all of the editor's experienced judgment. The publisher promises that in material and workmanship his part of the work will be worthy of the subject-matter.

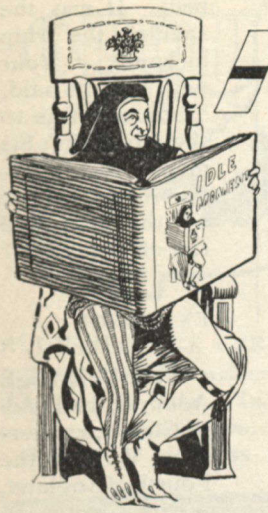
Among the forthcoming publications of William Briggs are a volume of sermons by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, entitled "The Secret of the Divine Silence"; a treatise, entitled "What Ails the Church?" by Rev. John May, M.A., and a third revised edition of Rev. Dr. W. H. Jamieson's "The Nation and the Sabbath."

Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, has written an important paper on "The First Legislators of Upper Canada." (Royal Society Transactions).

The Rev. Charles W. Collins, Chancellor of the Diocese of Portland, Me., has made an exhaustive study of the history of "The Acadians of Madawaska," a territory once Canadian, but now a part of the State of Maine. These Acadians were among those who suffered during the troublous period of 1755-1800. Some of the Madawaska Acadians came there when driven out of New Brunswick by the United Empire Loyalists. This pamphlet is worthy of close study.

"Journeys End," by Justus Miles Forman, the Copp, Clark Co., will prove to be one of the prettiest stories of the spring season. It tells of a young Englishman, who, having lived all his life in a high position and with ample means, finds himself on his father's death impoverished and almost destitute. He determines to go to America and retrieve his broken fortunes. There is no need, however, to disclose the dainty little plot by telling how he does this. The title of the tale is, of course, taken from the lines in Shakespeare's song:

> "Journeys end in lovers meeting
> Every wise man's son doth know."



AN UP-TO-DATE PROPOSAL

"YES, I put your father on to a good thing last month."

"Did you? That was nice of you. Papa asked me the other day if I knew you."

"What else?"

"When I told him I had met you, he asked me if I thought you had the money-making instinct. And I told him I didn't think you would be asleep when dividend day came around."

"That was nice of you. I gave your father a good tip yesterday. He took it, too. It must have netted him a couple o' thousand."

"Why, you are quite a good fairy, Mr. Slimmer. I'll remember that tip the next time I strike papa for my pin money."

"But why not give poor papa a rest?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Why not let somebody else put up for the pins? I happen to know that papa isn't on Easy street often enough to establish a permanent address there."

"Pray make yourself a little plainer, Mr. Slimmer."

"That's quite impossible, Miss Bimler. I feel that nature has done her worst for me."

"Ah, you are fishing for a compliment."

"No, Miss Bimler, you wrong me. I have no time for fishing. But let me particularize. I am neither young nor handsome. My temper is fairly good, my health excellent. That, I think, disposes of the minor details. Here is a schedule of my worldly possessions, subject, of course, to the daily fluctuations of the market. May I trouble you to look it over?"

"With what end in view, Mr. Slimmer?"

"I will come to that presently, Miss Bimler. I have shown your esteemed father a duplicate of this schedule. It seemed to please him. He even entrusted me with a note for you. Here it is."

(He hands her a sealed envelope, which she opens with a "pardon me." It contains but two lines. "My dear, nail this chap—I need him in the business. Your doting papa.")

"It is quite evident, Mr. Slimmer, that you have made a favourable impression upon papa."

"And how about papa's daughter?"

"Will you make that a little clearer, Mr. Slimmer?"

"With pleasure. How does the sum total strike you?"

"Oh, of the schedule? Why, it seems very satisfactory."

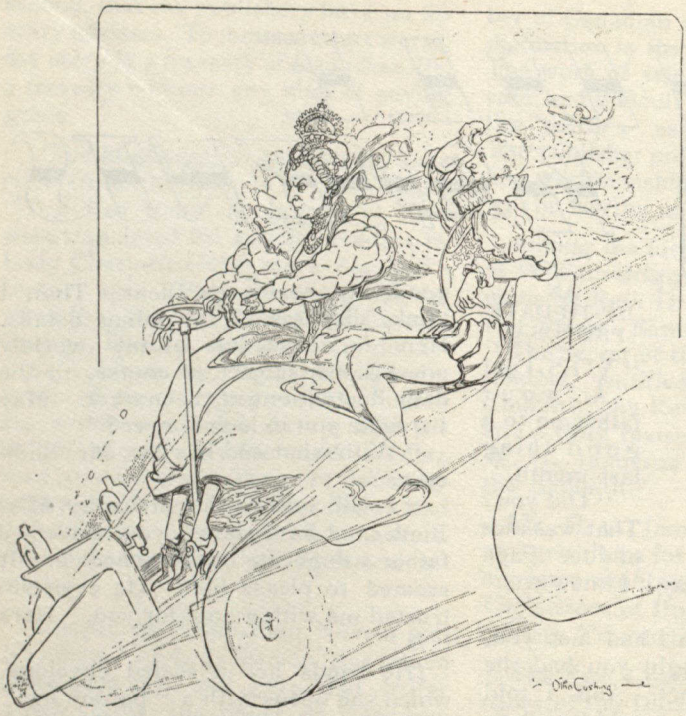
"And—and will you share it with me, Miss Bimler—subject, of course, to the market fluctuations?"

"Oh, Abner, this is so sudden."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

■

A HOUSE INSCRIPTION STORY

"Apropos of mottoes on houses, an old gentleman of pronounced religious views—a friend of our family in Scotland," writes a correspondent—"wished to have cut over the door of a new house the text 'My house shall be called a House of Prayer.' He left the workmen to carry out his wishes



SHADE OF ELIZABETH—Splendeur Dex! Had we but known of this wanton conceit during our reign on earth, our sister of Scotland had not stood so long in our way.—*Life*.

during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed, 'But ye have made it a den of thieves.' 'We had a wee thing mair room, ye see, so we just pit in the end o' the verse,' was the explanation given by the Bible-loving Scot."

■

MARCONI'S DOG

Signor Marconi, of "wireless" fame, is fond of dogs, and used to own a cocker spaniel of unusual intelligence.

The young inventor says that one day he took this dog to a saddler's with him and bought there a whip. That afternoon the animal was disobedient, and he punished it with the whip he had just purchased. But in the evening, when he came to look for the weapon again, it was nowhere to be found.

Just then there came a ring at the bell. It was the saddler, the whip in hand. "Your dog, sir," he said, "brought this to the shop in his mouth this afternoon and laid it on the floor and ran off quickly."

■

EXCHANGE

HUMOUR

When Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Clarence, afterward William the Fourth of England, went down to Portsmouth to inspect the naval establishment, the first person he met was his jolly old messmate and friend, Captain Jack Towers. The prince took him by the hand and laughingly said: "Why, Jack, my boy, they tell me you are the greatest blackguard in all Portsmouth!" "Oh," quoth Towers, "I hope your Royal Highness has not come down here to deprive me of my character."

■

New Cook: I'm afraid I can't take the place, mum. Mistress: Why? New Cook: Well, mum, the kitchen table ain't big enough for ping-pong.

■

There had been a slight shock of earthquake, and Mr. Herlihy and Mr. Dolan had both felt it.

"Tim," said Mr. Dolan, solemnly, "what did you think whin firrst the ground began to trimble?"

"Think!" echoed his friend, scornfully, "What man that had the use av his legs to run and his loongs to roar would waste his toime thinkin'? Tell me thot!"

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES

KLONDIKE CURIOSITIES

KLONDIKE curiosities are by no means rare. In fact, the whole country is uncommon.

The chief interests of Dawson are centred in the gold mines, and a picture of the July, 1902, output of the Bank of British North America is interesting. This is not unusual, and other banks and trading companies also make large monthly shipments.

Compare this with the photograph of garden products, and it becomes evident that other pursuits than mining have a claim to "big things." These three vegetables were the largest in the exhibit, but they serve to show the possibilities of a Yukon garden. Vegetables of a quality not excelled in warmer climates can be grown in the district with comparative ease.

GROWN NEAR DAWSON

No. 44, Bonanza creek, contributed the huge mastadon tusks as shown. Remains of these great animals are quite common, and several well preserved skeletons have been sent outside to museums. Many tusks and petrified remains are to be seen on the streets and in various business places.

In the same view can be seen a "Malamute." These dogs are peculiar to the Northwest, and are evidently a cross between Indian dogs and wolves. Capable of hauling heavy loads many miles over frozen trails,

A PILE OF YUKON GOLD

MASTADON REMAINS

they are almost indispensable in winter as a means of travel.

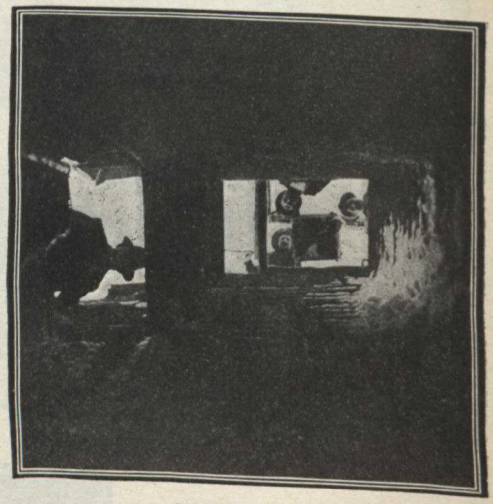
They cannot bark but emit a blood-curdling howl dreadful to hear. They are seldom vicious but show little affection. In a fight, it is said that they will invariably turn on a common dog, even if it and the Malamutes were raised together. If they are hungry, they will also attack their master, should he fall. They tear their victim in pieces in true wolf style.

A curious photographic feat is shown in "Rubbering down a Mining Shaft." This was taken at a depth of forty feet, in a Bonanza creek mine, but shows clearly the faces of those looking in at the opening.

Two curious terms applied to people are in use in Dawson. These are "Sour Dough" and "Chee Choco." The former means an old-timer, or, to be exact, "One who has seen the ice come and go in the Yukon." The other is applied to late comers, and has a tinge of contempt.

When everything had to be packed in over the dangerous trail, glass windows were not to be considered, but a view of a Sour Dough cabin shows how an ingenious fellow supplied the want. Bottled goods were a necessity, and 279 empty bottles were used in a striking manner, making an artistic window admitting both light and air.

The cabin is made of hewn logs. Its roof is of poles covered to the depth of several inches with earth, thus effectually shedding rain. In many instances the roofs of old cabins are veritable roof gardens, bright with wild flowers and weeds.



PHOTOGRAPHIC PUZZLE

Maude Eighmey MacLeod.

A RARE EQUINE

MALAMUTE OR HUSKIE DOG—WITH PUPPIES

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

ON October 29th, 1875, the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Premier of Canada, and the late Hon. James G. Blaine, ex-Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives were joint guests at a St. John, N.B., banquet. In the course of a memorable speech Mr. Mackenzie said: "A morning paper to-day said that it was an interesting coincidence that Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blaine should meet as guests at the banquet to-night, the one the head of a Ministry which initiated negotiations for a Treaty of Reciprocity, the other the head of a party which laid the Treaty on the shelf. It was suggested that we might meet and compare notes, and that perhaps we might be able to settle our account. Well, for my part, I may say to Mr. Blaine, 'I am willing to trade, but as it requires two to make a bargain, if you are not willing I must go somewhere else.'"

Sir John Macdonald tried to make reciprocity the basis of a treaty between the two countries at a later date. He, too, failed, and made the same answer.

Sir Wilfred Laurier likewise endeavoured to secure a reciprocity treaty, and he, too, has made the same answer when he saw himself face to face with the conditions which faced Mr. Mackenzie and Sir John A. Macdonald.

Next!

The pulp and paper manufacturers had a chat in Montreal, the other day, with the Hon. S. N. Parent, Premier of Quebec. They argued that it was necessary to impose an export duty on spruce logs and pulpwood at the rate of $1 per cord for the first year, $1.50 for the second year, $2.00 for the third year, and $3.00 for the fourth and subsequent years. They proposed that this duty should be collected by the Federal Government, who should retain ten per cent. of it and hand over the remaining ninety per cent. to the Province from which the export was made. Premier Parent said he did not think the scheme practical. Perhaps his real objection to this reform is the fact that under the changed conditions Quebec would temporarily lose revenue which is much needed in that heavily burdened Province.

There are now four beet sugar factories in Ontario, one each at Berlin, Dresden, Wallaceburg and Wiarton. The output for 1902, practically the first season, was 20,000,000 pounds. Two million dollars is invested. There is also a Beet Sugar Association, and it has decided to ask for an increase in the present tariff or a direct bounty.

After the Government's experience with the present steel bounty, it is hardly likely that it can be persuaded to try the cold waters of experience again.

The Metropolitan Bank opened its doors about the middle of November, and by January 1st, according to the published statement, it had a profit of $1,700 after paying all the preliminary

expenses connected with its organization and flotation. This would seem to indicate that new banks are not any too numerous, and can easily get a share of business. The head office is in Toronto. A central site in Montreal has been purchased, and an office there will be opened shortly. Mr. F. W. Baillie, one of the younger financiers, is general manager.

For years Canada has been asking for increased British immigration. The prospects are that during 1903, its wishes will be gratified. The influx of English and Welsh settlers promises to be greater than during any other year, although the same enthusiasm has not been awakened in Scotland and Ireland.

The west will have 100,000 new settlers this year—20,000 families at least. The task of carrying these people and their effects to their new homes, and supplying them with lumber for barns and cottages, will be so enormous that the transportation facilities of the West will be taxed to the utmost.

The Canadian Paper Makers' Association and the Canadian Press Association have passed identical resolutions asking that bulk shipments of newspapers and periodicals pay the same rate of duty as unprinted paper. The Press Association has also asked that the duty on all newsprint be reduced to 15 per cent., on book paper to 20 per cent., and on coated paper to 30 per cent. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, it is understood, will support the first of these two requests.

The city of Hamilton is proving that the Canadian boom is not all in the Northwest. The Deering-McCormick harvesting machinery works will employ nearly 10,000 men when completed this year. The Westinghouse Co., the Greening Wire Co., the Hamilton Cotton Mills, the Dominion Belting Co., the Hamilton Bridge Co., the Otis Elevator Co., the Brennan Plain Mills, and others are making enlargements. Cheap electric power from Niagara Falls and the Welland Canal, excellent railway facilities and the low cost of living make Hamilton a desirable industrial centre. Similar tales might be told of other Ontario cities, notably Brantford, Berlin, Peterborough and Toronto.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is negotiating for the purchase of a line of freight steamers to run from Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer, and from West St. John in the winter. This is but a natural development of Canadian Pacific Railway policy. It is important because it will enable the C.P.R. to give through bills of lading at Manitoba points to shippers who are selling in Liverpool. This is a simple matter of finance which is very important to the shipper. It will also aid materially in diverting trade from Buffalo and New York to Montreal and Quebec. Last year the C.P.R. sent thirteen millions of bushels of wheat via Buffalo, as compared with twenty-two millions sent to Canadian ports from Fort William. It is pleasant to know that the C.P.R. is assisting in the policy of "Canada for the Canadians."

The Canada Foundry Company, which has recently erected large factories in Toronto, has sold its 1903 output of locomotives to the Canadian Pacific Railway. A new locomotive factory is being erected near Montreal, with an investment of a million dollars.

Canada for the Canadians as a policy is necessary to counteract the tendency of the public to ape United States fashions and ideas. For almost a century, the people of this country have depended upon United States books and periodicals. We must now change all that. We are changing it, and the people like the change. They appreciate national effort and progress.

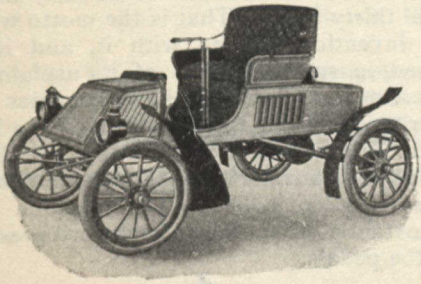
SOCIETY AND THE AUTOMOBILE

THE AUTO WILL TAKE ITS PLACE IN CANADIAN SOCIETY THIS YEAR

THE recent exposition of automobiles, held in Madison Square Gardens, New York, was one of the most remarkable exhibits of mechanical progress and skill that has been seen in America during recent years.

Every type of automobile was there represented, and the best products of the factories of Great Britain, Europe and America were arranged side by side, covering every available foot of ground in the large amphitheatre.

The battle between the three main types of automobile waged with increased keenness, and although no hard or fast line could



be drawn as to whether steam, gasoline or electricity was exclusively the best motive power, general lines of division began to make themselves clear.

If one wishes a touring car with which to travel rapidly over large areas of country, the gasoline carriage is his choice. There is no limit to the distance that may be covered and the source of power may be renewed at any small town where gasoline is stored. Already the gasoline vehicle has won its place in automobile circles, and many factories in the United States have sold the whole of their output for 1903 season before the opening of the riding season has actually begun.

Perhaps even greater interest, however, attached to the electric automobile exhibit, because progress in this line was most marked and electric vehicles were on exhibition which have practically reduced the difficulties of electric operation to a minimum. The storage battery has now been so vastly improved that vehicles that will run fifty miles over good roads, or from thirty-five to forty miles over ordinary roads, are on the market. The motors and running gears have been standardized and improved and now give absolutely no trouble. There is no noise, no dirt and no odour connected with the operation of an electric vehicle. A child can operate it, and it is more readily under the control of the rider than any other vehicle in common use. The lines on which the electric vehicle is designed are the most handsome, and there will undoubtedly be an enlarged sale for them both in Canada and in the United States.

It is satisfactory to know also that Canada will not have to depend upon foreign countries for her electric vehicles. The Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd., of Toronto, have completed arrangements for the extensive manufacture of electric vehicles, and it will be a source of pride to every Canadian to know that the electric vehicles, which will be put on the market by this firm in Canada, will be of the most advanced type that is offered for sale this coming year in America. The carriages have been designed by the most thorough experts in this line and will contain every improvement that has been discovered in the electric vehicle industry.

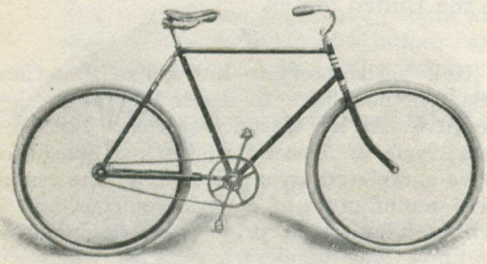
There can be no doubt, therefore, that for the season of 1903 the business man and the physician will find the electric vehicle the most useful means of transportation. It will be as great a favourite for those desiring a pleasure vehicle, and many sales will be made to ladies who desire a vehicle which they are able to manage with complete ease and safety.

In our next issue we propose to show one or two photographs of the new vehicles, and we are sure that the lines of their construction will commend themselves to our readers.

THE BICYCLE KINGDOM

THE month of March heralds the fast approach of spring, and it is not remarkable that our thoughts turn toward the requirements of that season and of the summer which it precedes. Our natural tendencies and the demands of nature point to us the necessity of out-of-door exercise—of warm air and sunshine which has been denied us during the raw winter weather. It is essential, then, that we consider the ways and means of obtaining this.

In the whole catalogue there is nothing so absolutely useful as bicycling, combining as it does entertainment with healthy exercise in the fresh air.



THE NEW BICYCLE—COASTER BRAKE, HYGIENIC CUSHION FRAME.

Also, wheeling is an economic means of transportation. To those living in the city it is a bank on saved car fares, and, coupled with this, necessary exercise to offset the doctor's bills. In the country it puts one's distant neighbour and the postoffice within the radius of a pleasant spin.

There is a great deal of talk to-day of the evident revival in bicycling. This is traceable to the fact that some very important improvements have been made in the bicycle, the principal of these being the successful introduction of the Hygienic Cushion Frame and the perfecting of the Coaster Brake. Because of these we believe that this season will see the bicycle in as great demand as even in its palmy days now some years behind us.

To the Hygienic Cushion Frame is more entirely due the recent activity in bicycling circles. It was this invention which solved for us the very bothersome problem of smooth roads, the method being a very simple and most practical one. By an ingenious device which is part and parcel of the frame, the rider has been made to occupy a uniform position while the wheels accommodate themselves to the uneven roads. The invention has been found also to add considerably to the life of the bicycle.

The Coaster Brake—"Ride fifty miles, pedal thirty-five." That is the motto which the invention carries with it, and it is, indeed, a small estimate of its usefulness. The Coaster Brake, while it enables the rider to rest from time to time on the level road, simply by holding his feet steady on the pedals, permits a perfectly safe descent of even steep inclines—The machine may be instantly stopped by a backward pressure on the pedals.

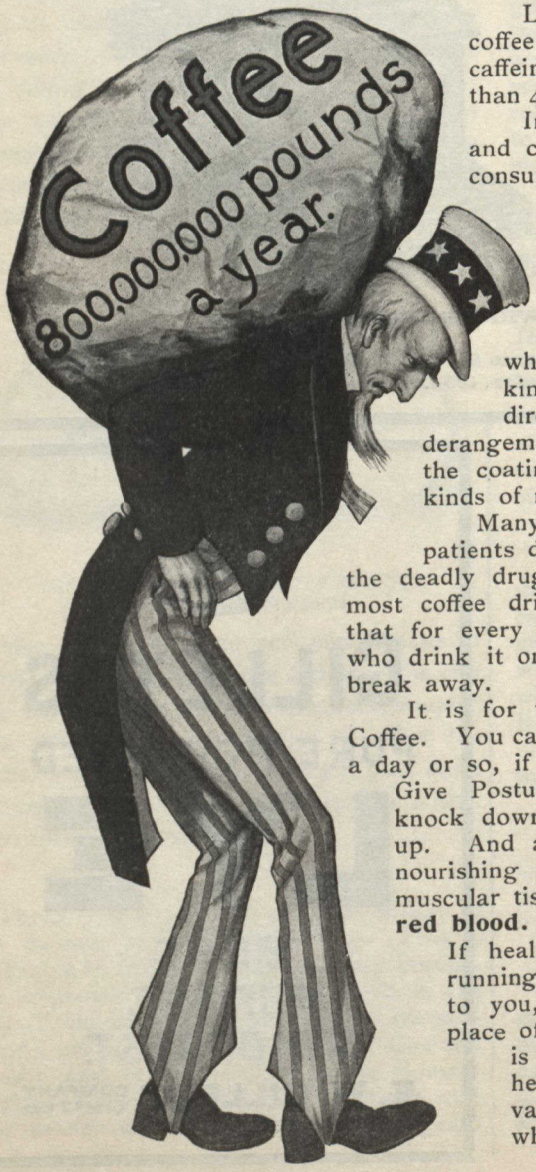
An old-time rider who has steadily used the bicycle through the many stages of its career, tells us that to get all the real pleasure and all the comfort there is in modern wheeling one should have a bicycle equipped with a Hygienic Cushion Frame and Coaster Brake. "It is essential," he said, "to prove, in my particular case, the joy I take in living."

It must afford us considerable gratification to know that track records in almost all parts of the world were broken last season by riders using Canadian machines.

In Paris, a few months ago, Georget established all records up to and including one hundred miles, while Major Taylor, the dusky champion, on his Australasian tour, won practically every race using a C.C. & M.C. racer.

UNCLE SAM'S HEAVY LOAD

U. S. USES 800 MILLION POUNDS OF COFFEE EVERY YEAR—OVER 10 LBS. PER CAPITA (see report International Coffee Commission, 1902).
COFFEE CONTAINS .008 OF CAFFEIN (M. Payen's analysis, accepted as standard).
12 GRAINS OF CAFFEIN IS A FATAL DOSE (medical authorities).
A GRAIN IS $\frac{1}{7000}$ OF A POUND, AVOIRDUPOIS (Webster's Dictionary).



Let's figure it out. In 10 pounds of coffee there are $\frac{8}{100}$ pounds or 560 grains of caffein. Divided by 12 this equals more than 46 fatal doses of this deadly drug.

In other words, every man, woman and child (average) in the United States consumes little by little in one year enough of the poisonous alkaloid, caffein, to kill 46 people.

As the coffee drinker takes it in small doses and diluted, this caffein does not kill outright. But it is easy to believe medical science when it tells us that coffee sets up all kinds of diseases. Science says coffee directly attacks the vital organs, causes derangement of the heart, kidney troubles, ruins the coating of the stomach, and sets up all kinds of mental and nervous ails.

Many physicians now absolutely prohibit patients drinking tea or coffee, on account of the deadly drugs that these drinks contain. But most coffee drinkers are such slaves to the habit that for every one who stops coffee there are ten who drink it on the sly. They think they cannot break away.

It is for these that science invented Postum Coffee. You can quit instantly and never miss it after a day or so, if you will drink Postum in its place.

Give Postum a chance and it will certainly knock down those diseases which coffee has set up. And all the while it is curing these it is nourishing and strengthening and building up muscular tissue and nerve matter. **It is making red blood.**

If health and happiness and a smoothly running mind and body are of any account to you, take on Postum for ten days in place of coffee, and see the result. Postum is a scientific food-drink made from health-giving grains, heavy with food value and delicious in taste and aroma, when properly made.

HAVE YOU SLEPT WELL?

INSURE RESTFUL SLEEP BY USING AN

OSTERMOOR PATENT ELASTIC FELT

MATTRESS

2	feet	6	inches	wide,	$ 9.50	All 6 ft. 2 ins. long.
3	"	0	"	"	11.00	
3	"	6	"	"	12.50	
4	"	0	"	"	14.00	
4	"	6	"	"	15.00	

50 cents extra if ordered in two pieces.

A reliable dealer in almost every town in Canada sells these Mattresses, and is authorized by us to guarantee that they will please you.

Write us for handsome Catalogue and name of agent in your town—a postal card is sufficient.

The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Limited, Montreal

Sole Canadian Manufacturers.

Let Me Convince You

You who are sick and discouraged—
You who are doctoring without result—
Be fair with yourselves—ask me for the facts—
Learn how half a million others got well.

What Proof Do You Want?

I have 65,000 letters from cured ones, and will send all you care to read.

I have a circular giving the names and addresses of one thousand people *in one city*, whom my Restorative has cured in just the past six months. Do you want it?

I have actual records of over half a million chronic cases which I have cured in the past 12 years. Almost every neighborhood in America has its living witnesses to what my Restorative will do. Just ask for evidence and I can overwhelm you with it, for the evidence is everywhere.

My Restorative has made these cures by strengthening the *inside* nerves. It will do that with you. It will bring back the nerve power which alone operates the vital organs. It will give the weak organ power to do its duty.

It does that invariably, and the results are permanent. I speak from a lifetime's experience with diseases that no common treatment cures. It will make you well all over.

A Month on Trial.

Simply write me a postal card, stating which book you need. I will then mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is **$5.50.** If it fails I will pay the druggist myself. And your mere word shall decide it.

That offer itself is the best evidence of merit that a remedy ever had.

Those who accept it are those who doubt that their cases are reachable. Yet you must know that I cure them, else the offer would ruin me.

Now if you are not well, you need that help. A postal will secure it. All the proofs you want are waiting. Won't you write to-day.

Simply state which book you want, and address

DR. SHOOP, Box 25
Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men.
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Radnor
Empress of Waters

RADNOR

is a purely natural water, brilliant, pleasantly sparkling and delicate to the taste.

"THE LANCET"
London, England

Priestley's Dress Goods

A few of the Specialties:

"Voiles"

Crepe de Chine

Grenadines

Soleils

Sicilians

Crespine

Royalette

Coverts

You cannot wear a better Dress than that from

"Priestley's Goods."

Rich and lasting in effect.

ALL THE LEADING DRY GOODS STORES KEEP THESE GOODS

Malta-Vita

REGIMENT OF COOKS WILL DO YOUR COOKING

WE DO YOUR COOKING

Over Thirty Millions of wholesome delicious meals of MALTA-VITA are prepared each month by the MALTA-VITA Regiment of cooks.

The month of March is the opening of Spring, and is the proper time for you to select a change of diet for renovating your system and cleansing the blood of all impurities which may have accumulated during the winter months caused by eating heavy and heating foods.

ONE MEAL A DAY OF MALTA-VITA, "The Perfect Food," will accomplish this result. MALTA-VITA is light, nourishing and purifying; it is the whole of the wheat properly combined with malt extract, thoroughly cooked and ready to eat. THE TONIC EFFECTS OF MALT ARE BENEFICIAL AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.

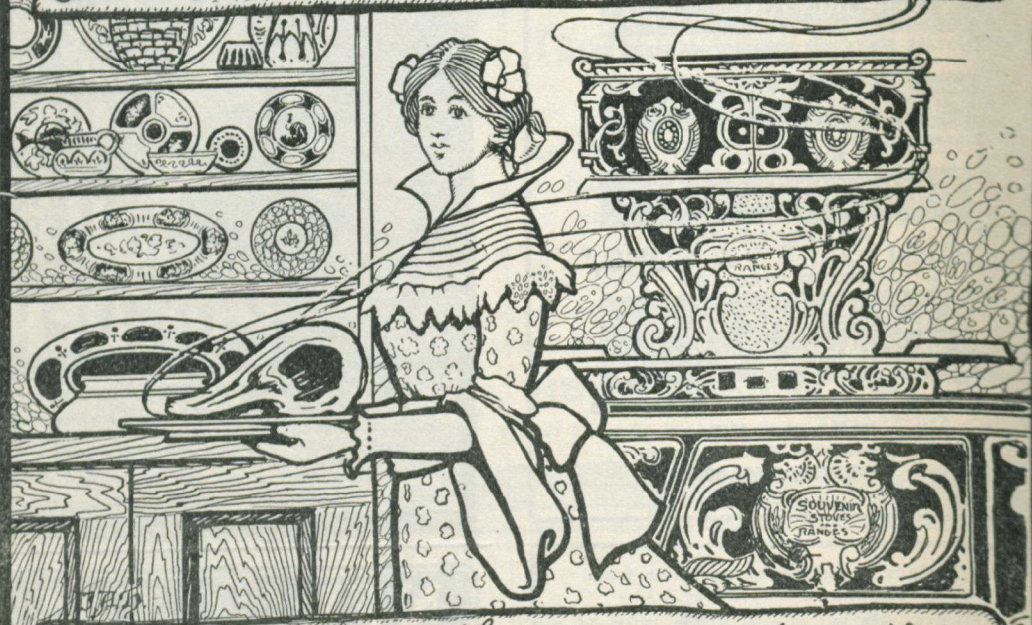
Inspect closely the Literature in our package.

MALTA-VITA is sold by all first-class grocers.

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD COMPANY

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN TORONTO, CANADA

"Souvenir Range"



Who Owns A "Souvenir Range" Is As Proud As A Peacock.

THE AERATED OVEN is only one of the many points which makes "THE SOUVENIR" RANGE superior to all others. It is the most perfect baking and cooking apparatus ever made. We are so sure that SOUVENIRS will give you a satisfactory and perfect service that we are willing to give a written guarantee with every Stove. Sold by leading dealers everywhere, or write to us for particulars.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited
Stove, Range and Radiator Manufacturers
Wholesale Branches— **HAMILTON, CAN.**
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, B.C.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

EXTENSION OF OUR WAREROOMS

Owing to the continued growth of our business, we have found it necessary for the convenience of our customers, and the proper display of the various instruments that comprise our stock, to have additional accommodation, and have been fortunate enough to secure the upper portion of the adjoining western premises, affording us an additional 2,300 square feet of floor space. To connect the two premises and carry out the necessary alterations require the disposal of the entire stock at prices that will reduce our stock quickly to what we can conveniently carry until the alterations are completed. We refer particularly to the following used pianos :—

USED UPRIGHT PIANOS

We mention **SEVEN UPRIGHT PIANOS,** though we have others that our space will not permit us to touch upon. Terms on this class of stock as low as $10.00 cash and $7.00 per month :—

MASON & RISCH—Small size Upright Piano, has been in use some years, in thorough repair, and will afford satisfaction for many years to any one desirous of getting a good, sweet-toned piano at a low price. Original price, $350. It's sale price. **$190**

R. S. WILLIAMS—Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, rosewood case, 7⅓ octaves, overstrung scale. Original price, $375. Sale price. **$205**

HEINTZMAN & CO.—Medium size Upright Piano, ebonized case, 7 octaves, in good order. Original price, $375. Sale price.....**$210**

KURTZMANN—Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, rosewood case, 7⅓ octaves, full metal frame, trichord overstrung scale. Original price, $400. Sale price **$220**

MASON & RISCH—Medium size Upright Piano, 7⅓ octaves, repeating action, overstrung trichord scale, best ivory keys, mahogany case. Original price, $425. Sale price **$250**

VOSE & SONS, Boston — 7⅓ octaves, medium size Upright Piano, a modern Vose Piano, has had very little use, mahogany case. Original price, $450. Sale price **$275**

MASON & RISCH—We mention particularly a beautiful Cabinet Grand Upright of our own manufacture, Walnut case, and of the most modern design, interior and exterior. Sells regularly at $475. Sale price **$295**

USED SQUARE PIANOS

We mention three instruments of this class, though we have square pianos ranging in price from $25 upwards. The instruments mentioned below can be secured on terms of $5.00 cash and $4.00 monthly : –

R. S. WILLIAMS—Square Piano, parlor grand size, full overstrung scale, good action, good tone, ebonized case, carved legs.. .....**$123**

BILLING & CO.—Square Piano, 7⅓ octaves, overstrung bass, full clear tone, good repeating action, three carved legs and lyre, in splendid order **$127**

STEINWAY & SON, Boston — Square Grand Piano, full overstrung scale, repeating action, fine tone, handsomely carved legs and lyre, case of ebony finish, exceptional value, ... **$147**

On any of the above-mentioned instruments we pay freight to the extent of 1000 miles towards their destination and guarantee that the instrument will be satisfactory on arrival. If not, will pay cost of removal and return freight. We include stool with every purchase.

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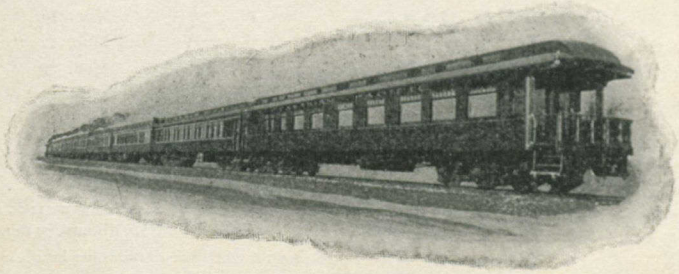

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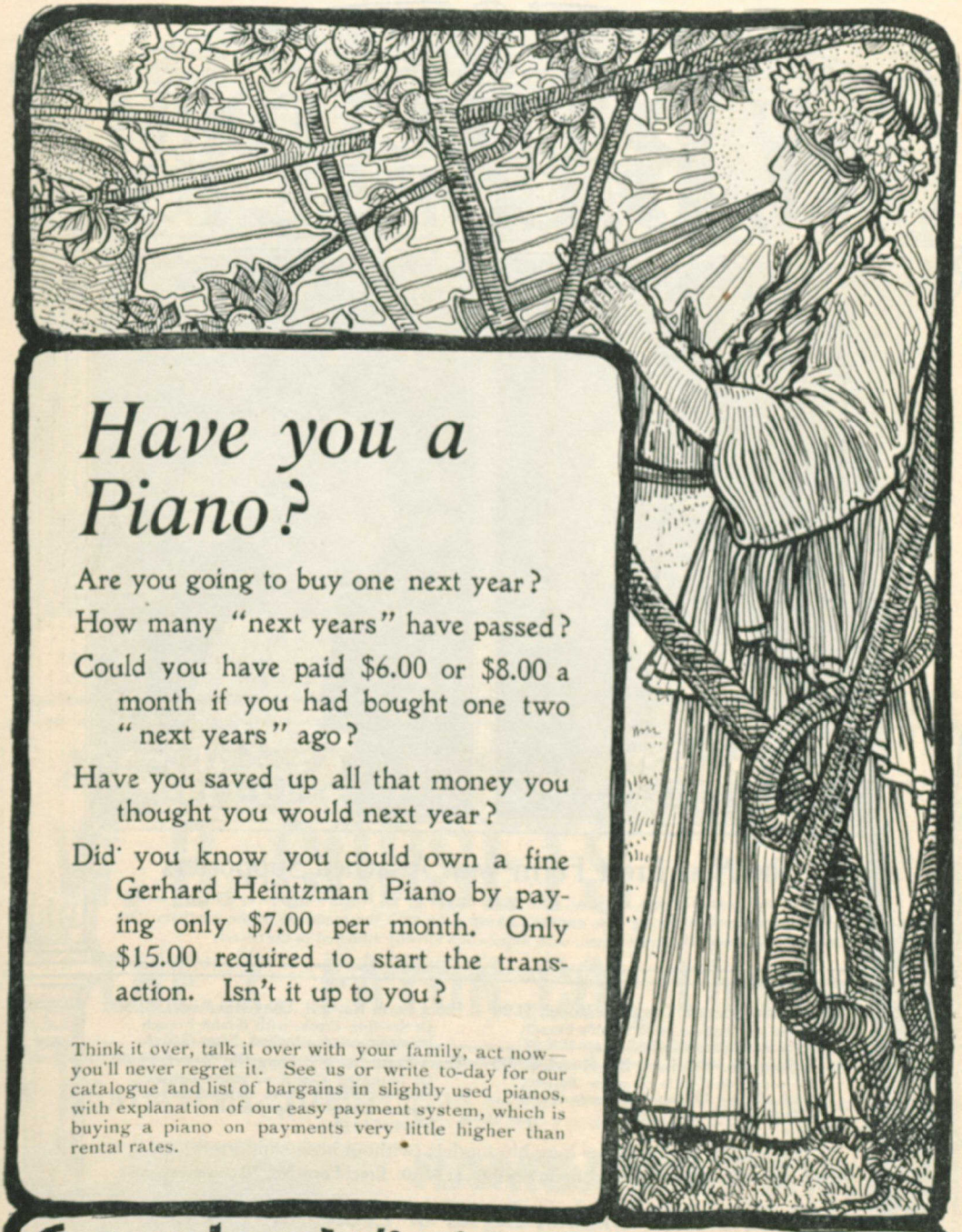

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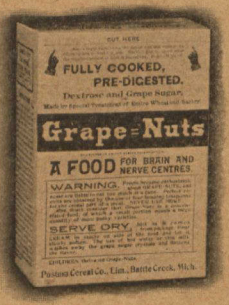

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