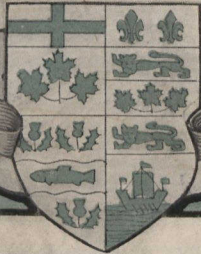


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No. 3

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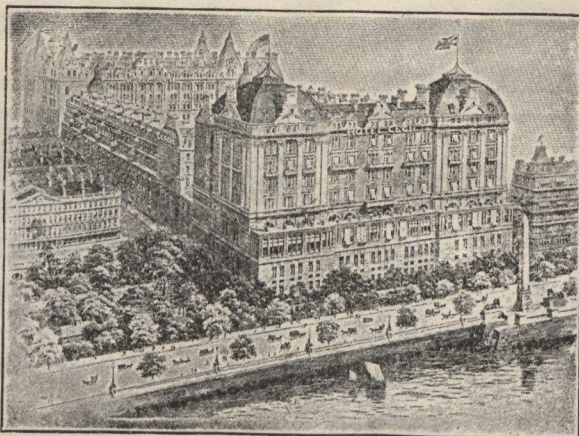
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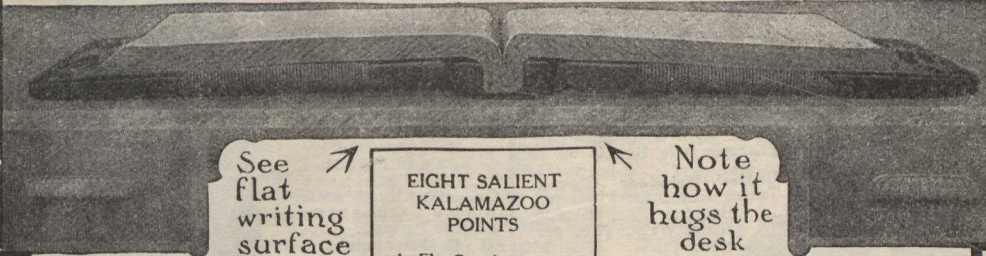


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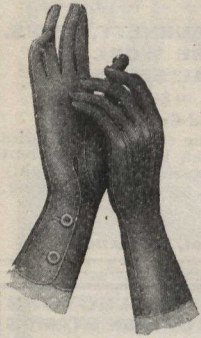
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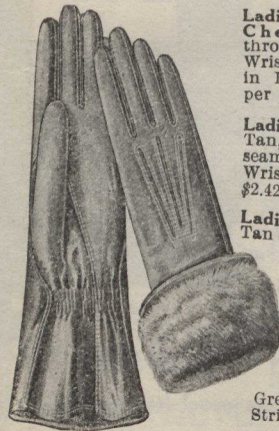
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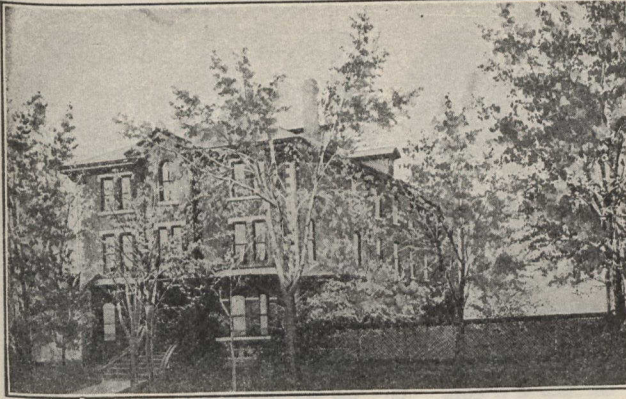
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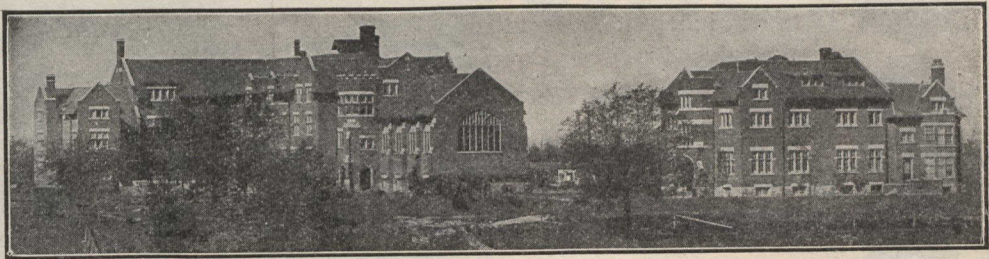
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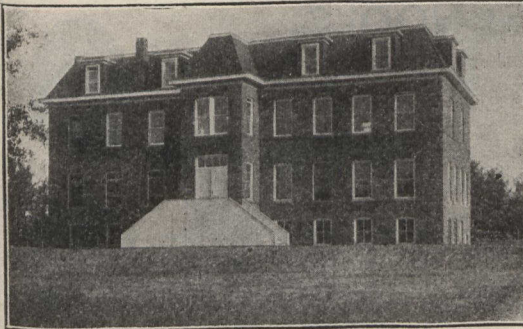
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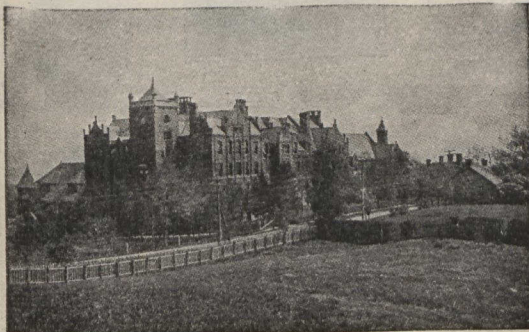


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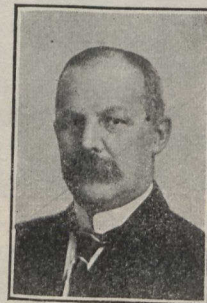
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the reason why we have now the
largest schools of these kinds in
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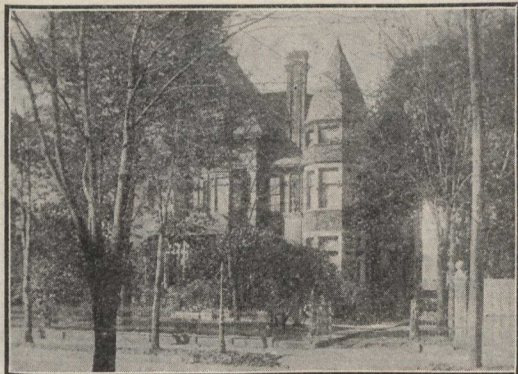
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Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

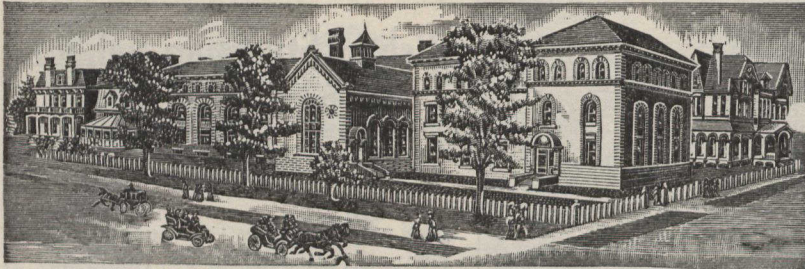
The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

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

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

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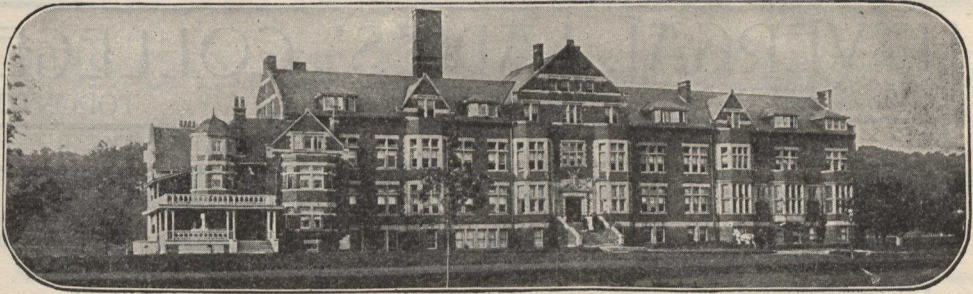
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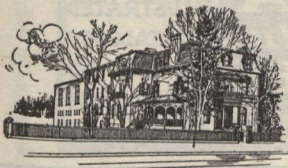
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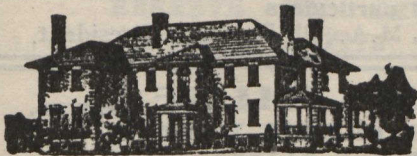
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PAID UP CAPITAL \$10,000,000

REST \$8,000,000

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HEAD OFFICE:

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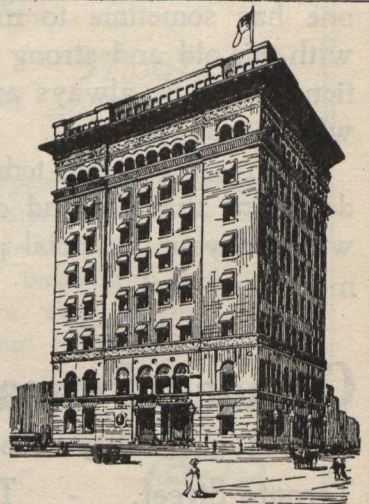
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DIVIDED PROFITS .. \$3,250 000

\$6,000,000

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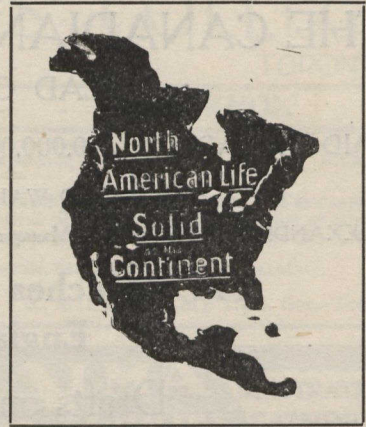
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Mortgage Corporation

Toronto Street, - Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1855.



1912

May the New Year
be one of
Happiness and
Prosperity
for all.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE Assurance Company

"Solid as the Continent"

Home Office - Toronto

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Head Office Toronto, Canada

Record for year ending 30th November, 1911
BEING THE FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR
OF BUSINESS

CAPITAL	-	-	-	\$ 4,608,050
	Increase for year, \$608,050			
REST	-	-	-	5,608,050
	Increase for year, \$858,050			
DEPOSITS	-	-	-	41,126,664
	Increase for year, \$4,140,944			
LOANS and INVESTMENTS	-	-	-	45,609,222
	Increase for year, \$5,003,692			
TOTAL ASSETS	-	-	-	57,067,664
	Increase for year, \$6,753,267			

The Bank of Toronto, with fifty-six years of experience of successful banking business in Canada, with ample resources, with large Reserve Funds, with widely extended banking facilities, and with a large clientele, including many of the best business houses in Canada, offers to merchants, manufacturers and all business men and savings depositors an unexcelled banking service.

Incorporated - - - *1855*

The Year Nearing its Close

promises to be a banner year for the

Mutual Life of Canada

in every branch of its extensive business.

¶ Its operations are confined to Canada, whose climate is the most *HEALTHY AND INVIGORATING* in the world. This fact supplemented by a judicious selection of lives, accounts for the

Very Low Mortality

experienced by the Company, being for many years past only 40 per cent. of the amount "expected" and provided for.

Now-a-days people need not be told that LIFE INSURANCE is a good thing—as no one denies it—or that every man should carry as much as he can afford—every prudent man does so—but we would remind, especially all heads of families that the holidays are

An Opportune Time

to take out a policy in this company in favor of wife or wife and children, as a remedy against dependency, if not galling poverty, should their natural protector die before accumulating enough to keep the *WOLF FROM THE DOOR* after the symbol of mourning has been removed from it.

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W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director

CHAS. RUBY, Secretary

7%

INVESTMENT

AND SHARE IN PROFITS

7%

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Safety, large earning capacity, long established trade connection, privilege to withdraw investment at end of one year, with not less than 7 per cent., on 60 days' notice.

This security is backed up by a long established and substantial manufacturing business that has always paid dividends, and the investor shares in all the profits, and dividends are paid twice a year, on 1st June and December.

At the end of one year, or at the end of any subsequent year we agree to resell or repurchase these securities on 60 days' notice in writing. Send at once for full particulars.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, Limited

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,

TORONTO, ONT.

THE WESTERN

ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated in 1851

ASSETS,	\$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES,	469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY-HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
\$54,069,727.16

DIRECTORS:

Hon. GEO. A. COX, President
W. R. BROCK, Vice-President
W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director

Head Office: - Toronto



Paid-up Capital - - \$6,000,000
Reserve Funds - - 4,999,298

167 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Savings Department at all Branches.

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates

General Banking Business.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	- -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- -	104,696.38

Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

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 TO
Remit Money

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They are issued in the currency of the country on which drawn, and are payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails, a prompt refund is arranged or a new order issued without further charge.

WHEN TRAVELLING carry your funds in
TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

These cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, and are conceded by all who have ever used them to be superior in every way to Letters of Credit.

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Agencies throughout Canada

ABSOLUTELY SAFE

AND MOST

CONVENIENT



1911

gave The Great-West Life
the greatest year's Business
yet recorded.

Applications, over.....\$17,000,000
In Force (Dec. 31) ".....\$66,500,000
Assets (Dec. 31) ".....\$ 9,000,000
1911 Income ".....\$ 3,000,000

Success is the proof of ex-
cellence. Nineteen years of
unbroken success endorse the
Policies of

The Great-West Life
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Just out—"PROFITS 1912", showing the first 20-
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TOTAL ASSETS
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THE TRADERS BANK
OF CANADA

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Paid Up	-	\$ 6,200,000
Reserve Funds	-	7,200,000
Total Assets over	-	105,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

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Gives first consideration to the interests of its policyholders.

Appreciation is shown by the fact that the present progress of the Company is, proportionately, unexcelled.

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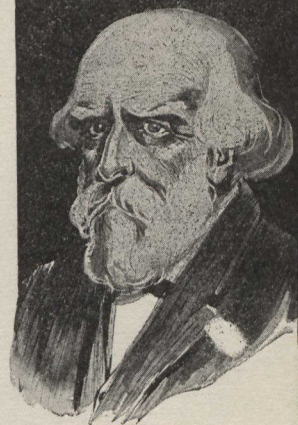
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Capital and Assets - \$ 4,513,949.53
Insurance in force, over \$21,000,000.00



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ART DEPT CAN MAGAZINE

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Yield 4% to 6%

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TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG.

1912

THE NORTHERN Life Assurance Co. of Canada

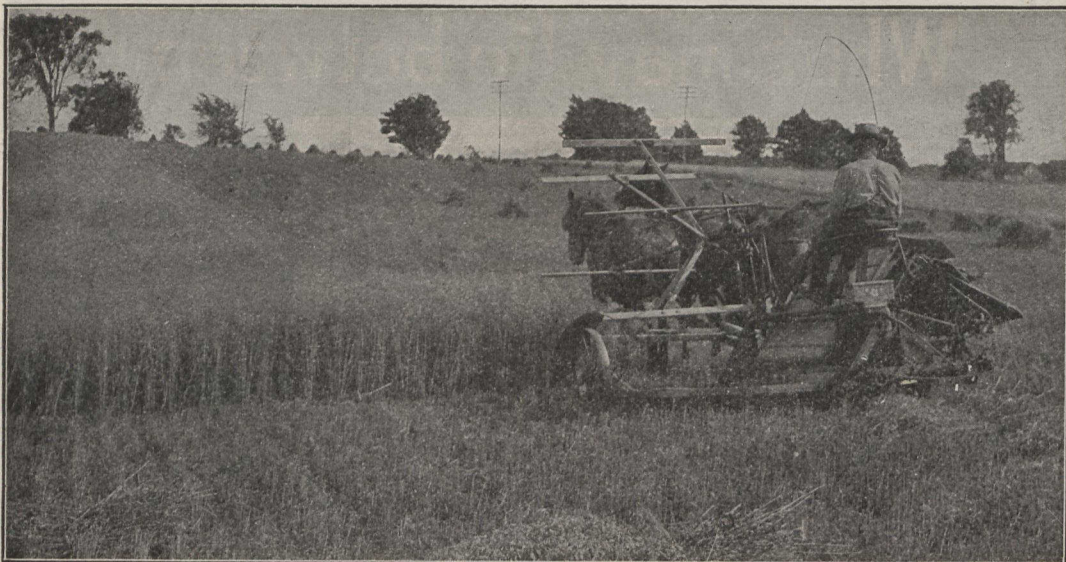
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London, Ont.

JOHN MILNE
Managing-Director

The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

Corresponding gains in every department.

Conservative methods and steady progress have arrived at the goal—SUCCESS.



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The Land of Sunshine.

The Land of Big Crops.

The Land of Peace and Prosperity.

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

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Give the boy a chance.

Get in on the "ground floor"

160 Acres Free

The boundless prairie land is the finest on earth. Bracing climate; lots of water; excellent railway facilities—steadily increasing; cheap fuel; good schools; equitable laws.

THIS is the place for you.

NOW is your chance.

Room for 50,000,000 more.

For further Information Apply to

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OTTAWA - - CANADA.

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of Fairy Soap makes it fit the hand—it's handy to handle. So much more satisfactory than the awkward oblong bar! Fairy Soap quality is well known to Fairy users. To others, a test will prove it best. Fairy is the peer of all soaps for toilet and bath.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL



The Trade Mark which guards the Fruit from the orchard to your table

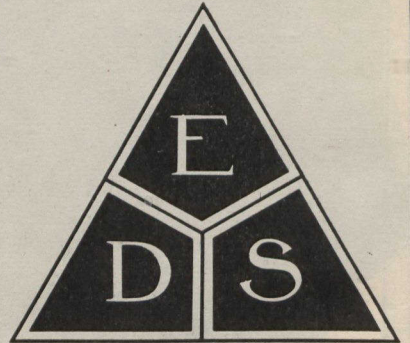
Demand pure fruit products—fruit gathered, selected and conveyed to the factory under strict supervision, where it is then prepared and cooked in absolute cleanliness.

E. D. S. PRESERVES

meet these strongest requirements to the last degree. They are 100 p.c. pure and have the luscious, fresh, ripe fruit flavor, which is often lost in other brands, not so well cared for and by the addition of coloring and harmful preservative preparations. E. D. S. Brand Preserves, Jams and Jellies do not contain a vestige of any sort of preservative.

SEE THAT YOUR GROCER
GIVES YOU E. D. S. BRAND

Made by **E. D. Smith** his own fru farms, **Winona, Ont.**



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Buy it because the tin is convenient and handy.
Buy it because Sozodont has a pleasing flavour.
But, more than all, buy it because it possesses antiseptic and cleansing properties of inestimable worth.

It frees the mouth from impurities, it prevents decay and it never contains anything that will damage the delicate enamel of the teeth.

As good for artificial as for natural teeth.

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Painting by J. E. H. Macdonald

THE JANUARY THAW

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1912

No. 3

QUIDI VIDI

NEWFOUNDLAND'S SHOW FISHING VILLAGE

BY W. LACEY AMY

Illustrations from Photographs by the Author

THE first one to sound the praises of Quidi Vidi (pronounced Kiddy Viddy; the more abrupt the better) was the first Newfoundlander I met. After it had headed the list of St. John's attractions of every Newfoundlander I talked to during the first day of my trip across the island, I changed the wording of my inquiry and asked for things worth seeing around St. John's—"apart from Quidi Vidi, I mean."

But still each one persisted in commencing his list with the fishing village, until I firmly made up my mind that if there was one spot in Newfoundland that I did not want to see it was this show place that I knew would have a high iron fence around it and a sign, "Don't point your umbrella at the picture."

Later on I met a friend who had not learned the list by heart; and the same name headed his list. Quidi Vidi was more in the conversation than if it had been the new baby.

But I went—accidentally. I have now to acknowledge that through some strange mistake someone has put the Newfoundlander about right in the name at the head of the stereo-

typed rigmarole that is learned in every country for the benefit of the innocent tourist. Who accomplished this feat is the leading mystery of St. John's. For Quidi Vidi deserves every bit of the devotion it receives.

It is its misfortune that a visitor begins to think of Quidi Vidi like porridge in a Scotch home: he simply has to take it in. But once he has visited it, his resentment that it should be vulgarised by the undue familiarity of thousands who can understand no more than that it is "the thing" makes him somewhat loth to add to its local celebrity.

The one who properly appreciates Quidi Vidi will seldom advertise it any more than the fisherman makes known the best fishing holes. Some day the gaze of the hurrying tourist will dispel the halo around the place; at present he has seen no more than its glow. Certainly the village should be placed behind a glass case, with a pointed railing in front; and away down the road towards St. John's should be stationed a policeman to keep away the throng that is beginning to smooth the roads and paths for no other reason than that some

great man, some day or other, has seen fit to describe Quidi Vidi as it is. There are few places worth writing about that receive the first attentions of the guidebook tourist. The tiny little village that adjoins St. John's is the most remarkable exception on record.

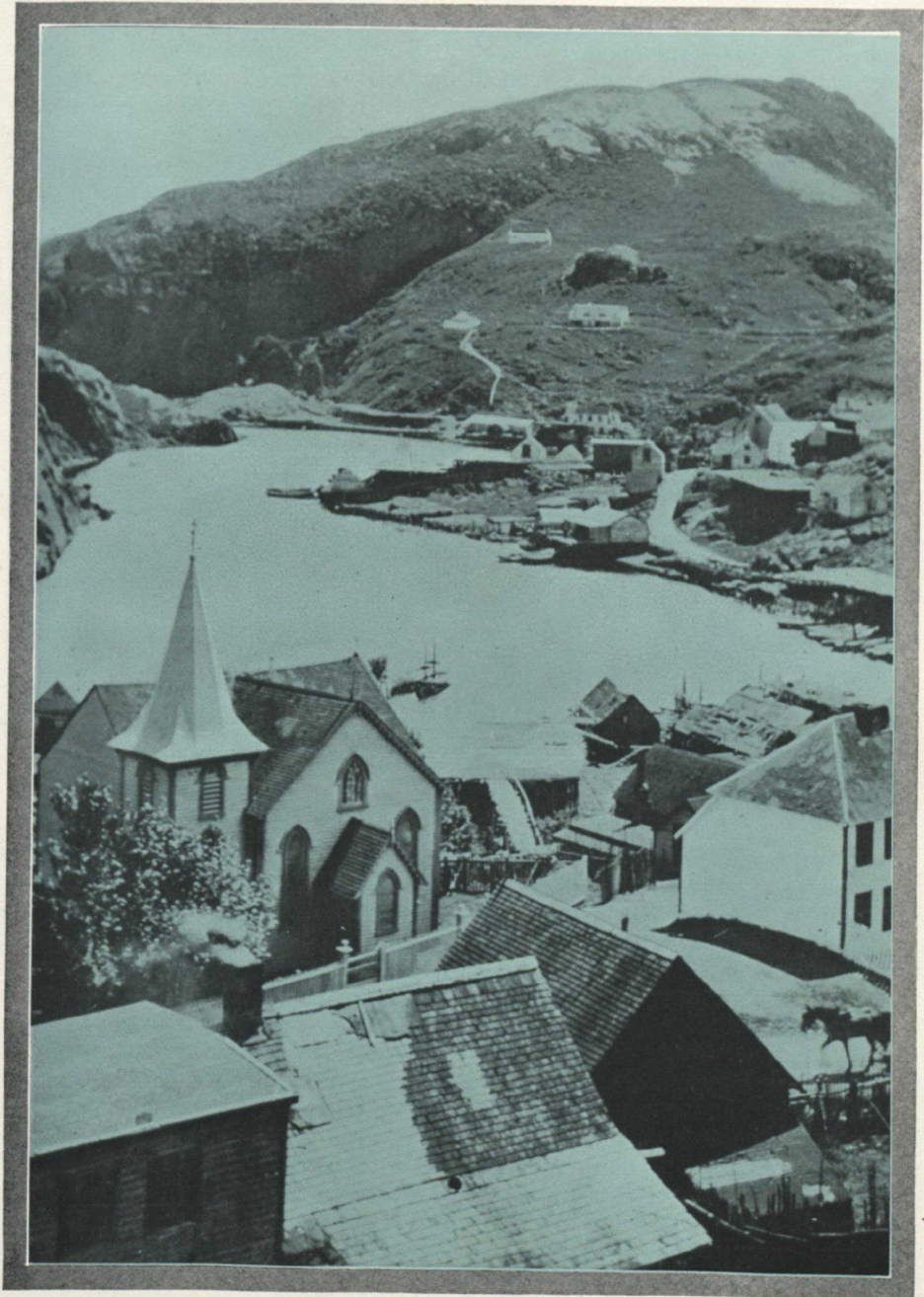
Quidi Vidi is divided from St. John's by about two miles of road and a cab tariff that is fearfully and wonderfully made, so far as the visitor is able to discover. Fortunately for my impressions, I fought shy of both on my visit. It is due to the fact that I was wandering without a guide that I came upon the fishing village before I knew it, and it had impressed itself on me before I was aware I was looking at that which I had determined carefully to avoid. The road to the village is a hard gravel, smoothly graded, city-entrance affair, just what one would expect as the route to a popular resort, as well suited to what it opens into as a starched collar to a fisherman. Custom and a reckless travesty on fitness have done their most against Quidi Vidi; but the village has until now managed to confine the modernity of the road within its ditches. Singularly successful in its fight for exclusiveness in the face of heavy odds, it offers little out of the ordinary to the cab-fare or the hustling motorist. To see the village one must cross the ditches.

Forced by the exigencies of Regatta Day patronage, I was fortunate enough not to be able to secure a cab. Perhaps therein lies the sweetness of my memory of Quidi Vidi. Up Signal Hill I had struggled on foot, leaving the crowds streaming away to Long Pond, where the regatta races were held; and I had been rewarded by having the Hill all to myself, able to look down on the hillside city and its marvellous harbour, on the gorge that serves as an outlet for the fishing smack and ocean liner, without

the annoyance of the "how-perfectly-splendid" tourist anxious only to see the superlative things. Far below me, as I stood beside the Tower, lay the regatta course, two miles away, but strikingly outlined by the flashing white and deep black of the gathering crowd. Along the edge of the precipitous cliffs that went straight down to the ocean I pulled myself over the rocks and pathless moss, with nothing in mind but the ocean scene beneath. Then there opened far down in front a rickety cluster of houses, with a glimpse of glistening water and cod flakes. I had no idea it was Quidi Vidi; but what I did know was that there lay something I must see more closely, and for miles I clambered down the steep rocks along the water's edge.

Once I sank out of sight of the village and came upon the cable office, a break in the desertion, a little, long, white building that concealed the conversational access to ocean-distant lands. There was no evidence that I was coming in touch with a guide-book route; the road I passed along was but a crude break in the rockiness, a byway making it easier for the foot-farer without mutilating the landscape. The village had disappeared over a rugged rise, but I pushed on, with the knowledge that it would break upon me without disappointment. Ahead of me the road branched into two forks, and, following the rougher, I came to the top of the rise, where the village came suddenly into sight, only a couple of hundred feet below me, the tall, rocky hillside rising abruptly behind it, and the ramshackle fish-houses hanging sleepily over the merest bit of glassy water.

I cared not what was the name of the village I dreaded to disturb with the prying eyes of the passer-by; at that moment I was content to stand and look. Up the grass-covered lane came a silent fisherman, toiling slow-

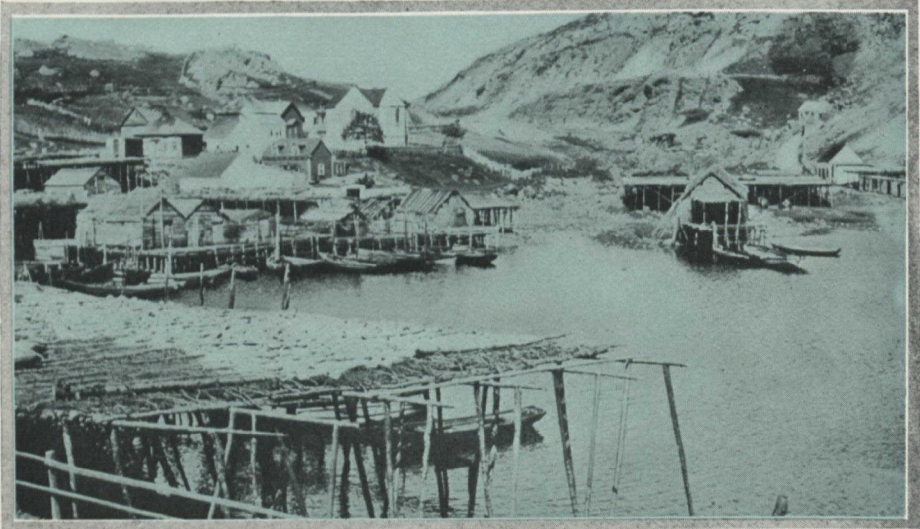


QUIDI VIDI, OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR

ly upward as if reluctant to widen the distance to his favourite element. The rattle of a string of carriages stopped him for a moment to look away to his right beneath shaded eyes. Then he came on more quickly, reminded of some errand which he seemed to have forgotten when I first caught sight of him.

of the quaint and the beautiful, but went along its way indifferent to its fame.

Down the roadway where vehicles had never passed, but where the village cattle or goats had worn a path deep into the grass, I passed. On one side a barbed-wire fence cut off not a detail of the view. On the other a



QUIDI VIDÉ, FROM THE HARBOUR

“Is this a village?” I asked, more as a means to conversation than for information. “Has it a name?”

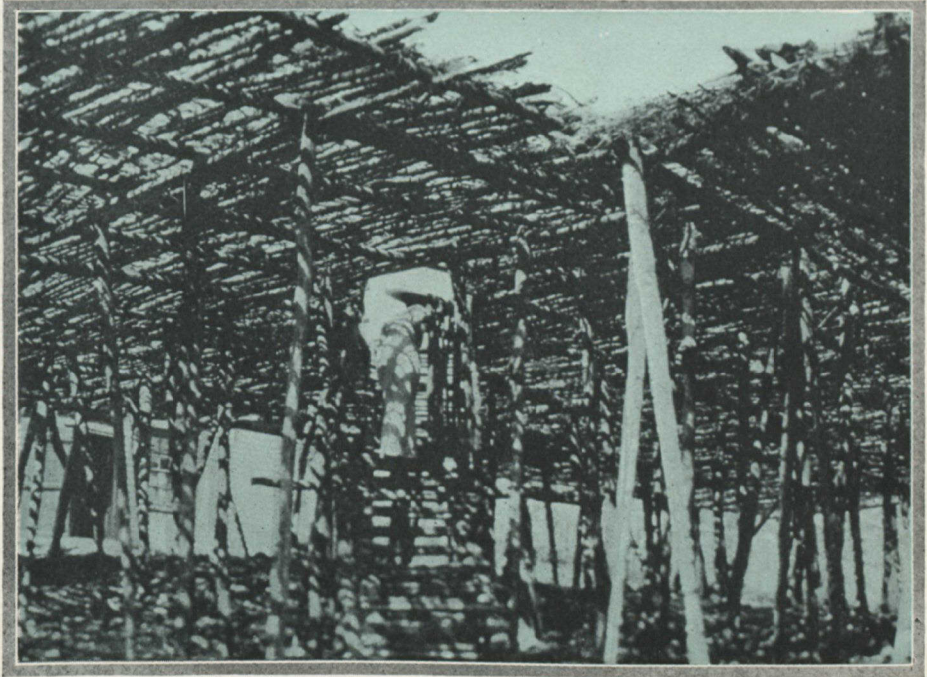
“Quidi Vidi,” he answered in a voice that matched his pace, and with an abruptness of pronunciation that left me searching for the vowels.

And I lost all desire for conversation. I had come where I had intended not to; the mountain path had hoodwinked me into a spot I had wished to avoid. But there was no chiding of the deceiver—just a wonder that at last I had come upon the one great exception, and an admiration for the village that was, after all, no show village, but a real centre of a real industry that had unintentionally fashioned itself to suit the guide-book and the tourist, the lover

steep bank had been cut away when sometime it had been intended that this should be a real highway. The scene was like a painting, so quiet and lifeless was it. From where I stood there was no sign of movement save in the gentle, sun-touched ripple that sometimes fled across the bit of water, and a line of white clothes that waved lazily in the light breeze. The cod-flakes were white with desertion where the cod lay baking, and dusty-dark where the owner had decided the sun was too warm for perfect drying. Not a sound came up to me to fit in with the anchored boats, the evidences of industry—nothing save the occasional bleat of an invisible goat. The few houses which made up the hamlet were splashed around

on the rock with utter disregard for everything save a white road that ran along one side in irregular curves and twists, stamping itself by its colour as the belt-line route around

flakes, now half covered with drying cod, the remainder showing up in a tangle of poles and dead evergreen brush. Farther away and facing me was a row of fish-houses, with noth-



QUIDI VIDI—UNDER THE FLAKES

the pond, a mile away, on which the regatta sports were being held. Carriages passed along it in spots of moving black, followed by a thin cloud of white dust. Now and then a swifter cloud marked the passage of an automobile working up speed to take the hill at high power. It was possible to look down on the village without the blot of the travel-stained road, and I turned hastily to it.

Down near the flakes there was nothing but Quidi Vidi at its best—Quidi Vidi as the tourist does not see it; and there I was content to think that, while there was a tourist-gaped part, there was also that which really counted. Out from me, over the old fish-houses, stretched the cod-

ing more definite as a line to toe than the irresponsible water-front. And to my surprise, on this bright day each staging was fronted by its fishing-boat. Later I discovered that it is part of a fisherman's upbringing that nothing short of a postponement will keep him from the 'gatta.

But even yet I had not come to the Quidi Vidi that will long withstand the fame that spoils. Ahead of us the road seemed to end abruptly, and I hesitated to look for the outlet; but the discovery was made that the road passed beneath the flakes, as if ignoring their presence as serious obstacles or offering overhead a common flake of good extent and unsurpassed drying qualities. And through

the unused flakes fell the sun in a dizzy network that made it impossible to place the group of little children running towards me. All above and around the flakes covered the ground

Somewhere I could hear the puffing of the cars and the rapidly fading laughter of flying visitors; but they were apart from the world down there, and the descriptions that would



QUIDI VIDI—THE FISH-HOUSES AND FLEET

and the water's edge. To give access to them boards were slanted up with cleats to hold the feet; or rough stairs opened above, with creaking gates to keep down the hens and overyoung children. Acres of ground and roadway were buried in darkness beneath the cod-covered flakes, or lit with the patterned rays that came through the poles and branches. Houses pushed peevishly against the encroaching poles in all directions, resenting the fact that they were allowed to exist only on sufferance. The road was marked by many feet, but not a wheel. It was the real main street of the village, whatever the autos might think of the white road beyond.

be carried home of Quidi Vidi to listening friends would fit as well as—as tourists' word-pictures usually do. One automobile with instincts for the hidden crept carefully around a corner and stopped at the edge of the overhanging flakes. But it did not delay. With some haste the chauffeur turned with many a backward plunge and forward pitch, and facing the return road darted away in a cloud of dust that had never before followed this break in the scene. Another car, with longings for intimate views, but a commendable sense of decency, stopped on the main road, just where one of the private streets branched off and showed the corner of a covering flake, satisfied itself

with looking, and then quietly went on its way with unusual modesty and respect. There are hopes for the owner of that car. There should be signs along the travelled road warning modernity from leaving the beaten track. An automobile in Quidi Vidi is like whistling in a Catholic cathedral.

A woman came towards me beneath the flakes, shading her eyes from the flickering sunbeams to see me the more readily. I waited to speak to her, but she turned aside under the network of poles, her pail knocking noisily against projecting ends as she wound down to the fish-houses.

The merry sound of children broke on me from some unseen playground close at hand, and now and then they would cross the path with disturbing suddenness, to disappear as unaccountably into paths known only to these underflake dwellers. Two little girls passed, their hair done up in strange veils, and their clean, white dresses conspicuous with hands that carefully held them up from all danger of dirt less deep than the knees. I accepted the invitation and asked the reason of the special garb and seeming haste.

"We're going to the picnic," one of them answered, describing the regatta as it appeared to her.

"But most of the people are there now," I said thoughtlessly. A shadow passed across their faces, and their reply was full of disappointment.

"We know. But mother won't let us go 'fore dinner, 'cause our dresses wouldn't last. We'd ruther go 'thout dinner if she'd let us."

A call came from some unplaced direction, and the girls dropped their dresses and darted into a narrow opening among the poles.

Near the edge of the village a small stream had worn its way down through centuries until it

boasted a gorge entirely out of proportion with the volume of water. And beside the hill-enclosed pond it fell into a shower of falls that gave the finishing touch to the native beauty of the spot. A few goats struggled for existence on the sparse verdure, placed there, it would seem, more for their picture-effect than for their use.

Of course, now that I was in Quidi Vidi, I had to visit the spot from which all the local photographs are taken. To the top of the rock a well-worn path showed the reason for the advice I had received from admirers of Quidi Vidi, who saw I carried a camera. Everyone took pictures from that point. Acquiescing to conventions, I did the same. It proved to be another instance where custom was not injudicious. Below lay the village church, with its squatty steeple, the sole attempt at conventional architecture in the village. Close beside it was the tiny school, a building with ambitions, but limited realisation. Its brown sides stood out abruptly fresh in colouring; in its short length an attempt had been made to squeeze in three windows, with the result that they crowded the end-walls with terrifying effect.

Climbing down the hill to the road the village ended abruptly in the gravelled, much-travelled highway that vindicated the guide-books. Now it was a procession of cabs and carriages and automobiles filled with tourists and residents who had selected the long way around through Quidi Vidi to the regatta pond. The show fishing village had ceased to be as suddenly as it had come into view. But it should always be. If anything in Newfoundland has justified itself in the list of local attractions, or to the traveller who sees it accidentally, Quidi Vidi can claim that distinction.

This is the first of a series of Newfoundland and Labrador articles by Mr. Amy. The next will appear in the February Number and be entitled "St. John's: The Impossible Possible."

BURNS'S MESSAGE TO CANADA

BY J. D. LOGAN, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE MAKERS OF CANADA," ETC.

THERE is a deeper connection between the poetry of Robert Burns and the life of the Canadian people than the fact that Burns was born in the same year that Quebec was captured by General Wolfe. Burns first saw the light on January 25, 1759; Quebec, that is to say, Canada, formally passed into British dominion some months later in the same year; but how both events were equally epoch-making, the one in the social sphere and the other in the political sphere, is far from being obvious, even after a century and a half of social and political evolution since the events occurred.

Interpretative and constructive criticism has done less to disclose the real Robert Burns, his social philosophy and its significance, than it has done for any other paramount British poet. Indeed, it would seem that the world is yet hardly aware that Burns had a social philosophy which he embodied in his poems. Even so acute a critic as Thomas Carlyle saw in the fact that Burns, as Carlyle himself puts it, "became involved in the religious quarrels of his district," nothing more than a regrettable fact—a view which, in critical insight, is about equal to asserting that it was a pity that Burns, for his peace of mind or for his intellectual integrity, did not remain sound in the Presbyterian faith.

The truth is that the admirers of Burns, as a poet, still after the

passage of more than a hundred years since the publication of his poems, and after scores of critical commentaries on them, divide into two classes: those who regard him as the supreme lyrist of love and of jollity, and those who regard him as an adroit craftsman of quotable moral maxims. None seems as yet to see, with proper depth of insight or true perspective, that in the hundred years between the publication of Fielding's *Tom Jones* in 1749 and Tennyson's *In Memoriam* in 1850—the one beginning the rise of the modern novel and the other effecting a reconciliation between Wordsworth's "natural piety" and the "scientific faith" of the evolutionist—the two greatest and most significant men-of-letters were Sir Walter Scott, the historical romanticist, and his fellow-countryman, Robert Burns, social poet *par excellence*. For indubitably Burns, not Keats or Byron or Wordsworth, was the greatest and most significant poet of that busiest century in the history of English life and literature. Not one of his contemporaries saw the world with the same inclusive, subtle and veracious vision of reality as he did. "He saw it," as James Douglas finely puts it, "without their illusions and without ours."

It is, then, from the point of view of Burns as a social poet that I hope in this essay to write something

fresh in treatment, if not wholly original in conception, about him, and to apply it significantly to certain recrudescences in Canada of the Scottish conditions which he remorselessly excoriated either with immanent criticism, by envisaging in certain of his poems the democratic aspirations of his age; or with philosophic and satiric humour, by showing in certain other poems that the contemporary view of the Deity and of His relations to men was aristocratic and immoral; that the view of the Deity which conceived Him as the Lord of socially and spiritually "privileged" classes—in Young's phrase, "a Deity that's perfectly well-bred," infinitely superior to His creatures, but still urbane, gracious, forgiving—inevitably led to immoral tenets and immoral practices.

Let me, then, not by conventional dogmatic appreciations of the poet, but by just constructive criticism, first put Burns in his rightfully supreme place in the history of British literature and, next, show forth how he—not Gray, or Shelley, or Wordsworth—was the original and foremost poet—seer and prophet—of sane social democracy. For Burns's social ideas, as we shall see (p. 226), were original, human, and universal; Gray's were affected, literary, and paternal; and Shelley's and Wordsworth's derivative, sentimental, and communistic.

In his function of literary critic Matthew Arnold always reminds me of those fair devotees of whist who at the most strategic points in a "rubber" triumph over their opponents with exasperating glee, but who are

eventually discovered to have been "reneging," and when discovered, with the most naive *insouciance* remark: "It's very odd—I can hardly believe it possible." They are an amusing lot, but, be they never so competent and clever at other times, they must be watched. Arnold was the most amusing—that is to say, diverting and stimulating—critic of his century, but he must be watched, for the reason that he takes us along with him so swiftly, and yet so divertingly and with such seemingly calm and straight-sailing logic, that in our absorption in his stimulating criticism we never stop to reflect that he has really been "reneging" by making several negative retrenchments and modifications of his original thesis.

We have only, then, as I said, to watch Arnold in his attempt to maintain that, after Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth ranks first amongst British poets, to see for ourselves that by certain denials and qualifications in the course of his argument he takes away with his left hand from Wordsworth the beautiful gift which he gave the poet with his right hand. Nay, more: if we take Arnold at his word and apply his express criterion of poetic greatness,* compounded of his own phrases and of Wordsworth's, to the poetry of Wordsworth, we behold Arnold not only taking away his gift from the secluded, reflective and benignant poet of Mount Rydal, but also, at least by implication, handing it over to the wayward, racy, blithe poet of the soil and of lowly humanity, Robert Burns.

*"It is important to hold fast to this: that . . . the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life." (Poems of Wordsworth, G. T. S., Preface, p. xvi.). In another place in the same essay, in his characteristically loose way, Arnold uses the epithets "noble and profound" for "powerful and beautiful," applying the former to Homer and the latter to Wordsworth, whose superiority, he says, "arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful application to his subject, of ideas 'on man, on nature, and on human life.'" (Op. cit., pp. xiv. and xv.). Note the characteristically Arnoldian critical qualifications in the phrase, "his best pieces."

On only one of Arnold's reservations in his critical estimate of Wordsworth shall I dwell; the rest I shall merely catalogue and let their cumulative effect count, along with the other, in my constructive method of giving to Burns, amongst British poets, the palm for the most beautiful and powerful application of ideas to life, which, according to Arnold himself, "is the most essential part of poetic greatness." Let me begin with the catalogue, to get it out of the way.

Arnold opens his argument by remarking that Wordsworth had confessed to him that "for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings." The significance of this will appear later in connection with an admission on Arnold's part concerning the ratio of the quality of Wordsworth's poetry to his productiveness compared with a similar ratio in the verse of Burns and other poets. Next, Arnold himself confesses that in Wordsworth's case "the poetry-reading public was very slow to recognise him, and was very easily drawn away from him," and that Scott, Byron, and Tennyson, even during Wordsworth's life-time, "effaced him with this public." Yet, seemingly unaware that these facts were symptoms that there was something wrong, not with the public, but with Wordsworth, Arnold goes on to detail, as if the matter were of no negative consequence for the reputation of his idol, certain profound deficiencies in Wordsworth and his poetry, not only not to be found in Burns and the other eighteenth and nineteenth century poets and their poetry, but actually replaced in these other poets and their verse by positive excellences which Wordsworth had not.

Burns and the others, he says, "attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine

poets," and, at the same time, "they have treasures of humour, felicity, passion, for which in Wordsworth we shall look in vain." Again: Arnold admits that in Wordsworth's seven volumes of verse "the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass (mess?) of pieces . . . so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both," and that to be "possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of poetical baggage." We shall search in vain for any reputable critic who will dare to say that of Burns: for Burns, as Arnold once truly said of Homer, rises with his subject when it is high, and falls with his subject when it is low, consciously does so; but, says our critic concerning Wordsworth, "work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat, and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work." Yet, again, as if he were quite unconscious of having already, in a forthright manner, cut off the head of Wordsworth's poetical reputation, Arnold proceeds to cut off its legs and arms, and, finally, to mutilate its torso, thus: "If," says Arnold, "it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Coleridge, or Keats. . . . It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority."

That is a fatal admission on the part of Arnold: for, judging by single pieces, Wordsworth never wrote anything which in inspiration or beautiful artistry equals Gray's *Elegy*, Burns's *To A Mountain Daisy*, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, or Keats's *Ode To a Grecian Urn*. As to Wordsworth's "ampler body of

powerful work," we are informed by Arnold that "the *Excursion* and the *Prelude*, his (Wordsworth's) poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work," that they are, indeed, "a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry," and that even the idea embodied in the famous *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, though "of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind . . . has no real solidity." Precisely the opposite of this characterises Burns's poetry. None of his poems is a tissue of abstract verbiage: each rises or falls consistently with the degree of dignity possessed by its theme or subject: all have reality and solidity, each in its own kind and degree.

Once more: what, to put it paradoxically, what derogatory compliments has Arnold for Wordsworth's inspiration and style? Arnold assures us that in Wordsworth's case inspiration is, as he puts it, an "accident, for so it may almost be called," that Wordsworth "has no assured poetic style of his own," that "when he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity," and that when he has "something which is an equivalent for it," his style is an imitation of the manner of Milton or of Burns.

As to inspiration, Arnold confesses that "Wordsworth composed (and published) verses during a space of some sixty years," and that, notwithstanding so long a period of productiveness and so great an output of verse, "within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, all his really first-rate work was produced." Now, Burns lived but 37 years, and composed and published all his poems between 1786 and 1796, or practically within a decade, and yet after the publication of his first volume kept right on producing poetry of first-rate quality, or, at

least, "social"—satiric and philosophical—poetry of first-rate quality: and what is of more significance, during Burns's life-time there were published three editions of his poems within a year after the publication of the first edition, an enlarged edition (including twenty new poems) in 1793, another edition in 1794, and since Burns's death a legion of editions of all sorts up to the edition of 1906, with the illuminating Introduction by James Douglas. Surely this is enough to prove that, despite Arnold's noble attempt to save Wordsworth, to make him "possible and receivable as a classic" by relieving him of his "great deal of poetical baggage," Burns still remains supreme in public favour, and that in Wordsworth's case the fault was and is not with the public, but with his inspiration—that is to say, with his total lack of the gift, in his poetry, beautifully or powerfully to apply ideas to life.

Finally, as to poetic style: "Wordsworth," says Arnold, "has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his master's manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines." Again: "Wordsworth," says Arnold, "owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and the force of that which it utters," and in support of this quotes Burns's lines, beginning "The poor inhabitant below," from *A Bard's Epitaph*, as a signal instance of the kind of plain style Wordsworth borrowed from Burns. But observe how Arnold "reneges," as I put it, giving the palm to Wordsworth with his right hand and immediately taking it back and presenting it to Burns with his other hand, unconcernedly and with the most amusing naivete and good-nature, as if it were of no consequence to his argument. Note, first, Arnold's gift to Wordsworth: "Everyone," he says, "will be con-

scious of a likeness here (the lines quoted from Burns's *A Bard's Epitaph*) to Wordsworth." Match that, if you can, for naivete, in any other critic: for surely we are conscious of a likeness in Wordsworth's lines to the style of Burns, not, as Arnold puts it, conversely. Note, secondly, Arnold's left-handed gift to Burns: "If Wordsworth," says he, "did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always be forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him."*

Alas for Arnold's high hopes and critical ingenuity! We behold the poetical reputation of his idol, Wordsworth, with its head and limbs severed from its trunk and its trunk much mutilated, not by the present writer, but by Arnold himself. My own critical function was to afford, through Arnold's own words and critical principles, what is called in logic the "disproof" of his claim "that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time," and also, by implication, to furnish at least "proof presumptive" that the glory of this distinction belongs to that poet whom the people still crown as the original and supreme Laureate of Nature and the Soil, of the Heart of Man, and of sane Social Democracy—the Kelto-Scottish poet Robert Burns.

Let it be granted, then, that Burns, as the hackneyed conventional criticism has it, is the incomparable lyrist of love and of joy in life. I hold also to this: In the history of world-literature Robert Burns is the most significant "voice" of the unprivileged classes—the supreme poet and prophet of social democracy. Of this

thesis I shall now proceed to offer indubitable proof, by showing that Burns's social philosophy is the essence and explanation of the (real) man and of his poetry, and that he himself was the first and foremost among British poets beautifully and powerfully to apply universal democratic ideas to life. What, then, is there in the substance and inspiration of Burns's poetry that makes it the vehicle of a novel social philosophy, and gives it the right to take precedence over the poetry of Gray, Shelley, and Wordsworth? Only this: his ideas of Man and Society, of God, of Nature, and of their fundamental relations are more original, human, and universal than the ideas of these other poets, and are more truthfully envisaged, more passionately and powerfully expressed, than theirs. Nay, even up to this day Burns's social ideas are the most original, human, and universal of all poets, British or other, dead or living.

First: Burns is the poet of the *social* enfranchisement of Man. If I had phrased this by saying that Burns is the poet of the poor man and the working man, I should have limited his appeal, and perpetuated an invidious distinction not in his poetry, and a superstition. The fact is that in Burns's social philosophy there is no individual man or class of men to whom belongs a monopoly of humanity: there are only the privileged and the unprivileged men or classes, and, in his view, this distinction is man-made, arbitrary, unreal and futile. It is a superstition of conventional criticism that in his fine song, *A Man's a Man for A' That*, Burns meant to glorify the poor man as such at the expense of the gentry, as if to say that a labourer was as worthy a creature as a lord or king. There is no such distinction or senti-

*For Wordsworth's express acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Burns see his genuinely beautiful poem "At the Grave of Burns," sixth stanza, beginning "Well might I mourn that he was gone."

ment implied in Burns's idea of social democracy, in his conception of right-minded Brotherhood of Man. He was too acute a psychologist, too close a student of real human nature and of society, to commit so egregious a fallacy. He was envisaging the Ideal of society, writing the human Declaration of Independence—for all men, low-born, high-born, poor or rich:

"Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that),
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree (prize), an' a' that,
.....

That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Burns did not make the mistake of thinking, as the lowly are prone to do, though he himself was lowly-born and poor, that *per se* a democracy is better than an aristocracy, or conversely; nor did he make the mistake, as many have done in their construction of the meaning of a certain phrase in an historic Declaration of Independence, that men are born free and equal, and that because they are born equal they ought to remain equal. No psychology can justify the proposition that all men are born free and equal: and neither psychology, ethics, religion, nor common-sense, can justify the proposition that, however born, men should remain equal. Equal in what? or why remain so? This is the most immoral doctrine ever promulgated. The progress of society is based on the instinctive desire of men to become unequal, on their refusal to remain homogeneous in faculty, capacity, aims, achievements, material and spiritual possessions.

What Burns meant was that neither the poor man nor the rich man, the peasant nor the lord, may confound essential social worths, and substitute, note! either the lack, or the possession, of privileges, which is traditionally symbolised by the lack or possession of riches and high social status, for the "natural right" to

decent respect from one another, to equitable opportunity ideally to enhance life, and to genuine brotherhood in affairs of paramount importance for the happiness and welfare of all—community, country, or world. To Burns, then, I hold, belongs the distinction of having been, not only the first poet but also the first man, truthfully, and more beautifully and powerfully than any other of his fellows, to formulate and express the two fundamental principles of sane social democracy, namely, that amongst men there shall be no privileged classes, and that, in all essential matters, as he so inimitably puts it:

"Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that."

That he was original in this view, a novel interpretation of one of his best-known poems, in the light of the history of English literature, will easily assure us. It is thought that Gray, in his *Elegy*, has anticipated Burns's social idea of the dignity of Man as such, and that Burns himself has acknowledged this, by implication, in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*. The implied indebtedness of Burns to Gray is taken to lie in the fact that the motto-lines ("Let not Ambition mock," etc) to *The Cotter's Saturday Night* are from Gray's *Elegy*, and that the stanza employed by Burns in this poem is modelled after the *Elegy* (Burns's stanza consists of two quatrains in iambic pentameter, followed by an alexandrine).

The truth is that all Burns is indebted to Gray for is a single instance of literary technique. The rest of Burns's poems have no technique: their structure, rhythm, and diction are indigenous to his native land, and their ideas are wholly original with himself. The slightest reflection will show that Gray's social ideas are, as I have said, affected, literary, and paternal or condescending. For Gray was by birth a gentleman, by academic training a closet-scholar, and

by taste or preference a devotee of culture. So that, beautiful as his *Elegy* is, as poetry, it was impossible for him to do more than to simulate sympathy with the "short and simple annals of the poor," and to embody in his verses, however finely done, anything more than affected sentiment: there could be for him no natural sympathy, no natural emotion, in his realisation of the fact that the poor and the labouring man in essence were the sons of God, the universal Father. Let us note, then, the psychological impossibility of Gray's being, as Burns, by social condition and temperament, naturally was, the spokesman of the poor, and the originator of the basal idea of democracy. Gray's refined sensibility and insight led him to speak *for* a more humane, not human, view of those less privileged than his class; but he did not speak *as* one of the lowly-born or *through* them—in their vernacular. In short, Gray's so-called immortal *Elegy* is, in structure, imagery and verbal music, one of the world's loveliest poems, but taken as the envisagement of veracious social ideas, it is an unique example of specious sentiment in a superb literary exercise.

On the other hand, once Burns gets away from Gray as a model for his literary technique, *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is a vivid, veracious, and intensely human *genre* picture, as the painters say, wherein we see genuine humanity, neither degraded in the sight of men nor unworthy in the sight of God, but vindicated and made happy with simple thoughts and homely pleasures. This is an instance of what I mean by Burns's "immanent criticism" of society in his poetry: the vivid reality of the picture of lowly, but genuine, humanity in *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is more potent to effect, in all right-minded men, just social ideas than are a myriad polemics and preachments. For Burns spoke not con-

descendingly for the unprivileged, as did Gray, and as too many others do to-day, but as one of the unprivileged, uttering their humanest feelings and the democratic aspirations of the age, and therefore his poetry has truth, passion and power: its truth is his discovery; its passion is his sincere sympathy with the unprivileged; and its power is the direct appeal of his ideas to a world waiting for a prophet and singer of the social enfranchisement of Man. Such precisely was Robert Burns.

Again: Burns is the poet of the *spiritual* enfranchisement of Man. This he accomplishes in an original and unique way. He was the first British poet, nay, the very first of all poets, not only to "humanise" (I do not mean "moralise"), but also, in a wholly novel way, to "democratise" God and Nature. In his view, God, Man and Nature form a single cosmos, spiritual through and through: God is pre-eminently the Lover, Companion, and Friend of Man, of all men and women as such, and Nature is not an alien "thing," but a "living creature," fashioned and garbed by the Deity for the express love and companionship of Man. In short, Burns is the universal socialiser. Let us observe the methods by which Burns sets free, enfranchises, the spirit of Man to love and enjoy God and Nature. He employs two methods—pure lyricism and satirical humour.

In all British literature from Chaucer to Pope, there were just two poets of first-rate genius who made of Nature something better than a mere or pleasing landscape. These two were the Kelto-English poet Shakespeare and the Kelto-Scottish poet Burns. Shakespeare's love of Nature was the Keltic love of exquisite colour. Burns's love of Nature was the Keltic love of her animate elements and aspects. He delights in Nature because he can tune his heart

to reciprocal sympathy with Nature's varied moods and expression: these are the reflex of the moods, passions, and emotions of his own soul. He first humanises Nature, and, next, democratises her appeal and companionship:

"The Laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to Kings."

But not in verses such as these, nor in such as those addressed to a Mountain Daisy, which, as Stopford Brooke truly says, "makes one feel as if it were a beautiful child too rudely treated," do we get the inimitable humanising, democratic note of Burns's unique and elemental sympathy with animate Nature. As in *A Man's a Man for A' That* Burns, we saw, first formulated, with truth and finality of phrase, the basal ideas of social democracy, so in *To a Mouse* Burns formulates, also with unique phraseology, a higher social democracy, namely, the sympathetic union of Man and Nature:

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal."

This is partly what I meant when I said that Burns is the poet of the spiritual enfranchisement of Man. It was Burns who first showed to the world that if the privileged were permitted to monopolise the material possessions of the earth, there was no such thing as the exclusion of the unprivileged from the supreme spiritual possessions in the gift of Nature: her delights in garb and mood, in companionship, in messages of peace and joy, and in communings with the unseen, were as freely granted "to shepherds as to Kings."

With his satirical humour Burns effected the complete spiritual enfranchisement of Man. This he accom-

plished by reducing to an absurdity the Calvinistic view of God as an aristocrat and the immoral implications of the Calvinistic religious asceticism. Some gentle and other fastidious souls have been shocked by the seeming irreverence, and by the palpable coarseness, of Burns's most popular satirical poems. But these persons must be told that a long-standing pernicious belief justified, for its removal, extreme measures, and that what seems irreverence in Burns is unequivocal condemnation of a profound lie, and that what seems coarseness is the veracious picture of ugly moral facts hidden behind a religious exterior.

Burns went straight back to Christ for his view of God. To Burns the Deity is pre-eminently the Lover—not of Man merely, but of the animate universe. It was impossible, therefore, for Burns to accept the Calvinistic doctrine, or that construction of Calvin's doctrine, which held that the Deity had elected, *ab aevio*, an aristocracy of the sons of men who alone should enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, while all others should be cast into outer darkness. Burns reduced this view to an absurdity in his *Address to the Deil*, wherein, with droll kindly humour, the poet expresses a fellow-feeling for the Devil himself, and thus exalts the humanity of Man above that of the Calvinistic Deity.

Calvinism, Burns saw, results either in remorseless puritanism, the absolute abnegation of the natural joys of life, or in outward religiosity and secret sin. The one is based on the "fear" (not the "love") of God, and the other on the fear of men and the belief that, according to the Calvinistic economy, the elect are immune, by hypothesis, from hell. The first Burns treated with respect, or with tolerant humour, as in *Auld Sir Symon*. But he relentlessly excoriated the sham Calvinists, notably

in *Holy Willie's Prayer* and *The Holy Fair*, and their provisional morality in *The Jolly Beggars*, a poem, by the way, which could yet be constructed into a libretto and lyrics for a modern comic opera, with a satiric purpose, that would be as effective to-day as were the social comedies of Aristophanes in the days of the decline of Greece. But the real Burns and his real points of view are compacted in a single poem, namely, his *Address to the Unco Guid*, wherein he mingles derision of the rigidly righteous, sympathy for the weak, and charity for all after the manner of Christ. Thus did Burns complete the spiritual enfranchisement of Man, by substituting for an aristocratic view of the Deity a universally social view, and by freeing the conscience of men from fear of divine wrath for participating in the natural joys of Life.

As a craftsman in literary technique, Burns is surpassed by a score of British poets. But he still takes the foremost place amongst them all—first, as the supreme lyrist of love and of joy in life, and, secondly, as the greatest social poet of any age. For his social ideas are more original, veracious, human, and universal in their scope and application than those of any other poet, not excepting Shakespeare. Supreme as Shakespeare is in drama, he left us only this half-truth: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Burns taught us this all-embracing truth: "God, Man and Nature form a single social

economy, of which the animating power and unifying bonds are Love."

To the young Confederacy Canada, the formative genius of which is Keltic, the social democracy of this great Kelto-Scottish poet, Robert Burns, should have a significant message. Canada is the latest warder of Democracy. Burns formulated for all time the two essential principles of Democracy: that irrespective of social origin or status, the right of men to respect and to office shall be based on individual worth (intelligence, character and capacity), and that the goods of the spirit (educational, cultural and aesthetic) shall be equally free to all. At present in Canada there is a tendency on the part of the capitalist to regard himself as better than the artisan, and on the part of the artisan to regard himself as the equal of the capitalist. There are no capitalists or artisans in social democracy, but only men, all unprivileged, all free to win the prizes by fine good sense and worth.

Again: in Canada there is a tendency to recrudescence the old Calvinistic doctrine of the elect in religious relations and in other spiritual possessions. To those who are promoting this tendency Burns's message is that God is the Lover of the animate universe, and that He walks abroad in the beauty of His Holiness, canopied only by the heavens and carpeted only by Nature, where all men may meet and commune with Him, and take joy in life, without creed or ritual or tithes.



HEARNE AND MATONABBEE*

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

IT will be news to most people that a British fortress in Canada was surrendered to the French long after Canada became British—I think the only one that was given up by a commander who was nothing of a soldier, who never fired a defensive shot, and who has never been listed among military failures. This extraordinary event happened on the shore of Hudson Bay in 1782. The stronghold was Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of Churchill Harbour, the commander was Governor Samuel Hearne, whose military failure was no failure at all, and whose literary renown is becoming more renowned because of the patriotic labours in the publishing world of the Champlain Society of Canada.

If ever military science was reduced to the proportions of comic opera, it was on the shore of Canada's inland sea, which was icebound for two-thirds of the year, and was the last place in the world you would think of where some men would build a fort and man the walls with twenty-four-pounders; but the fort is there yet, it has walls up to forty-two feet thick, it has cannon still where they were when Hearne thought it was not worth while to fire them, and in a short while there will be raised in sight of this deserted structure, overgrown with wild currants and raspberries and scrub willow, the eleva-

tors and terminal apparatus of the railway that is to bring to Hudson Bay part of the overflowing wheat crop of Manitoba and Saskatchewan and Alberta, and that will be the latest thing in the faith and works of public ownership.

The fort was nearly forty years in building. It could only be a weapon of defence against the French. From this distance it looks a mighty foolish thing to have spent so much time and money on constructing a place which, as the event proved, could not be held against a force that amounted to anything, and that was not worth holding because the conditions of sailing those waters and of sustaining the civilised life in that region were such that it was not gunpowder but food and warmth that would quickly decide the day.

So when Admiral La Perouse with his three ships of war came to Churchill and demanded the surrender of Fort Prince of Wales, Hearne, who was inside the building with a handful of men, knew that with no hope of succouring ships of war from England, with the certainty of implacable winter taking possession of everything, the equal certainty that even if British ships should arrive in the following year they would not appear until August had come around again, discretion was by far the better part of valour,

*A journey from Prince of Wales's Fort, in Hudson's Bay, to the Northern Ocean, in the years 1769, 1770, 1771, and 1772, by Samuel Hearne. New edition, with introduction, notes and illustration by J. B. Tyrrell, M.A. (Toronto: the Champlain Society, 1911).

and so he surrendered and was transferred with his papers and private goods to the Admiral's flagship, where, on the way to England, the two discussed together the journal of his remarkable journey to the Coppermine River ten years before. So that the practical service which Fort Prince of Wales rendered to the civilisation of North America and to posterity was an editorial consultation on board a French frigate, the soundness of whose conclusions is attested to by the republication of the journal that Hearne carried into bondage by the Champlain Society of Canada, under the editorship of Mr. J. B. Tyrrell.

It is remarkable that Hearne's first editor should have been a French Admiral who knew more about fighting than Hearne did, and that his last editor should be a Canadian mining engineer who has been over much of the Hearne country and who knows infinitely more about the business which took Hearne to the Coppermine than Hearne ever knew.

Hearne was hopelessly out of place as the defender of what was intended to be an impregnable stronghold. He was also out of place as a reporter upon the fabulous copper deposits on the edge of the Arctic Sea. It is pretty clear also from his own story, which furnishes the principal material for Mr. Tyrrell's summing up of his character, that he was out of place as the head of an overland voyage of discovery. He had been a sailor, and he had learned something about surveying, but he had none of the gift of leadership which enables the civilised man to control a horde of barbarians on whom he must depend for food and safety and locomotion in a vast unknown territory.

Hearne started first from Fort Churchill for the Coppermine in November, 1769, and his departure was distinguished by inspiring salvo from seven of the guns there mounted. Chawhinachaw, the Indian chief, who

convoyed him, robbed and starved him and left him in the wilderness, listening to their ribald laughter as they disappeared into the bush, wondering how he was going to find his way back to Churchill. The second time he received no parting salute. He was not quite so spitefully used by his Indians, but they led him a dog's life all the same. He had got nearly as far north as Chesterfield Inlet, when, leaving his quadrant while he lunched, the wind blew over and broke the instrument and compelled him to walk back to the fort, which he reached in November, after nine months' resultless marching through the treeless waste. When he started forth the third time he was not really in charge of his own expedition, for his letter of instructions from Governor Norton says that Matonabee, the Indian, would take good care of him.

Hearne's story is not told in the style of a modern magazine writer skilled in the discovery and display of human interest, but the most inveterate writer for the twentieth century press could not give more vividness to the things seen and heard on a tramp through the wilderness along with Indians than Hearne gives in page after page of his journal. As a book on conditions in a country which carries fewer people now than it did then, Hearne's story easily deserves the description his editor gives it of being a classic of its particular kind.

I feel a certain guiltiness in having said anything of Hearne's inability as a commander and his complaisance as a fighter. A man is not to be blamed because certain qualities were not vouchsafed to him at birth. There is other courage than physical courage; there are other gifts than those of accurate measurement and mineralogical sense. Hearne was given a piece of work to do. He did it to the best of his ability, and in

doing it he displayed a cheerful tenacity that more than over-sets the disadvantages of which he must himself have been painfully conscious.

"You look frightened to death," said a soldier to another as they climbed the heights of the Alma. "Yes, I am," was the answer, "and if you were half as frightened as I am you would have run long ago." It required very much more nerve from Hearne to perform his work than would have been exacted from a man of greater natural intrepidity, and if he had been more dominant over his Indians, the chances are we should not have had his remarkable pictures of an aboriginal life that has disappeared from the backyard of Canada.

Hearne's character sketch of Matonabee, Mr. Tyrrell says, is one of the most appreciative and sympathetic accounts of a North American Indian that has come to his notice. There is a separate chapter upon him, and, of course, he appears on many pages of the journal. He apparently had the contradictions in character which afflict nearly all genius. He was magnanimous and vindictive, strong-minded and superstitious, barbarous and refined. All through his life he exhibited qualities of leadership that would have made him a great figure in any environment. He was a cross between a Northern and a Southern Indian, and spent several years at Churchill as a protege of the father of that Governor Norton who sent Hearne to the Coppermine. Here is Hearne's description of him:

"In stature, Matonabee was above the common size, being six feet high; and, except that his neck was rather (though not much) too short, he was one of the finest and best proportioned men that I ever saw. In complexion he was dark, like the other Northern Indians, but his face was not disfigured by that ridiculous custom of marking the cheeks with three or four black lines. His features were regular and agreeable,

and yet so strongly marked and expressive, that they formed a complete index of his mind; which, as he never intended to deceive or dissemble, he never wished to conceal. In conversation he was easy, lively and agreeable, but exceedingly modest; and at table, the nobleness and elegance of his manners might have been admired by the first personages in the world; for to the vivacity of the Frenchman, and the sincerity of an Englishman, he added the gravity and nobleness of a Turk; all so happily blended as to render his company and conversation universally pleasing to those who understood either the Northern or Southern Indians, the only languages in which he could converse.

"He was remarkably fond of Spanish wines, though he never drank to excess; and as he would not partake of spirituous liquors, however fine in quality or plainly mixed, he was always master of himself. As no man is exempt from frailties, it is natural to suppose that as a man he had his share; but the greatest with which I can charge him, is jealousy, and that sometimes carried him beyond the bounds of humanity."

Matonabee, when only a youth, was sent as an ambassador and mediator between the Northern Indians and the Athapuscow tribe, who until then had always been at war with each other. The story of this embassy is told by Hearne from hearsay a good many years after the event, and perhaps it may not have lost anything in the journey to Hearne's ears, for Matonabee probably had his share of vanity regarding his own exploits.

But that he was magnanimous is clear from Hearne's own narrative. He tells us of the commercial perfidy of the Chief Keelshies, who, falling in with a party of Indians who were going to Fort Churchill with furs,

"took twelve of these people under his charge, all heavy laden with the most valuable furs; and long before they arrived at the Fort, he and the rest of his crew had got all the furs from them, in payment for provisions for their support, and obliged them to carry the furs on their own account.

"On their arrival at Prince of Wales Fort, Keelshies laid claim to great merit for having brought those strangers so

richly laden, to the Factory, and assured the Governor that he might, in future, expect a great increase in trade from that quarter through his interest and assiduity.

"Keelshies and the rest of his execrable gang, not content with sharing all the furs those poor people had carried to the Fort, determined to get also all the European goods that had been given to them by the Governor. As neither Keelshies nor any of his gang had the courage to kill the Copper Indians, they concerted a deep-laid scheme for their destruction; which was to leave them on an island. With this in view, when they got to the proposed spot, the Northern Indians took care to have all the baggage belonging to the Copper Indians ferried across to the main, and having stripped them of such parts of their clothing as they thought worthy their notice, went off with all the canoes, leaving them all behind on the island, where they perished for want. When I was on my journey to the Fort in June, one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-two, I saw the bones of those poor people, and had the foregoing account from my guide, Matonabee; but it was not made known to the Governor for some years afterwards, for fear of prejudicing him against Keelshies.

"A similar circumstance had nearly happened to a Copper Indian who accompanied me to the Fort in one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-two; after we were all ferried across Seal River, and the poor man's bundle of furs on the Southside, he was left alone on the opposite shore; and no one except Matonabee would go over for him. The wind at the time blew so hard that Matonabee stripped himself quite naked, to be ready for swimming in case the canoe should upset; but he soon brought the Copper Indian safe over, to the no small mortification of the wretch who had the charge of him, and who would gladly have possessed the bundle of furs at the expense of the poor man's life.

"When the Northern Indians returned from the Factory that year, the above Copper Indian put himself under the protection of the Matonabee, who accompanied him as far north as latitude 64 degrees, where they saw some Copper Indians, among whom was the young man's father, into whose hands Matonabee delivered him in good health, with all his goods safe and in good order."

Matonabee had an extraordinarily high appreciation of the value of wo-

man, but he would scarcely have been an equal suffragette. He told Hearne that he had failed on his first two journeys because he had no women in the party, for a woman could always do twice as much work as a man, and in times of scarcity could live on the licking of her fingers. He practised what he preached, for being a leader and governor among his people, he had always on the trip with Hearne from six to eight wives, whom he selected for their size, rather than their beauty.

The fires of jealousy were always smouldering with him. One spouse whom he had taken from her husband ran away. Some time afterwards her husband was in the camp, and because he spoke disrespectfully of Matonabee for having robbed him of his wife, Matonabee coolly procured a new, long, box-handled knife from the bundle of one of his wives, took the offender by the collar, stabbed him three times, fortunately, not fatally. Says Hearne:

"When Matonabee returned to his tent, after committing this horrible deed, he sat down as composedly as if nothing had happened, called for water to wash his bloody hands and knife, smoked his pipe as usual, seemed to be perfectly at ease, and asked if I did not think he had done right?"

Another time when a young woman was found near Great Slave Lake, who had lived by herself several months without seeing a human face, she was wrestled for half a dozen times before the assembled company. Matonabee would have entered the lists but for one of his wives, who made a taunting remark to him, when

"Matonabee took it as such an affront that he fell on her with both hands and feet and bruised her to such a degree that, after lingering some time, she died."

The Indian who behaved so nicely when he was at the Fort and had a fine taste for Spanish wines, was also an epicure in the field.

"Partridge were very numerous in the North in those days," says Hearne, "and though their flesh is generally very black and bitter, occasioned by their feeding on the brush of the fir tree, yet they make a variety, or change of diet, and are thought exceedingly good, particularly by the natives, who, though capable of living so hard, and at times eating very ungrateful food, are, nevertheless, as fond of variety as any people whom I ever saw; and will go as great lengths, according to their circumstances, to gratify their palates, as the greatest epicure in England. As proof of this assertion, I have frequently known Matonabbee and others who could afford it, for the sake of variety only, send some of their young men to kill partridges at the expense of more ammunition than would have killed deer sufficient to have maintained their families many days, whereas the partridges were always eaten up at one meal, and to heighten the luxury on these occasions, the partridges are boiled in a kettle of sheer fat, which, it must be allowed, renders them beyond all description finer flavoured than when boiled in water or common broth. I have also eaten deer skins boiled in fat, which were exceedingly good."

In spite of his associations with white people, Matonabbee was still uncommonly superstitious in some respects. He was a sort of Christian Scientist the other way on. He believed in the efficacy of absent treatment as a punative measure.

"As a proof of this, Matonabbee (who always thought me possessed of this art), on his arrival at Prince of Wales's Fort in the winter of 1778, informed me that a man whom I had never seen but once had treated him in such a manner that he was afraid of his life; in consequence of which he pressed me very much to kill him, though I was then several hundreds of miles distant; on which, to please this great man to whom I owed so much, and not expecting that any harm could possibly arise from it, I drew a rough sketch of two human figures on a piece of paper, in the attitude of wrestling; in the hand of one of them, I drew the figure of a bayonet pointing to the breast of the other. This is me, said I to Matonabbee, pointing to the figure which was holding the bayonet; and the other is your enemy. Opposite to these figures I drew a pine-tree, over which I placed a large human eye, and out of the tree

projected a human hand. This paper I gave to Matonabbee, with instructions to make it as publicly known as possible. Sure enough, the following year, when he came into trade, he informed me that the man was dead, though at that time he was not less than three hundred miles from Prince of Wales's Fort. He assured me that the man was in perfect health when he heard of my design against him; but almost immediately afterwards became quite gloomy, and, refusing all kind of sustenance, in a very few days died."

In Hearne's time there was no regular attempt to Christianise the Indians, but Matonabbee was so often at the Fort that he gained a knowledge of the Christian faith, which, he declared, was too deep and too intricate for his comprehension. He did not think he had any right to ridicule any person on account of his religious opinion, declaring

"that he held them all equally in esteem, but was determined, as he came into the world, so he would go out of it, without professing any religion at all. Notwithstanding his aversion from religion, I have met few Christians who possessed more good moral qualities, or fewer bad ones.

"It is impossible for any man to have been more punctual in the performance of a promise than he was; his scrupulous adherence to truth and honesty would have done honour to the most enlightened and devout Christian, while his benevolence and universal humanity to all the human race, according to his abilities and manner of life, could not be exceeded by the most illustrious personage now on record; and to add to his other good qualities, he was the only Indian that I ever saw, except one, who was not guilty of backbiting and slandering his neighbours."

I have spoken of the comic opera aspect of Hearne's capitulation to La Perouse. But it was no comic opera for the great Indian, who, when he had brought Hearne safely back, was made head of all the Northern Indian Nation and continued to render great service to the company. Hearne last saw him when he came to the Fort in the spring of 1782, and expected to see him in the following

winter, but La Perouse interfered, and when Matonabbee, in the wilderness, heard that Hearne had surrendered to the French and had disappeared with all the company's servants, he fell into a deep dejection, from which he sought relief by hanging himself, the only Northern Indian that Hearne ever knew of who put an end to his own existence. Soon after he died six of his wives and four children were starved to death because he was not there to provide for them.

Hearne does not seem to have had a glimmering of an idea that his trip to the Coppermine had purchased him a literary immortality, nor in mentioning the melancholy end of Matonabbee does he seem to recognise the tragic coincidence that his own ignominious expulsion from the Fort brought death to the great-hearted man who is without doubt the outstanding figure in this interesting and enduring record.

Some day, perhaps, a modern literary genius will gather together and will revivify the lives of the great Indians of this continent. "The noble red man" is not a mere phrase. If you compare the story of Matonabbee with that of Henry VIII., you know that the faults of the Indian were small in comparison with the faults of the second Tudor King. His virtues were great in kind and degree, which is more than you can say for Henry. If, when there is a city at Churchill, and the North has lost the mysterious awfulness that has so

long distinguished it, there may be erected as a symbol of our debt to the past, a statue of this man, who, while the recorder of his deeds and character was enjoying the best things that London and Paris could afford, as the direct result of his surrender at Churchill, took that disgrace so much to heart that he went out and hanged himself.

The Champlain Society has a limited membership, the qualification for which is the payment of \$10 a year, so that works of value to the student of Canadian history may be given afresh to the world. We may not yet have reached the time when such books as Hearne's and such autobiographies as that of David Thompson, which, also edited by Mr. Tyrrell, will shortly be issued by the society, would be in great demand by the general public. But one cannot help thinking that by some access of strength the publications of the Champlain Society, whose president is Sir Edmund Walker, should be very much more widely spread than is now the case. Every public library should contain at least two copies of such books as these, and every citizen who cares anything for the preservation, in the public mind, of those things which give to the development of Canada its peculiar fame and flavour, should do his part to secure for works like this the popularity which their historic merit and intrinsic interest deserve. For we know too little of many of our most precious heritages.



THE PATENT COMBINATION

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF ONTARIO

BY W. S. WALLACE

NOT infrequently we know more about the remote past than we do about the times immediately preceding our own. It is probable, for example, that we know more about the foreign policy of Elizabeth than we do about the foreign policy of Victoria; more about the Cecil who became Lord Burghley than about the Cecil who was the Marquis of Salisbury. And if one had to select the period of Canadian history about which we know least, it would probably be the half-century from 1862 to 1912. To this day, for instance, we know virtually nothing of what went on behind the closed doors of the Quebec Conference of 1864, although the fruit of the Conference was the Confederation of the British North American Provinces.

With regard to the history of Canadian politics since Confederation, our sources of information are still of the most inadequate sort: the Archives at Ottawa and Toronto stop short very soon after 1867; many collections of private papers, such as the papers of Sir Oliver Mowat and John Sandfield Macdonald, seem to have been destroyed; some collections, such as the papers of Sir John A. Macdonald, have been only partly drawn upon, and are not yet ready for publication; and the papers of men like Mr. Edward Blake and Sir Richard Scott, who are still living, may not hope to see the light of day

for some time yet. The man in the street must glean his knowledge of post-Confederation politics from a few biographies, such as Mr. Pope's *Sir John Macdonald*; Mr. Willison's *Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party*; Mr. Biggar's *Sir Oliver Mowat*; and the Buckingham-Ross *Life of Alexander Mackenzie*; or from the pages of those fulsome *Cyclopedias of Biography*, with which a former generation of publishers preyed upon the weaknesses of human nature. If a fuller and more detailed knowledge is desired, recourse must be had to a perusal of the back files of old newspapers, a task of so laborious a nature as to deter most people from attempting it.

To anyone who realises the inadequacy of our authorities for the history of Canada since 1867, it will therefore not be surprising to find that the history of the first administration in Ontario is yet to be written.

The ministry which set the Confederation scheme a-working in Ontario was the Government of John Sandfield Macdonald. Sandfield Macdonald was one of the foremost Canadian statesmen of those days. He had been Prime Minister of the United Canadas from 1862 to 1864. He was supported by an able and distinguished Cabinet of Ministers, two of whom afterwards became Chief Justices, and one of whom, Sir John Carling, died recently at a green and reverend old age. Yet there is no biography

extant of either Sandfield Macdonald, or any of his colleagues; there are not even published any collections of their speeches; and the history of their administration must be collected by the layman from two or three pages in Pope's *Macdonald* and Biggar's *Mowat*, and from a couple of chapters in Colonel Clarke's *Sixty Years in Upper Canada*.

The choice of John Sandfield Macdonald as the first Premier of Ontario was due to Sir John A. Macdonald. "John A." and "J. S." had been for many years political opponents: one was a Conservative, the other was nominally a Reformer. But Sandfield Macdonald, however, was a man whom it was difficult to classify in the category of any political party. What he cherished more than anything else was his personal independence: he repeatedly warned the Legislative Assembly under the Union that his utterances must not be taken as binding his political friends, and he frankly described himself in the House as "the Ishmael of Parliament." So noticeably did he dissociate himself, for instance, from the wing of the Reform party led by George Brown that Sir John Macdonald had on one occasion at least endeavored to inveigle him into a Conservative Cabinet, an offer which was declined by Sandfield Macdonald in the famous and characteristic telegram, "No go." It was not surprising, therefore, that it should have been to Sandfield Macdonald that Sir John A. Macdonald offered in 1867 the Premiership of Ontario. A Reformer who had succeeded in forming a stable administration where George Brown had failed; a Roman Catholic who had pursued an independent course in regard to separate schools; and a vigorous opponent of Confederation who had acquiesced in the new order of things, the new Premier was one who was calculated

to carry with him a considerable element in the Reform party, to gain the support both of Protestants and Catholics, and to conciliate that large element in the population which had been strongly anti-Confederationist.

It was the desire of Sir John A. Macdonald, and in this Sandfield Macdonald was at one with him, to establish the Government of Ontario on a no-party basis. It was a coalition that had brought about the birth of Confederation; and it was thought advisable that a coalition should set the Confederation scheme a-working in Ontario, until at least parties were able to grow up naturally in the new arena. Sir John even went the length of denouncing on the hustings the evils of partyism. "Party," he said, "is merely a struggle for office: the madness of many for the gain of a few." The Cabinet which Sandfield Macdonald formed, therefore, was of a somewhat hybrid description. Sandfield Macdonald himself was a Reformer in a class by himself; the Provincial Treasurer, Mr. E. B. Wood, was a clear Grit; the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Mr. Stephen Richards, was a moderate Reformer; the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works, Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Carling, was a moderate Conservative; and the Provincial Secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir) M. C. Cameron, was a dyed-in-the-wool high Tory. If not exactly a "ministry of all talents," Sandfield Macdonald's Cabinet was at least one in which nearly every stripe of political complexion was represented. What made such an arrangement possible was the fact that in the new provincial arena there seemed to be no reason for the perpetuation of the struggles that preceded Confederation. The issues in provincial politics, indeed, promised to be almost wholly administrative.

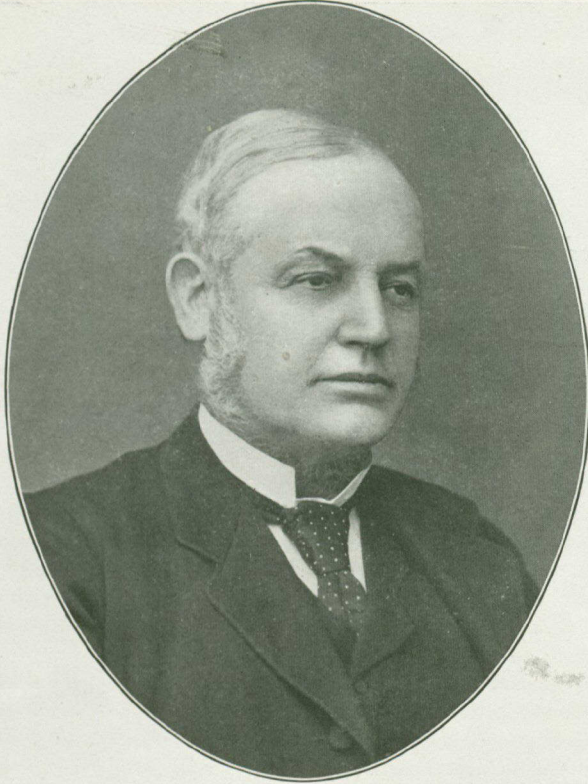
Sandfield Macdonald was a Glen-



Portrait by J. W. L. Forster, R.C.A., Toronto
HONOURABLE JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD
FIRST PREMIER, ONTARIO

garry Highlander. He had run away from home at an early age, and had entered the study of law in the town of Cornwall, where he eventually amassed, in the practice of law, a considerable fortune. He had entered the first Parliament of United Canada in 1841, nominally as a Conservative and a supporter of Lord Sydenham, but really as a representative of the Macdonalds of Glengarry. When parties began to form, Macdonald was found voting as a rule with Robert Baldwin; and between

the two men there sprang up a bond of friendship, which was severed only by death. In 1849 Sandfield Macdonald became Solicitor-General in the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government; and in 1858 he was a member of the ill-fated and still-born Brown-Dorion Administration. Between George Brown and Sandfield Macdonald, however, there was never any cordiality. When Sandfield Macdonald became Premier of Canada in 1862, the best that George Brown could say of him in *The Globe* was that he



HONOURABLE (THE LATE SIR) JOHN CARLING
COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE AND PUBLIC WORKS IN THE FIRST ONTARIO GOVERNMENT

was "a somewhat crotchety individual"; and when Sandfield Macdonald became Premier of Ontario in 1867, George Brown was the heart and soul of the Opposition he had to encounter.

There was in Sandfield Macdonald nothing spectacular. He was not a good speaker, and his constitution was so frail that his attention to public business was not perhaps always what it might have been. As he himself confessed, he often lacked dignity: he lived for some time in rooms attached to the Government offices in the old Parliament Buildings on Front Street, Toronto, and a relative of the present writer's saw him there, on one occasion, taking in the groceries at the door in his shirt-sleeves. He was occasionally tactless. At the beginning of his

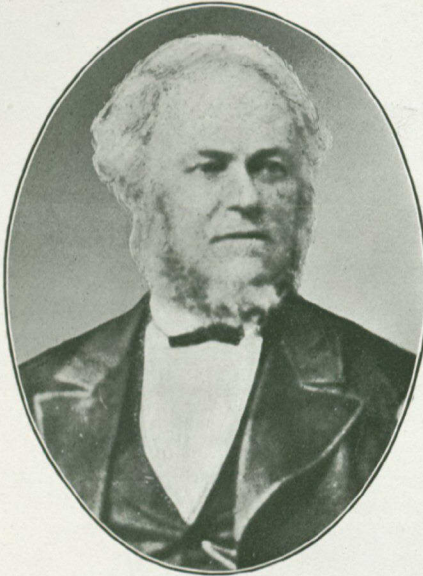
career as Premier of Ontario, he roused a storm of criticism by what was known as his "axe-grinding speech"; in asking the suffrages of the people of Hamilton for Mr. O'Reilly, the Government candidate, he made use of the unfortunate expression, "If you have any axes to grind, send them down to Toronto by Mr. O'Reilly." Occasionally his utterances had a distinctly Walpolean flavour. "A Government must support its supporters"; "What do you want, gentlemen? Name your price and you shall have it"; "What the hell has Strathroy done for me?" Epigrams of this sort fell from his lips with startling frequency. Yet Sandfield Macdonald was a man who, according to the most various testimony, had the interests of the public weal at heart. He had the ideas



HONOURABLE (THE LATE SIR) MATTHEW CROOKS CAMERON
PROVINCIAL SECRETARY IN THE FIRST ONTARIO GOVERNMENT

that almost every practical politician had in those days in regard to the spoils system; but apart from that, he administered the affairs of Ontario with great honesty and economy from 1867 to 1871, under circumstances where neither honesty nor economy were easy. "I have been very economical," he said on one occasion in the House, when a small piece of jobbery had been detected in the accounts; "but sometimes it is very difficult to resist these people." So great was his economy that he was often accused of niggardliness; and the defence which he made on this

head when he visited Glengarry in 1869, is worth reproducing: "I admit," he said, "that I am niggardly. I deal with the public money as though I were dealing with my own personal funds. I am quite convinced—I took this ground during the Confederation debates—that an excessive or extravagant expenditure would in the long run lead the people to complain of the cost of local government, and the next step would be the overthrow of our present governmental system. So long as I have the honour to be a member of the Ontario Government, I shall continue



HONOURABLE STEPHEN RICHARDS
COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS IN THE FIRST ONTARIO
GOVERNMENT

to be niggardly, for economy, the strictest and most careful economy, is the sheet anchor of the Federal constitution." The resources of Ontario have proved to be less exhaustible than Sandfield Macdonald expected they would be; but his attitude showed him at any rate a careful guardian of the public interest.

The other Reformers in the Cabinet were Mr. E. B. Wood and Mr. Stephen Richards. Mr. E. B. Wood had been regarded up to 1867 as a follower of George Brown; but the Provincial Treasurership evidently looked more attractive to him than the shades of Opposition, and Sandfield Macdonald was able to bring him into his "Patent Combination" (as Sandfield himself described the coalition Government). E. B. Wood was one of the foremost criminal lawyers in the province, and a man with great powers of eloquence; it was on this account that he earned his sobriquet of "Big Thunder." Unfortunately, he was not always a model of sobriety. Those were the days when

whiskey played a great part in Canadian politics; and in this respect E. B. Wood was not conspicuously worse than many of his most distinguished contemporaries. But in his case, this feature of his character had its pathetic aspects. He was an enthusiastic advocate of prohibition; and when the first Prohibition Bill was introduced in the House in 1873, he spoke strongly in its favour. The story is told of him that he once arrived at a town where he was to speak in the evening in a state of such utter intoxication that his supporters were filled with consternation. They walked him up and down the main street, however, and by the time the meeting was called he was sufficiently recovered to be able to address it. He had, under the circumstances, nothing prepared; and when he rose he asked the audience what they would like him to discuss. Someone suggested "Temperance," and Mr. Wood straightway launched out into a temperance oration that was pronounced by some persons to be the most stirring ever delivered in those parts. He was supposed in matters of public policy to be somewhat under Grand Trunk influence; but he was a man of great ability, and one who meant well by the people.

The appointment of Mr. Stephen Richards to the Commissionership of Crown Lands caused some surprise. When the appointment was announced, *The Globe*, with its usual urbanity, inquired in capital letters, *Who is Stephen Richards?* And even *The Leader*, the Government organ, confessed that he would not have been its choice. But an infinitely worse choice might have been made; and four years later even *The Globe* was constrained to pay him an unwilling tribute. "Mr. Richards," it said, "is slow, hesitating, hair-splitting, and shabby, but he works." He was a brother of Chief Justice A. B.

Richards, and came of a family of strong Reformers; but he himself was not a strong party man, and he confined himself largely to the administration of his department.

The Conservatives were Mr. John Carling and Mr. M. C. Cameron. Mr. Carling was a wealthy brewer of London, Ontario, who had already held Cabinet office in the Conservative Government in 1862. He was a man who spoke very seldom in the House. "Mr. Carling," said Mr. Edward Blake in 1870, "is not a prominent man in debate, but a tolerably active man in those matters which do not require much speaking in public. No man was more active than he in doing what business is done in the corridors." He was a general favourite; and it was admitted on all hands that his administration of the Department of Agriculture and Public Works was able and efficient. The name of "Honest John Carling," which he earned for himself, is perhaps the most fitting epitaph for his political monument.

Mr. M. C. Cameron, the Provincial Secretary, was, like Mr. Wood, a distinguished criminal lawyer. He was a forceful speaker, and when he chose to spare time from his briefs, a good administrator. But he was not born to be a politician. He had the instincts of the Tory aristocrat, and could not descend to currying favour with the multitude. "Must I shake hands with everyone in this way?" he asked when engaged in a canvass in Toronto in 1860; and when he was told that shake hands he must, he retired from the contest. His views, moreover, were of that pure and old-fashioned Toryism, which had long since become an anachronism. He believed that Canada had been governed better by the Family Compact than under the system of Responsible Government. He believed the Clergy Reserves Act of 1854 was robbery of the most shame-



HONOURABLE E. B. WOOD,
PROVINCIAL TREASURER IN THE FIRST ONTARIO GOVERNMENT

less sort; and he was sincerely opposed to any extension of the franchise. In the frankness with which he avowed these unpopular views there was something refreshing. He was quixotic, uncalculating, sometimes petulant; but his sincerity, his freedom from cant, and his high sense of honour must win for him admiration as a man, where admiration of him as a politician is withheld. It is recorded of him that he was so scrupulous in his sense of honour "that he would not send an unstamped letter to the House post-office if it were on any other than public business."

Men so diverse as these could not perhaps be expected to work together so harmoniously in one Cabinet as might be desired. Certainly, on a number of occasions there emerged evidences of disagreement in the Cabinet. At the close of the very first session, even *The Leader* felt constrained to refer to "the somewhat uncalled-for displays of divergent views which were made by Ministers in the House." Perhaps the most

remarkable of these displays was that which took place over the proposal to grant an appropriation of \$4,000 to the widow of William Lyon Mackenzie. Mr. Cameron rose and delivered himself of a panegyric on the Family Compact; the Premier absented himself from voting; and Mr. Richards was the only Minister found voting in favour of the proposal.

Sandfield Macdonald's Government went to pieces in 1871. In the face of the attack which Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie made in December, 1871, the "Patent Combination" broke up. Mr. Wood resigned, and left his colleagues under fire. An adverse majority forced the resignation of the rest of the Ministers; and when Mr. Blake came into power he had to confront a shattered Opposition. Sandfield Macdonald refused to continue in the leadership of the party, and shortly afterwards went home to Cornwall to die. Mr. Wood took up an independent position; and even

Mr. Richards preferred to pursue a course of his own. Mr. M. C. Cameron, alone of the members of the coalition, remained to lead the party.

The fall of the Sandfield Macdonald Government was ostensibly due to its railway aid policy. It had got the House to vote \$1,500,000 into the hands of the executive, to be distributed without any further check on its distribution to any railway which the executive wished to aid. The unpopularity of this policy in the country was undoubtedly one cause of the Government's downfall. Sir John A. Macdonald pronounced the fall of the Government to be due to the refusal of Sandfield Macdonald to expend the surplus which Ontario derived from the financial arrangements made at Confederation. But at least a contributory cause of Sandfield Macdonald's defeat was the lack of solidarity in the Cabinet itself. Confronted by a compact and aggressive Opposition, his Government fell in the ultimate analysis because of internal weakness.



THE GREEN LAWN CLUB

NEW YEAR'S MORNING IN A LONDON CAB SHELTER

BY BRIAN BELLASIS

THE cab shelter does not become a factor in the life of the average Canadian visitor to London. It is doubtful if he gives the numerous little six by fifteen structures a second glance or has more than the vaguest notion of their use and origin—and he shares his ignorance with the average Londoner.

But London's cab shelters are unobtrusive, unlisted additions to its innumerable clubs. Their membership is shifting and uncertain, but, theoretically, severely restricted in character. For they have been dotted thoughtfully about London by a benevolent Society which is deeply pained when it hears that any but duly licensed hackney carriage drivers have shared its hospitality. However, to your true cabman no law is unbreakable but the Rule of the Road, and the Society and opinions of outsiders are welcome to those who survey life from the lofty detachment of a hansom's dickey.

The Green Lawn Club surpassed all other cab-shelters. Boast if you like of the Junior Turf in Piccadilly, where the aristocracy of cabdom were wont to foregather; I deny that for good-fellowship it could come within miles of the Green Lawn. A stone's throw from the *Adelphi*, harbourer of Stevenson's grim Suicide Club, there was never more than a pleasant spice of occasional tragedy about the tiny building. Anything that over-looks the Thames must needs see

something of the seamy side of life. Besides, there were police notices ever fluttering over the heads of club members as unobtrusive skeletons at the feast.

"The Green Lawn Club! That's wot I calls it!" Juggins had exclaimed upon one memorable evening. And, when pressed for a reason: "There's green lawns in the surroundin' Embankment Gawdens, the shelter's painted green, and—and—Corkey cooks greens to a marvel. And that's more reasons than there is to most things, and if yer don't like it ye can shut yer 'ead."

Thus simply and beautifully was the club christened, and Juggins, after his talented sponsorship, vehemently elected himself perpetual president.

Between two and four in the morning were the club's golden hours. The shelter was not crowded—fifteen was its utmost capacity at any time, even when Corkey allowed a privileged member to squeeze into his tiny kitchen at one end—but between two and four the cream of its membership had their backs against the shelter's walls and their elbows on the narrow table that ran round three of its sides.

Sometimes there would be a fumbling at the door and talk would cease until the newcomer was revealed. Those who entered without noise were obviously accredited individuals, familiar with the secret of

the door. But those who fumbled were of the uninitiate, and it might be necessary to repel them with cries of "Aht of 'ere, you ain't no keb-man!" or, "Beg pawdon, sir, you can't come in 'ere. These shelters is for kebmen only," according to the rank and appearance of the subject.

The privileged guests were alike only in that they were "sportsmen"—good fellows. Some were poor, but not yet desperately ragged night-birds, work-seekers—and shirkers—who could still afford a good hot meal. Some came under Juggins's classification of "awtists, actors, writin' blokes and all such." Now and again they were real toffs in evening dress, who were especially welcome if they looked like genuine sportsmen likely to leave a shining jimmy o' goblin, a whole golden sovereign, with Corkey for "orders round." Once, it was whispered, a Very Exalted Personage had been recognised eating fried eggs and drinking hot coffee-essence, but his incognito had been scrupulously respected.

Foreigners were frowned upon, even such as spoke such near-English as the "American" language. But Juggins was a fervent upholder of the Imperial idea and had the ability, rare in London, of distinguishing between a Canadian and a visitor from south of the line. Moreover, Salt-water Jim had touched many times at Montreal during his roving youth, so that a Canadian visitor was given to understand that he was welcome. Jim, in fact, with a hazy notion that Canadians were most at home in French, at times took pains to translate the more abstruse portions of the conversation into what he imagined was plain English as distinct from the tongue of London.

Corkey's Christmas pudding was so popular that it was still on the

bill of fare on New Year's morning, a fact violently resented by Juggins as he placed a bundle under the presidential bench and ordered—"Steak and fried—mind, plenty of onions, Corkey—cawfy, pat of Dossset, and 'arf a crusty 'ouse 'old."

"Christmas bloomin' puddin'!" he repeated explosively as he stooped down and wrung some of the rain out of his trousers. "Strike me pink! but me and the old 'orse 'as 'ad our fill of Christmas puddin's to-day!"

"Wotcher mean? Explain yer-self!" said Ginger George offensively.

"'Strewth!" continued Juggins without taking any notice of the last speaker. "I've been a bloomin' Father Christmas, a week late, an' most unusual unwelcome. I've lost count of the fights I've 'ad. Me and the old 'orse was standin' orf a thousand 'owlin' aliens for two hours and a narf dahn orf the Whitechapel Road. I've been under p'lice protection . . . fightin' shoulder to shoulder wiv two rozzers and Gawd knows 'ow many plain clothes men. 'Strewth! I'm bosom pals wiv 'arf the worms in the east end nah!"

"Thet's a lie," whispered Salt-water Jim confidentially, "Juggins, 'e couldn't be pals wiv a policeman. . . . They knows 'im too well." Jim always spoke as if Canadians were born deaf and separated his syllables with the care and distinctness of a First Reader. By a tacit understanding his whispers were recognised as inaudible to any but the individual particularly addressed, though they echoed huskily to the remotest corners of Corkey's sanctum.

Having whetted the curiosity of the club, Juggins refused to say another word till he had done ample justice to his supper. Then, according to the custom introduced by the visitor and welcomed by the club as an exotic refinement with an Im-

perial flavour, he slowly whittled a pipeful from the proffered tin-tagged plug of dark tobacco.

"Plum puddin's!" he ejaculated so suddenly that Battersea Bob spilled half a cup of coffee down his patriarchal beard—" 'undreds of plum puddin's and a proper bloomin' gander. . . ."

"Yessie, abaht eleven yustiddy mornin' I was crawlin' dahn the 'Ammersmith Road when I was 'ailed by a slavey and took to a 'ouse in Brook Green. Nice 'ouse it was, wiv a warnin' against 'awkers and street cries on the gate, and I expected prob'ly an old lady 'oo'd give me the legal and tuppence for myself. 'Strewth, you could a knocked me orf the box wiv a bit of 'olly! . . . There was an old lady sure enough, but 'stead of gittin' into the keb she stood on the top of the steps while the slavey carried out 'undreds and 'undreds of Christmas puddin's. All in little tuppenny basins they was, wiv a cloth tied over the top and the slavey packed 'em into the keb till the springs bloomin' well went dahn and touched the axle. . . . Straight, I 'ad to git orf the box and wrap the old 'orse's 'ead in a blanket. If 'e'd looked rahnd and seen what was be'ind 'im I'd never 'ave got 'im to move."

"The old lady comes up to me a-wavin' a sheet of paper. 'Kebman,' she says, 'you're to drive to all these addresses. You may think these Christmas puddin's odd at this time of year,' she says, squintin' dahn 'er nose, 'but they're a proper gander—they're my own ideer for convertin' of the Jews. And please to bloomin' well look slippy,' she says, ' 'cause we've got a lot to do.' Then she and the gal they crawls in among the puddin's some'ow, and orf we stawted right acrost London to the east end."

Juggins paused for breath and called for another mug o' thick. My wanderings had taken me to the quiet

backwater of Brook Green on more than one occasion, and surely the old lady must be she who had on more than one occasion pushed a proselytising leaflet into the hands of those departing from the Synagogue at the upper end of the tree-bordered stretch of grass. A very determined old lady she looked, and the whole of a bitter Saturday morning I had seen her at her post, bashfully supported by her long-suffering maid.

"'Lor' wot a life!" Juggins continued gulping his mug of coffee. "'Forehnitly, the winder was dahn when the first puddin' come back. . . . Thet was one we'd give to a bloke named Lupinsky. But it was worst in Little St. Nicholas Street, 'orf the 'ighway, where we 'ad twenty to deliver. Lor'! it fair rained puddin's while we was there, and it's forehnt them aliens 'ad the forethought to take 'em aht of the basins before returnin' 'em. . . . Nice little tuppenny basins they was."

"Them aliens didn't seem to think it was anyways a proper gander at all. It was when four or five thousand of 'em tried to pull the keb to pieces thet my noo pals the rozzers came along. I broke me whip and the old 'orse lost 'arf 'is mane and all 'is tail, but we got aht of it some'ow. The rozzers was all for stoppin' the old gal, but she was a good plucked 'un, and there wasn't nothink wouldn't 'ave stopped 'er. Stuck right to it, she did, and made me and the p'licemen give every one of the aliens on 'er list a puddin' wevver 'e wanted it or not. 'I'm goin' to do my duty,' she says, 'though it ain't as pleasant as wot I expected.' All of twelve o'clock it was when I got 'er back to Brook Green, and she was as lively as a filly, spite of all she'd been through and 'avin' to 'old the slavey in the keb by force, she 'avin' 'igh stericks and givin' notice at the top of 'er voice

all the afternoon. . . . And she was a reel lady," Juggins concluded, with unction. "Give me three golden quid, to say nothing of two of the puddin's, and 'arf a quid each to the coppers. . . . But I won't drive 'er again—not wivout we 'ave a detachment of the 'Orse Guards."

The club accepted the recital without remark. It was used to Juggins's flights of fancy and made generous allowances.

But a visiting member from the Junior Turf, resplendant in a heavy fawn-coloured coat, with a double row of pearl buttons and an artificial flower in his buttonhole, curled a sneering lip. Regardless of Corkey's feelings he ostentatiously emptied the salt-cellar on the table in front of him.

"All you growlers is good for is as luggage carriers. I'd as soon drive a furniture van. . . . 'Ere's a man wot—"

Juggins had turned from a warm violet colour to a royal purple, and breathed hard through his nose.

"I'll 'ave you to know, young man," he interrupted, with forced calm, "thet the ve-hi-cle thet I drive and wot you terms a 'growler' is a—licensed — four-wheel — Clarence — keb—and thet it's a 'undred times as good as any bloomin' enlarged coal shovel wiv a monkey on the roof wot some people calls a 'ansom. And if you . . ." Juggins rapidly became more and more unprintable, to the immeasurable delight of the members, and more would certainly have followed if an unusual commotion

outside had not taken most of the occupants of the shelter from their seats to see what was the matter.

When they filed back again a few minutes later Juggins was not of their number.

"Juggins by name and bloomin' well Juggins by nature," said Saltwater Jim, sulkily resuming his seat. "'Ere after a 'ard day's work, wiv both 'im and 'is 'orse wore aht, I'm blowed if 'e 'ain't stawted orf to Walthamstow. Makes me sick!"

"Why, Jim, you wanted to go yourself!" ejaculated Battersea Bob, in mild surprise.

"Yus, and nearly 'ad to fight 'im 'cause I 'inted first thet it 'ud be better to take 'er up the Strand to the 'orspital. . . . Said if the gel was set on gittin' 'ome for the Noo Year 'e'd bloomin' well see she did get 'ome. . . . Gel fell in a faint just as she was arskin' the way of the copper ahtside," Jim explained. "Walked thirty mile from near Guildford and 'adn't a penny in 'er pocket. And thet blighted fool Juggins 'as to go and—" Jim broke off, fumbled under the bench with his foot and, bending down, drew forth a bundle.

"More and more and more of a Juggins," he growled, eyeing it at arm's length. "'E's forgot 'is bloomin' puddin'. . . . Aht of Mogg's Yard ain't 'e? . . . Well, any road, if 'e got orf wiv the gel 'fore I could 'elp 'er 'e can't bloomin' well stop me takin' 'is puddin' 'ome for 'im. . . . I'm orf. Appy Noo Year, mates!"



AN UNSPEAKABLE SCOT

BY SYLVESTER PERRY

THE general passenger agent of the P. & B. Steamship Line leaned back in his swivel chair, put his feet on the desk, lit his pipe, opened his novel at the dog-eared leaf, and thus, with two of the three conditions most necessary to solid comfort present (it was a sweltering day in July, so the third would have been superfluous), prepared to enjoy an hour or two of complete relaxation from business cares before closing the office for the evening.

The *City of Bruges* had just taken in her freight and in a quarter of an hour would be sailing for "Port Hope, Somersby, and Charleville," as the company's poster announced. A West India boat had gone out at 10 a.m.; the first incoming one was not due for forty-eight hours; business was good and everything was running smoothly, and the general passenger agent was enjoying that enviable feeling of satisfaction which comes with the consciousness of work done well and in good time. The moment was therefore hardly propitious for the young man who, leaping from a street car, heedless of the warning of the conductor, before it had stopped, took the steps of the P. & B. Company's office at a bound and broke in upon the pleasant meditations of the agent, with the demand:

"When does the *City of Bruges* sail?"

The agent raised his head, eyed the intruder with a look of offended dignity, glanced at the clock, and answered:

"The *City of Bruges*, wind and weather permitting, sails in just thirteen and one-half minutes."

The young man was either too pre-occupied or too unsophisticated to note the sarcasm veiled under the elaborate politeness of the reply. He resumed:

"Does she stop at any ports between Halifax and Somersby, except those named in the poster?"

The agent reached over and drew from a pigeonhole a gorgeous covered time-table, with an illustration showing a stately ship sailing near an impossibly regular coast-line towards an impossibly quaint and pretty little town.

"The company's time-table," he said, handing it through the wicket, "gives full and complete information with regard to ports-of-call, dates of sailing, rates, and so forth."

The awful impressiveness of the tone might have warned the young man, if his wits had not been less than ordinary, or had not been wool-gathering. But he seemed to take no notice, and after an eager glance at the time-table he returned, unabashed, to his catechism of the agent.

"There are several small ports along the north shore at which a ship of the *City of Bruges*'s size could call. They're not mentioned in the time-table, but as she must pass quite near on her way to Prince Edward Island, I thought, perhaps, I could be set ashore at one of them."

"No doubt there are such places as you say. Unfortunately, however, my early geographical training was

neglected, and I have to be content with such knowledge as is necessary in my business."

This time the note of injured dignity in the words and tone was unmistakable, even by one so utterly engrossed in his own purpose as the questioner. He began a stammering apology.

"I'm afraid, indeed, I have been over-inquisitive. I am giving you unnecessary trouble. But the fact is—I must—that is—in short, there's a place called Arisgay, on the north shore, and I must reach it to-morrow. There's a"—he blushed painfully—"there's a girl there, you see. The place is fifteen miles from the nearest railway station, and the last train for the east left at seven this morning. The *City of Bruges* must pass within five or six miles of it, I know, for I've often watched her as she passed on her way to Somersby. It's my only chance, and if I don't get there"—he struck his clenched fist into a broad open palm and his face went white.

The agent's face expressed his awakened interest. After all, his perpetual rubbing up against all classes and conditions of people had only calloused the outer surface. Within was quick flesh, and the perennially human interest of the story had touched it. And, besides, the young man was good to look at, as he discovered in his second and more interested scrutiny. Not exactly handsome, but erect, broad of shoulder, and clean of limb, with a world of honest purpose in the deep-set eyes that were now eagerly looking into his own for any the least hopeful sign.

"I am willing to pay anything in reason. It's only a matter of five or six miles—twenty minutes' sailing, and it won't make any difference even if she is late in Somersby. Steamers are seldom on time. Can't you do it?"

The agent was intensely interested now. He had not been married

so long that he could not look back on his own courtship days without that anxious swelling of the heart which comes with the intruding tide of old memories. "All the world loves a lover," and this was such an evidently manly and sincere one. The agent's look of admiration was mingled with pity for the man so helpless in the grip of his passion, his stalwart frame aquiver with the throbbing of the heart, whose strings were held by the girl in Arisgay.

"I should really like to help you," he said earnestly, "and I would do it if it were in my power. But I'm afraid I can't. Nothing less than an order from the general manager would do you, and even if there were time—well, there's not much sentiment in the general manager's make-up, and I hardly think he'd consider your case sufficiently important to warrant his sending the *City of Bruges* so far out of her course, especially on that dangerous coast."

"The captain—might he not do it? It doesn't seem a very serious thing. Haven't you influence enough with him?"

The agent shook his head. "You don't understand," he said. "Old Pickering would fire the best and most faithful captain in the service if he dared disobey the least jot or tittle of his orders. Of course, it might be done without his being the wiser if you had pull enough with the captain, and he were anybody but old Sandy MacNicol. You might as well try to move one of the granite cliffs of his own Scottish Highlands."

"He's Scotch?"

"As a plate of porridge. No use trying him. Still, it may be as well for you to go with him. There's the chance of getting a boat at Port Hope."

"Too late. There's none before day after to-morrow. I've looked it up."

"Well, at any rate, you'll be moving. That'll help some. I'm sorry, boy, I can't do more for you. But

cheer up! I'll bet you find the girl waiting for you whenever you get to Arisgay. Now dig out. You've only three minutes to get to the wharf. Turn the first corner to your left and then keep straight ahead. Good luck!"

"It's all I can do. Good-bye, and thank you."

The agent went back to his novel; but somehow the story had lost its interest. He had read a chapter from real life, and "as moonlight unto sunlight" were the empty sentimentalities of the hero to the stammering, confused, but straight-from-the-heart avowal of the lad who was now racing madly for the waterfront, on the last slender chance of reaching that little out-of-the-way village on the wild Nova Scotia shore, which held all in life for him.

*

Captain Sandy MacNicol was standing on the bridge of the *City of Bruges*. The last box of freight had been stowed away; the hatches were down, the gang-plank raised and the lines cast off. The first sound which struck the young man's ears as he reached the wharf was the tinkle of a bell; the next, the churn of the steamer's propeller as her head turned slowly seaward. A spurt, a flying leap over twelve feet of water as her stern swung round, and he pitched on his hands and knees into the midst of a chattering group on the after-deck.

"Well taken, by Jove!" said an athletic young fellow in loose blue serge trousers and black and gold sweater, who was standing a little apart from the group, and now and then directing towards it a wistful look out of a pair of honest and steady blue eyes. Then as the newcomer scrambled to his feet and turned away with an apology, he took a quick stride towards him.

"Excuse me, but haven't we met before?"

"I—really, I do not remember. It is quite likely we have, but I have

such a wretched memory for faces."

"Didn't you play for St. Ferdinand's against Dalkeith last October?"

"I did."

"Centre half?"

"Yes."

"Shake, but don't twist my arm out of its socket, as you nearly did when you got by me for that winning try."

"Why, it's Cossman, the Dalkeith full-back."

"Right you are. Your name's MacGregor, I believe. I knew you the minute I set eyes on you. But I have good reason to remember you. My arm was lame for a month after that game."

"Awfully sorry, but you know —"

"Don't mention it, old fellow. It was a great game."

"Grand. But"—as his eyes took in the figure before him—"I don't see how under the sun I ever got by you."

"Well, I guess you just had to. You needed that try. Anyhow, I tried hard enough to stop you."

The big fellow did not think it necessary to mention that an unlucky slip had thrown him a little out of his reckoning, so that he could only reach his opponent with one hand, without which accident MacGregor, for all his strength and speed, could hardly have got by the surest tackle in the intercollegiate league.

"Well, let's have a smoke. Sorry I have no cigars to offer you, but I always smoke a pipe."

Here a dainty little flanneled fellow turned from the group and held out a box of cigarettes.

"Have one, Mr. Cossman."

"No, thanks, I want a smoke," and he produced a stumpy, blackened briar, with a big D carved on the bowl.

There was a sarcasm in the tone which was not lost on MacGregor; nor, evidently, on a girl who was sitting in the very midst of the group, for she flashed on Cossman, when

his head was bent over his pipe, a look in which amusement was mingled with something more tender.

"Let's walk around a bit," said MacGregor, when the other had his pipe going. Then, when they were out of earshot:

"You know those people?"

"Yes. Bank clerks and office girls, most of them, going to Somersby on a holiday. I'd like to kick myself for coming. See that girl in brown? She's all right, A1 sport, and has, or used to have, lots of sense. I shouldn't have come if it weren't for her. But"—ruefully—"I'd better have stayed in Halifax. I can't get a word in edgewise with those confounded clerks. Say, it's queer, isn't it? Put me on the football field and I'm as cool as ice, ready to tackle, in both senses of the word, anything that comes the way. But let me try to make myself agreeable to a girl and I get as helpless as a baby and awkward as a bear. Now see those fellows. They're duffers at football, or anything else, except tennis, but they're right at home dancing attendance on a girl. Why, just before you came on board a comb fell out of her hair and one of them picked it up and replaced it as deftly as a woman. And she let him! What do you think of that? How she can see anything in such ninnies is more than I can understand."

"Perhaps she doesn't," said the other, mindful of that stolen glance. "Girls are queer"—smiling and flushing a little as he made a mental reservation in favour of the girl in Arisgay. "Now, I'll bet she's bored to death with those fellows, though she pretends to enjoy their company so much."

"But what am I to do? How can I break up that crowd and get her away? I might imagine I had a football and charge right through them, but I suppose it would hardly do."

"Hardly. I shouldn't say imagination is your strong point. And, any-

how, it would be too cruel. Just like letting a Newfoundland dog loose among a pack of poodles. You'd better bide your time. Take it cool, and whatever you do, don't hang around that group. If you do, she'll keep those fellows there all the rest of the voyage, just for the pleasure of seeing you standing around with that look of dogged devotion in your eyes. Keep away for a while, and it's dollars to pennies she'll get away from them herself inside of another hour."

"Thanks. I'll try it. And to pass the time we'll go up on the bridge and have a chat with old Sandy."

"The captain?"

"Yes. He's a great character, gruff and cranky, but a good fellow for all that. My governor did him a good turn once, so I stand pretty well with him."

"Take me up and introduce me. And, say, you might lay it on thick about my being a great Scot, and all that. It's true. Over in St. Ferdinand's they used to call me 'Scotty.' You might mention that I speak Gaelic. Perhaps it'll help, and I have a favour to ask of him. I've got a girl, too, in an out-of-the-way spot, called Arisgay. I must get there before to-morrow night, and the only way to do it is to have the captain go a little out of his course and put me ashore."

"Well, I'll do anything you ask, but I must say if you succeed in working Sandy MacNicol you'll be the first man that ever did it. However, it's worth trying. And you're on the right track. MacNicol's the most patriotic Scot that ever crossed the water. Come on."

Together they went up to the bridge. The captain was leaning against the railing, legs wide and hands thrust deep into his coat pockets. The first look at him did not tend to inspire MacGregor with any great confidence in the success of his mission. The ideas of a bluff, jolly old tar which he had conjured

up in his mind while ascending to the bridge did not square at all with the figure before him. Captain Sandy was tall, lean, and slightly stooped, with the high cheek-bones, which are supposed to be characteristic of his race, keen gray eyes, smooth-shaven chin, and short, grizzled "sidelights" and moustache. Off his ship, and in plain clothes, he would hardly be taken for any but a keen man of business. On the whole, thought MacGregor, with a sinking of the heart, quite the last man on whom the reasons he intended to urge would have any effect.

"Well, Maister Cossman, how are ye the day? And what's brought ye up here? Ye ought to be doon yonder wi' the lads and lasses."

"You'd better ask me what I'd be doing down there among that bunch. I'm not smooth and slick enough for them."

"Aye, laddie, but I'm dootin' there wad be ower much o' your company for old Sandy if yon lass wi' the lint-white locks were alone. Now, if there were a wee bit o' a swell ye'd soon find the coast clear. I'm thinkin' the laddies are no vera guid sailors."

"I wish it would blow a hurricane, then," returned Cossman savagely. "But I'm forgetting. I have a friend here I want to introduce to you. This is Mr. 'Scotty' MacGregor, Captain MacNicol. He's as loyal a Scot as yourself, speaks that barbarous lingo of yours, and knows the old country like a book, so I have no doubt you'll get on well together."

"I'm proud to know ye, Maister MacGregor. Ye bear a guid name, and I have nae doot ye'll do it credit. And ye speak the Gaelic. Ye'll be frae Cape Breton?"

"Aye, captain."

"Weel, I'm bound tae admit the Cape Breton Scotch are vera weel, vera weel, indeed, considering that they were born sae far frae the land o' cakes. We'll be havin' a crack bye-and-bye in the language o' Adam,

an' Maister Cossman will excuse us."

"Sure thing, captain. I'll be going after a little," with a significant look at MacGregor.

"No hurry, old man," answered MacGregor, returning the look. "They'll get along without you down there a little longer." Then to the captain—

"May I make so bold as to ask what part of Scotland you come from, Captain MacNicol?"

The captain paused a little, and there was a peculiar expression in his eyes as he answered—

"I—Oh, I was born in Chambuscross."

MacGregor saw the look, and understood it. The captain was putting to a test, and an unfair one, the familiar knowledge of the old country which Cossman, in his friendly, but rather indiscreet, zeal had attributed to him; for instead of giving the name of his county, or district, he had given that of his home town, little more than a village, and hardly deserving a place on the map.

But there are ways and ways in which a place may be well known, particularly in Scotland. It may produce the best granite, or the fattest herring, or be the seat of a college, or have good golf links. Or, again, it may have none of these things, may not be on the map at all, but may loom large in the legends and traditions of the country. And MacGregor could have hugged himself with joy for the many hours he had spent (his less sentimental friends said wasted) listening to the stories which old Highland emigrants had brought across the water, and making his mind a veritable treasure-house of legendary lore, till all the Western Highlands seemed as familiar to him as his own native island. So, though his heart was fairly palpitating with delight, he gave no outward sign, but answered as if it were the most natural thing in the world—

"Oh, yes! That's in the Isle of Skye, a little north of Armadale, the old seat of the lords of the isles." And then, turning to Cossman, he proceeded to relate one of the most famous legends of the Isle of Skye, which related how a certain hero—Ronald Alanson by name—had laid a troublesome spirit, who carried her head in her hand, and used it as a missile against any unfortunate traveller who chanced to cross her path.

The captain was fairly taken off his feet. He had heard the story often enough in his boyhood days; but to hear it from the lips of a youth in far-off Nova Scotia, one, too, who spoke of his own beloved island with the intimate knowledge of a native, was so astounding that, for some moments, he could only stare, open-mouthed, at MacGregor. When he did find his tongue, his voice shook and his eyes glistened. He held out his hand.

"Shake hands again, MacGregor. I dinna ken when I've experienced sae great a pleasure. There are too few like ye, too few. Young men nowadays seem mair anxious to forget the land of their ancestors than to learn its history. It's like a whiff o' the caller air o' the Hebrides to hear ye speak."

"I think," said Cossman, "that the time's ripe. I'll go down and leave you two to have it out."

"Weel, Maister Cossman, I suppose it wad be only common politeness to press ye to stay, but under the circumstances ye'd hardly thank me for doing it. And dinna fash yersel aboot yon laddies," he went on, lowering his voice. "I've seen her eyes follow ye when your back was turned. Play canny, lad, play canny, and ye'll win."

"Thank you, captain. The opinion of a wily old campaigner like yourself, who has escaped all the matrimonial traps set for him in the past forty years, ought to be worth something."

"Awa wi' ye! Awa wi' ye!"

Both young men, surprised at the sudden gruffness of the tone, looked up quickly and saw a look on the captain's face such as comes with the sudden reopening of a half-healed wound. The keen-witted young Highlander was quick to discern something of the feeling which had prompted this sudden outburst; but the more deliberate Cossman, groping about in his mind to discover wherein he had offended the old man, began an apology. The captain interrupted him.

"There, there, laddie, I didna mean to be short wi' ye. Ye mauna mind me. Now tak' yersel' off, or the lass will be gettin' impatient," and with a wave of his hand he dismissed the still hesitating Cossman.

But when the latter had taken his departure it became quite evident that the cheerful look and light tone had been assumed. The captain's face was grim and stern now; and it was evident that he was fighting hard to regain his composure. MacGregor was discreet enough to remain silent, waiting till the other should choose to reopen the conversation. But the storm was slow in subsiding, and he had smoked more than one pipe before the captain spoke. When he did, it was to resume the conversation where it had been interrupted by Cossman, speaking this time in Gaelic:

"Yes, lad, as I was saying, it's a shameful thing that so many of our young people are becoming indifferent to the glories of the race from which they are descended. You will find plenty now who seem proud to tell you that they cannot speak the language of their forefathers, though Heaven knows how they escaped it, seeing that their parents could hardly speak any other. They'll tell you that the world is too busy now to care anything for that kind of sentiment. But I tell you, lad, there are no more successful men on earth than the Scotch, and no more loyal and

enthusiastic Scots than the successful ones."

"That's very true," answered MacGregor, in the same language, and his eyes flashed and his form seemed to dilate with the exultation of the Highlander who finds his foot "on his native heath." "It's a small mind that has no room for sentiment. We are told that love of country comes next to love of God, and surely we cannot regard Scotland as altogether a foreign country, though we do happen to be two or three generations removed from it. But it's more than a matter of mere sentiment. A Scotchman is a Scotchman, no matter on what side of the Atlantic he happens to be born, and from what I know of the kind of people you speak of—I must confess that there are only too many of them in this country—I've found that when he loses his Scottish enthusiasm he loses a good deal of his backbone with it. No, sir, there is not a sorrier specimen of humanity anywhere than the Scotchman who is in a hurry to become Americanised. He attempts to divest himself of the characteristic qualities of the race, to acquire a cheap and easily detected imitation of those that are peculiarly American. We should be grateful to them if they would only go the whole way and change their Scotch names. It would, at least, save the race the discredit they bring upon it."

Captain Jock brought his hand down on his companion's shoulder with a force which sent a shiver through his sturdy frame.

"Good for you, lad! It certainly does my heart good to meet with such as you. Oh, many's the time it has set my blood boiling to hear some insignificant little jackanapes, whose soul, as you say, is too small for pride of race or any other manly sentiment, ready to disown his blood for the sake of showing off his independence and broad-mindedness."

"Oh, Mr. MacGregor," came the voice of Cossman, who had just then

mounted to the bridge, "will you come on deck for a minute?"

"Well, Mr. Cossman, Captain MacNicol and myself are having a very interesting conversation, and I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me. But I'll be down bye-and-bye."

"I hate to interrupt your conversation, old boy. I know it must be a regular old-fashioned blood-and-thunder Scotch one, for you both look as I imagine your forefathers must have done when the fiery cross went round and the pipes blew the gathering. But I have orders to bring you down without delay, and I simply mustn't go back without you. So if you don't come I'll have to stay up here. It worked like a charm," lowering his voice to a whisper. "Everything's lovely, and she's dying to meet you. I've been telling her about the football game."

"Well, I suppose there's no disputing a command like that, eh, captain?" Then, the mention of the girl, recalling his own trouble, he added, "I'll be back in a little, and asking a favour of you."

"Vera guid, and glad I'll be to grant it, if it's in my power."

"Thank you, sir. Lead the way, Cossman."

When they were out of hearing, Cossman broke out:

"Say, Mac, it was great. I went on deck that time, lit my pipe, stuck my hands in my pockets and walked by the group, never looking their way. I guess she expected me to stop, for she never said a word till I got by. Then she called out, 'Why, Mr. Cossman, where have you been keeping yourself? You told me you know this coast well, and I've been waiting for you to come along and tell me about it.'"

"I shall be very pleased," I answered. "There's a much better view for'ad, if you care to leave your seat." I tell you, Mac, it was the flimsiest excuse ever made, but I had to say something, and I couldn't think of anything else. But it never jarred

her. She just got up, gave them a smile all round, and walked off with me. That gang's feeling pretty sick, I guess, but she's sweet as pie ever since."

"I'm glad to hear it. *You'll* have a pleasant voyage, at all events."

The next hour was a bad one for poor MacGregor. The sight of the other's happiness set his warm Celtic imagination conjuring up visions of blissful hours with the girl in Arisgay, and he thought, with a fond pride, that *she* would not have used such arts to lead him on. Then the fear that he might not be able to induce the captain to fall in with his plan would come back, striking his heart cold. He took advantage of the first opportunity to make his escape, and at once made his way to the bridge.

"Weel, you're back. I hope you left our friend in good spirits," said Captain Sandy, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, he's in the clouds. We'll hardly see any more of him the rest of the voyage."

"But what's the matter wi' ye, lad. Ye're no sae gay as ye were an hour syne. Surely ye have no lost your heart to yon lass already."

"No, captain. A Scotchman's heart is pretty big, but there's not room in it for more than one girl at a time."

The captain fixed his keen, gray eyes on him and his hard face relaxed into a smile.

"Oh, aye, I might have known it. There's only one thing can bring that look into a man's face."

"Captain"—MacGregor fell once more into his native tongue, and there was an indefinable note of appeal in the soft, liquid Gaelic which the harsher Anglo-Saxon could never have conveyed—"I'm in trouble, and you can help me. You partly understand already what it is. There's a girl—in Arisgay—you know the place, a little fishing village on the north shore."

"Arisgay! Aye, we pass it on the way to Prince Edward Island, but we don't call there."

"I know, but that's what I want you to do this time. Wait, listen"—the captain had opened his mouth to speak—"I know what you were going to say, but wait till you hear my story. I met her a year ago. I was visiting her cousin—we were classmates—and, naturally enough, I saw a good deal of her, for the village is small, and the people are all Highlanders, so that it did not take me long to get acquainted with them all. She is just such a bright, clean, winsome lass as you can find plenty of among our people, only with a little more education and a little more natural refinement than the average country girl, so that it isn't strange that I sought her society, and, indeed, found myself at her home oftener than at any other in the village. I didn't take it seriously at first. I was just glad that I had found such an agreeable companion to help while away the long summer hours in that dull little village. It was only a day or two before I was to leave for home that the awakening came, and I found that I had fallen ears over in love with her. It was a shock to me, captain. I tried to reason myself out of it, telling myself that a young fellow in my position, who had no profession, who had not even finished his arts course, has no business to think of such things. But it was no use. I was never much at hiding my feelings, and I could see that she cared for me. So, though I suppose it would have been the more manly thing to have gone away at once and try to live it down, I declared myself. She would have given her promise to wait for me, but I would not allow her. I had already gone further, perhaps, than strict honour would warrant, so I told her she should consider herself free. All I asked was that she should not engage herself to anyone else without letting me know. She promised, and

I left. I went back to college for my last year, keeping my eyes open for a position that would promise permanent employment and chances for promotion. Last winter, a little before Christmas, a chance presented itself. I was offered a position in the office of one of the Cape Breton coal companies. I accepted at once, and left college, for I was afraid to let the opportunity slip. The girl wrote to me regularly. I got a promotion and an increase of salary, and everything seemed to promise well. Then, just this morning, I got a letter. I was in Halifax, on business for the company, and it was forwarded to me there. There's another fellow, the best friend, I thought, except my college chum, that I had in the place, and the only one, besides him, that I trusted with my secret. What a fool I was to do it! He began his plotting and scheming the moment I left. A mean, cowardly hypocrite, but he was clever enough to deceive me, and it seems others, too, who ought to know him better, for he has got himself into the good graces of the family, and they are worrying her to marry him. He has the best house in the village, and a couple of thousand dollars in the bank. You know our people, captain. A good match is a bait that Scotch parents can never resist, and they are only too ready to think that it is the duty of children to set aside their own interests and obey their parents. The poor girl doesn't care for him, and she's holding out bravely, but you know what continued nagging will do; and, besides, she's apt to fall in with their wishes from a mistaken sense of duty. She wrote to tell me all about it—such a pitiful letter—and she says her answer must be given to-morrow, and they're not allowing her a moment's peace. Had I been home when the letter arrived, I should have been in Arisgay two days ago. As it was, I got it too late to catch the eastbound train this morning. I was in despair, till I

thought that this is the *City of Bruges's* sailing day. Then I wired my chief for a couple of days' leave, and got his answer just in time to catch the boat. You should pass Arisgay before daylight"—the captain nodded—"and that will give me plenty time to settle him, the black-hearted traitor."

"And how will you be doing it, laddie? I don't suppose your word would go as far with the old folks as his. You're almost a stranger to them, after all, you know. You wouldn't—"

"No, captain," answered MacGregor, divining the unspoken question, "nothing treacherous or underhanded. The men of my blood were often fools, like the MacGregor who refused the king's title to his estate because he preferred to hold it with his sword, as his forefathers had done, but they were always men. I'll fight in the open, and give him *Cothrom no Feinne**, if he were the black devil himself, and I'll best him, too, never fear. 'S *Rioghal mo Dhream†*, you know the motto of the clan. It's broken and scattered now, but the blood is there, and I'll never be the man to make a disgrace of it."

The captain turned away to hide the admiration he could not keep out of his face.

"It's a brave lad," he murmured to himself, "but no wonder; it's in the blood."

"MacGregor," he turned round and his voice took on a slow and deliberate tone, "even if I could do this thing you ask, do you think it would be a real kindness to yourself? You're young, and you have to make your place in the world yet, as you say. An ambitious lad like yourself may hope to rise high these days. The world needs such men as you; men with brain and muscle, and character to back them up. You're at the foot of the ladder yet. The first few rounds are the hardest to climb, and you'll need your undivided ener-

* "The equal battle of the Fingallians."—Scotch for "fair-play."

† "My race is royal."—The motto of the MacGregors.

gies for the task. 'Love in a cottage' is very poetical, and all that, and it will satisfy you for a time, but after that—. No, no, MacGregor, that quick, restless brain of yours was made for big things. Be wise, and take the advice of an old man who knows the world. Love is everything to you now. It's in your eyes, like bright sunshine, and it dazzles you. But things will look differently in a few years, when you've steadied down. Think of it, lad, and give up this notion."

"And do you suppose I haven't thought of all these things already? You're hardly consistent, captain. First, you credit me with a keen wit and then make up your mind that I am rushing into this thing heedless of consequences. I am only at the foot of the ladder, as you say, but don't you see that my love for her would be an added incentive to climb as high and as fast as possible?"

"Listen yet, MacGregor. I like you. You're a genuine Highlander, and that means that you're a man, every inch of you. Few women are worth such love as you can give. There's a good deal of the coquette in the best of them, and money and position will weigh down the scales against love with the most of them. Hard experience taught me that truth, and I paid a bitter price for my schooling. Forty years ago, laddie, I was engaged to a girl in Cambuscross. I was deck-hand on a tramp steamer then. The work is hard enough now; but it was downright slavery in those days. Yet I worked cheerfully for her sake; and for her sake I took out of my hours for sleep enough time to learn navigation; for we were to be married when I had a mate's berth. I could have sworn by everything sacred that if there was a true-hearted lass on God's earth, she was the one. . . . She left me, laddie, left me without a word, and for a mean, small-souled creature that had as little warm blood in him as the fish he caught. Every-

body hated and despised him. I can see yet the scornful looks the lass used to give him when we met him on our walks. But—he had the best cottage in the village, and owned two fishing smacks."

The captain paused. The sweat was running down his face, though the night had turned cool, and his gaunt hand trembled as he wiped it away.

"Now you know what nobody else on this side the water knows—why crusty old Sandy MacNicol is a bachelor and will remain a bachelor till the end of his days. It's forty long years since then, but it hurts even to speak of it yet. For your sake, because you are as true a Scotchman as if your foot had never trod anything but broom and heather, I have opened the old sore. Think well, laddie, where you give the best love of your life. If you make a mistake now, it'll take the life and sap of youth out of you forever."

MacGregor gripped the captain's hand.

"I thank you, captain. I feel more honoured by your confidence than I can tell you, and I am grateful for your advice, but do you think you're altogether fair? Why, what would become of the world if we were to lose our trust in woman? Surely the Creator who gave us the feeling of respect and devotion with which we naturally regard her made her worthy of them. It's against flesh and blood to believe anything else. My God, captain, even if you were right, do you think I could listen to reason with the thought always before my mind of my poor girl, waiting for me, and trusting in me to save her from that treacherous scoundrel? May the royal blood of MacGregor turn to water in my veins if I don't make him crawl in the dust like the snake he is!"

"Aye, aye, impetuous and hot-headed, like all the rest of them. It was always the way. They'd leap first and look afterwards—if there

were time. I ought to know better than to try to reason with one of them when his blood is up, but for the sake of the feeling I have for you I've been fool enough to try. I should have done more kindly to tell you in the beginning that I can't do what you propose. I never failed in my duty to the company yet, and I've been with them, master and mate, for thirty years."

"But think what it means to me! Captain, you won't—you can't refuse me!"—his voice died away in a wail, for there was nothing but high determination in the face before him.

"I'm sorry, MacGregor"—the captain's voice softened at sight of the agony in the other's face—"it was wrong to raise false hopes in you, though I didn't mean to do it; and foolish to expect five-and-twenty to see things with the eyes of five-and-sixty. Forgive me, laddie, I meant well, though I've been a blundering old fool."

The look of grief and self-condemnation on the captain's face was unmistakable, and MacGregor, with the native delicacy of the Celt, made a brave effort to hide his own mortal hurt and put on a cheerful front to reassure him.

"Don't blame yourself, captain, you're only doing your duty, and surely I have no right to complain. You have listened to me with more kindness, and showed more interest in me, than I had any right to expect. I thank you for it sincerely. And now I'll be going below and try to sleep. Good-night."

"Sleep!" murmured the captain, when he had gone. "Poor laddie! I'm afraid it will be many a long night before you sleep sweet again."

Sleep, indeed! No sleep for him; but the dull pain in head and heart that kept him pacing back and forth, the length of the deck, as mile after mile of black water was left behind and the long, dreary night wore on.

Gradually the sounds of talk and laughter died away, as the last of

the passengers left the deck. Still that restless pacing, and the sound of each footfall, coming up through the stillness, smote on the captain's heart like the dripping of life-blood.

The Straits of Canso were passed, and the steamer was nearing Port Hope. The first officer came up to the bridge to take the watch, but the captain did not move.

"I'm restless to-night, Mr. Robertson, and can't sleep. I'll take the watch myself. You can turn in."

A few minutes to unload freight, and the steamer headed westward. Three hours more and she would raise Arisgay Point; so near that by daylight one could recognise every fisherman's hut on the shore. But it might as well have been a thousand miles for the young man, still keeping his unwearied sentry-go on the deck. There was a heavy dulness in the tread, as if the light heart had turned to lead in his bosom and were weighting him down.

Up on the bridge Captain Sandy was becoming more and more restless.

"It's hard, hard. Only a few miles of water. . . . And he's a lad in a thousand. How bravely he tried to carry it off cheerfully when he saw my heart was sore for the mistake I made! And the lass? She may be worth it all. To see her married to the man that betrayed him . . . it'll break his spirit forever, and the best boat the company owns is not worth that. I can't stand it!" He turned to the man at the wheel.

"Where's that Swede we shipped yesterday? It's a fine night, and I'll be giving him his trick at the wheel. Olsen, man, take the wheel. I'll be busy for an hour or two. Brown, ye can join the watch for 'ad, but keep an eye on him, and see he holds the course." He was examining the chart while speaking; and as Brown resigned the wheel he seized it himself and put it a little to port.

"There's your course, Olsen. Due west it is."

The moon was down, and the night was pitch dark. Besides that interminable tramp, tramp, and the throb of the engines, the only sound which broke the stillness was the raucous voice of Olsen, breaking out into occasional snatches of song in his pride at being trusted, for the first time, alone at the wheel. The captain sat down and lit his pipe, and his restlessness seemed gone. Brown, glad of his unexpected release, took a hasty glance or two at Olsen, and settled down for a smoke and chat with his mates forward. So Cape Edward was passed, and Marryat Cove. A mile or two more and the steamer would change her course, heading northward for Somersby. Then "breakers ahead" came in a startled roar from the look-out. Brown, conscious of his own remissness, leaped up and sprang to the wheel, only to find it whirling round in the hands of the captain. Five minutes of wild confusion, clang of bells, scurrying of sailors, oaths of officers, and short, sharp orders from the captain, with the rasping Scottish burr on every accent, and the steamer was out of danger, with the reef of Arisgay on her port bow.

"Olsen, ye big lubber, what were ye doing? Trying to find Somersby harbour on the north shore? And ye were spinnin' yarns, Brown, when ye ought to be watchin' him. Ye'll report at the office when we get back to Halifax. Is that you, MacGregor? The fates are kind this time. Ye wanted to get ashore at Arisgay, and here's the boat just escaped the reef. Clear away a boat there. There's no danger, ladies and gentlemen"—a startled group had made their way on deck, foremost among whom stood Cossman, with the girl in brown, now enveloped in a hastily-donned wrap-per, hanging on his arm. "All clear?

Bundle in, MacGregor; smart, now."

"Are you really away, Mac? Well, good-bye, and the best of luck! By Jove, it's just like a novel."

"Good-bye, Mr. MacGregor," said the girl, extending her hand. "Mr. Cossman has been telling me everything, and I'm so glad this accident has happened at just the right time and place. Oh, I'm sure she must be a dear. You'll invite us to the wedding, won't you?"

MacGregor was too bewildered to speak. This was the Arisgay shore, beyond a doubt, unless he were dreaming; but how had the steamer gone so far out of her course, and on this of all trips?

"Captain," he said, when they were standing alone at the rail, just before he got into the boat, "I can't understand it; but I'm beginning to think there's something more than accident in this."

"Dinna be too curious, laddie. Ye've got your wish, and let that satisfy ye. Ye'll come to Halifax sometime, and bring the lass to see me. Now be off wi' ye. Get into the bow; ye know the shore. I'll turn on the searchlight to show the way. Give me your hand."

Then to himself—

"That blockhead Swede doesn't know the difference, and Brown was to busy spinnin' ghost yarns to notice anything. Ye're safe, Sandy, though I'm thinkin' ye've made a muckle fule o' yersel'. But it was more than flesh and blood could stand to see a lad like that in sic a case. 'The royal blood o' MacGregor,' he said. Aye, aye, it'll show. My ain mither was a MacGregor, too. Mr. Robertson, I think I'll be turnin' in. Tell the engineer to give her all she can stand. We'll be an hour late in Somersby."





MRS. BELLAMY
From a Mezzotint

ENGLISH PLAY-ACTRESSES

FROM ANNE TO VICTORIA

BY IDA BURWASH

BETTERTON was master of the English stage when its curtain first rose upon an actress. Up to his time women's parts had been played by smooth-faced boys. But with the Restoration came the actress—when the merry drums that sounded the coming of the king announced to London the reopening of the doors of the theatre in Drury Lane. Betterton was then but a youth of twenty-five when at this "king's house" he began that famous career which was to charm the London public for fifty-one years. It may be that the spark of his genius was fanned to flame by airs still blowing from the spacious days of Shakespeare. For among the roystering crowd that thronged those newly-opened doors pressed Shakespeare's youngest brother, a tottering old man, whose

eyes were fast wearing dim yet eager to see once more the familiar glitter of the pageant.

Most worthy of this actor's qualities was his gentleness of nature, which, aided by his earnestness and talent, lifted his player's craft to a dignity unrecognised before. To the actress just appearing, even to listen to his voice, was an education in itself, for Betterton was master of detail. Modest to a fault, he was ever eager to discuss with the humblest of the play-writers the interpretation of their characters. When the time for his withdrawal from the stage drew near, the severest critic of that day could find nothing more to abuse in this old player than the common frailties of his age; while Cibber, king of critics, states emphatically that he had never heard a line in tragedy from Betterton in



NELL GWYNNE
ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS OF EARLY ENGLISH ACTRESSES
From an old Engraving

which his judgment, his ear, and his imagination were not fully satisfied. It was under such favourable auspices that woman appeared upon the English stage.

In those initial days Betterton worked with a will for his new play-actresses. One of that little group will probably remain for good or ill conspicuous through time. Bold Nell Gwyn, it is true, when in the mood, was intolerably coarse; yet beneath the rubbish of her character there glowed at times, as Betterton no doubt discerned, a ruddy flicker of that fire of genius that when and where it will forces for itself just such inexplicable flashes of

escape. Others, however, were of finer fibre; noticeably so Miss Sanderson, who later became the wife of the great tragedian himself, and who till she was quite an old woman played Shakespeare's women to her husband's presentation of Shakespeare's men.

Though first admitted as a novelty, the English actress did not fail to use her opportunity, and at the opening of the eighteenth century she was firmly established upon the London stage. When Queen Anne came to her throne two women players held all London at their feet; and both were in the flower of their fame, both formed by Betterton's guidance.

Mrs. Barry, the finer of these two, kept for twenty-seven years her place as favourite of the stage. Yet on beginning her career her reception was discouraging. Rejected over and over, failure threatened her, when, in 1680, Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan" appealed to her slumbering powers. A motherless waif herself, the fate of the orphaned *Monimia* must have stirred her soul to its secret depths, for in the character of *Monimia* she gained a height from which she never faltered—while her rendering of the cry, "*Ah; poor Castilio!*" is said from the comprehensive pity of her tone to have drowned her audience in tears. That she had more than a glimmering of the meaning of her art was revealed in her sensitive face, which has been described as "rippling over with intellect." Her industry shows her likewise to have been a true pupil of her chief; for in thirty-seven years she originated a hundred and twelve characters, of which *Monimia*, her nineteenth effort, was the first to mark her command of her art *after seven years' apprenticeship*. Strangely, the day that saw her last appearance followed on that dark day that saw the last appearance of the great tragedian Betterton. Both players were given honourable burial—laid to rest in the cloisters of Westminster, where, wrapped in the friendly shadow that enfolds her master, this famous actress sleeps.

Her contemporary Mrs. Bracegirdle ran a shorter, though a brilliant, course. She might, indeed, have proved a formidable rival had she not, though the younger of the two, been the first to leave the stage, preferring the more exclusive homage of society. Yet, though her charm was due to her freshness rather than her beauty, she had no lack of opportunity. For she was possessed of a rare power of magnetism so compelling, it is said, that she never made her exit without leaving in her audience the feeling

that their faces were moulded into imitation of hers.

With regard to the annals of the stage, Betterton and Garrick may be said to epitomise their centuries. Between the going of the former and the coming of the latter about thirty years intervened. Yet they were not years of absolute eclipse; for to illumine the space between these twin splendours of the stage the star of Anne Oldfield glitters conspicuously.

At the time of the crowning of Queen Anne, Anne Oldfield was but a girl of seventeen. Yet an eager and ambitious girl, she treasured secretly such hints as came her way regarding the theatre. Then when opportunity was ripe, in spirit she was ready. Her gift for acting was marked, but hers was a case again in which the secret of success lay not so much in this natural gift as in her power of concentration and faithful study. Cibber writes of this indefatigable actress: "In all the parts she undertook she sought enlightenment and instruction from every quarter," and her labour was repaid, for her success surpassed her fairest dreams. Through twenty years she was hailed in England as the Queen of Comedy, during which time she was the original representative of sixty-five characters, chiefly of what was then known as "genteel comedy."

In later years, unhappily, her efforts cost her dear. While still in the flush of success, she was attacked by an ailment of such a painful nature that often when applause was loudest the suffering actress could scarcely hide her tears. When the end came at last, the news of her death was received with consternation in the city. Her funeral was conducted with all the pomp befitting the Queen of Comedy. Her body was even laid in state in the magnificent Jerusalem Chamber, and nobles bore her pall, while an elaborate ceremony consigned the silent actress to her grave. Faults she had in plenty, and they



MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, AS AN INDIAN PRINCESS
From a Mezzotint

were unfortunately all too open to the world. But for this darling of the public, whose burden night after night she had lightened by her wit and beauty, no honour seemed too great which that public could bestow.

Her departure was followed by a dreary interval. Fourteen years were still to intervene before Garrick and his satellites rose to fill the public eye, and they were bleak years, indeed, with Wilkes and Betterton gone for ever, Barry and Bracegirdle fast becoming faded memories, and the sunshine of comedy extinguished in the darkened smile of loved Anne Oldfield.

Among the frequenters of these rather dull theatres, a youth of ruddy

countenance was at the moment little noticed, while still less noticed was a little tight-rope dancer about to venture on the Dublin stage. Yet fame had set her seal on just these two. As the century matured it swept before it first onto the London stage the dancer Peg Woffington, as *Sylvia*. The following season it disclosed its more important prize, when on October 19th, 1741, the little theatre in Goodman's Fields announced to its audience—"The Life and Death of King Richard III.," the part of the King by a gentleman who had never appeared on any stage.

Garrick was that nameless gentleman, and he was then twenty-five,

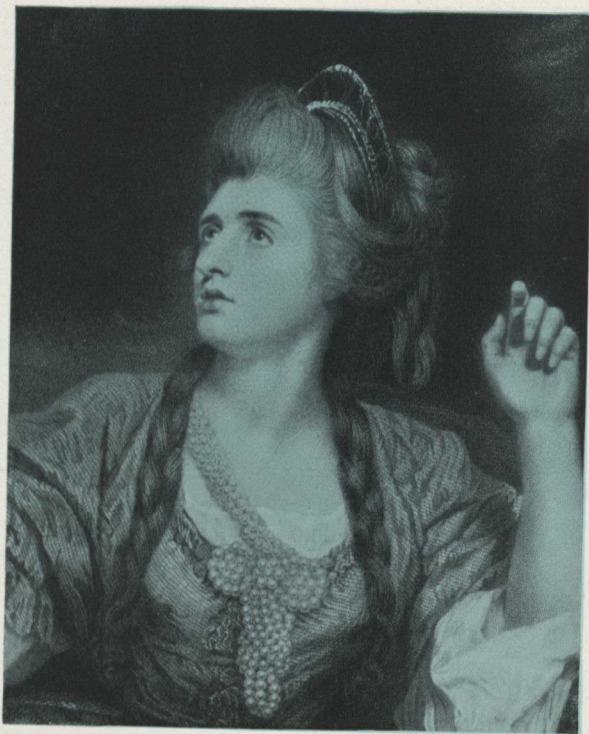


PEG WOFFINGTON

From the Painting by John Lewis, in the National Gallery of Ireland

just the age at which Betterton began his famous career. His masterly handling of *Richard* that night excited the greatest enthusiasm—the freshness and naturalness of his acting caught and held his audience—amazed, men saw not only a new *Richard*, but a “new perspective of art.” Spellbound, they looked on at pas-

sions that they knew were genuine, despite the paint and pasteboard, and as they looked they realised that the character of this new *Richard* thrown before their mental gaze was human through and through. Yet powerful as that first presentation was, it was but slowly that Garrick made his way. Reformers are rarely appreciated by



MRS. SIDDONS
From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

their contemporaries. The old schools of Macklin and Quin, grandiloquent and artificial, set their emphasis on the form rather than the soul of tragedy. It was a manner of acting that lent itself to pompous parts, one described as "wearing the fetters rather than the ornaments of the Muse." And a jealous school, it prided itself on its traditions.

To Garrick's younger eyes these traditions were so many tyrannies. Conventional methods of speech and action were to him as ridiculous as unendurable. To his bolder vision, nature, truth and passion were the things most worthy of his interpretation.

Like Betterton, he had a vital influence on the actresses of his day, and from the first was surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant women, the names of some of whom are bywords still. Clive, Woffington, Bellamy, Abing-

ton remain to-day not only traditions of the stage, but in their actual beauty still bewilder us through the medium of their painted portraits.

Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive were close contemporaries of Garrick—both Irish like himself, and both impulsive as beautiful, though Peg, the most beautiful in person, was certainly the least beautiful in character, a veritable child of nature—one who followed her impulses with a too reckless abandonment; something of the coarseness of her antecedents running riot in her blood. On the whole she was good-natured, though subject to fits of ungovernable fury when her comrades, like her enemies, felt the sting of her sharp tongue. With such a character become the rage in London, it is not surprising that its owner ran a wild career. Ever inconsequent, perhaps her wild-



FANNY KEMBLE
From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

est freak was flying with Sheridan to the mountains of Shannon, there to abjure her childhood's faith and swear allegiance to the Protestant creed. Scene and setting were romantic, but the romance fades quickly before the sordid fact that the oath was taken purely for the sake of gain. Back in London again she glittered for two seasons more, when she was suddenly stricken with

paralysis. The days that followed were pitiful indeed—filled with impatience and remorse, as far as such weak natures can know remorse—but to show her sincerity as far as in her lay, she left her dubiously-earned money to the poor.

Clive, the more clever actress of the two, was possessor of that power of identification said to belong only to great intellectual players—a power



ANN OLDFIELD
From a Photograph by J. Richardson

that won for her the title of "The Comic Genius," yet in tragedy she failed, notwithstanding Garrick's theory that to be a great tragedian, a player must be a good comic actor. She was long a favourite in society, for health and spirits made this clever Irishwoman as beguiling a companion as she was a brilliant actress. Yet the temptations of the stage made little appeal to her upright nature; and so marvellous was her vitality that to the end of her long life her wit remained as sparkling, her judgment as balanced as when in the very prime of life.

The fate of her successor, on the contrary, reveals a soul shadowed

from its infancy. All in all, Mrs. Bellamy is one of the most pitiful figures of the English stage. Rarely lovely in childhood, and brilliantly educated by her father, "old demi-rip Tyrawley," she stepped at once to the front rank of her profession. Doran, in his "Annals," describes her in few words:

"What with the loves, caprices, charms, extravagances and sufferings of Mrs. Bellamy she excited the wonder, admiration, pity and contempt of the town for thirty years. The Mr. Metham, whom she might have married, she would not—Chalcraft and Digges, whom she would, and the last of whom she thought she had

married, she could not, for both had wives living. To say that she was a siren that lured men to destruction is to say little, for she went down to ruin with each victim; but she rose from the wreck more exquisitely seductive and terribly fascinating than ever, to find new prey whom she might ensnare and betray."

Still, on the stage, she kept her position, which was considered particularly fine in parts demanding fire and passion. While her youth lasted she was a dazzling spectacle, but by virtue of that very brightness the darkness was the more appalling when it came. For a time it blotted her from recognition, but as the years roll on a glimmer for a moment lights up her pitiful figure, gaunt with hunger, stealing down the muddy steps of Old Westminster Bridge to that last obliterating refuge, the dark-flowing Thames. Still more painful is the glimpse of her home-coming to her old theatre, a barefoot beggar at its doors. The image is almost too painful to recall—of that tiny, fluttering figure, glowing in youth and confidence, so swiftly disappearing only to reappear before the same curtain, a broken creature, rolled forward in an armchair on her benefit night, but too sodden and too terrified to mutter a word of thanks.

Influenced no doubt by their environment the brightest actresses of Garrick's day were the comedians. A few tragedians there were, famed for certain characters, such as Mrs. Cibber's *Ophelia* and Mrs. Crawford's *Lady Randolph*, but Garrick's age was distinctively the age of sentimental comedy. The eighteenth century saw the middle class of England rise to new importance. As the country settled down from the throes of revolution, peace encouraged trade, and trade brought private fortune. The town became an interesting feature in itself. Loosed from the throttling struggle of civil and religious war, men felt free to enjoy

easy intercourse with each other. They woke to the pleasures of everyday life. Novelty, variety and amusement took the place of imagination and profounder feeling. Criticism had birth, and in the more prosaic turn of thought prevailing men let slip in a measure their power to "imagine greatly."

Garrick did not live to see his century out. But when his call came it was on a woman's shoulders that his mantle fell. To this woman, Sarah Kemble, the task was given to draw men's minds back to the more serious and impassioned aspects of life. Her parents were strolling actors, consequently the Kemble children played as soon as they could speak distinctly. Little Sarah was at first hissed off the stage as too young to appear before a sensible audience. She won all hearts, however, by her recitation of a fable, and at thirteen, in the part of Ariel, played with the rest of her family in "The Tempest." At eighteen she married Henry Siddons, then an unknown actor, and at twenty-one played with him in quite an ambitious range of characters in Bath. Garrick, hearing of her talent, engaged her for Drury at five pounds a week. Here she had the good luck to appear three times with this great actor, once as *Portia* and twice as *Lady Anne* to his *Richard*. But Garrick's farewell to the stage in June of that year ended her engagement. Back to the country accordingly went the young actress to perfect her technique. Three years later came a second offer from London, and for her children's sake she felt it was too good a chance to lose. Though she was now a woman of thirty, to her humble nature it was a tremendous struggle to face this new trial of her powers. Genius though she was, her first rehearsal was unpromising. A world of fears haunted her till from sheer nervousness her voice broke, and by the time the important night arrived she had worked herself up to a state she

describes as one of "desperate tranquillity." It was a condition that made her old father, huddled there among the audience, look on in silent misery, when, holding her little son by the hand to give her confidence, she faced this critical audience for the second time. His dismay, however, soon gave way to amazement, as setting all her powers to the task, she entered into the spirit of her part. The nervousness may have stimulated her to keener insight, for so powerful was her acting that her little son, who had often rehearsed his part with her, was so overcome by the dying scene he burst into tears upon the stage. Peal after peal of applause followed till the roof rang. Then came reaction equal to the nervousness. Success meant so much to this hard-working mother—so much in her relations as daughter, wife, and mother—so much more in that more intimate relation of the artist to her aim. The relief was so overwhelming after the exciting ordeal that all three, father, husband, and wife, walked home "solemnly and quietly," scarcely speaking to each other during their frugal supper. But from that time Mrs. Siddons's triumph was assured. Her acting was the topic of London. Her *Jane Shore* could set strong men weeping; but it was the free, impassioned, all-conquering love of her *Belvidera* that pleased her audience best. Critics report that the King and Queen "shed tears" at her powerful acting. Peeresses strove for her presence to grace their drawing-rooms, where well-bred personages climbed upon chairs to see her pass. Reynolds painted his name on the hem of her garment in his picture of her as "The Tragic Muse." Such honour, indeed, as London had to give it gave unsparingly. Finally came her crowning triumph as *Lady Macbeth*. Entrancing as her presentment of Shakespeare's women was, her *Lady Macbeth* surpassed them all. She was thirty-three when she pro-

duced this long-studied part. Her conception was most original, thought out to the last detail, till this strange Celtic character stood out before her a live creation. "Her conception of *Lady Macbeth*," writes her nieces, "was that of a woman with the fair hair and fair skin of the north, her fairness lit up by deep blue eyes—a delicate beauty and fair feminine form, which united to that undaunted mettle which her husband paid homage to, constituted a complex spell at once soft and strong, sweet and powerful." "A woman," comments Doran, "prompt for wickedness, but swiftly possessed of remorse; one, who is horror-stricken for herself and for the precious husband, who, more robust and less sensitive, plunges deeper into crime, and is less moved by any sense of compassion or sorrow."

"Not only," writes a genuine critic of that day, "was Mrs. Siddons a great artist, but a thorough English lady; one of the bravest and most willing of workers." While Campbell alluding to her talent adds: "She increased the heart's capacity for tender, intense, and lofty feelings, and seemed something above humanity, in presence of which humanity was moved, exalted, or depressed according as she willed."

But if woman from the first proved her excellence in acting, as playwright she completely failed. Not more than ten in all even timorously ventured in this field, and three of these, as Doran wittily remarks, had the grace to apologise for the attempt. Altogether, the plays of women worth mentioning can be counted on the fingers of a hand. Whether the twentieth century will see a difference, whether it will see its women so far rise above their present contemplation of themselves as to reach that point of contemplation in which the general becomes the typical, and so to represent these types with that delicacy of humour and grace of sentiment that ought to be within their

province, remains an open question. Fanny Kemble, a clever actress in herself, had no doubts regarding a woman's limits as dramatic author. In her "Recollections," she writes: "We had a long discussion to-day as to the possibilities of women being good dramatic writers. I think it so impossible that I actually believe their physical organisation is against it, and after all it is great nonsense saying that the intellect is of no sex. The brain, of course, is of the same sex as the rest of the creature; besides, the original feminine nature, the whole of our training and education, our inevitable ignorance of common life and general human nature, and the various experience is insuperably against it."

During the latter half of the eighteenth century in Canada strolling players appeared occasionally in the Provinces, but it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that the first theatre was established in Montreal. This was simply a rough stage built into the upper part of a large stone warehouse, and was due to the efforts of an actor from New York, helped out by local sympathisers.

The first mention made of a Canadian actress dates from the year 1806. This mention is made by a most unsparing writer, who states in his "Travels," published at that time, that "women's parts upon the stage were usually played by boys as the only actress then available in Canada was an old superannuated demirep whose drunken *Belvideras* and *Desdemonas* enraptured Canadian

audiences." Two years later it was announced in Montreal that "The *Tempest*" would be acted in the Montreal Theatre, the part of *Miranda* by a young lady of that city who had never appeared on any stage. Unhappily, this unknown lady did not perpetuate her fame like the unknown gentleman of Garrick's play-bill.

The taste for the drama was growing none the less, and before the reign of Victoria the old Theatre Royal rose in Montreal to delight Canadian eyes. It was an ambitious venture for the building in itself cost \$30,000. It opened well under the management of Broom, the brother-in-law of Charles Kemble. During his first season this untiring manager induced the great Edmund Kean to visit Montreal, where on four successive evenings Shakespeare was for the first time worthily presented to colonials. The year 1833 was equally memorable, for in that year Broom persuaded not only his famous brother-in-law, but his equally famous niece, Fanny Kemble, the able successor of Mrs. Siddons, to play for an entire week in Montreal, while among their support he managed to include the popular American actress Clara Fisher. This was an opportunity gratefully remembered by Montrealers, as in the following year Fanny Kemble disappeared from public life. Her name in connection with that of her aunt Mrs. Siddons brings to a close the brief list of English play-actresses distinguished alike by their perseverance as by their brilliant powers in those interesting hard-working pre-Victorian days.



THE BOY

BY ELIZABETH RICHARDSON

MY wife was visiting some sick friends at the hospital, and I was waiting for her in the waiting-room. The only other occupant was a middle-aged man sitting by the window. Both hands were clasped over the head of his cane, which he swung restlessly backward and forward. His face was white and drawn, but it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. In them hope and fear seemed struggling for mastery.

He turned as I entered and remarked that it was a fine day. He seemed anxious to talk, and after a few common-place remarks he asked me if I had anyone ill in the hospital. Upon my replying in the negative and asking him the same question, he replied:

"My wife. Appendicitis."

"Serious?"

He cleared his throat nervously.

"Yes, I—I guess so," he said. "She let it go too long. They're operating now——"

Somewhere from above a woman's shrill scream rang out, to be silenced suddenly as though a door had been quickly closed. The stick clattered noisily to the floor, while the man clutched the edge of his chair tightly, so that the knuckles stood out white and rigid on his brown hands.

He laughed apologetically as he stooped to pick up his cane.

"I guess I'm kind o' scary—been here all night, and the place sort o' gets on a fellow's nerves—it's so eternal quiet!" He hesitated and

then went on: "That woman who yelled—her husband was here last night, too—has gone kind o' batty and cuts up fierce sometimes. Georgie—that's my wife—she made Jim take the baby home because the woman's screams frightened him."

"You have a baby, then?"

"Yes; a year old last week. Great little fellow, bright as a dollar. Jim—he's my brother—thinks he's the only thing goin' and looks after him like a woman would. He'll take care of him till his mother gets home."

"Your brother lives with you?" I asked, still bent on drawing him out.

"Oh, yes; him and me lived alone together for almost thirty years and all that time no woman ever darkened our door—till Georgie come. The house was like a pig-pen and goin' to rack and ruin for want of a few repairs, but we never bothered. So long as we had enough grub to keep us alive and a roof over our heads we didn't care. But when Georgie came she changed all that."

He paused.

"Then you were married just lately?" I asked.

"Aye. Pretty old bridegroom, wasn't I? But, Lord, we was happy! I don't see how Jim an' I ever got along without her. I'll always mind the first time I seen her. I'd gone over to Halliday's for some seed peas and fell in love with her on the spot. She was a teacher, but had been sick and was staying at Halliday's for a rest. You'd wonder that a teacher would marry an uneducated old

codger like me, eh? Well, she did. I'll never forget the day I asked her if she'd have me. It was out in the orchard under the Duchess tree—it was all covered with blossom—and my heart was goin' like a trip-hammer and I thought my knees was goin' to cave in altogether. But I did it! I could hardly believe it was true when she said 'yes.' Me—goin' to marry that little woman with her curly brown hair an' her blue eyes with their long lashes, an' all her nice little ways! Folks tried to get her to change her mind; told her she was crazy to take an old fellow like me when she could pretty near have the pick of the country. They tried to frighten her by telling her about our house. But she just smiled sweetly and took her own way all the same." There was another pause.

"But she cleaned up the house, you said?"

"I rather guess she did! Went at it hammer an' tongs, and, though Jim and I tried to help her, I guess we hindered her more, for we was so busy admirin' her quick ways we didn't have time for much else.

"She had the partition between the parlour and dining-room torn down so as to make one big room, and had a summer kitchen built and the house all shingled and painted. Why, we didn't know ourselves, 'specially after we got the yard all cleaned up and the front gate on again.

"And the meals she puts up! Jim an' I didn't know what was the matter with us at first—eatin' off a table with a white cloth and all set in civilised fashion, and to have our food cooked up so nice; the messes we made all tasted alike. Georgie used to tell us that we praised her cookin' just to please her and that we said it was good whether it was or not. But that wasn't true, everything was good, though I s'pose if she gave us porridge three times a day we'd

cheerfully and gladly down it.

"Then when Jim was threatened with newmoanie she took such good care of him that the first time he was able to go in to town he bought her one of them things for the kitchen—you know, with drawers to hold flour an' tea an' stuff; kitchen cabinet, I think she calls it—to show how thankful he was. He was terrible tickled when he seen how it pleased her. We have a swell carpet for the parlour at home now to surprise her when——" A white-capped nurse passed the door; he saw her, faltered for a second, then went bravely on—"when she gets back."

He seemed disposed to stop here, but I prompted him.

"But the baby; you haven't told me about the baby."

"Dear, dear, did I really leave him out? Georgie would never forgive me for that. If we was happy before, we was ten times happier when we—when we knew he was comin'. When Georgie told me I went out to the stable and gave the horses an extra feed all 'round—I was that glad! Then when I was puttin' down hay I got down on my knees in the mow and tried to thank God for His goodness; but somehow the words wouldn't come—but I guess He knew what was in my heart.

"My, how we planned for that baby! Down deep in my heart I hoped it would be a girl, but she wanted a boy, so I never let on but what I did, too. She talked away about how I'd learn him to drive when he was big enough and how he'd help Jim and me with the chores and all that. But all the time I was thinking how nice it would be to have a little girl flyin' 'round the house, helpin' her mother and learnin' to cook an' bake an' sew. 'Course, now the boy's here, I wouldn't change him for ten girls, but I did sort o' hanker after a girl.

"Then, when the boy came—she

was so glad it was a boy!—we was still happier. He was born in the hospital here, and Jim came in to see them when the boy was a few days old. Say, you should 'a' seen Jim. He wouldn't hold the boy in his arms for anything, but just touched him gently on one cheek, like as if he thought he'd break. He grinned from ear to ear when Georgie told him the boy'd soon be callin' him 'Uncle Jim.'

"But that was quite awhile ago; the boy's a year old now, as I think I told you. It's been an awful happy year for us, plannin' for the boy—'our boy,' Georgie always calls him—and watchin' him grow bigger 'n' brighter every day, and learnin' to call us by name. Jim just about worships him. Georgie says he'll spoil him, and I guess we would, between us, if it wasn't for her. She's always watchin' to see that he don't get selfish or too fond of his own way or anything. Please God she'll be spared to look after him—our—boy——"

I turned my head away; the anxiety and suspense written on his face were more than I could bear. I marvelled that he hept up as well as he did.

"And what do you want the boy to be when he grows up?" I asked, after a long silence.

"Georgie always says he is to choose his own work, whatever he likes best. I think she'd like him to be a minister; she's Scotch, and you know how they look up to a preacher, and what an honour they think it to have one in the family. But one thing: she's determined that he'll go to college. She always wanted to go herself, but never had—never was able to. She talks about how he'll stand first in his class and be captain of the eleven and—and all such that she reads in books."

Another protracted silence; my companion stared straight ahead,

restlessly twirling his stick round and round.

An electric bell jangled; a nurse sped past the door, her rubber heels making a soft patter down the hall. The odour of iodoform was particularly strong. The man sniffed it as if it were hateful to him.

The door across the hall opened. I remember yet the name and number—Hillerest, 15. A woman came out, a damp handkerchief held tightly in one hand, her eyes red and swollen.

The horrible stillness was getting on my companion's nerves. He stirred uneasily.

"Ain't this the worst place to make a fellow remember things? The very smell of it makes me think of the time the boy was born—I thought that night would never end."

He went on dreamily: "It was only the other night we was sittin' out on the back steps plannin' about the boy. She was kind o' laughin' and sayin' as how the girls will like our boy when he grows up and how lucky the girl that gets him will be. The birds was chirpin' soft an' low, like they was cuddlin' down for the night; the cows was lowin' in the barnyard, an' we could hear Jim openin' an' shuttin' the stable-doors as he done the chores, an' she said, all of a sudden:

"'Oh, don't you love it, love it? The big open country, with its trees and fields and wind and sky!'

"An' then——"

A nurse with a black band in her cap came to the door and looked in. My companion looked up, a world of anxious entreaty in his eyes, but with lips held firm.

The nurse hesitated, then went over to him.

"Your wife has just passed away, Mr. Connon," she said, then added as if to cover the baldness of the statement, "she was still under the influence and felt no pain."

The man said nothing; his lips still

held their fine lines and firmness.
 I rose to go. Of what avail was
 my sympathy? I was but a stranger,
 and he did not realise how much of
 his life and heart he had revealed

to me. At the door I looked back.
 The old man was leaning on his cane,
 staring at the blank wall opposite.
 And the nurse hesitated at his side,
 not knowing what to say.

THE YEARS

By BEATRICE REDPATH

WITHIN old cloistered woods I hear leaves fall
 As slowly as a weary, quiet rain,
 The earth lies silent 'neath its leafy pall,
 While years tread softly where dead hopes are lain.
 Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern:
 The footsteps of old years shall not return.

And some passed swiftly as a pulsing flame,
 While there were those that dreamed 'neath slumbrous skies;
 Some sped white-winged and others stumbled lame;
 Some years were as a wheeling flight of sighs.
 Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern:
 The footsteps of old years shall not return.

Oh, time of hidden pain, oh, time of tears!
 Now would I rest, for I am weary quite.
 The years move always, old, old drifting years,
 Beyond the shadow of the Infinite.
 Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern:
 The footsteps of old years shall not return.



ALONG THE SKYROADS

By WILLIAM A. CREELMAN

GOD-GUIDED by the beacon stars,
Marking the long, lone aisles of night,
They pass before the white moon-bars,
Wild birds of passage in their flight.

Weirdly sound their honking cries,
From their vanguard leaders sailing,
In the depths of pathless skies,
Through the lofty cloud-lands trailing.

Heavens of spring nights, how vast their deeps,
Where wing the wanderers miles on miles!
While far beyond the great moon leaps
And flashes o'er our lakes and isles.

Clouds of spring nights, mountain piled,
Fleeces in the wild winds blowing!
Stars, blinking through, upon the wild,
Wild birds of passage northward going!

Throughout all time these pathless guides
Aloft have called the years, as forth
They sail upon their airy tides
Unto the homelands of the North.

Afar in Arctic skies they'll soar,
And see the lofty sea-bergs hurled,
Crashed by the giant arms of Thor
Upon the shoulders of the world.

Sagas, Seers, in days of old,
Their course have watched, like children awed,
Evolved strange meanings and foretold
The portents of some ancient God.

'Neath cold, gray skies there swings the sign
Of passing years, as wing on wing,
The oldest pendulum of Time
They move across the face of spring.



A SCENE FROM "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

NOT since the Shaw apogee have we had as much activity in the better sort of drama or seen that activity so well rewarded as in the present season. "Disraeli," "Passers-By," "Bunty Pulls the Strings," and "The Return of Peter Grimm" are all cheering successes in a field of playwriting and acting worthy of any season. Equally successful, although of secondary literary and artistic interest to some of these, have been "The Woman," "Bought and Paid For," "The Only Son," and "The Arab," all plays of excellent dramatic qualities.

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The season has been still further enriched by the appearance of the distinguished French actress Madame Simone, an artist of the wonderful finesse and reserve that distinguishes the modern French school of acting. We have also made acquaintance with an English actor of unusually finished acting methods and engaging stage personality, Mr. Lewis Waller. His coming signalised the stage presentation of "The Garden of Allah," one of the most sumptuous and brilliant stage spectacles of modern times. Apart from the great scenic beauty, the feature of the production



MARGARET NYBLOC AND EDWARD BERESFORD, IN
"BUNTY PULL THE STRINGS"

was Mr. Waller's acting in the rôle of Boris Androvsky, the Trappist monk of the Hichens story, who broke his vows and lived and loved awhile in the desert.

The Drama Players, a new organisation under the direction of Mr. Donald Robertson, devoted to the production of the better class of plays, have made a commendable start, and their appearance in authors of the substantial worth of Ibsen and Molière, is at least another finger-post of the season pointing to higher things. While we are still felicitating ourselves, we may also interpret the success of Miss Anglin in "Green Stockings" as evidencing a taste for finer things in comedy; confirmation of improved taste also being found in the temporary check given to the epidemic of farce that has prevailed in former seasons and threatened the earlier weeks of this.

Notwithstanding that the atmosphere and verbal plumage of the period are faithfully reproduced, Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli" is an essentially modern reading of history. Instead of the traditional statue of heroic proportions, for instance, boldly outlined against the horizon of history, we have an intimate unposed study of the great "Dizzy" within the comparatively small compass of a domestic drama. The portrait itself is a remarkable composite in which have been psychologically harmonised and developed many apparently contradictory phases of the statesman's character, and proper artistic values rendered a facile and somewhat fantastic genius. We have Disraeli, the prophet, poet, statesman, and devoted patriot, as well as Disraeli, the fox, patient, cunning and crafty, when these are the weapons needed to foil his adversaries. Courage, audacity and an almost sinister shrewdness play constantly behind a mask of imperturbable calm, suavity and good humour.

Disraeli is introduced at a critical point in his struggle for control of the Suez Canal, the big ditch, as it was popularly known, and in which, thanks to British apathy, we find his efforts at the outset reduced to an ignominious struggle with a money-lender. Failing to interest the Bank of England in his scheme to purchase the Khedive's shares, he appeals to a private banker, Mr. Meyers, and finally prevails upon him to advance the loan. Intriguing spies next engage his attention, and these

he ultimately outwits, but not until his schemes have been put in jeopardy through the stupidity of an under-secretary and his banker, brought to ruin at the moment of victory. At the supreme crisis Disraeli displays his wonderful resources, sends for the Governor of the Bank of England once more and, in the presence of the spy who has come to gloat over his defeat, compels the bank, at the risk of forfeiting its character, to make good the defunct Meyers cheque. This is a brilliantly effective and dramatic scene, in which the powers and passionate patriotism of the man are extended in full play. The anti-climax is even more thrilling and illuminating: "How fortunate you have such power," exclaims the Lady Clarissa in triumph. "But I haven't," answers Disraeli, "only he doesn't know it." In making historic events conform to dramatic necessities, the author has been here and elsewhere both adroit and imaginative.

The intimate social and private life of "Disraeli" shows him as the courtier, the engaging wit and the devoted consort, with frequent evidence of his chivalrous devotion to Lady Beaconsfield. If superficial gallantries appeared sometimes to play on the surface of these attentions, we are made to feel that beneath was the note of deep and tender regard for the woman to whom he owed so much. The presentation scene of the last act, when he receives alarming news from her bedside, is movingly eloquent of that fact.



GEORGE ARLISS AND MARGARET DALE, IN "DISRAELI"

Mr. Parker's indebtedness to the actor is so great that his own work is apt to be underestimated. It is doubtful if there is another actor on the English stage who could exteriorise all the features of the portrait with the glittering ease of Mr. Arliss. The physical likeness itself might deceive the Queen, but to external features he is able to add a vivid and resourceful personality, a native suavity and urbanity of manner that make the illusion complete. From the moment he enters the drawing-room of the Duchess of Glastonbury, with a quip about the peacocks, until he turns toward the door where the Queen he has just made Empress waits to receive him, we are held in thrall.

Without preliminary blare of trumpets (or pipes) a company of Scottish players appeared last summer in London in a little Scotch comedy by a hitherto unknown Scot-

tish author, Mr. Graham Moffatt. The piece proved an instantaneous popular success, and another company, likewise Scotch, was early in the season formed to produce it in America.

tish character, which is its special mission to portray. The play is a picture of the dour conditions of a provincial Scottish family in whom fear of God and duty to the kirk are



PERCIVAL KNIGHT AND SOME QUAKER GIRLS IN "THE QUAKER GIRL"

The same modesty of announcement characterised its initial presentation here, and surprised theatre-goers found before them a theatrical novelty as unique as "Pomander Walk" and refreshing as the heather from which its characters and incidents are drawn. Not since "Peter Pan" has the curtain risen on such sheer joy-giving entertainment as "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

Avoiding theatrical devices and stage clap-trap of all kinds, "Bunty" tells a simple story in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, with just enough emphasis to bring out the points of Scot-

ruling passions, and their sad earthly life a preparation for the sadder life to come. The first act opens on a Sabbath morning scene in the parlour of *Tammis Biggar*, in whom we discover an elder of the kirk, stern pietist, and an inexorable parent. Behind drawn blinds that shut out the sunlight, along with other worldly things, a protesting youth is learning his catechism, and *Bunty*, the daughter, is more willingly occupied in a book of Robertson's sermons, the willingness being explained by the fact that they have been lent by her lover *Weelum Sprunt*. *Weelum*,



MADAME SIMONE, IN "THE THIEF"

we further learn, has just been made an elder of the kirk, and is that day to realise his life's ambition and "stand before the plate." Thus the day derives a special importance for the *Biggar* family, making more poignant the disasters to *Tammas* that follow. For *Tammas*, it seems, had not always combined with religious severity a perfect saintliness of character. His heritage of Scotch caution, for instance, had on one occasion got the better of a matrimonial impulse and at the last moment led him to desert the lady at the altar. The arm of coincidence has been stretched just a trifle to bring the jilted lady into the life of *Tammas* at this most inopportune moment. *Tammas* had also borrowed from a trust fund, without permission, to pay the debts of an erring son. Both

derelictions come to the knowledge of a very acid, eaves-dropping, pious spinster, who, piqued at the prospect of a rival for the elder's hand, proceeds to denounce him before the kirk as a fraudulent trustee. It is at this point that the resourceful *Bunty* begins to pull some strings, and she pulls them to such good purpose that the situation is not only saved and the father spared his humiliation, but the unhappy and discomfited spinster is proved to be the unlawful custodian of the depleted trust fund. *Bunty* follows up her advantage to make rebellion on parental tyranny, and to pull some strings for her own and the happiness of other members of the kirk-ridden family. The compelling charm of this little domestic comedy lies in its delightful realism, its un-



LEWIS WALLER AND MARY MANNERING, IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

pretentiousness, its delicate and sparkling humour and the absolute fidelity with which the familiar portraits are drawn.

"Passers-By" is another London success which American playgoers have promptly endorsed. Haddon Chambers is the author, and the play is in many respects quite the best offering of the early season. It holds the indefinable quality of atmosphere and, in the opening scenes especially, suggests something of the whimsical charm and appeal of *Barrie*. Passers-by are the flotsdam and jetsam that drift into the life of one *Peter Waverton*, a dilettante young Englishman of wealth and breeding, with apartments in Piccadilly. *Pine*, his valet, has a fondness for looking out of the window, "watching the passers-by," as he puts it, and occa-

sionally, in his master's absence, hailing one in for a cheering night-cap. The bored *Waverton*, surprising his valet on one of these sociable occasions, accepts the humour of the situation, and in a spirit of adventure takes *Pine's* place at the window. Out of the fog and the dark are soon gathered a "cabby," a street tramp—*Samuel Burns* by name—and a girl who had once figured in the life of *Peter Waverton*. A governess in the family of *Peter* at one time, she was summarily dismissed by a haughty aunt and her whereabouts, so far as *Peter* was concerned, were swallowed up in mystery. A son, it transpires, was born of their illicit love, and this fact coming suddenly to *Peter's* knowledge awakens in him his first serious interest in life. The meeting that follows later between the sober



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ERNEST LAWFORD, A. T. ANDREWS, RICHARD BENNETT, JULIAN ROYSE, LOUISE RUTTER, AND ROSALIE TALLER,
IN A SCENE FROM "PASSERS-BY"

lad and the awed embarrassed, conscience-stricken father is both tender and significant.

This more or less commonplace narrative, however, and the further situation invented to sustain dramatic interest—*Peter's* engagement and the little complications it involves, fall short of the initial conception of the author, and the splendid humaneness of the characters concerned. It is in these characterisations, drawn as they are from real life and seen by us through the humorous and poetic imagination of the author,

that the great interest of the play lies. This is particularly true of *Burns*, a pathetic childlike, homeless creature, whose "Work's for workmen" sums up his entire sense of responsibility. His resentment over an enforced bath and shave as an unwarranted interference with individual liberty is almost Shawvian in its humorous perverseness. It is a long time since we have seen a character as haunting as this, and the haunting qualities have been realistically portrayed by Mr. Ernest Lawford in a remarkable piece of charac-

ter acting. When *Burns*, showing neither regret nor gratitude, takes leave of his new friends and goes down to the embankment because, as he remarks, there's always a bit of life there, we feel a real sense of personal loss.

Mr. John Drew is, by common consent, the gentleman *per se* of the American stage, a model of urbanity, master in the sartorial arts and exemplar of the decorum most becoming to the social circles he so conscientiously graces season after season. "A Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davies, is a typical John Drew play in every respect. It grants the actor the breeding of an English gentleman, sets him in the refined surroundings of English country life, gives him wealth and a literary vocation, and at forty-three, with the

turning of the spring, awakens in him a romantic longing for wife and children. In the first fresh glow of the quickening mood he bestows his affections on a little butterfly neighbour less than half his age. Proximity—ever the goddess of impatient love—is responsible, of course, and she again comes to the rescue, when, after a futile effort to reconcile middle-aged reality to imaginative youth (you see he is an Englishman) he discovers in the pretty, accomplished and intellectually sympathetic secretary, who has been his literary associate for years and who adores him, a companionship more suited to his tastes and years. From the standpoint of formal and polite society the romantic bachelor is placed for a time in an interesting predicament, which holds the promise of some



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THAIS LAWTON, MARY BOLAND AND JOHN DREW, IN A "A SINGLE MAN"

diverting comedy. But the author calmly ignores his opportunity and accomplishes the rescue by the most formal and conventional means. In fact, while the play holds a situation or two worthy of the author of "The Mollusc," he has been content for the most part to write a prim, conventional comedy liberally sprinkled with witty and diverting small talk. Mary Boland plays the part of the secretary with gentle refinement and evident sincerity, and shows considerable skill in suggesting emotion with an economy of outward manifestation. Miss Thais Lawton also does some excellent comedy work in the rôle of a matrimonial adventuress.

While scientists as eminent as Professor Hyslop, Oliver Lodge, Flammarion, and the late William James have been seriously investigating the question of the return of the dead, Mr. Belasco has seized on the dramatic possibilities of the theme, and in the course of a simple, touching, and tremendously human story, makes skilful and daring use of the latest developments in this field of research. "The Return of Peter Grimm" not only successfully anticipates public curiosity on a fascinating subject, but presents it in a way to engage the sympathetic interest of any audience. For whatever one's "beliefs," it is practically impossible to escape the illusion of certain moments, to fail to rejoice over the "return" or to remain unmoved in certain scenes in which the anguished *Peter* struggles to communicate his wishes—to get his message across, as the phrase goes. Added to all this a note of cheerful optimism is sounded by the play, even to making beautiful that which mankind (thanks probably to theologians) has so long contemplated almost in terror.

Peter Grimm, a benevolent, sound-hearted, but somewhat opinionated

old horticulturist, has before his passing betrothed to his nephew an adopted daughter whom he dearly loves. He is ignorant of the fact that the nephew is the betrayer of his housekeeper's daughter and father of the little illegitimate boy *Willem*, whom *Peter* has befriended in life. In his mistaken zeal also for the happiness of *Kathrien*, he has stubbornly ignored the fact that she loves another. It is to correct the double wrong, unwittingly done, that he returns to the scene of his former activities.

Both the death and return are foreshadowed in the opening act, in which we are treated to a friendly tilt, on the subject of the return of the dead, between the old horticulturist and the family physician, the latter favouring the spiritists and *Peter* as vigorously ridiculing their theory. The upshot is a friendly compact by which it is agreed that the one who dies first shall return and try to communicate with the other. The same healthy-minded doctor, of course, remains oblivious to *Peter's* "presence," although he becomes an important factor in analysing the strange phenomena reported by others and piecing together the scraps of message by which the will of *Peter* is finally made clear. For the genius of the play lies in the fact that the bounds of the humanly probable are never transgressed. We see *Peter* vainly trying to reach the nephew through his conscience and to persuade *Kathrien* by subtle suggestion that nothing in life counts but love, not even the dying wishes of an old foster father, who now sees differently. The dramatic action springs entirely from these efforts, and the moving pathos of *Peter's* isolation, the dramatic intensity of his futile attempt to communicate his will and save those he loves from a fate for which he alone is responsible has sel-

dom been surpassed on the stage. Finally through little *Willem*, a delicate, weird lad of eight, whom the doctor calls a "sensitive," he succeeds. Here the element of probability again enters. *Willem* is ill of a fever and already on the border of the spirit world, near enough, we may suppose, to hear *Peter's* voice and feel *Peter's* presence. The proximity of *Willem's* end is soon confirmed in a beautiful and touching scene. *Peter* has promised to take the lad on a long journey; and, happy in the promise, *Willem* lies down for a little preparatory nap. He hears in his dream the music of the circus band and the clown song and then awakens to be carried out on *Peter's* shoulder. A moment later the doctor turns back the cover and gazes on the dead child. This is one of many illuminating and significant moments in a play of deep poetic beauty, complemented by most adroit, beautiful and artistic stage management.

"Bought and Paid For," the best of the minor successes, by George Broadhurst, deals with the proprietary rights over the person of his wife, advanced by a husband when she resents his approaches in a state of inebriety. In spite of the ancient and unconvincing promise, the author has provided a well-written, skilfully-constructed and gripping play that promises to rival in popularity a play of similar title, but different theme, "Paid in Full." A wealthy, big-

hearted broker, *Robert Stafford* by name, loves and marries a girl in humble circumstances. She frankly admits that she is more influenced by the dazzling proposal than by any inward heart clamouring. Two years later we come upon a serpent in the garden, the otherwise impeccable husband tarrying too long at times over the wine cups. The crisis comes when on one of these occasions he forces his way into his wife's *boudoir*, breaking a door panel in his mad charge. Sober and penitent in the morning, he begs forgiveness, but when the wife declares her intention of leaving him he argues his claims in the brutal terms of the title. The usual return to poverty and privation is, of course, provided for the lady, and the usual reconciliation effected when grief has sufficiently softened the hearts of both.

The somewhat lachrymose features are admirably balanced by a loaves-and-fishes-seeking brother-in-law, who in times of matrimonial prosperity has risen from a fourteen-dollar job as shipping clerk to a five thousand-dollar salary in *Stafford's* office. His sentiments over the reversal of the family fortunes provides a vein of comedy that illuminates the whole performance. Frank Craven plays the part admirably. Charles Richman really rises to the demands of the part of *Stafford*, and his drunken scene especially was played with just the right reserve.



THE VOGUE OF THE NATURE STORY

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

Are the "Nature Fakers" right? Are they contributing substantially to the study and understanding of animal behaviour, and thus to the appreciation of animal life rather than the destruction of it—or are they leading the minds of their readers astray?

DO animals think? The question, old as civilisation itself and new as the day, is being more warmly debated now than ever before. Judging from the diversity of opinions expressed, we seem to be as far from a solution as ever.

Some scientists, experimenting with animals in the laboratory, deny the old, all-embracing explanation of Descartes that pure instinct is the controlling factor in a creature's life, and declare that the animal "forms habits precisely as we do, and, precisely like ourselves, stores up as habits many common experiences of life."

The new school of nature writers and observers, represented by such men as Mr. John Burroughs, claims that animals "act mainly through inherited habits and instincts, and that their acquired habits, so far from being a controlling factor in their lives, hardly have to be reckoned with at all." But this school, too, denies that animals possess any power of reasoning. They say that animals have intelligence, but that it is "the kind of intelligence that pervades all nature and which is seen in the vegetable, as well as in the animal world, but which

differs radically in its mode of working from rational human intelligence."

As one who has long been a student of animal behaviour, I maintain that neither of these schools is on the right track. Instinct, which Mr. Burroughs defines as "the kind of intelligence which pervades all nature, and is seen in the animal as well as in the vegetable world," is not a sufficient explanation of animal behaviour, nor is the new psychology, that the key to animal behaviour is neither reason nor instinct, but habit or experience.

I cannot see how either school can yield anything more than negative results, but I do think that another modern school, composed of those who rather glory in the sneering title of "nature fakers," is contributing substantially to the understanding of animal behaviour, and to the solution of the problem, "Do animals think?" Allied to patient observation, they bring to the task the quality of imaginative insight, and they show that animal behaviour is something far removed from mere reflexes, tropisms, or automatic response to stimuli. They show that animals do think, that they do reason, that they have distinct individualities and a wide range of mental idiosyncrasy. On the whole nature fakers give a rational and satisfying interpretation of animal behaviour, and

neither the school of pure instinct nor that of laboratory analysis does that.

Each species, of course, inherits special racial instincts, just as men do, but each individual is endowed with a brain capable in a greater or less degree of individual thought. In other words, animal reason, and animal reason, I believe, is of the same character as human reason. To a considerable degree animal behaviour is the direct result, not of automatic response to stimuli, but of the working, on individual lines, of individual brains. That there is a wide gulf between animal reason and human reason is patent to all, but that gulf is caused by a difference in degree, and not in kind, in the mental powers of animals and man. The limitations of animal reasoning can be strikingly put by asking, Is it imaginable that any animal can conceive such a question as "Do men think?" Such an effort of speculation is absolutely beyond them. They are capable, according to the mental endowments of species and of individuals of more or less acute reasoning on concrete subjects, but of abstract reasoning they are absolutely incapable. In a greater or less degree they can put two and two together and make a deduction, but no animal can do more than enter upon the threshold of creative thought. They show the rudiments of the faculty that enables man to do so—the faculty of imagination—as witness the play of animals, which is largely pretence, or again the conscious self-deception, say of the dog, when it pretends to bite its companion or its master. But although some animals have reached this very threshold of creative thought, they can no more pass this threshold than we can go beyond this realm to the final comprehension of the mysterious spiritual force that works in all nature, and pre-eminently in ourselves—of that

something, as the poet has put it,

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,

And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man:

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things."

Observers are too apt to confine their attention to the generalities of wild life, or to wild animals in captivity. They see all the birds of one species make nests on the same general pattern, or all animals of a certain species displaying the same general characteristics, and they say, "All they show is instinct; nothing more." They put a wild animal in captivity, and they say, "It cannot reason, because no strength of bar or wall can convince it that it cannot escape; it continues to dash itself against the bars, not until it is convinced, but until it is exhausted."

Such arguments are the result of the necessarily restrictive character of the study of wild life. Few people have the time, or the inclination, or the opportunity, for the study of the individual in wild life. But a very large proportion of people have an opportunity for studying what the animal mind is capable of in the observation of our domestic animals. I make a plea for psychology in the farmyard. I think that here we have abundant material for triumphantly vindicating the proposition that animals do think, and that the thinking powers of individuals are, while lacking almost entirely the quality of imagination, varied in force and power as are the mental powers of individual men.

Take our old friend the horse. Now the horse is not the brightest example of thinking animals, for one reason, because it has to work hard physically, but primarily because it has to devote so large a proportion of its time to mastication. But who, with

any experience of horses, can say that horses do not reason?

I have in mind the actions of a pair of horses that I drove into the Porcupine goldfields in the first winter of the rush into that region. A narrow trail had been cut through the forest—a trail so narrow that the whipple-trees frequently struck the standing trees, giving the horses nasty jars on the collar. One of the horses accepted these jars as a matter of course; the other kept looking back to find the cause. He soon discovered it, and thereafter he never suffered a single jar on the collar from this cause. He measured the position of the trees carefully, and whenever he trotted by one that was likely to be struck by his whipple-tree he gave a sidelong swing that carried the whipple-tree clear of it. Was his action merely automatic response to external stimuli? If so, why did not the other animal similarly respond? The truth is that one animal was bright mentally, the other was stupid; one animal thought as he worked, the other merely worked. I could multiply examples such as this by the score; so could anybody experienced with horses.

Take another domestic animal, the name of which is synonymous with lack of thought: take the donkey. Can anybody with experience of donkeys say that these animals do not think? In my own experience with these animals I not only have had many surprising illustrations of the fact that they do think, but many that go to show they have a sense of humour as well.

One donkey with which as a boy I played used to get immense enjoyment out of the trick of throwing any boy who tried to ride him. And always by preference he threw his rider into a manure heap or mud puddle, often following this up by gently placing one hoof on the breast of his victim and, with his long ears

pointed, staring down at him in the most ludicrous manner, in a kind of mock triumph that was full of a humorous appreciation of the situation.

A donkey that I once owned was one of the most inveterate kickers and biters that I ever knew. Nobody, friend or foe, could go near him without him doing his best to give them a sounding crack with his hind hoofs or to bite them. Yet he would play with my little toddling baby brother with all the gentleness of a lamb. The little boy could pull his tail, run under his legs, or do anything with him, and the two could often be seen playing touch-and-go in the orchard.

Now the donkey always resented being caught, and used his teeth and legs with the utmost vigour to show his resentment. Yet whenever we boys found that it was impossible to break through his defence we only had to send our baby brother to catch him. The little toddler would stand in front of the donkey, reaching up his arms to hold him by the neck, and the donkey would stand submissively for us to put the halter on him, afraid to move for fear he would hurt the little boy. The picture of resignation that he presented on such occasions was comical in the extreme. If he had acted instinctively in response to external stimuli he would have kicked then as on every other occasion. What he did do was to show an intelligent restraint that was the product of reason.

Here is another instance not only of intelligent thought on the part of a donkey, but of intelligent co-operation between a donkey and a dog. A farmer friend of mine moved to a new locality about fifty miles from his old farm. He took his live stock with him by train. Among this live stock was a donkey and a collie dog. On the new farm it was noticeable that these two animals, which had never before evinced any interest in each

other, were always to be seen together. One day both were missed, and later in that day both were seen trotting along side by side on a road thirty miles from home. They were going in the direction of the farm from which they had been moved. A man who recognised them caught the donkey; the dog escaped. The donkey was sent back to the new home. The dog continued his journey, and later turned up at the old homestead. Was this concerted action merely the result of automatic response to external stimuli?

But I can give a still more wonderful instance of the thinking powers of an animal—one which I suppose will not be believed, but which is true, nevertheless.

The donkey that I owned when a boy I used to hire out once a week to a neighbour. That neighbour once had a donkey of his own, which had succumbed to a sudden illness. My neighbour came every Friday morning, and caught my donkey himself in the orchard.

One morning he came to the house with a long face.

"Sonny," he said, "that donkey of yours is sick."

We went down to the orchard together to look at it. There was poor old Jim, as we called him, with his legs stuck out like props and making an effort now and again to walk—an effort that only resulted in a few miserable staggering footsteps. With his head hung low, and his ears lopping on either side, he looked the picture of misery.

"Take it from me," said the neighbour, "that donkey is going to die. That's exactly the same way my donkey was taken, and he was dead in six hours."

It seemed too true—there could be no doubt, I thought, that the animal was miserably sick.

My neighbour went his way without the donkey, and as I had some duties

to attend to, I left the donkey where he was for perhaps half an hour. Then I took my father down to look at him, and what did we see? We saw the donkey chasing his tail in the greatest glee, and every now and then breaking into a gallop around the orchard with his tail straight out, at the same time giving vents to joyful snorts. The animal was simply overflowing with the exuberance of vitality.

This looked like a deliberate case of maligning. And it was. For on the next Friday, when the man came again for the donkey, he behaved in the same fashion.

"Sonny," said the man to me again, "that donkey is a sick donkey all right. Come and see."

There was Jimmy as before, looking as though about to drop, and doing every now and again a most realistic stagger.

I gave him a sharp cut with a stick, and off he went at a gallop. We caught him, harnessed him, and set him to work. And never again did he attempt any of that particular kind of old soldier's trick.

Of the intelligence of dogs, of their comprehension of the spoken word, of their acts of faithfulness, their jealousy, bravery, loves, hates, and intelligent helpfulness to their human masters there is no need to speak at length. It is common knowledge.

Here again psychology in the farmyard can teach us much, because dogs on the farm, instead of living useless, idle, pampered lives, are consciously useful, and have abundant opportunities for displaying their thinking powers.

In one village in which I lived all the farmers had the right to graze a certain number of cattle on a big moorland common that was extraordinarily rich as a pasturage. All the dairy herds of the village were turned loose into that pasturage, and

twice a day the milkers went there and sorted out their own cows and milked them.

Now this sorting out always struck me as a splendid study in animal psychology, for it was always done, not by the men, but by their dogs. The men from the farm would drive the milk waggon down to the moor, a bob-tail sheep dog or a collie running behind.

"Get after them," one would call to the dog, as soon as the moor was reached.

Forward would leap the dog, "like an embodied joy whose race was just begun." At top speed it rushed towards the dappled herd of cattle far out on the moor. Upon the peaceful herd there came a commotion, like that caused by a breeze on water. In and out among them the dog could be seen working. And gradually individuals became separated from the mass. With infinite skill cow was linked up to cow until presently the whole dairy herd of the farm to which the dog belonged had been separated from the others and was being gently driven to the spot where the milkers were waiting. Every cow in the herd was known personally to the dog, and everyone had been sorted out unerringly.

Sometimes a single cow would be missing.

"Where's Beauty?" one would say to the dog, as he came with the herd.

The dog, with ears cocked, and one leg held up, would stand looking into the face of the questioner, the picture of intelligence.

"Go and fetch Beauty."

Instantly the dog would swing round, and race back to the main herd, and soon he would be seen returning, with the cow Beauty hurrying along before him.

Would that dog be merely acting instinctively? Pshaw! The question, and the doubt it implies, is ridiculous.

And yet we see the new laboratory psychologists turning their faces from beautiful triumphs of animal intelligence such as this to watch the bewildered movements of animals in pens fitted up with all kinds of scientific contrivances for testing the response of animals to elaborately-contrived "stimuli." I recall particularly one experiment recently described in one of the quarterlies, in which an endeavour was made to ascertain whether dogs were capable of discriminating colours. This experiment was attended by negative results, from which the deduction was made that dogs did not know blue from red, or green from white, because bewildered and highly-strung animals did not always select from amid many electric lights of different colours the one which was always followed by the giving of food when the animal touched it with his nose.

Farmyard psychology would soon dispel any doubts on the question. Here is an instance: In one house where I was living we had an old man who always used a large red handkerchief, while everybody else in the house always carried a white one. One day we had a visitor to the house, who, on leaving, pulled out a red handkerchief and blew his nose. A collie dog that we had observed him. It immediately ran after our visitor, snatched the red handkerchief away from him, and carried it indoors to the old man who always used a red handkerchief. This shows that dogs can distinguish colours, and it also shows something else. It shows that this dog was not the mere automaton of instinct, but had definite conceptions regarding the ownership of property, and considered that our guest had been guilty of stealing.

Cows and sheep and pigs, and even the barnyard fowls, all think for themselves. The fundamental error which leads to the conception that they do not think lies in the fact that

they are usually considered in the mass instead of individually. A flock of sheep, for instance, can be taken as exemplifying to everybody who has eyes to see the proposition that animals in general, and sheep in particular, do not think.

Look at a flock of sheep in a storm. They instinctively turn their tails to the direction from which the storm is coming, and move in the same direction as the storm, the result being that they are nearly always found on the wrong side of a shelter. That is why, in countries where the sheep pastures are fenced with hedges, there are generally broken fences after a severe storm. The sheep, driven before the storm, push into the fence from the windward side, and the force of the flock impels those in front through the hedge, and thus, accidentally, into the sheltered side of it. Yet it is not fair to assume from this that sheep do not think, any more than it is to make the deduction, from the silly or panic-stricken actions of a crowd of people that human beings do not think. Any shepherd can give instances to show that sheep do think, though, as a whole, they have less brain power than any other farm animal. Cows, for instance, have sufficient intelligence in the mass to seek the sheltered side of a fence, and will move deliberately in the face of a storm to find it.

Study the individual, as the so-called "nature fakers" do, and every time the conclusion will force itself upon the observer that animals do think, and that as a result of their individual thinking, which varies greatly in power according to their breed and individual endowments, each develops a distinct individuality.

Thought does not separate man from the animal kingdom, for all creation thinks. But trace back man

to his primeval condition and it will be seen that always man has had something unexplainable to supplement his mental workings. The oldest relics of prehistoric man show that the human race has always had in it a divine quality of which the lower animals have only the faintest rudiments. To that quality we give the name imagination—signifying the mysterious power that comes, seemingly, from outside volition, to inspire men's thoughts into new channels. Primitive man showed the glimmerings of this power in his house building. Unlike the animals and birds, in building his house, he never faithfully copied the work of his ancestors. In this and in other directions he showed always a creative plagiarism — an always-progressive adaptation of materials and ideas to new ends. The thoughts of animals deal always with the present. Man alone thinks beyond the hour and beyond himself, and nurses aspirations as endless as eternity, and as illimitable as the universe. The Polish writer Henryk Sienkiewicz says that to enter a church and see people praying always reminds him of the immensity of the gulf between man and animals. The observation illumines the mystery of that gulf, but does not explain it any more than the assertion that animals do not think.

The problem involved is a deeply-interesting one. Long ago scientists demonstrated the intimate connection between human and animal anatomy and physiology. For psychology a distinctively human character was long maintained. But it has at last overstepped this boundary, and comparative psychology is now opening up fascinating new fields of research. It is a new science, the universal appeal of which is reflected in the great vogue of the nature story.



MISS JANET CARNOCHAN

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A SKETCH AND AN APPRECIATION

BY FRANCIS DRAKE SMITH

In a time when much less worthy names constantly meet the eye in the public press, it is with a peculiar sense of pleasure and satisfaction that the writer places on record something concerning a woman who in her own retiring way has done much for the community and Province in which she lives. It is one of Miss Janet Carnochan's perpetual regrets that she was not born in the picturesque old town of Niagara-on-the-Lake. The fates all but granted

her that distinction, for she first saw the light of day at Stamford, only a few miles distant, and her instinct for the historic finds much consolation in the fact that her birthplace contains the second oldest church in Ontario. The Associate Presbyterian Church of Stamford was built in 1791, the Mohawk Church at Brantford only four years earlier. Stamford has perhaps the only "village green" in Canada, and it is also notable as having long boasted the

fine residence of Sir Peregrine Maitland. Until very lately the "Governor's Gates" were one of the attractions of the hamlet.

Miss Carnochan's predilection for the ancient capital of Ontario was early gratified, for her parents brought her to Niagara as a mere infant. Both of Gaelic origin and of covenanting or Cameronian stock, they had emigrated from the town of Colmonell, Ayreshire, Scotland. After the battle of Bothwell Bridge in 1683, a maternal ancestor, Gilbert Milroy by name, endured seven years' slavery in Jamaica for his religious opinions. A second John Milroy suffered death in defence of his faith. Although now in her 72nd year, Miss Carnochan retains distinct recollections of events that occurred when she was only three years old. Between the ages of four and five she read parts of Rowland Hill's *Cottagers*, a book then in St. Andrew's Church Library, and passages from it are still fresh in her memory. Thus the instances of youthful erudition recently furnished in American magazines establish no new precedent. Educated in the local public and private schools, she preferred English literature, history, arithmetic and algebra beyond her other studies, thus manifesting a catholic taste for so young a girl. At that time her reading was miscellaneous and desultory. She devoured Sir Walter Scott's novels, the same author's "Demonology and Witchcraft," "Tales of Bruce and Wallace," Miss Brimer's novels, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and certain volumes of sermons. As a very young girl she fairly immersed herself for a time in "Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature," thus acquiring for that period quite a unique knowledge of little-known writers. These details throw an interesting light upon what a mere child could accomplish of her own accord in a day when op-

portunities for education were much fewer than they are to-day.

Obtaining a first-class county teacher's certificate when but sixteen, she at once entered upon her chosen profession. This would be against the Departmental regulations to-day, but she proceeded and succeeded. At eighteen, by attending the normal school for the short term of five months, she obtained a first-class "B" certificate, an achievement to which most aspirants devoted three full years. She taught for a short time in Brantford and then for five years in Kingston, where she renewed a treasured acquaintance with the late Rev. J. B. Mowat, brother of Sir Oliver Mowat, and then professor at Queen's University. Years before Mr. Mowat had been pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake; and, though Scot-like, she preserves a strict reticence in such matters, and admits that it was through his influence that she received her earliest and best religious impressions. She corresponded with him as long as he lived and still keeps his letters as one of her most valued possessions. From Kingston she went to a Peterborough school for a year, but for the last forty-one years she has indulged her passion for living in Niagara.

Like many other exceptionally able women, Miss Carnochan has kept aloof from the suffragette movement, but as far back as 1872 she provoked furious local opposition by accepting the "headmastership" of the Niagara Public School. The innovation shook the community to its very foundations, but she stood her ground so firmly that in six years she had lived down all objections. Then she became assistant teacher in the Niagara High School, holding that position for twenty-three years under five successive principals. It was characteristic of Miss Carnochan that in serving her pupils she al-

ways went beyond her contractual obligations. In both the public and high schools she sought to give those under her a knowledge of astronomy, a subject never on the authorised curriculum, and to her useful efforts many to-day trace their interest in the starry heavens. Her career as a teacher extended over a period of thirty-nine years. In an illuminated address that hangs in her study, her former pupils, now scattered far and wide, duly acknowledge their immense debt to her patient and unselfish interest in their behalf.

In 1895, some years prior to her retirement from the high school, she was instrumental in forming the Niagara Historical Society, an organisation that under her guidance has done much valuable work in rescuing from oblivion a great deal of material that will prove useful to future historians. Freed from the obligations of the teaching profession, she devoted herself with redoubled energy to this labour of love for her beloved Niagara. By appeals to the public and by personal interviews with Cabinet ministers at Toronto and Ottawa she raised \$5,000 for the erection of an historical museum at Niagara. This institution now houses 5,000 articles identified with the life of the Niagara Peninsula from the French occupation and the war of 1812 down to the present day. To this interesting collection her former pupils, now scattered all over Canada and the United States (many of them occupying prominent positions in the literary, scientific and business worlds), have freely contributed. The museum is a mecca for many visitors. The Niagara Historical Society has issued no less than twenty publications covering the early history of the district.

As President and Curator, Miss Carnochan is constantly instrumental through the mails in furnish-

ing distant descendants with information concerning their early Niagara forbears. As might be expected, she does valuable work on the council of the Ontario Historical Society. In other ways she has set a worthy example of service to her own immediate community. To the local public library that has flourished for sixty-three years, and is one of the largest and best outside the chief Canadian towns and cities, she has given much time as secretary and treasurer, and as a selector of books and compiler of catalogues. She has been called "the unpaid official," and has twice served on the council of the Ontario Library Association. For forty years she has been active in Bible Society work and as a Sunday school teacher. She is a life member of the Presbyterian Women's Foreign Missionary Society. Of late years she has turned her attention to the reclamation of the historic, but neglected, Presbyterian graveyard. The writer once styled her "an expert on centenaries" on the ground that she has been active in the celebration of three and attended a fourth. The three in which she took part were those of St. Mark's Church and St. Andrew's Church, and that of the town itself. Not satisfied with this record, in 1898 she organised the Jubilee Celebration of the Niagara Public Library.

Amidst all these multifarious activities, Miss Carnochan has found time at irregular intervals to do considerable literary work, some particular circumstance or event usually calling it forth. Fourteen of the twenty publications issued by the Niagara Historical Society have been written entirely or in part by her. She has read many papers before such organisations as the Canadian Institute, the Ontario, Lundy's Lane, Napanee, and Bowmanville Historical Societies, the Educational Association, the York Pioneers, the On-

tario Library Association, and the St. Catharines Literary Club. Other papers and fugitive verses have appeared in *The Week*, *The Toronto News*, *The Toronto Globe*, *The Methodist Magazine*, and other publications. The most notable of her writings are "The History of St. Mark's Church, Niagara," published on the occasion of its centennial in 1892, and a companion, "History of St. Andrew's Church, Niagara," also published as a centenary volume in 1894.

Her most familiar pamphlets relate chiefly to the Niagara Peninsula and to a trip made years ago to the land of her fathers. The most interesting of these are: "Niagara One Hundred Years Ago," "A Slave Rescue Sixty Years Ago" (1837), "The Evolution of an Historical Room," "Early Schools in Niagara," "Niagara Library, 1800-1820," "The Courthouse and Jail of 1817," "Palatine Hill" (the Servos House), "Inscriptions and Graves in the Niagara Peninsula," "A Canadian Heroine" (Mrs. Wait), "Sir Isaac Brock," "Count Des Puisaye," "Robert Gourlay," "Fort Niagara," "Wrecked on Sable Island," "Martyr Graves in Scotland," "The Regalia of Scotland," "What I Saw in Edinburgh," "My Day in the Trosachs," "The Carlyles," "Reminiscences of Niagara in the American Occupation," (1813), "Origin of the Maple Leaf as the Emblem of Canada," "Woman as Described by Canadian Poets," "Canadian History as Exemplified by Visitors to Niagara," "Books That Have Influenced Me," "History as Sometimes Given,"

Published verses from her pen include "Fort George's Lonely Sycamore," "Has Canada a History?" "Golden Rod," "Words of Jesus to Women," "Centennial Hymn (St. Andrew's)," "Chautauqua Hymn," "Canada—an Ode," and half a dozen

sonnets entitled "Fort George," "Fort Mississauga," "Canada," "Laura Secord," "United Empire," "Memorial to J. M. Dunne."

"Fort George's Lonely Sycamore" records:

The story of a tree that rears
Its form on an historic plain.

One of its most effective stanzas reads:

Beneath the crumbling ruins old,
Where first our hero Brock was laid,
With funeral pomp in death-sleep cold,
And tears were shed and mourning
made
For him, who, with the morning sun,
Went from these walls erect and brave;
The evening saw his victory won,
A hero's fame, a soldier's grave.

The lines on Fort George open:

What memories cluster round thy earth-
piled wall
Of daring deeds and calm endurance
here,
What sad, sad records of the Hungry
Year
Relieved by tale of dance in Navy Hall.
The French thorns planted close in sight
recall
The Fleur-de-lis triumphant far and
near.

Miss Carnochan disdains those who say that Canada has no history. She writes in her poem entitled "Has Canada a History?" in part as follows:

No history, forsooth! Consult the tomes
Which tell of those who left their fair
French homes,
Their sunny vines and "pleasant land
of France,"
For rude stockade exchanged the merry
dance,
For glittering court the red man's scalp-
ing knife,
For college halls a rude, laborious life.
Consult the mouldering records of the
past
In Ville Marie and old Quebec amassed,
Of France's chosen chivalry, which tell,
In this new land of France, then
La Nouvelle,
Which tell of chivalrous La Salle's essay,
Long marches from Quebec to Mexique's
Bay;
Thousands of miles, not once alone nor
twice;
Hunger and cold and death the bitter
price.

Which tell, too, of her missionary band
 Of hero martyrs in the red man's land,
 Whose mission was not gold, but souls
 to save,
 Of gentle Lalement and Brebœuf, who
 gave
 Their lives through nameless tortures for
 the truth,
 To bear the cross to men, who knew nor
 fear nor ruth.
 Go, ask the veterans of Hudson's Bay
 To tell of years of hardship as they may,
 Or Selkirk vainly battling in the North,
 When fortune sent her bitter arrows
 forth,
 'Gainst freshets, famines and the north
 wind's breath,
 And rival hostile bands, disease and
 death.
 Go, ask the unwritten history of those
 days,
 As told by those fast fading from our
 gaze;
 Go, ask the veterans of the war to tell
 One-half alone of all that then befell;
 Go, ask the ancient white-haired dames
 to speak
 Of sad, sad moments, when they came
 to seek
 New homes, new hearthstones, ah, the bit-
 ter pain
 Of finding that, instead, they ofttimes
 gain
 Lone graves for tender little ones, alas!
 They may not stay, but onward, on-
 ward pass.

A true patriot, her sonnet "Canada," published years ago, happily praises those doughty Canadians who in days gone by defended their birth-right against the United States. Here it is in part:

To gain our varied wealth as friend or
 foe
 Our wily neighbour stretches wide in
 vain
 Her arms. For twice have we of this
 domain
 Thrown back her hostile bands with
 forceful blow
 From crimson heights, from eastern
 citadel.

Her pamphlet "Sable Island" refers to an exciting incident of a voyage to Scotland when she was wrecked and cast ashore in "the graveyard of the North Atlantic."

She lost all her personal belongings save only two cans of Niagara peaches that she was taking to Scotland to show the inhabitants what the Niagara Peninsula could produce. Curiously enough the wicker basket in which the cans were packed was the only portion of her baggage that floated ashore from the sinking ship. Her notes on her visit to the old land reflect her pride in Caledonia and the Caledonians. She believes the race from which she sprang is more accurately portrayed by Ian MacLaren and the rest of the Kail-yard School than in Stevenson's "Edinburgh," "The Unspeakable Scot," or "The House With the Green Shutters."

It is pleasing to recall that in 1893 Miss Carnochan's merits were partly acknowledged in her selection as one of Canada's twenty representative women chosen to attend the Chicago World's Congress. If each Canadian community could have another such public-spirited member the country would be better off. Her chief pleasure has been that of endeavour and her chief satisfaction that of achievement. She is thankful that she has had work to her hand and that she has been able to do it. Yet in the midst of all her labours she finds time for an occasional game of golf on her beautiful Niagara commons, with its French thorns immortalised by William Kirby, who was one of her most intimate friends and the author of "*Le Chien D'Or*." Modest as is her estimate of her own achievements, she is lavish in her recognition of others. Best of all, though well past three score years and ten, she declares herself a pronounced optimist on the universal outlook. She rejoices in the confident belief that, despite all the wrong and suffering still to be found in the world, the human race is "marching on through struggles many" to higher planes of existence.



CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

THE KING'S GIFT

BY JEAN BLEWETT

(Toronto Local Council of Women)

The New Year coming to us with swift
feet
Is the King's gift, and all that in it
lies
Will make our lives more rounded and
complete,
It may be laughter, may be tear-filled
eyes;
It may be gain of love or loss of love,
It may be thorns or bloom and breath
of flowers,
The full fruition of these hopes that
move,
It may be what will break these hearts
of ours.
What matter? 'Tis the great gift of the
King,
We do not need to fear what it may
bring.

*

MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUM-
MINGS, who for eighteen years
was Secretary of the National Council
of Women, a position she resigned
in order to become a lecturer in the
interests of the Government annuities,
and who is at present convener of the
Finances Committee of the International
Council, as well as a vice-president of
the National Council, spent last Summer
in Japan, and as a result of her visit has writ-

ten for this department the following
account of her experiences there:

IN FAIR JAPAN.

Picture to yourself the plight of a
foreign woman as she found herself
surrounded by a bevy of dainty,
graceful, little Japanese ladies in a
large military club-house in Japan
one afternoon and heard that fully
two hundred and fifty or three hun-
dred more ladies and gentlemen are
awaiting her coming in the large
assembly hall upstairs, eager to
hear what she had to tell them con-
cerning the women of Canada, their
life and their work.

If she could have spoken Japanese
or if they could have understood Eng-
lish, the matter would have been
quite simple, but alas, such was not
the case, and only those who have
tried to give an address through the
medium of an interpreter can fully
appreciate the difference.

However, there is not time now
for vain regrets or self pity, for these
little ladies are offering cakes and
tiny cups of a sort of barley water, a
favourite afternoon beverage in
Japan. We are in the drawing-room
of this military club-house, which is

a fine spacious building, standing in grounds that formerly surrounded the Daimyos Castle, in the city of Takota, and the room is furnished in a so-called "foreign style," which means a costly but ugly velvet carpet, instead of the usual soft Tatami mats, and still uglier plush furniture, the colour of which clashed painfully with the carpet.

Some very large pictures in gorgeous gilt frames covered the walls, and the effect of the whole gave one a longing to chalk up somewhere in a prominent place a warning that this room only resembled a foreign club-room, as an advertising chromo resembles a painting by a great artist.

The Japanese lady who is to act as an interpreter, having been served with cakes and barley water, we are escorted upstairs by some of the officers, and presently reach the assembly hall, where at least two-thirds of the audience are seated on chairs, while the others sit in the usual Japanese fashion on cushions on the floor.

While another speaker is giving her address in Japanese, there is time to watch the audience and to notice how beautifully most of the ladies are dressed, their kimonos being for the most part in various shades of gray of rich material, and their obis (wide sashes), of exquisite brocade, which always harmonises beautifully with the kimono. All married women in Japan wear gray or neutral tints when dressed in native fashion. Only the young girls don the brighter tints, while the children are always in gay colours and look like flocks of little butterflies as they play about in the sun.

Now the time has come, and the ordeal has begun. First a low bow to the audience with hands on knees, then everyone in the audience bows. A few sentences expressive of the honour done to one's humble self in

being invited to address the honourable audience, and one's appreciation of the delightful country and its people. Then a pause while the interpreter repeats, which seems to take so long that it is hard to remember where one left off, and how to fit in the next sentence. However, as nervousness wears off, it becomes easier, especially as it becomes very evident that the audience is really interested in what is being said to them. The story of the National and International Councils is told, including some of the good work that has been accomplished in the past, and some of the work now under way. With many more bows and kind speeches, the affair comes to an end, and presently after a delightful ride home in a kuruma, with tea awaiting, one closes the afternoon.

Now for the sequel: Shortly after dinner a courteous Japanese gentleman calls upon the foreigner. He speaks English fairly well, and is editor of one of the city newspapers. He had not been at the club, but already such strange stories had reached him of some of the extraordinary things Oka San (honourable married lady) had said, that he had come humbly to inquire from her if indeed they were true.

"But what were these strange things?" she asked.

"Oka San will pardon, but indeed some stupid person had rudely ventured to say that Oka San had said that the Government in her country had done certain things at the request of the *women*."

"That is quite true, not only done things, but amended laws at the request of the National Council of Women," Oka San replied.

"But, Oka San, the women in your country vote not, is it not so?" he queried.

"Not in parliamentary elections," was the answer; "nevertheless, our requests are always heard with at-

tention, and are generally answered favourably."

The little man afterwards drank some tea, and then went away home still looking somewhat perplexed.

Shortly afterwards a second caller arrived, who proved to be the editor of the rival newspaper. He spoke English well and had been at the club-house, but he called to inquire if the interpreter had really understood Oka San correctly, and had she really said that the Government in her country had done many things at the request of women.

When he was assured on that point an interesting interview followed, in which he told the foreigner of the splendid organisation and work done by the women in Japan in the Red Cross Society during the late war with Russia.

"But there is nothing for them to do, now that there is peace," he added regretfully.

The many things that these dear little home-makers and home-lovers might do for the women and children of their country if they were banded together in a National Council, were pointed out and copious notes were taken, which it was promised would be reproduced with strong editorial backing some day.

*

A centre round which all women workers of all sections of society, of all religious denominations, and all political parties gather in unity and understanding of one another, including women of conservative views and those who are termed the old-fashioned workers, as well as those who belong to the more progressive functions, is the pivot upon which the National Council turns its working machinery. To be the head of such a body of women requires executive ability, broad experience, and indeed we find diplomatic finesse, high culture and these traits of character embodied to

their fullest in the charming and estimable president, Mrs. Torrington. Only when one knows her personally can one fully understand her unusual fitness for the highest honour the women of Canada can give, and no one comes to that honour without well deserving it.

I can safely say that Mrs. Torrington is one of the best-known women in the musical, club, social and philanthropic circles of Toronto. The great good that both she and her husband, Dr. Torrington, of the Toronto College of Music, have done will never be known to its full extent. Many a talented pupil has been given a musical education through the kindness of Dr. Torrington and his wife.

And though Dr. Torrington has done so much in the musical world, Mrs. Torrington represents club life in Toronto as no other woman does. Though they are her recreation and pleasure, Mrs. Torrington, nevertheless, places home as a woman's first duty, for by it will a woman ever be judged, and through the home a nation stands or falls. Could a better leader have been chosen to stand at the head of a council that aims at upholding the ideal of a family life, chastened by mutual love and respect and enlightenment and diversified by an intelligent grasp of all the leading questions of the day, and enlisting the interest and sympathy of women in everything that affects their interests?

*

At the recent Executive of the International Council of Women held in Stockholm, Sweden, Miss Agnes Ridgell, M.A., and Mrs. Sanford, of Hamilton, the International Treasurer, represented the Canadian National Council, and it is of great interest to all Canadians that the names of Lady Taylor, of Hamilton, formerly of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Boomer, of London, were unanimously and by acclamation accepted as life patrons



MRS. F. H. TORRINGTON

of the International Council, both honours being the gift of Mrs. Sanford, who nominated both ladies as being amongst the earliest members of the Canadian branch.

The International Council provides a common centre for women workers of every race, faith, class and party, who are associating themselves together in the endeavour to leave the world more beautiful than they found it; in a common consecration to the service of humanity in the spirit of love, which we hail as the greatest power in the world.

✱

Mejuffrouw Johanna Naber, the

press convener of International Council of Women, writes from Amsterdam, Netherlands, requesting me to make known to Canadian women that Serbia, Finland, and West Australia have joined the International Council, also that the establishment of a National Council is under way in South Africa. I cannot estimate too highly the great value the Council will be to the women of these countries. It is the university of present-day problems on all questions concerning women and of estimable value for all who are searching for the solution of this highly important cause.



The WAY of LETTERS

MADAME ALBANI, perhaps the most famous of Canadian entertainers, has written a book entitled "Forty Years of Song." Her fame is world-wide, and at the height of her glory as a prima donna she rose to the eminence of an European celebrity. Not only was she courted by the wealthy, lionised by society and applauded by the crowd, but she made as well cordial exchanges with kings and queens. So that while she is a Canadian by birth, having been born at Chambly, Quebec, to the French-Canadian name of Lajeunesse, she early became engrossed in the artistic life of two continents and found herself in a glamorous swirl from which she occasionally took a long look backward to the time when as a mere child she bedecked herself with an old tablecloth and sang "Le Désert," with the rocks of the Chambly Basin for stage and the Richelieu River for setting. She tells us that she was able to sing and read music when only five years of age, and that at the age of twelve, when she made her first appearances in "public" (at Montreal), she played both the harp and the piano and "was desired to show all my friends everything I could do at that time." A local impresario chanced to hear her playing casually in a Montreal music store. He was so well im-

pressed that he engaged her on the spot. "It was in this way," Madame Albani recounts, "that I made my first appearance in public, singing, I remember, on that occasion, *Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime.*" From Montreal she went with her father to Albany, where she became first soprano in the Church of St. Joseph. There she sang Mozart's and Cherubini's Masses, and Beethoven's Great Mass in D. After that experience she is "Quite sure that to the singing and study of sacred music in those early days I am greatly indebted for whatever success I may since have achieved in oratorio. Often, I know, it is said that the mere act of singing such music when one is very young ought, according to nature's laws, to injure the voice considerably. But I can state emphatically that it does nothing of the sort, and this is not only my own opinion, but that of many great singers." Madame Albani corrects the assumption that her stage name was chosen because some of the people of Albany had subscribed a sum of money sufficient to pay her initial studies in Europe. "My Italian elocution master, Signor Delorenzi," she writes, "said that my real name, 'Lajeunesse,' was not a good one for the stage and that I ought to adopt another. He promised

to find me a good one, and the next day came and suggested 'Albani,' telling me that it was the name of an old Italian family whose members, with the exception of a very old cardinal, were all dead. I said, 'But did you know that I have lived in Albany?' 'No,' he replied, 'I have never heard that'; and this is the true origin of the name under which I have sung ever since."

It would be agreeable, but impossible here, to follow Madame Albani from the time of her debut at Messina as a first-class cantatrice until she crowned her achievements with several seasons and many triumphs at Covent Garden, London. We must linger rather over her account of her return to Canada, after an absence of almost twenty years. She came first to Toronto, where she overheard one of the stage carpenters say, "Wall, I guess this ain't like a stage play: it's like a political meeting." But it was at Montreal that the people lost their heads and their hearts. "When I left America to prosecute my studies in Europe," she says, "an effort had been made in Montreal to organise a concert or get up a subscription to assist me to go abroad. The French-Canadians, however, had the old-world traditional misgiving of a public career, and especially that dislike for anyone belonging to them to go on the stage itself, a feeling which was then very much still alive in Canada, although the idea was beginning to die out in other countries. Consequently all help, as they then honestly thought in my best interests, was withheld from me in that quarter."

But the French-Canadians re-deemed themselves. At the station when the great singer arrived the crush was so great that "we had actually to fight our way through the cheering crowd." A torchlight procession was formed, a brass band

played music, and in time the multitude moved slowly towards the Windsor Hotel, where the crowd was so dense that Madame Albani had to be carried over the heads of the people into the building. Next day the great singer was formally received at the Hotel de Ville, where the Council presented her with an illuminated address, and the poet Louis Fréchette read a poem that he had composed for the occasion. The afternoon of that day became like a holiday. "Shops were closed, crowds were in the streets, and we were cheered all the way back, as we returned from the Hotel de Ville to our hotel, until I began to think that after such a commotion and emotion I should never be able to sing another note!" But perhaps the most touching episode of this memorable revisitation was the return to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where the woman who had been patronised by monarchs and acclaimed by the critics of Europe sang an "Ave Maria" in the old chapel in which as a child she had been wont to sing so many years before.

This book of reminiscences is written in a frank, unpedantic manner. It makes a handsome volume and contains a number of interesting photographic reproductions. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

*

THE Toronto Women's Press Club recently undertook to make a compilation of selected quotations from Canadian writers and to publish them in book form. The result is commendable. But if the Club set out to make a book that would increase the average knowledge of literature written by Canadians and entice strangers to seek an acquaintance with Canadian writers, we fear that they have not wholly succeeded. The idea itself, in many respects, is a good one,

but it is sometimes possible to carry to a happy conclusion a proposition that may have at the beginning a sad outlook. In this instance, however, we seem to encounter the very reverse of this. But it is not always easy to take from the body of a novel, for instance, a few lines that will stand examination by themselves. The compilers have erred in generosity because they have selected some names that have not as yet much claim on posterity. No doubt they were pressed by time, for they have included among their quotations many lines that are by no interpretation apt. Here is an instance, re-quoted from the sixth day of March:

Creeds and churches bother my head,
But this one thing I know—
It isn't true that Peepy's been dead
Since seventeen years ago.

There are other selections equally inane or commonplace:

Horse, or man, or dog aren't much good until they learn to obey.
What would life be worth without the vision?

There is no greater joy to the truly living thing than the joy of being alive in every part and power.

His own theory, he told me in confidence, was that the dessert compartment of his stomach was so arranged that no amount of plain food would fill it.

Imagine morsels like these—one for contemplation during the idle moments of a whole day! They are not given with fairness to the authors. In their own places they meant something, but in a volume of quotations! But to show that Canadian writers can give something worth quoting we reprint the following (and they might have been all equally good):

The friend I trusted failed me. This was bad, but not so bad as though I had failed my friend.

Well, well, let us put a merry face on life. We all have our thousand faults.

Duty is generally the thing a fellow doesn't want to do.

Happy am I that sing of love,
Yet from thrall of love am free;
Happy am I that sing of pain,
And quick forget what pain may be.
I sing of death—and lo! to me
Life is supremest ecstasy!

It is an interesting exercise to go through this book and read the conflicting observations on patriotism. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

HUMOROUS books are never too plentiful. W. W. Jacobs is one of the subtlest of living humorists, and his humour is tinctured with quaint philosophy and accompanied by excellent character sketching. His latest book is "Ship's Company," and all who have read "Many Cargoes" will be glad to read more by the same author. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). Ellis Parker Butler has lived a long time on the reputation of "Pigs is Pigs," but nothing that he has attempted since the publication of that extremely funny story has met with anything like the same success. His latest venture is "The Adventures of a Suburbanite," which is rather affected. It describes the experiences of a young couple who satisfy a longing for suburban life, where they can have space and keep chickens and perhaps a horse and do a little gardening. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). Discriminative readers and those who seek in their reading something that deals with the deep and personal struggles of individuals will read with understanding and perhaps with sympathy Robert Hichens's latest novel of modern Rome, "The Fruitful Vine." This is the story of a childless woman whose yearning for the wonders of motherhood leads her to make woman's greatest sacrifice. It

is told with this author's skill and mastery of colour and description. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company). A more wholesome and to many persons a more soulful book is "Mother," by Kathleen Norris. Its tendency is to make us realise the big unselfish place that the mother fills in almost every home. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada). Quite different again is the character of *Peter Pan*, whose interest seems to be as strong as ever. Now the creator of this delightful fantasy, J. M. Barrie, gives us another story, or rather, another version, entitled "Peter and Wendy." However, it is written in Barrie's inimitable style, which cannot be described. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). Stewart Edward White comes along again with an amusing volume entitled "The Adventures of Bobby Orde." (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). But for stories of adventure turn to "South Sea Tales," by Jack London, a new volume of stirring short stories, a result of the author's recent voyage in the southern hemisphere. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada). If one seeks a good, wholesome, interesting tale, a tale of the transformation of the selfish members of a community, "Mothers to Men" is the book, and Zona Gale, of "Friendship Village" fame, is the author. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada). To those who think that the Christmas season is a time of rejoicing for everybody and that all are happy in giving and receiving should read "Miss 318," by Rupert Hughes, and see the other side of the picture. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell). A book that takes one back over pleasant paths to the time of youth is the one entitled "The Believing Years," by Edmund Lester Peterson.

Only persons of fine sensibilities and a rare sense of humour will properly appreciate this volume, but it is worth the experiment. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

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NOTES.

—For those who like to pass an idle hour or two in an absorbing romance and think no more about it "The Last Link," by Morice Gerard, will do. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

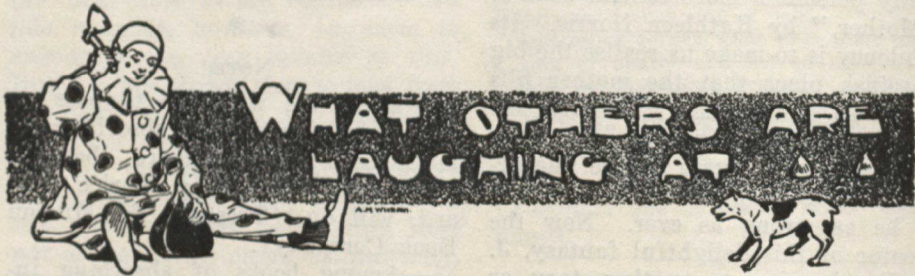
—Among books of absorbing interest "The Gamblers," by Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow, is one of the best. These are the authors also of "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Third Degree." The three books have been dramatised. Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

—"The Book of Courage," by Rev. Dr. W. J. Dawson, is an excellent book for the young man, or even the old, who needs encouragement to meet the common difficulties of life. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell).

—A valuable book on "District Nursing" has been written by Mabel Jacques, a graduate of the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, with an introduction by John S. Pryor, M.D. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

—One of the best sociological stories in recent years is "One Way Out," by William Carleton, being an account of the experiences of a middle-class New Englander who "emigrates to America." (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

—A new illustrated edition of Kingsley's "Water Babies," abridged and explained by Professor William Clark, of Trinity University, has been issued by the Musson Book Company, Toronto.



HIMKNOWLEDGY

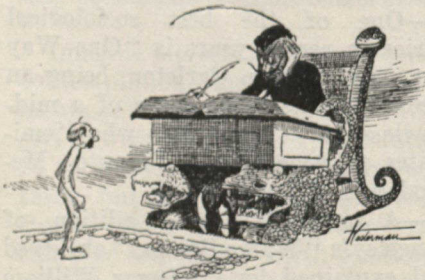
Stanley Jordan, the well-known Episcopal minister, having cause to be anxious about his son's college examinations, told him to telegraph the result. The boy sent the following message: "Hymn 342, fifth verse, last two lines." Looking it up, the father found the words: "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended, Jordan passed."—*The Circle*.

*

WHO CAN IT BE?

"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?"

"Yes, and there's always one more than you think."—*Sourire*.



Satan: I have called you in to explain this peculiar record. You are recorded with the same lie seventeen thousand times. This is the only sin you have committed. I am curious to know why you told this same lie so many times.

New Arrival: Well, your majesty, it's this way: my wife is very fat, and every time we passed a woman who was the least bit plump, she would say, "am I as fat as that?" and I always replied, "mercy! my dear, no!"

—*Life*

AND A BARGAIN AT THAT

A little boy had got into the habit of saying "Darn," of which his mother naturally did not approve.

"Dear," she said to the little boy, "here is ten cents: it is yours if you will promise me not to say 'Darn' again."

"All right, mother," he said, as he took the money, "I promise."

As he lovingly fingered the money a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said: "Say, mother, I know a word that's worth fifty cents."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

*

SPECIALISATION

Doctor—"What can I do for you?"

Patient—"I have cut my index-finger."

Doctor—"Very sorry. But I am a specialist on the middle finger."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

ON HIS GUARD

Teacher (to new pupil)—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?"

My Little Man—"For the same reason as the 'en crossed th' road. Yer don't catch me with no puzzles."—*Sydney Bulletin*.



"Are there Dragons, Mother!" "Oh, no, dear?" "Why not?"

—Punch

CAPTURED

Sandy was having his first taste of life in the African forests. Borrowing a gun, he set off one day in search of game. A little later his companion spied in the distance Sandy running at full speed for home, with a huge lion behind him, gaining at every step. "Quick! Quick! Jock!" he cried. "Open the door. I'm bringing him home alive." —*Auckland Weekly News.*

*

COLD STORAGE

He—"Where is the live chicken I bought for our party?"

She—"I put it in our new ice-box to keep it fresh until it is killed tomorrow." —*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

GOING, GOING, GONE

The three degrees in medical treatment—Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill. —*Sacred Heart Review.*

307

THE LEAVINGS

Her Father—"So my daughter has consented to become your wife. Have you fixed the day of the wedding?"

Suitor—"I will leave that to my fiancée."

H. F.—"Will you have a church or a private wedding?"

S.—"Her mother can decide that, sir."

H. F.—"What have you to live on?"

S.—"I will leave that entirely to you, sir." —*Boston Transcript.*

*

ROUND THE CIRCLE

Chronic Old Growler (whose subject, as usual, is the country, and how quickly it is going to the dogs) —"And after all, it's you farmer chaps as is at the root of all the evil. You raise the corn, and the corn raises the whisky; whisky raises politicians, and politicians raise all the trouble we have in the country." —*M. A. P.*

HIS MONEY

A poor Jew received a monthly allowance of five dollars from a rich man of the same faith. The money used to be paid to him regularly by the bookkeeper. On one occasion when the poor man came around the bookkeeper handed him only three dollars. The poor man remained standing quietly until the bookkeeper asked whether there was anything else he wished.

"You must have made a mistake," he said, "I always get five."

"Yes," replied the bookkeeper. "That has now been changed."

"Changed? Why?"

"You see, the boss recently married off his eldest daughter and he had a great deal of expense, as you may imagine—the dowry and so forth, you can easily understand _____,"

"Yes, yes," grumbled the beggar. "Give your employer my best wishes, and tell him that if he ever marries off another daughter, he may do it with his own money, not with mine!"
—*The Maccabear*.

*

UNSIGHT UNSEEN

"I have found just the party for you, Lord Duncan—a lady with a dowry of half a million."

"And when can I see this lady?"

"Just keep thinking of the dowry—don't ask to see her."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

HIS WORRY

"Clarence," said the American heiress hesitatingly, "I think that you should be told at once how my father made his money. Our business men in this country have methods which to one of your pure soul, whose motto is 'Noblesse oblige,' cannot but—"

"Cease, Mamie, cease," said the young lord reassuringly, "tell me no more. However he made his millions I can forgive, for your sake. But—er—has he still got them all right?"
—*London Globe*.

*

THEIR FIRST TASTE

She—"Poor cousin Jack! And to be eaten by those wretched cannibals!"

He—"Yes, my dear child; but he gave them their first taste in religion!"—*London Opinion*.

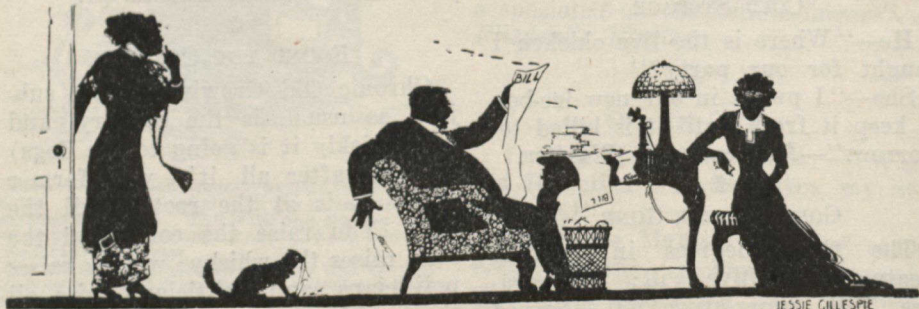
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OVERLOOKED HIM

Two lawyers before a probate-judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! Order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—*Western Christian Advocate*.



JESSIE GILLESPIE

JANUARY FIRST

"God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay."

—*Life*

THE IDEAL HOME OF THE PIANO

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

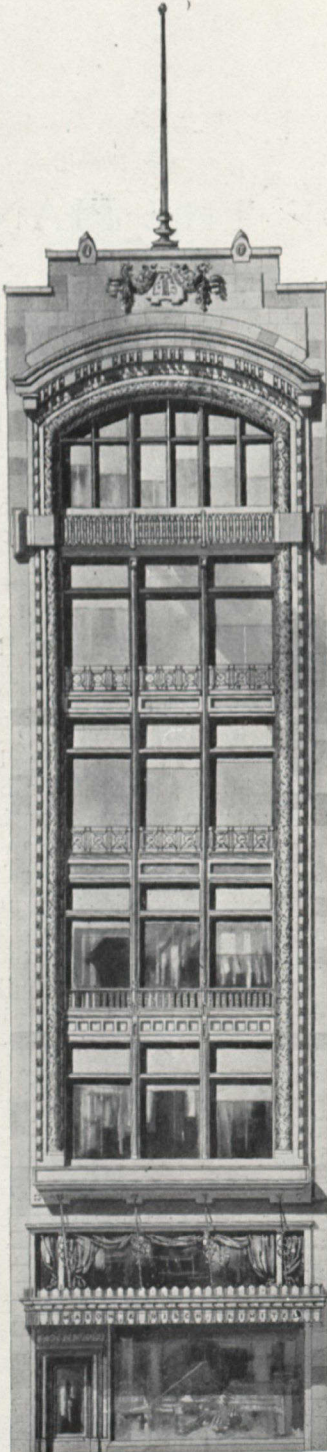
IN Canada perhaps more than in any other country it is an acknowledged fact that no home is complete without a piano. That is because the piano is not only an instrument of culture, but as well an artistic piece of furniture. One sometimes wonders why Canadians are so pre-eminently a musical people. It is not a result simply of accident, nor is it because of a musical instinct. It is due largely to the fact that in Canada, particularly in the City of Toronto, the manufacture of the piano has been carried on with increasing vigour and sincerity ever since this greatest of all modern musical instruments became an important factor in musical development the world over. One could scarcely speak of music as being indigenous to the soil, and yet so successful and extensive has been the manufacture of pianos in Canada that one can point to no Canadian product sold abroad, except something that is indigenous to the soil, like grain, livestock or their by-products, that can compare with the Canadian piano.

But there is more in this than mere buying and selling; there is something that denotes the cultural advancement of the people; and the piano business, owing to the varied demands in keeping with the style and character of the home or room that is to contain a piano, has become extremely complicated; indeed, it has been found necessary by some

of the largest and most important manufacturers to build especially for the purposes of the piano trade large and commodious showrooms so adapted as to meet the special requirements and enable the prospective buyer to see the various styles of instruments in their proper or most suitable setting.

A good instance of this departure is the new building of Mason & Risch, Limited, at 230 Yonge Street, Toronto. As it has been the aim of the best piano manufacturers to construct their instruments along classic lines, so it has been with this building, which is in many respects an artistic triumph, while it is an outstanding example of what architecture can do to serve the demands of a high-class modern business. Here is a seven-storey building in the heart of a great city—a building that was planned and carried out for the sole purpose of giving so beautiful a piece of furniture as a piano a chance to be seen in surroundings in keeping with its own design and the richness of its materials and finish.

But before examining this building in some detail, it would be well to turn aside for a moment so as to consider briefly the fact that to Messrs. Mason & Risch is due much of the credit that can be given for raising the standard of musical instruments in Canada and for inspiring in the Canadian people a greater love for music and a greater pride



MASON & RISCH PIANO BUILDING, TORONTO

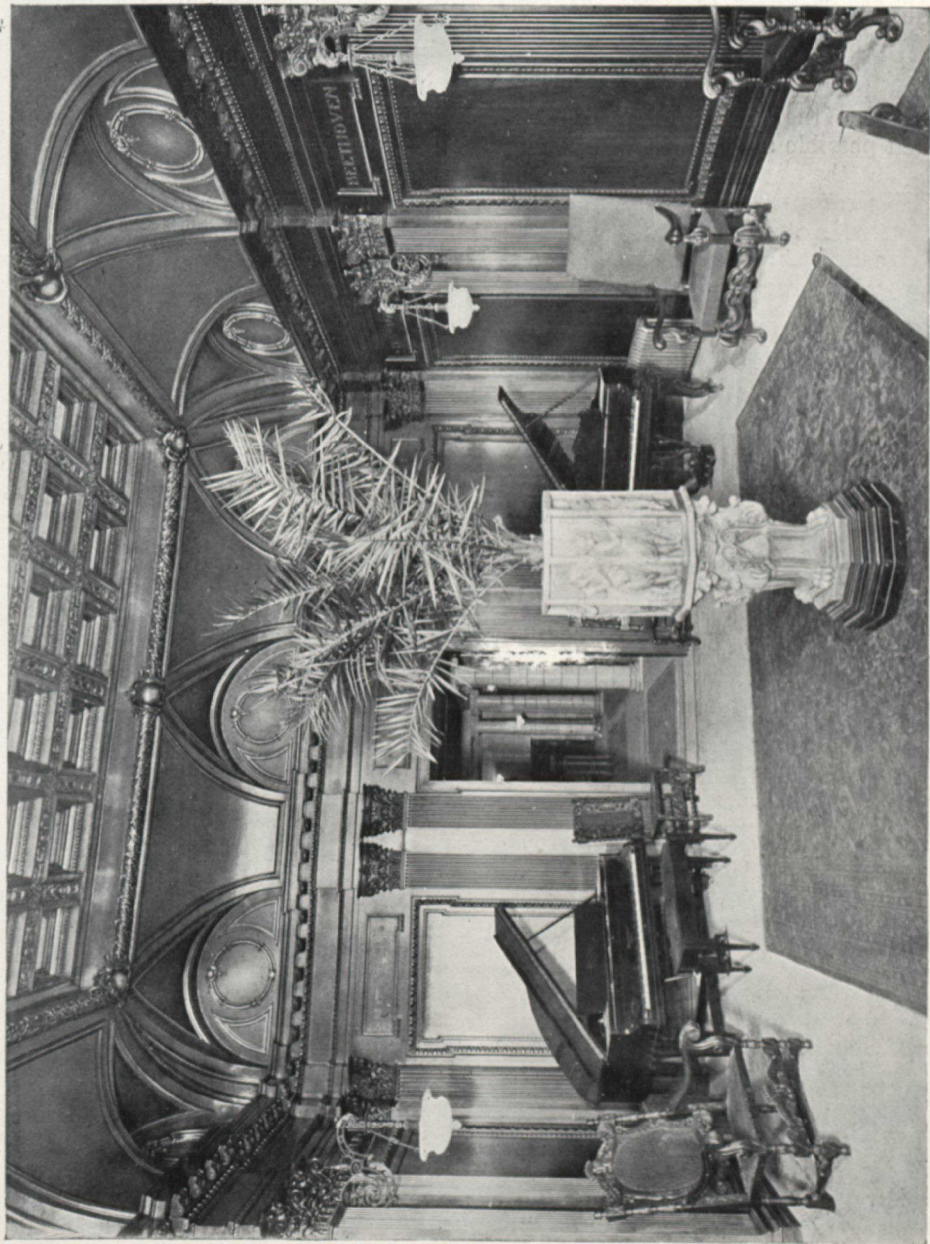
in the achievements of their industries. It was in 1877 that this firm looked to something greater than the restricted trade in imported pianos, and accordingly they made a piano of their own that was a credit to the country both artistically and musically. Two years later their pianos were shown for the first time at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, where they were awarded two diplomas and a gold medal. But soon they began to look even abroad for honours, and in 1882, submitting a Mason & Risch piano to the immortal musical genius of Liszt, received the following testimony:

"The Mason and Risch Grand Piano you have forwarded to me is excellent, magnificent, unequalled. Artists, judges of music and the public will be of the same opinion."

This opinion, coming freely from so great a pianist, naturally placed the Mason & Risch Piano beyond the realm of doubt, with the result that thereafter it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to be able to keep up with the increasing demand for these instruments. The factory was enlarged from time to time, until to-day it represents one of the large industrial enterprises of the Dominion.

Then came the question of a suitable home for the Mason & Risch Piano, and the answer we find is the Company's magnificent structure in Toronto. Such a building as this must needs be classic in every detail, both outside and inside, and such a building is indeed the one now occupied in Toronto by the Mason and Risch Company. Seen from a distance this building, with its front of glazed terra cotta artistically blended with antique green, is an object of striking prominence.

Hundreds of people who pass every day under the bronze marquee that adorns the front of the building remark the chaste and refined lines



ENTRANCE HALL, MASON & RISCH BUILDING

that make the entrance one of distinction. The main reception room or hall on the ground floor is finished with the richness and yet the simplicity that is always so admirable in a well-finished piano. Every line is made to tell, and it is evident at once that the ones whose taste rendered possible so charming a room as this are the ones in whom one would readily entrust the task of designing an artistic instrument. This room is panelled throughout with Circasian walnut, carved in the style of the Italian Renaissance. From these panels at intervals depend large alabaster bowls from Italy, and through each bowl light from hidden electric bulbs percolates with the softness and evenness of moonlight. Names of composers of music are carved above each panel, and above these again a grained ceiling of green and brown tints is delicately lighted by electricity back of alabaster slabs. Italian marble mosaic composes the floor, which is partially covered by a rug toned to harmonise with the rest of the room. A large Italian sculptured urn serves as a receptacle for a spreading palm, and this stands in the middle of the floor.

Back of the entrance hall there is the Roman court, which is one of the most severely classical and altogether delightful rooms that one could encounter in any place of business. The porcelain tiles of the creamish-gray walls are covered with dull, lustrous tint, with mosaic flooring, Turkish rugs, alabaster globes lighted by electricity and mounted on slender bronze tripods, while overhead encircling the central space there is a balcony constructed in keeping with the purely Doric style of the room.

In the basement the building goes down fifty feet below the street level until it rests on rock bottom. There is here the longest Victor and Victrola record rack in the Dominion. There are also a number of rooms

for trying records, and each one is practically sound-proof.

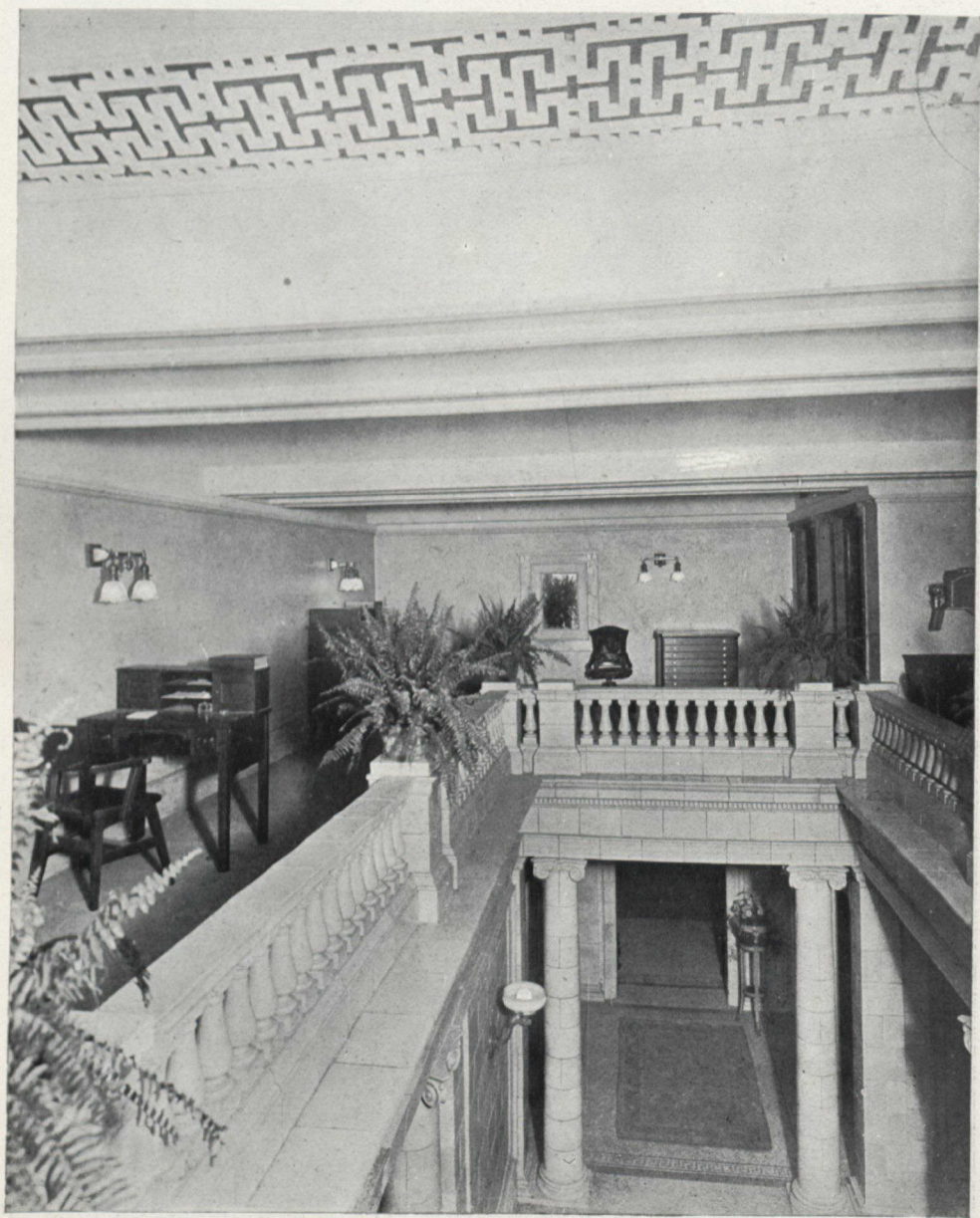
Above these two lower floors there are six other floors, and in considering them we come to the practical application of this elaborate preparation for the sale of pianos. Suppose, for instance, a person should wish to have an instrument that would be suitable for a Louis XV. room, he would be shown to a room finished in pure rococo style, with elaborate ornamentation, where there are pianos designed in keeping with the demands of this room. Or should he desire a piano for den, library or living-room, in dark oak, he would be taken to a room finished in mission style, with the instruments of like finish and design. There is also a Georgian room, where there are Ionic pilasters, and the lighting in the effect of candle brackets and Sheffield silver chandeliers. Pianos are shown here in the style that goes best with the character of this room.

But perhaps the most interesting room, and it is certainly the most imposing, is the Empire room, for it is here that the Grand pianos are shown. This room is the full width of the building, and is located at the front. Every detail in its furnishing is in the Empire style, the panels and chandeliers being in bronze and English gilt, the panels hand-carved and hand-painted, with medallions of great musicians surmounting the panels. The walls are finished in a colour scheme of soft amber.

One whole floor, the fifth, is given over exclusively to player-pianos and music records. There are at the front several excellently lighted rooms, all panelled in leather effects of varying soft shades. Here the player-pianos are shown. The rooms are practically sound-proof, enabling any instrument or record to be heard without disturbance to any one otherwise engaged. A circulating library of music rolls is stocked on



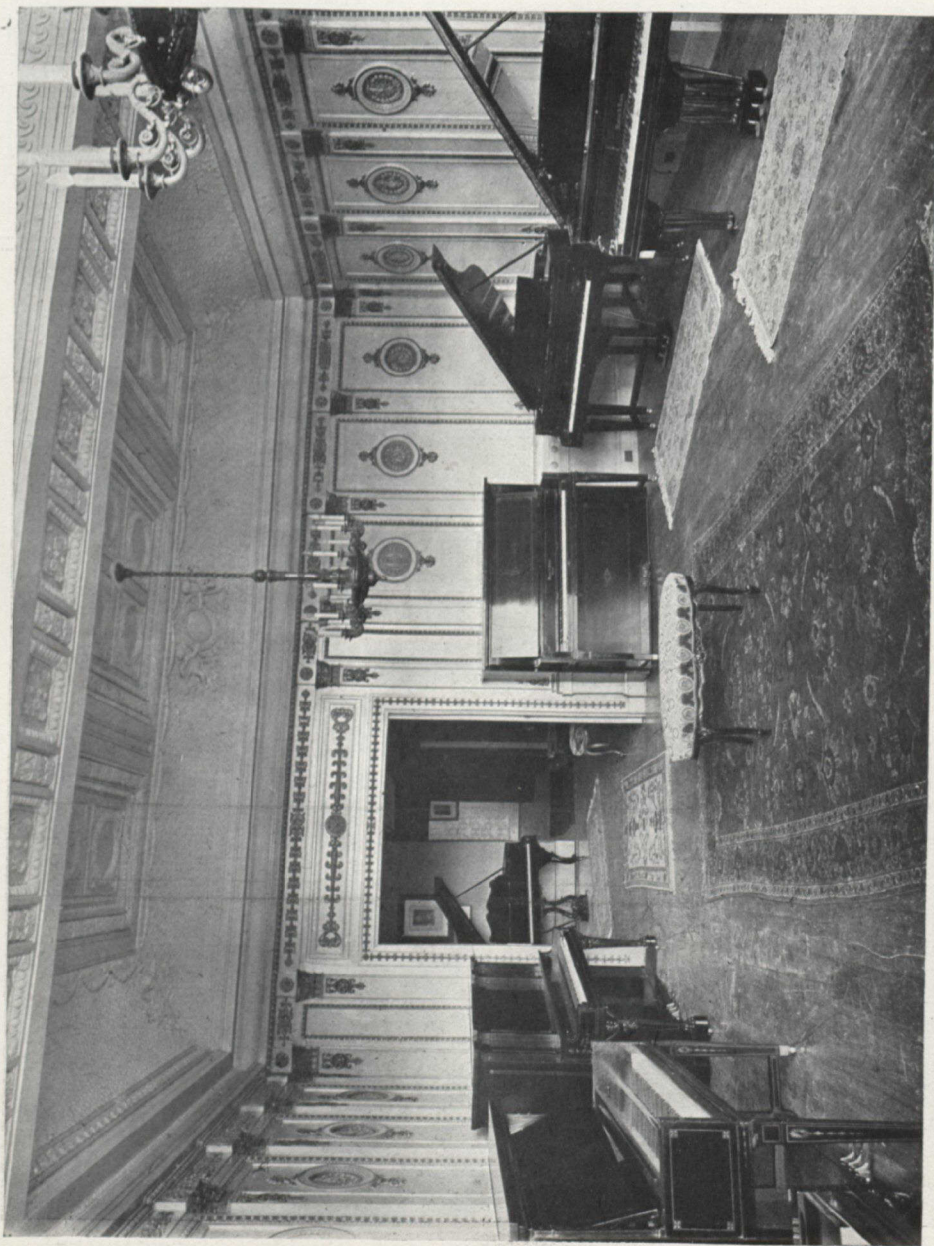
STAIRWAY LEADING TO VICTOR AND VICTROLA DEPARTMENT



MEZZANINE, OVERLOOKING THE ROMAN COURT



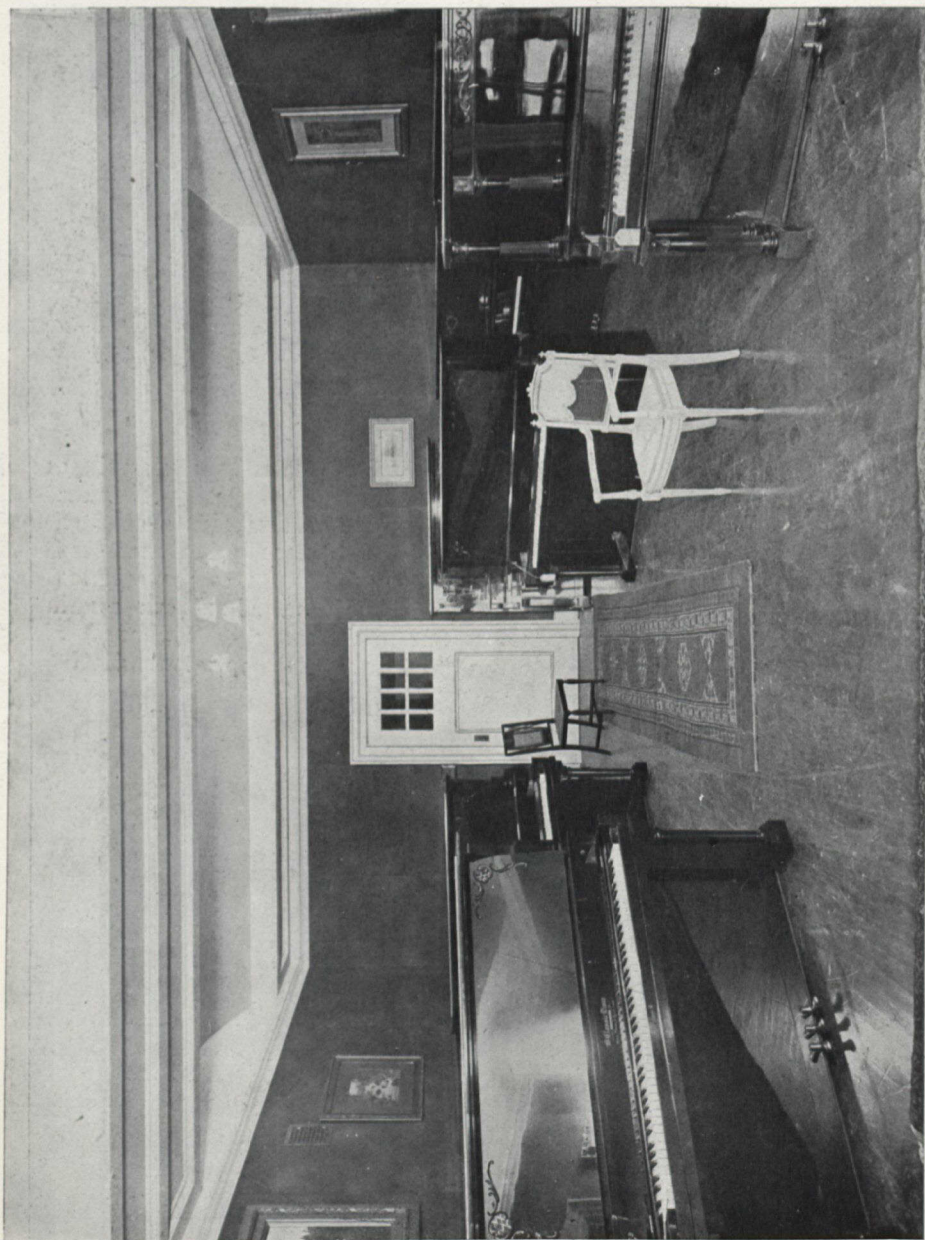
LOOKING INTO THE ROMAN COURT, MASON & RISCH BUILDING



EMPIRE ROOM. MASON & RISCH BUILDING



LOUIS XV. ROOM, MASON & RISCH BUILDING



LARGE PIANO ROOM, MASON & FISCH BUILDING



THE BOARD-ROOM, MASON & RISCH BUILDING

this floor, and a subscriber to this library has at his command at any time a selection from thousands of the best rolls obtainable. There is also at the back a complete stock of rolls of the Universal Musical Company.

The fourth floor is devoted to practical work in connection with the selling of pianos, such, for instance, as tuning, etc. At the front of this floor are the board-room and the office of the President, Mr. T. G. Mason, both of which are handsomely furnished with mahogany fittings and softly-blended rugs.

On the sixth floor, high above the roar of the street traffic below, with an outlook of several miles across the roof-tops of the city, are located the offices of the General Manager, Mr. Henry Mason, and his private

secretary. These rooms are finished and furnished in mahogany, with Turkish rugs for the floors. The central and back parts of this floor are devoted to stenographic work and the display of second-hand and exchange pianos.

The seventh floor is occupied by the general office staff. The equipment is first-class in every respect, and even the soft green shade of the walls was put on with a view to restfulness to the eye as well as beauty.

The building is equipped with an air-cleansing apparatus, whereby clean fresh air is distributed throughout and used air withdrawn by means of electric-power motors, which, together with the large steam boilers, are located many feet below the street level. The building, while in every detail planned to meet the



MASON & RISCH FACTORIES, TORONTO

requirements of a high-class piano trade, is indeed but an epitome of the Mason & Risch equipment, for there are also in Toronto two immense factories where the Mason & Risch pianos are made, besides elsewhere in Canada fifteen branch stores.

Both factories are four storeys high, exclusive of basement, with stone and concrete foundations and walls of solid brick. The machinery is all of the most up-to-date character, and some of the machines for delicate work are inventions of the company, and are in use in no other factories. Factory No. 1 has an area of about 25,000 square feet, exclusive of extensive engine and boiler rooms and dry kilns, while Factory No. 2 has an area of 40,000 square feet. It is so built as to be practically fire-proof, a condition that is almost assured by the installation of

a complete water-sprinkler system. Attached to these factories there are lumber yards containing upwards of a million feet of lumber, specially selected for Mason & Risch pianos.

It would be impossible for one store to handle all the output of these large factories, so that it has been found necessary from time to time to establish branch stores at Port Arthur, Fort William, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Nelson, Fernie, Revelstoke, Vernon, Vancouver, and Victoria. Each of these branch stores supplies a large surrounding territory, and in that way Mason & Risch pianos can be found in far-away outlying districts of the West, as well as in the older and more-settled East, where these pianos first obtained a high-class and permanent reputation.

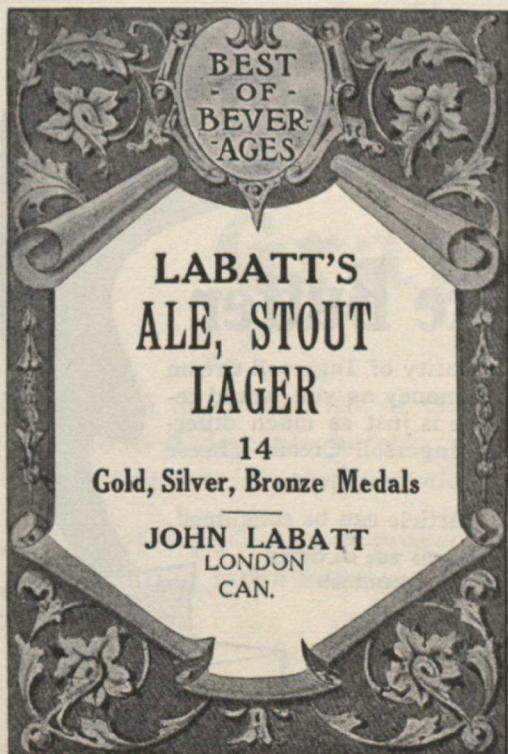


A Business Man's Greatest Loss

is his temper—and this expensive irritability comes from fatigue. A cup of Bovril at 11 or between 4 and 5, or a Bovril Sandwich quickly restores the good temper and cheerful energy which are the most valuable of business assets and which cannot exist where nourishment is lacking.

All that is good in beef is in

BOVRIL



Snyder's

Candies, Cocoa and Chocolates

are acknowledged the best the World over.

Only the highest grades of raw materials, are allowed to enter into the same, and the blending of all materials is supervised by experts.

What with the careful workmanship as well as scrupulous cleanliness in our plants

it is not surprising that

Her First Choice, Her Last Choice, and Her Choice at all times is the

Unequaled

Matchless

Snyder's

When near our Store, a glass of our Unexcelled Ice Cream Soda or a cup of our World renowned Hot Chocolate will refresh you.

Our Candies are made on the premises

130-132 YONGE ST. TORONTO, Ont.

"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE CANDY HE SENDS"



"No! No!!
Let me spell it for you
PEARLINE"

PEARLINE is concentrated Soap in the form of a Powder for your Convenience.

PEARLINE takes, as it were, the Fabric in one hand, the Dirt in the other and lays them apart — comparatively speaking — Washing with little Work. As it Saves the Worst of the Work, so it Saves the Worst of the Wear. It isn't the use of Clothes that makes them old before their time — it's Rubbing and Straining, getting the Dirt out by main Strength.

For all sorts of Washing — Coarsest and most Delicate; for all sorts of Women — Weakest and Strongest; for Scrubbing, House-cleaning, Dish washing, Windows, PEARLINE has no equal.



"I can't make you out — but if you want the Best Soap Powder you should have PEARLINE the Original and still the Best — all others are followers."

PEARLINE
WASHING
COMPOUND
THE GREAT
DISINFECTANT
JAMES PYLE'S

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

**SOLD ONLY IN 15c AND 25c BLOCKS
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS**

Manufactured by
**THE INGERSOLL
PACKING CO., Limited**
Ingersoll, Ontario Canada





Bachelor Breakfasts

Teach many a young man and woman the time-saving convenience and strength-giving value of

Grape-Nuts

A food for Body and Brain.

A morning dish of Grape-Nuts with cream, contains all the food elements necessary for the successful accomplishment of a stout morning's work.

Grape-Nuts has proven more sustaining than many a meal requiring much longer to prepare.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.



THE CHARM OF YOUTH

The fresh, natural glow of health and vigor need not be wholly lost with the passing of the years.

It is as futile to hope to retain a good complexion without caring for it, as it is to expect a garden to blossom without water. Try a massage with

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

Rub it into the skin and see how it cleanses and purifies. Used every day, you retain the fresh, natural, healthy condition of the skin.

At most up-to-date Dealers in Toilet Requisites, or for six cents (6c.) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite Nail Preparations, together with booklets containing information of great interest to you.

J. PALMER & SON, Limited

If the time spent regretting the poorness of your hair were occupied in taking care of it, you would have a head of hair to be proud of.

PALMER'S Hair Tonic

50c. and \$1.00 sizes

cleanses the scalp, invigorates the roots of the hair and by making it perfectly healthy, restores to it the soft, lustrous quality.

Smooth, rosy, carefully manicured nails, bespeak a nice appreciation of the essentials of refinement. They can be secured by anyone if they use

LUSTR-ITE

preparations and tools. They are adapted to every need of the manicuring art, and are used by professional manicurists all over the world.

5 and 7 De Bresoles St., Montreal



RODGERS CUTLERY

ONLY the best steel, fashioned and tempered to perfection, is allowed to bear the trade mark shown above.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

A servant that never leaves

Old Dutch Cleanser

*the biggest help to the
housewives*

Many Uses
& Full Directions
on Large Sifter-Can

10¢



TRY IT ———
AT OUR RISK



Rexall

"93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

The Most Efficacious Scalp and Hair Treatment

Your Money Back if Not as Claimed

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are the Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TORONTO, CANADA

COPYRIGHT, 1910, UNITED DRUG COMPANY



Post Toasties

With hot milk or cream.

Summer's Gift to Winter's Feast

All the "goodness" of white corn, cooked and toasted for YOU—
ready to serve direct from package.

The grocer sells Post Toasties, and

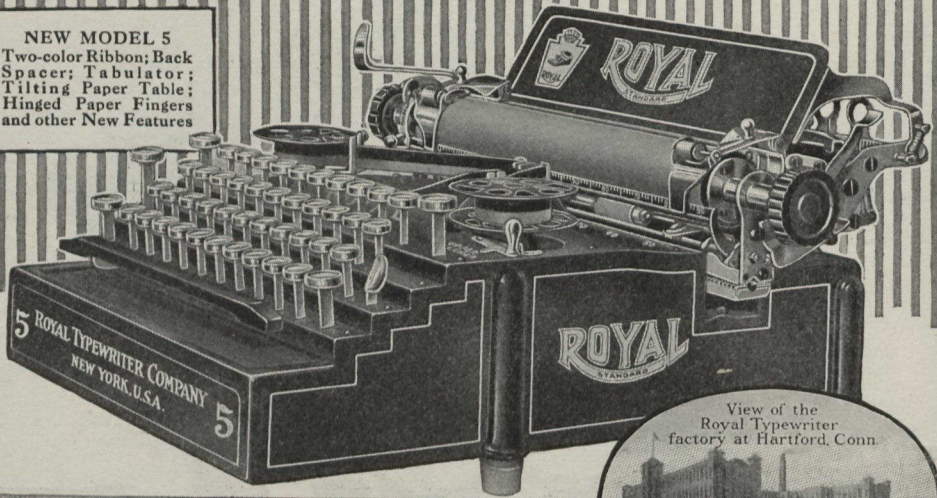
"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

NEW MODEL 5

Two-color Ribbon; Back Spacer; Tabulator; Tilting Paper Table; Hinged Paper Fingers and other New Features



View of the Royal Typewriter factory at Hartford, Conn.



Back of the Royal is one of the largest and most important typewriter manufacturing concerns in the world, with unlimited resources and ample ability, offering every advantage of dealing with a high-grade business institution.

A NEW MODEL of the ROYAL STANDARD

THE Royal always has been abreast with the best; here is a new model which places it far in the lead. Read about Royal Model 5—every office manager, every stenographer, every up-to-date typewriter user!

Feature 1. TWO-COLOR RIBBON DEVICE. The only one that insures perfect two-color writing; over-lapping of colors impossible.

Feature 2. TABULATOR. An important improvement, perfected with usual Royal simplicity.

Feature 3. BACK SPACER. Touch the key and carriage draws back one space. A popular feature—

convenient in billing, tabulating or correcting.

Feature 4. TILTING PAPER TABLE. Found only on Royal—gives instant access to all margin and tabulator stops; a time-saver and great convenience.

Feature 5. HINGED PAPER FINGERS. This feature, exclusive with Royal, permits writing to extreme of either edge of paper.

And so on through all the points of Royal supremacy—the direct vision of writing, making it the one perfect visible writer; the special facilities for quick and easy handling of the paper, the Royal type-bar accelerating principle, famous among typewriter men, a feature which is admitted to be the greatest single invention since typewriters began.

Read Our Guarantee! That is the basis upon which we want to demonstrate the Royal to you. All we ask is an opportunity to give this machine a severe test in your own office on your own work, alongside of any other machine.

\$95 is the price of Model 5—same as charged for Model 1 with Tabulator. Everything included. No extras.

Royal Typewriter Co.

Royal Typewriter Building, New York

Principal European Office: 75-a Queen Victoria Street, - London, E.C.
 Canadian Typewriter Co., Ltd., - 162 Bay Street, Toronto
 Howell-Payne Co. Ltd. - 1219 Langley Street, Victoria
 Royal Typewriter Agency, - 36 Arthur Street, Winnipeg
 Librairie Beauchemin' Ltd. - Montreal
 Royal Typewriter Agency, - 317 Pender Street West, Vancouver, B.C.

We Guarantee

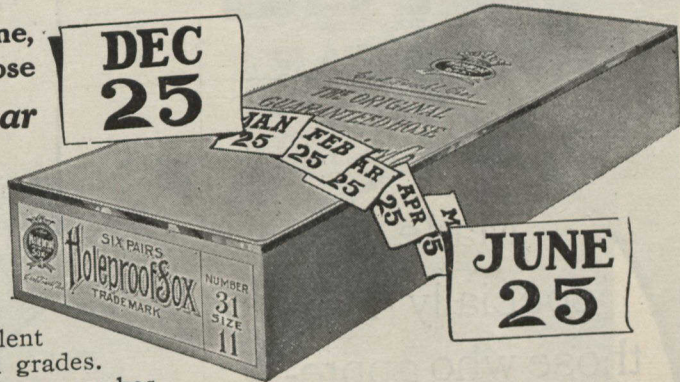
That the Royal Standard Typewriter is made of the highest grade materials obtainable and by the most skillful workmen money can hire.

That it will do work of the best quality for a greater length of time at less expense for upkeep than any other typewriter, regardless of price.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

A Christmas Suggestion

Six Pairs of Soft, Fine, Stylish Holeproof Hose
— Six Months' Wear Guaranteed



Here are six beautiful pairs of hose with a guarantee ticket and six return coupons enclosed.

You have never seen finer hosiery, such excellent colors or such wonderful grades.

"Holeproof" in twelve years has become the most popular hosiery. A million people are wearing it now.

Give a box to man, woman or child for Christmas. They'll be delighted and so will the one who usually darns in that family.

Our Soft Three-Ply Yarn

We pay an average of seventy cents a pound for Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn. It is three-ply, soft and yielding. There's nothing about it that's heavy or cumbersome. No one in the United States ever wears anything else, once it is tried.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

If your dealer doesn't sell "Holeproof," we'll fill your order direct. Look on each pair for the above signature. It identifies the genuine. There are scores of poor imitations.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months, except when stated otherwise.

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: Black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun-metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs \$1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs \$1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs \$2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOX, 6

pairs \$3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months) \$2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: Black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black and white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Same in pure thread silk, \$3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys. 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: Black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: Tan, baby blue, white and

pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00.

Send in your order now. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

TO DEALERS: Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U. S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1908

Carl Freschl, Pres.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., 95 Bond Street, London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

CEETEE

UNDERWEAR

Made
 [specially for
 those who appreciate and can afford
 "quality" and taste in their
 clothing

The process of manufacturing it is expensive from start to finish—on account of the great care necessary to attain the "CEETEE" standard of excellence. Every garment is shaped to fit the form during the process of knitting—the edges are all knitted together (not sewn). Each garment is so soft and clean that a baby could wear it without injury to its skin.

Made in all sizes and weights for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

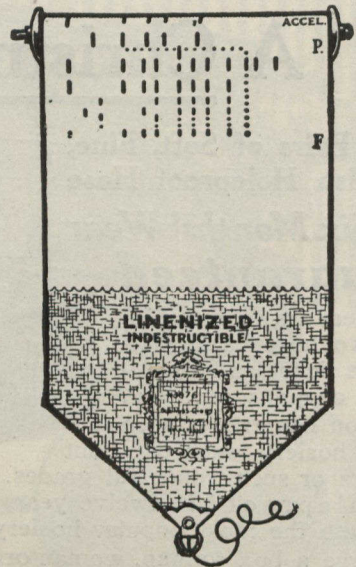
**SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS
 WORN BY THE BEST PEOPLE**

We guarantee any "CEETEE" garment to be absolutely unshrinkable.

Manufactured by

THE C. TURNBULL CO.,
 of Galt, Limited
 179 GALT, ONTARIO

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP
 ON EVERY GARMENT



FREE

A Sample Roll of the IMPERIAL LINENIZED MUSIC ROLLS.

Are you getting the Best Results from your Player Piano? Unless you are using **Imperial Linenized Music Rolls** it is certain you are **not!** To fully appreciate your instrument and to realise what it is capable of doing, you must have Rolls which are Musically Correct, Mechanically Perfect and Materially—The Best.

Send us your name and address and state name of Piano Player used and we'll mail you

FREE—A Sample Music Roll on receipt of 25c. in stamps to cover postage, etc., together with a copy of our latest catalogue.

THE PERFORATED MUSIC CO. CANADA.
 90-92-94, Don Esplanade,
 TORONTO.

LONDON, England - 197, 199, 201, 203, City Road.
 Established 1901.



An open Sesame to Music's Fairyland is found in the new

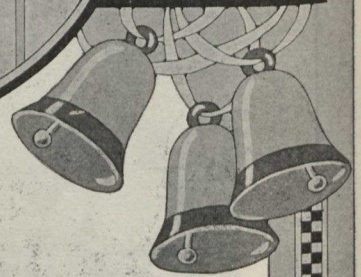
Heintzman & Co. Player-Piano

made by "ye olde firm"—the different kind of player-piano. The exquisite joy of music-making is easily yours if you own one of these instruments. You secure the immediate power of playing the masterpieces of Chopin, Wagner, Liszt and other composers.

PIANO SALON: 193-195-197 YONGE STREET
Toronto, Canada



Bell Art Pianos.



Command the respect of
Musical People everywhere

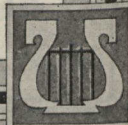
There is a richness--a nobility of
Tone: and a responsiveness to the
slightest depression of the Keys
characteristic of Bell Art Pianos:
making them especially to be
desired by Artistes.

**The Bell Piano & Organ Company, Limited
Guelph, Ont.**

Toronto

Ottawa

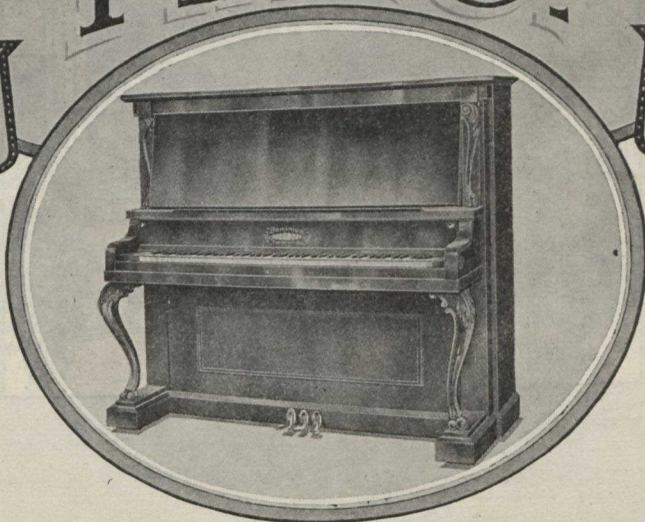
London, Eng.



The DOMINION PIANO



Sold
Direct
from
Factory
to home



Over
80,000
sold in
forty
years

What do you pay for when you buy a piano?

You pay for the piano itself, and for the expense of selling that piano to you. You pay its factory cost and profit, and in the case of many pianos the additional expenses of costly gifts to artists to secure testimonials, high-salaried salesmen, etc. Surely you realize that these expenses only add to the cost—NOT to the value of the piano.

We save you these "costs that add no value" by selling

DOMINION PIANOS, ORGANS AND PLAYER-PIANOS

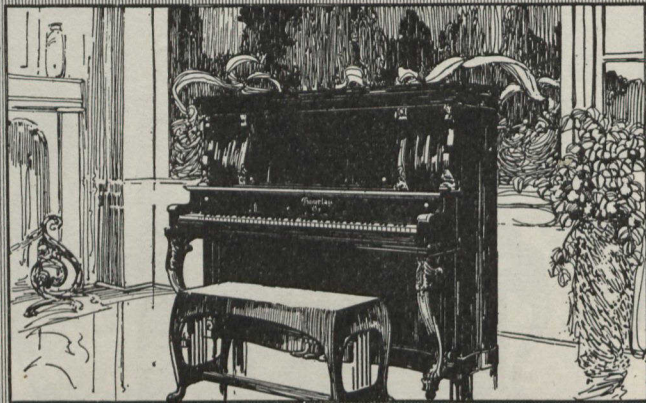
direct from our factory to your home through our local agent where we have one. Thus you avoid paying \$100 to \$150 too much for your piano.

And you get a piano in every way the equal of the world's most expensive makes. "DOMINIONS" are built like a "Grand," with an arch plate frame to support the entire playing mechanism, lessen the strain, and preserve the beauty and purity of its tone through long years of use.

80,000 DOMINION owners have profited by our plan of selling. Why not you?

Write to-day for free catalogue. Learn more about these splendid instruments. Let us show you how easy we make it to own one.

The Dominion Organ & Piano Co., Ltd.
FACTORY—BOWMANVILLE, ONT.



"We consider our greatest advertising asset to be a home in which a Gurlay Piano is played."

Gurlay Winter & Leeming
Toronto  Canada

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

Pianos of Prestige

With most people a piano is an investment for a life-time—few buy more than one piano.

So that it pays to make the fullest investigation before buying. The

Gerhard Heintzman

CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO

is without a peer in tone, touch and responsiveness to the artist's will.

Its magnificent construction has gained for it a prestige in the musical world that is unassailable.

There are over 20,000 Gerhard Heintzman Pianos in Canadian Homes.

We would like the opportunity of making good our claims. Call at our salesrooms and ask for demonstration, or let us send you one of our descriptive booklets, with fullest information.

Your present instrument taken as part payment.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN LIMITED,

41-43 Queen Street, West

(Opposite City Hall)

TORONTO H69

The World's
Greatest
Operatic
Stars

Use and Endorse

THE
NEW SCALE WILLIAMS
CANADA'S
GREATEST PIANO

"The tone is simply magnificent"—Slezak.

If you stop to consider the number of times this Piano has been used on the Concert platform, and the standing of the Artists who use it, there can be no doubt in your mind about the high position it occupies in the musical world.

Artists like CARUSO, FARRAR, HOMER, FREMSTAD, RAPPOLD, SLEZAK, SCOTTI, ELMAN, SEMBRICH and DESTINN, have chosen this great instrument for their Canadian Tours, because it is different from other pianos, and its magnificent tone is recognized as the NEW STANDARD which appeals to those who will have only the best.

Sold by reliable dealers from Coast to Coast or from factory direct.

Ask about our extended payment plan.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited
MANUFACTURERS Oshawa, Ont.

LEO SLEZAK
Great Wagnerian Tenor



MOGUL

CIGARETTES EGYPTIENNES



In vain I cogitated on this message briefly stated
Nor its import could discover in my books of mystic lore.
Then sprang a voice imploring
from the fireplace or flooring-
Next, the very wind was roaring-
"MOGUL! MOGUL!" nothing more
Only "MOGUL! smoke some more."

About Quality Circulation

Viewed from Behind the Scenes

Slowly, but as surely as the passing of time, a new idea is making itself felt in advertising. That idea consists in paying for circulation according to the quality of the publication and its readers—not simply paying for so many sold copies. The time is steadily passing when so-many-thousand readers for such-and-such a rate can get any and all business. Thinking men are realizing the fact that the hundreds of thousands wasted in advertising can be diverted into producing channels. On every side this idea is cropping out.

A few years ago—and to-day in many cases—very large circulation meant heavy advertising patronage. In some cases this was justified, but very often it was quite the reverse. More and more advertising managers are commencing to think more deeply and to analyze statements which before they had taken for granted.

Probably the best example of this class of advanced thinker is E. St. Elmo Lewis. Mr. Lewis is outspoken in his denunciation of the old method. "It is the most erroneous idea in advertising," Mr. Lewis said, recently. "There is no sense in buying circulation merely as circulation—it is what composes that circulation that counts. I wouldn't give two cents for a hundred thousand circulation if I had no way of knowing or finding out something **about** that circulation."

There are publications of 50,000 in this country whose columns are worth more to the majority of advertisers than others of double; and even treble that figure. Personally, I would willingly pay **twice as much** for space in the former as in the latter. And the time is coming when **valuable** circulation—among **quality** readers—will win its own battle.

Listen: Several years ago I became connected with a small semi-trade paper in an executive capacity. Shortly after

taking up my work, there came one day the representative of a "subscription and circulation bureau." To cut a long story short, he offered to get me **as many thousand subscriptions as I wanted**—in any State or States desired—to deliver them within sixty days and to conform to the post-office regulations. All this without any effort on my part, but with considerable expense. Suppose all this had been done—the circulation boosted to ten or fifteen thousand—aggressive advertising men put in the field. The business would have come in, without doubt.

How is the advertising manager to know that some of the various publications he is using are not doing these very things? This may seem an extreme position, and it is doubtless open to criticism, but there is more truth in it than many will care to admit.

I know of a certain publication selling for something like fifty cents a year which has recently secured contracts for automobile advertising. Cannot the wisdom of the selection of such a medium as this be criticized?

A little test I made of a large list of publications shook up my ideas in a good many ways. But above everything else I found that there was a greater difference between well-known periodicals than I had dreamed of before. The idea of paying for **the quality** of the publication and its readers means a good deal more to me now than it did then.

And one thing more. Quality circulation cannot be forced. A publication of little merit cannot get—and hold—such readers. It's the genuine merit of the publication that is responsible and there is setting in a strong drift toward those publications which have this merit.—**Henry H. Hower, Advertising Manager the F. B. Stearns (Automobile) Co., in Printers' Ink, July 6, 1911.**

The Canadian Magazine

25c a copy

\$2.50 a year

Style and Comfort in a *Fooke's* Collar



Made in $\frac{1}{4}$ sizes **2** for **25¢**
For Canadians by Canadians
Fooke's pays No Duty.— See the point?

Fooke's

If You Golf

—Motor—Drive—Walk
—Skate—Snowshoe

or enjoy the outdoors at all, you will enjoy it better clad in one of our

Pen-Angle Sweater Coats

Nearly every day in the year you need one of these beautifully made, exquisitely finished, shape-fitting knit garments of fleecy wool—the *improved* sweater-coat made by the Pen-Angle process that puts the shape and style into them to *stay*. Moderate in cost; surpassing in value. There's a style and a color combination to exactly suit you.



Made by

**PENMANS
LIMITED**

Paris, Canada

Makers of

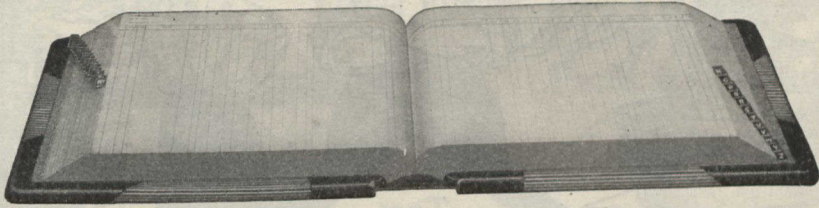
Underwear, Hosiery and Sweaters

For Men, Women and Children.



Use "PROUDFIT" Loose Leaf Binders

AND OBTAIN LOOSE LEAF UTILITY WITH BANK BOOK CONVENIENCE



"Proudfit" binders secure any number of sheets from one to two thousand.

"Proudfit" binders are absolutely flat-opening, therefore saving more than one inch of the binding margin needed by other loose leaf books. There are absolutely no metal parts exposed to mar or scatch the desk.

Ruled sheets carried in stock.

Send for Catalogue and Sample Sheets.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited

52 SPADINA AVENUE

TORONTO, CANADA

Made in U.S. by Proudfit Loose Leaf Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.



DIM FURNITURE IS A DISGRACE

Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown surfaces. Get

ROYAL GEM VENEER

and Presto! Everything is clean and bright again, as by magic. Very little rubbing required.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE

The CAPITAL MFG. COMPANY
Ottawa - Ontario

Branch Offices—312 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
67 Bleury St., Montreal.

THE SUNDAY 'KING of CLEANERS' VACUUM CLEANER

To agents and prospective buyers of vacuum cleaners. We desire to call your attention to some facts about the "Sunday" Vacuum Cleaners.

It is the most powerful, most portable, most efficient vacuum cleaner on earth without exception. It covers more phases of ordinary housework and does it more perfectly than any other cleaning machine, operating at the small expense of about 1 cent per hour.



We are not afraid of comparison with any vacuum cleaner on the market today, but we are afraid that you may be persuaded to buy some other machine before you see the "Sunday." If you see it first we know what the result will be as demonstrations simply amaze those that see the SUNDAY working.

When manufacturers issue a guarantee with their product that is PERMANENT, either their product is something very unusual or they are running a great risk. When we offer to replace defective parts or correct defective workmanship free of cost to the customer we must know there will be little of this to do and we KNOW it.

Again we beg to say that the SUNDAY is the most powerful, most portable, most efficient vacuum cleaner on earth, without exception, and we stand ready to prove it. Had'n't you better investigate.

Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner Mfg. Company, Limited
345-349 Dalhousie St. Ottawa, Ontario.

Which Way Do You Wash?—



The
OLD WAY
or THE NEW---

The back-breaking,
nerve-racking, health-des-
troying way or the easy, pleas-
ant way? Madam! you should wash the
"New Century" way if for no other reason than
your health's sake.

But there are also sound, economical reasons why you
you should make your hubby dig into his jeans and buy
you a "New Century" washing machine. You can do the
week's washing with it in one-third the ordinary time.

Save the money it actually saves you and you will have its
cost back in the bank inside of six months---easily.

You may have cause for your washing machine prejudice,
but---you have not examined, tried or tested the "New
Century."

Ask your Dealer to show you why the "New Century"
will do your washing in a few minutes---

Why it changes drudgery into pleasure---

How it washes clothes absolutely clean, and--

How it cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

Your little girl could do the washing for half the town with
a "New Century" washing machine.

N. B. A post card will bring you "Aunt Salina's Washday Philosophy."
Read the booklet and tell us what you think of it.

GUMMER-DOWSWELL, LTD., - Hamilton, Ont.



OXO Cubes are not a substitute for tea and coffee, but are infinitely better than either.

Tea and coffee affect both the nerves and digestive system. OXO Cubes strengthen the nerves, assist digestion and add their own rich food properties to every meal.

Try an OXO Cube in a cup of hot water—instead of tea or coffee for breakfast.

56



10 for 25c.
4 for 10c.

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Consulting and Constructing Engineers

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RESERVOIR PEN

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifolding and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz, 40c, 6 doz, 75c. Postal Note or Money Order, Money back if wanted. J. RANTON, Dept. C. M. P.O. Box 1754, Winnipeg

RED OR BLACK

VULCAN STYLOS

Moderate priced, easy writing pens that give satisfaction; unequalled for rapid writing and ruling.



\$1.00 Postpaid.

Agents Wanted. Extra size, 8 inches (Black Only) \$1.25

J. R. ULLRICH & CO. 27 Thames St., NEW YORK

Manufacturers of Stylo and Fountain Pens

WIND CHAPPED

Faces and Hands



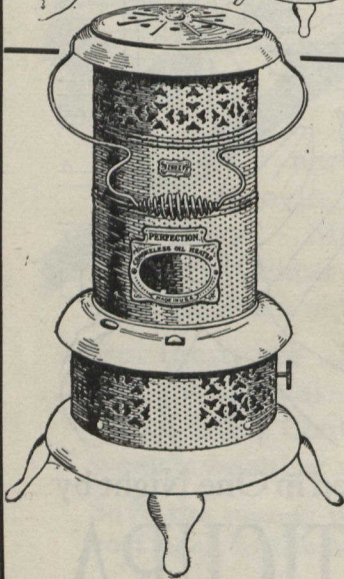
Relieved in One Night by

CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. No other emollients so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective. No others do so much to promote skin health and hair health, from infancy to age, or do it so economically. Priceless for the toilet, bath and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27. Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd.; Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon. Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Post-free, latest Cuticura Skin Book.



No More Cold Hands

PERFECTION

SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

A woman often does not notice what a cold day it is so long as she is bustling around the house. But when she sits down to her sewing and mending, she soon feels chilly.

It is then she needs a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. Its quick, glowing heat warms up a room in next to no time.

That is the beauty of a Perfection Oil Heater. It is always ready for use ; you can carry it wherever you please ; and you

light it only when you want it.

The Perfection Oil Heater is smokeless and odorless—a patented automatic device insures that. It is reliable, safe and economical—burns nine hours on one filling. Handsome, too—drums finished either in blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Dealers everywhere ; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited





You know all these people

They are but a few of the great stars of opera, drama, concert and vaudeville who are at your command — not merely once in a while, but *whenever you wish*, when you own the

Edison Phonograph

The talent behind the Edison Phonograph comprises the *very best* in every branch of entertainment. The perfect reproduction of the Edison *itself* brings these stars to your home absolutely true to life. The Edison repertoire provides everyone's *kind* of entertainment—

Sousa and his band, Herbert and his orchestra; the coon shouts of Stella Mayhew and Sophie Tucker, the Grand Opera arias of Slezak, Melis, Martin, the monologues of Nat Wills, Marshall P. Wilder and Digby Bell—and Marguerita Sylva in her own songs from Broadway's newest success, "Gypsy Love."

Hear the Edison at your dealer's or write us for complete information today.

Any Edison dealer will give you a free concert. There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from \$16.50 to \$240.00; sold at the same prices everywhere in Canada. Edison Standard Records 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c. to \$2.50.

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.



The Famous Rayo Lamp

The best part of the day is the evening, when the whole family is gathered around the lamp. The old days of the smoky fireplace and flickering candle are gone forever. In their place have come the convenient oil stove and indispensable Rayo Lamp.

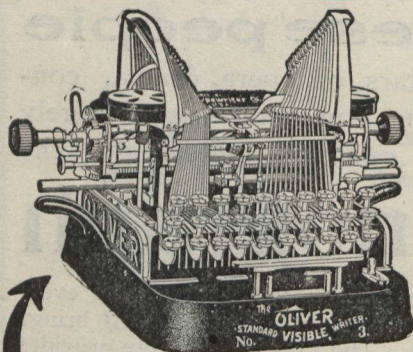
There are to-day more than 3,000,000 of these Rayo Lamps, giving their clear, white light to more than 3,000,000 homes.

Other Lamps cost more, but you cannot get a better light than the low priced Rayo gives.

The Rayo lamp is made of solid brass, with handsome nickel finish—an ornament anywhere.

Ask your dealer for a Rayo Lamp; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited



Get This Superb Oliver No. 3

ON OUR AMAZING

Free Trial Offer

Positively the most astounding offer ever made on the world's greatest typewriter—a chance of a lifetime to have a high-grade writing machine in your own home or office! Send your letters and bills out typewritten—increase your business—improve your collections—let your family use it, too—on our stupendous **Free Trial Offer**.

Here Is Our Offer: We will ship to you simply on your request this Genuine Standard Oliver Typewriter No. 3. Use it just like your own—see how it saves time and improves business—how it will pay for itself in a short time, then send us only \$2.50 and keep the machine, paying balance in small monthly payments. If you decide you don't want to keep it simply send machine back at our expense.

No Money Down Don't send us a cent. We don't want you to send us a penny till you have tried this superb machine for yourself—until you are satisfied that the Superb Oliver is the writing machine you want. Then only \$2.50 and the balance in small monthly payments.

Canadian Typewriter Syndicate
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Don't fail to fill out coupon and send today. This places you under no obligations whatever, simply a request for our free typewriter booklet, FREE Trial Application Blank and full particulars of our great FREE Trial Offer.

**Canadian
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Dept. 7549

355 Portage Ave. Winnipeg, Can.

Gentlemen—With no obligation upon me you send me Free and postpaid your Typewriter Book, Free Application Blank and full particulars of your Free Trial Offer on the Superb Oliver No. 3.

Name.....

Address.....

It's ready for the saucepan

"Remember my
face—you'll see
me again."



The children need never go without a bowl of good hot soup this chilly weather because "Mother's busy." No matter how busy she is, she can always find time to make Edwards' Soup.

All that's nice and nourishing in "Mother's home-made soup" is in Edwards' Soup; all that's a trouble for her to do is ready done.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and fresh garden-grown vegetables. Its manufacturers are soup-makers and nothing else.

EDWARDS'
DESICCATED
5c. per packet. **SOUP**

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labour. There, and in England it is a household word.



Children Thrive Where Plants are Healthy

It stands to reason that air so dry that it shrivels up house plants cannot be very good for the women and children who spend nearly all their time in the home. Such air irritates the throat and nasal passages, and even the lungs, causing colds, sore throats, catarrh, pneumonia and similar troubles.

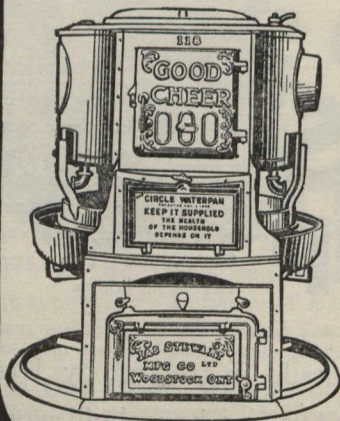
The furnace is to blame. It warms the air, surely, but it dries it, and cannot replace the moisture because its waterpan is not large enough, neither is it correctly placed.

The Circle Waterpan

OF THE

"Good Cheer" Furnace

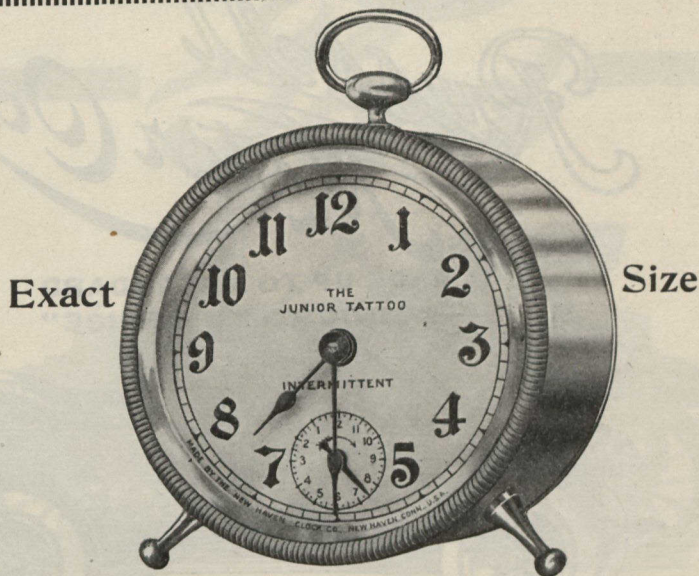
is a worth while waterpan—not a makeshift—encircles the whole firepot—placed where the water can best be evaporated and be evenly distributed, breathing a "Nature's" air over the whole house. In comfort and healthfulness there's all the difference in the world between the balmy air from the "Good Cheer" and the stuffy, dried-out air from the average furnace.



If you value these things investigate the "Good Cheer" thoroughly. Its construction throughout is as superior as is the Circle Waterpan. Give us your address and we'll gladly send you Booklet and full information.

12

The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock, Ont. — Winnipeg, Man.



The Junior Tattoo

PRICE \$2.25

Until you own a Junior Tattoo you have not half known or appreciated the luxury of an alarm clock. For use in your bedroom to call you in the morning it has no equal. It does not call with a rude, jarring, clanging shock. Instead it greets you pleasantly with a cheery tone. But it is insistent and gets you up.

It is suitable for the bed-chamber or library, the children's, guest's, and servant's room—for the chauffeur—in the office—in fact, anywhere. And it is especially adapted for traveling—small and light, you know—nothing better. For the latter purpose, a rich red or black case is sold with it.

There is a Junior Tattoo "Family," and various artistic styles and designs in gilt, brass, silver and solid mahogany. (Send for "family" circular). For instance, the satin gilt finish costs \$2.50, the silver finish with porcelain dial, \$2.75, and the traveler's clock with case \$3.75, besides the regular clock priced above.

THE ALARM CLOCK OF MANY USES

Ask your dealer to show you the Junior Tattoo. If you cannot buy at home, send price for as many as you want to our Canadian representatives. They will ship prepaid, if you give your dealer's name.

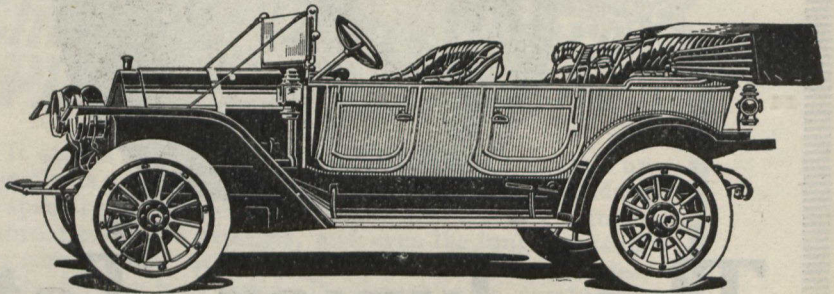
Canadian Representatives **E. & A. GUNTHER CO.** 196-198 Adelaide St. West - Toronto

Dealers wanted everywhere. Have you seen our monthly trade journal, The Junior, edited by Charley, the shipping clerk?

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN. 138 Hamilton St.
U.S.A.

Russell Motor Cars

**"MADE UP TO A STANDARD
—NOT DOWN TO A PRICE"**



**"Quality---quality---always quality.
You men talk quality as if your
life depended on it."**

SAID A MAN RECENTLY.

What else but quality has made the Russell Car !

What else has killed criticism !

What else has met competition !

What else has doubled the business of the Russell Motor Car Company and made it a recognized success in the business world.

QUANTITY in the Russell motor car means many interesting things. It means good designing to begin with, not simply for looks, but for resistance to strain—it means machining to one-tenthousandth part of an inch, and the nicest adjusting. It means an Inspection Room in which every part of a Russell car has to pass people who are **paid to discover defects**. It IS expensive—this method—but look at the results.

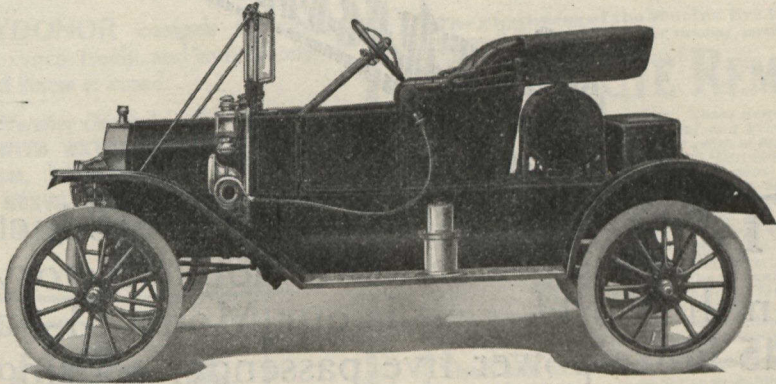
Send for the Russell catalog.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED, WEST TORONTO
MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE AUTOMOBILES.

BRANCHES: Toronto Montreal Hamilton Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver
Melbourne, Aust.

Agencies everywhere.

Ford



FORD MODEL T TORPEDO RUNABOUT.

There is no other Car built in Canada to-day that can compare in value with Ford Model T

This sounds like an extravagant statement, but is it? Judge for yourself. Check over in your mind these exclusive Ford features:

Extreme simplicity in design; Vanadium Steel (scientifically heat treated) construction. Magneto built into the motor. Ford planetary speed transmission. Ford spring suspension; Ford rear axle; quick accessibility to mechanism; 25 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline; 8,000 to 10,000 miles on one set of tires.

One great advantage in buying a Ford is that it comes "fully equipped"; there are no "EXTRAS".

What a satisfaction the Ford plan is! For example, when you are buying that snappy four-cylinder Ford Model T Torpedo shown above, the salesman tells you it will cost \$775 complete—that includes everything. When you buy a Ford, F.O.B., Walkerville, there is no time spent in haggling over the equipment that today should be put on every car.

**In Addition to the Ford Model T Torpedo
We Offer for Immediate Delivery**

Ford Model T Touring Car, 5 passengers, completely equipped F.O.B. Walkerville. **\$850**

Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 3 passengers, (removable rumble seat), completely equipped F.O.B. Walkerville. **\$775**

Ford Model T Delivery Car, capacity 750 pounds merchandise, completely equipped, F.O.B. Walkerville. **\$875**

Ford Model T Town Car, 6 passengers, completely equipped F. O. B. Walkerville. **\$1100**

(No Ford Cars Sold Unequipped)

**Ford Model T
Torpedo Runabout.**

\$775

Completely equipped, F.O.B. Walkerville.

4 Cylinders, 2 Passengers, completely equipped as follows: Extension Top; Speedometer; Automatic Brass Windshield.

Two 6-inch Gas Lamps, Generator; three Oil Lamps; Horn and Tools; Ford Magneto Built into the Motor.

The *Ford Motor Company* of Canada Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY, - - WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO
Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities in Ontario

Overland

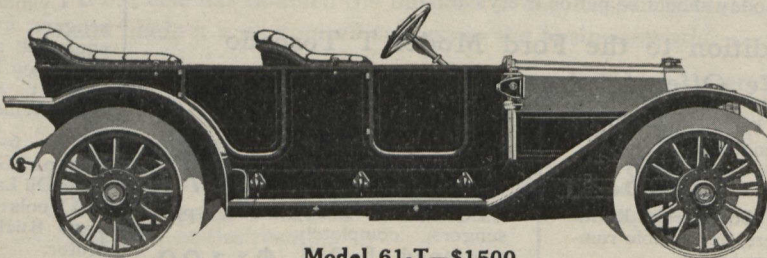
THIS magnificent car is the product of the greatest automobile factory in the world. It is our Model 61---a 45-horse-power five passenger touring car, priced at \$1500. Judged by the standard values of other makers this is a \$2000 car.

¶ The handsome body is finished in deep Brewster green, ivory striped. All of the bright parts are heavily nickel-plated. The lamps are dead black trimmed with bright nickel. It has a powerful 45-horse-power motor. The long wheel base of one hundred and fifteen inches gives you all the room and comfort you can possibly want. The shifting levers are in the

center of the car. All door handles are located inside leaving the graceful body lines unbroken. The tires are big. Axles are fitted with the finest Timken bearings. The magneto is a Bosch.

¶ Our booklet will explain why we can produce a better car for less money than any other maker in the industry. It will interest you. Write and ask for Copy J21.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T—\$1500

Wheel base, 115 inches; body, 5-passenger, touring; motor $4\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$; horsepower, 45; Bosch magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q. D.; finish, Brewster green, ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated. Price, \$1,500.

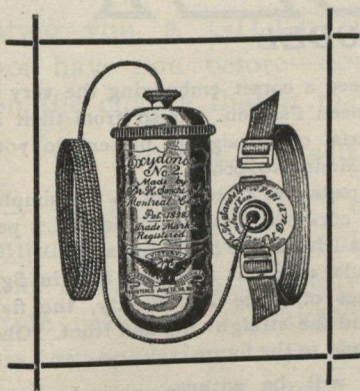
Prices quoted F.O.B. Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

A Positive Cure Without Drugs

The greatest force for life in the world is oxygen.

OXYDONOR compels the system to absorb oxygen freely, and immediately all disease and illness is cured.

Professor Fletcher Osgood of Chelsea, Mass., writes; "WITH OXYDONOR I HAVE CURED RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, LA CRIPPE AND EXTREME NERVE STRAIN. IT HAS NEVER FAILED ME IN 15 YEARS."



OXYDONOR

Can be used by the whole family, prevents and cures disease, is positively reliable and even a child can operate it. When once purchased it costs nothing further and lasts for a lifetime.

It is specially recommended for Rheumatism, Paralysis, Fevers, Lung and Stomach troubles, Anemia, Insomnia, Indigestion, La Grippe, Eczema, Dropsy, Lumbago, Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, etc.

Originated and invented by an eminent Physician, Endorsed by Physicians.

Write to-day for descriptive Booklet sent free. Agents wanted everywhere.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.

Dept. B.
364 St. Catherine St. West - - - Montreal
United States - London, Eng. - Australia



From Weak to Strong

The Physicians of the Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, U. S. A., Oculists of years' standing, carefully prepare the

MURINE EYE REMEDIES

in the Company's Laboratory. These Remedies are the result of their Clinical, Hospital and Private Practice, and they have found from their years of experience with Children's Eyes, that two drops of Murine in each Eye of the Growing Child is of inestimable value. Murine is an Eye Tonic and they know, if it is used regularly, that it tones the Eye of the Growing Child and in many instances obviates the use of Glasses, and is it not reasonable that Glasses when not required will retard the development of a young and growing Eye?

Murine, through its Tonic effect, Stimulates Healthy Circulation and thus promotes the normal development of the Eye. We do not believe there is a Mother who has used Murine in her own Eyes and in the Eyes of the members of her family who would be without it, or who is not willing to speak of its Merits as The Household Friend.

The Child in the Schoolroom Needs Murine

Murine contains no harmful or prohibited Drugs and conforms to the Laws of the Country.

Druggists and Dealers in Toilet Preparations everywhere will supply Murine and tell you of its gratifying results. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, U. S. A.



Connor Ball Bearing Washer

A washer guaranteed to take out all the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on ball bearings and driven by steel springs, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

Write for booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

THE NEWEST MODEL

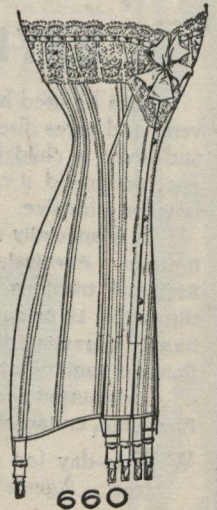


Here is indeed a corset embodying the very latest decrees of Queen Fashion. Fresh from their latest studies in Paris, our designers present to you the new La Diva Model No. 660.

La Diva Corsets give distinction to the simplest of gowns. The corset is the foundation of a perfect toilet, and, La Diva is the best foundation.

This particular model is designed for slim figures. Note the lines of grace and beauty, the flatness of the back and the straight hip and front. Observe how it adds tone to the figure.

You will be enthusiastic about this corset achievement and even more so when you find out for yourself how absolutely comfortable and restful it is. Yet in spite of its perfection of style, fit and finish, it is sold by all good stores for only \$2.50. Imported corsets of equal value sell at about \$3.50, owing to the duty.



660

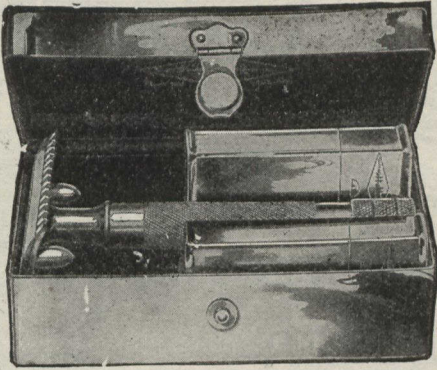
Other Styles
from

\$1.00 to \$5.00

DOMINION CORSET CO.

Quebec, Que.

Makers of the famous D & A Corsets



Give Yourself a GILLETTE Safety Razor

IF The jolly old gentleman with the pack forgot to bring you a GILLETTE for Christmas—and if you did not have one before—don't go without one for another year on the chance that it may come your way next Yule-tide.

Go and buy yourself a GILLETTE NOW!

With a GILLETTE you can shave yourself in three minutes. It saves you the time wasted in stropping, honing and shaving so carefully, as you have to do with an old-style razor or a makeshift safety. Or it saves you many an exasperating wait in the barber shop. It gives you every morning a shave unequalled for quick, clean, cool comfort.

Five million progressive men are enjoying the GILLETTE Safety Razor. Why don't you?

Standard Sets \$5.00; Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00; Combination Sets from \$6.50 up.
At your Hardware Dealer's, Druggist's, Jeweler's or Haberdasher's.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited

Office and Factory: 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal

Offices also in
New York, Chicago, London, Eng., Shanghai, China

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EVERY LOVER

of beautiful Silver Plate will appreciate the new styles and designs of our creations for 1912.

The Purity, the Style, the Goodness

of the Silver Plate which bears the brand of this factory entitles it to the name of

“Standard” Silver Plate

as distinctive and leading among all makers of High-class Goods.

PURITY marks the character of the designs, as it does of the material which enters into the manufacture of our goods.

DURABILITY is combined with purity always giving the shopper the assurance of a Silver Plate which will wear and wear and wear.

Wisdom says: “Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for ‘Standard’ Silver Plate.”

SOLD BY RELIABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

Standard Silver Co., Limited
33-41 Hayter St. Toronto



Wherever good style and high quality are recognized, you are sure to see well-dressed men wearing

von Gal made Hats

“CORRECT STYLES FOR MEN”

Splendid material, finished workmanship, and styles that always lead, hold for these hats their high place in popularity. Not only best, but *guaranteed*. We stand behind the dealer in giving you a positive assurance of satisfaction. Fit, workmanship, quality must be to your liking.

At leading dealers. \$3, \$4 and \$5.

E. J. von Gal Co. Ltd.

BRANCH OF
Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED
New York, U. S. A.

Write Today for Winter
Style Book B

Canadian Factory—Niagara Falls, Ontario
American Factory—Danbury, Connecticut
Straw Hat Factory—Baltimore, Maryland

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA (DR. CHURCHILL'S Formula and WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL ARE THE BEST REMEDIES FOR

Exhausted
or
Debilitated

NERVE FORCE

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol or Cocaine.

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality, no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price, ONE DOLLAR per Box, No Humbug, C.O.D., or Treatment Scheme by First-class Mail.

Personal Opinions: DEAR SIR: I have prescribed Winchester's Hypophosphites in cases of consumption, chlorosis, dyspepsia, marasmus, etc., with the happiest results, having found them superior to all others.—S. H. TEWKSBURY, M. D., Portland, Maine.
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Winchester's Hypophosphites not only act as absorbents but repair and retard the waste of tissue.—H. P. DE WEES, M.D., New York.
I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M.D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

Send for free treatise securely sealed, to

Winchester & Co., 1032 Beekman Bldg., N. Y.
Established 53 Years.

{ For sale by Lyman's Ltd., and the Nat. Drug and Chem. Co. and Lyman Knox & Co., of Montreal.

Chocolates Without a Rival

For Daintiness and Flavor

The
Utmost
in Candy

Made
of Purest
Ingredients!

All Moir's Chocolates are prepared from our own Exclusive Receipt from cocoa beans selected and ground by ourselves.

The creamy insides and centres of nuts, fruits and jellies have just the Right Flavor—the rich, thick chocolate coating has just the Right Taste.

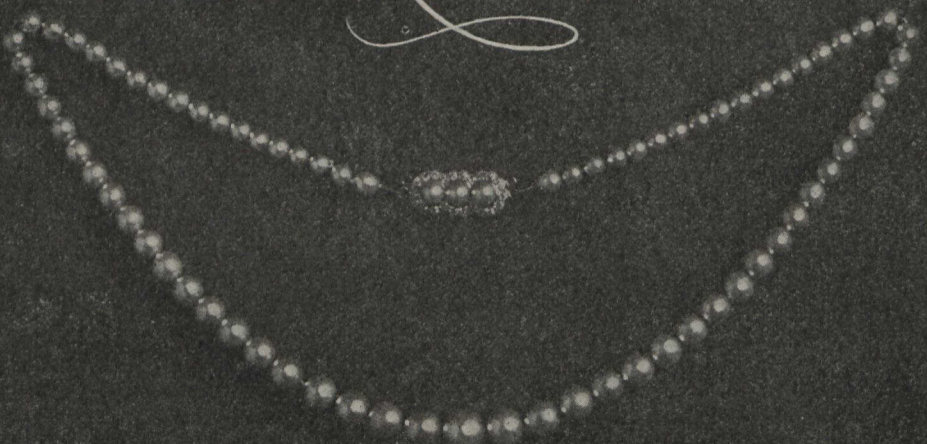
Our blending of these two confection extremes creates an exquisitely delicious flavor not found in other brands. Try Moir's.

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

MOIR'S LIMITED, Halifax, Canada.



FINE PEARL NECKLACES



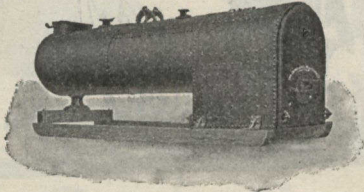
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HENRY BIRKS AND SONS, LIMITED

GEM MERCHANTS AND JEWELLERS

PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL

BOILERS



We design and manufacture Boilers to suit all requirements.

Our Locomotive Type as per Cut above is preferred where portability is a feature, being self contained and easily put into operation.

We would be pleased to furnish you with complete Specification and Prices.

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THE
Jenckes Machine Co.
LIMITED

General Offices : Sherbrooke, Que.

Works : Sherbrooke, Que., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sales Offices : Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Cobalt

Porcupine, Vancouver, Montreal, Rossland.

For Every Hand Writing

Your handwriting is a part of your personality and you need a pen that fits yourself. Spencerian Pens are made in styles for every character of writing and writer. Every pen is correctly shaped for proper ink-feeding, smoothly pointed and highly elastic.

STEEL SPENCERIAN PENS

Find your own pen, stick to it, and your writing will be a pleasure. To aid, we will send you a sample card of 12 different pens and 2 good penholders, polished handles, on receipt of 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

WELL, WELL!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use



DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

No Chance of Mistakes. Simple and Clean. Send for Free Color Card and Booklet 101.

The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

If you have Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



Vapo Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough,
Croup, Asthma,
Sore Throat, Coughs,
Bronchitis, Colds,
Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

312



DESK WEARY? GET A GUN

From breakfast to the office, and from the office back to supper, day after day—a monotonous grind. Get back to nature—back where the air is 100 per cent. pure and fairly reeks with health. Get away out where you can watch the sun rise over the marsh—where you can spend glorious, healthful hours punting slowly through the reeds in a bit of a flat boat at a bunch of fat mallards.

To reach Nature's wild things you must get where civilization isn't—and when you lose yourself in such a place with mind and eye constantly on the alert, and every muscle in play, you'll forget that you were ever in an office—you'll be nearer to the original man animal—nearer physical betterment and mental rest. This, a gun will do for you; and the best for solid satisfaction you can get is the

Tobin
Simplex Gun

Made right here in Canada—every bit of it, from muzzle to butt-plate—it leads all others and we give you this added advantage: because we know what goes into the making of a Tobin Simplex, we guarantee it with a positive "money-back" guarantee that places us under an obligation to return you the full purchase price, if we cannot give you satisfaction in every way. Priced from \$20.00 to \$210.00. Let us send you our new catalogue. It contains news for sportsmen.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited, Woodstock, Ontario

FEARMAN'S Star Brand HAMS & BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by Fearman's is worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON



DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK



The way to woo



GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

Delicious Dainty Flavors

A Kodak Lesson from Motion Pictures

The exactions of the motion picture film business are unequalled in any other department of photography and, we believe, in any other line of manufacturing on a large scale.

The maker of motion pictures requires high speed in the emulsion, for every exposure is necessarily a snapshot and must often be made under poor light conditions. He requires absolute dependability in the product, for he frequently spends thousands of dollars to produce his picture play, and a failure to get good negatives would mean not merely the waste of a few hundred feet of film, but the loss of thousands of dollars spent for special trains, and actors, and settings, and the weeks, perhaps months of time, spent in preparation.

The motion picture man must have a film that is free from the minutest blemish. The picture that you see upon the curtain, say 15x20 feet in size, is approximately seventy thousand times as large as the tiny film upon which it was made. A spot the size of a pin head upon that film would show as large as your hat upon the curtain.

The requirements then, are extreme speed, fineness of grain, absolute freedom from mechanical defects and dependability. The price of the film is a secondary consideration. First of all, it must be right. The competition for this business is purely a competition of *quality* and *reliability*.

Ninety-five per cent. of the motion picture film used in America, and at least eighty per cent. of the motion picture film used the world over is KODAK FILM.

Those very qualities of speed, mechanical perfection and dependability which make Kodak Film essential to the maker of motion pictures, make it best for your use.

Then too, Kodak Film is properly orthochromatic (gives the most practical rendering of color values), is absolutely protected by duplex paper from the offsetting of numbers, and is superior in keeping quality.

Be sure that it is Kodak Film with which you load your Kodak, taking especial care when travelling that no substitution is practiced at your expense. Look for "KODAK" on the spool end and "N.C." on the box.

If it isn't Eastman, it isn't Kodak film.

Canadian Kodak Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.



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FINE LEATHER GOODS

LADIES' DRESSING BAGS



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Made from the best Hard Grain English black Morocco leather, green silk linings. Contains the following articles in the finest Parisian Ivory: Hair Brush, solid back, extra long bristles, Cloth Brush and Hat Duster, Comb, Mirror, Soap Box, Talcum Box, Tooth Powder Box, Tube containing same quality of Tooth and Nail Brushes, two Pomade Boxes, Buffer, three Manicure pieces, and two pair of Scissors, Perfume Spray and Perfume Bottle.

16 inch, size.....**\$75.**

The same Bag fitted with Genuine Ebony Fittings \$50.00

Write for copy of our new 100 page Catalogue No. 28 giving comprehensive descriptions and prices on our complete Julian Sale Leather Goods.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

105 King Street West,

TORONTO.



TRAVEL

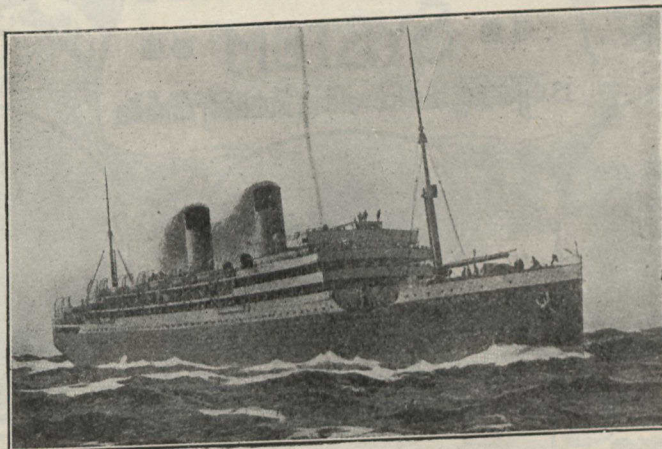
According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

The Canadian Magazine
 Travel Bureau
 15 Wellington Street East,
 TORONTO CANADA

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Canadian Northern Steamships Limited

The Royal Line



Montreal—Quebec—Bristol
(Summer Service)

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R.M.S. "ROYAL EDWARD" and "ROYAL GEORGE"

Holder of records between Great Britain and Canada.

12,000 Tons

18,000 Horse Power

THESE STEAMERS are equipped with the latest devices for comfort and convenience of passengers, Marconi wireless, deep sea telephone, passenger elevators. Every room is ventilated by the thermo tank system, which warms or cools the fresh sea air and distributes it over the entire ship every five minutes. ¶ The engines are the latest type of turbines ensuring a maximum of speed and a minimum of vibration. ¶ The private suites of apartments and the luxuriously appointed public cabins, treated after historic

periods in decorative art, are unexcelled by anything on the Atlantic. The second and third cabin appointments have set a new standard of comfort and elegance for this class of accommodation. ¶ The table service throughout is the best that leading chefs and excellently appointed steward service can make it. ¶ If you desire an unbiased opinion on Ocean Travel, ask for a copy of "*What people say of our service.*" ¶ Sailings are made fortnightly between Montreal, Quebec and Bristol in summer, and Halifax and Bristol in winter.

For all information apply to steamship agents, or to the following general agents of the Company:—

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EXCELLENCE in RAILWAY SERVICE is expressed in what THE GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

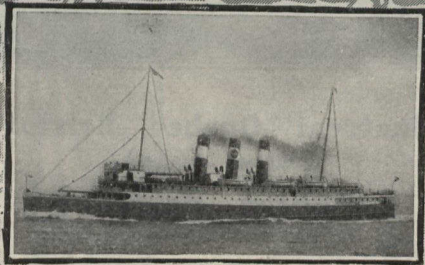
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The International Limited, Canada's finest & fastest Train en route Montreal to Chicago

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IMPROVED SERVICE

Montreal—Ottawa Toronto

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Q The Compartment cars are new, the product of the Company's Angus shops. They are the latest in construction and appointment and are electric lighted throughout, affording absolute privacy and individual toilet requisites. This is the only service of this standard between the above points.

This service is in addition to the double daily service between Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto Union Station.



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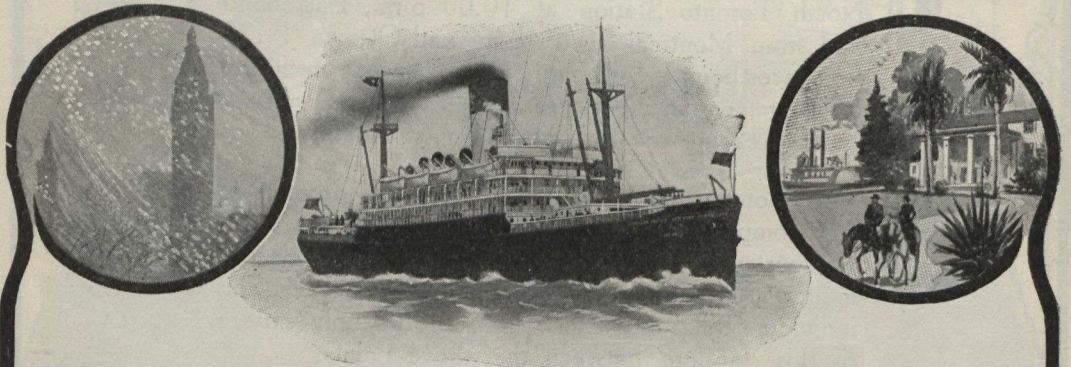
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A. F. Webster & Co., Cor. King and Yonge Sts., Thos. Cook & Son, 65 Yonge St. and R. M. Melville and Son, Cor. Adelaide and Toronto Sts., Toronto

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Along The Coast on Southern Seas

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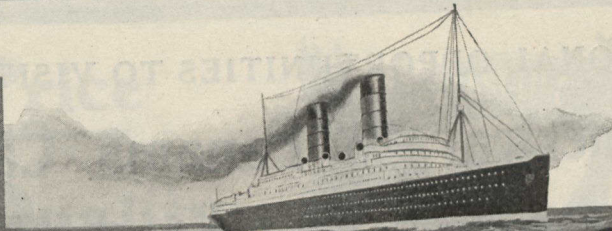
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By Four of the Most Luxurious Steamships in the World

CARMANIA Triple Screw Turbine
20,000 Tons

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Twin Screw
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A la Carte dining service without additional charge, Stop-overs affording opportunities for side-trips, and proceeding by subsequent steamer are allowed. Passengers are not required to book for the entire cruise, as arrangements may be made to return by either the Lusitania or Mauretania from Liverpool, thereby enabling one to tour Central Europe at a considerable saving in both time and expense.

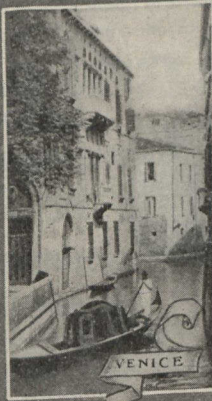
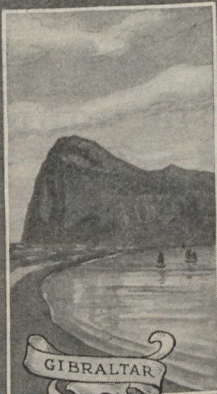
From New York during the Winter Season of 1911-1912 as follows:

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20,000 Mile Cruise, leaving New York Jan. 20, 1912

Calling at Port of Spain, Pernambuco, Santos, Buenos Aires (Across the Andes). Punta Arenas (through the Straits of Magellan), Valparaiso, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Para, Bridgetown, and a visit to the Panama Canal. Duration of Cruise 80 Days—Cost \$350 and up.

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Five Delightful Cruises to the West Indies, Panama Canal, Venezuela and Bermuda

Leaving New York by the Palatial Twin Screw Steamers

S. S. Moltke, (12,500 tons), 28 Days, Jan. 23, Feb. 24, 1912, \$150 and up
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By the most palatial steamer afloat, S. S. "Victoria Luise" (16,500 tons). Sailing from New York, January 30, 1912, on 78-Day Cruise to Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean and the Orient. Cost, \$325 and upward. The "Victoria Luise" is equipped with modern features providing every luxury and comfort on long cruises.

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Special Trip by the superb transatlantic liner, "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria," the largest and most luxurious steamer of the service. Leave New York, February 14, 1912, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche (Nice), Genoa, Naples and Port Said. To or from Port Said, \$165 and up. To or from all other ports, \$115 and up.



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November, 1912, and February, 1913, by
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Your comfort and pleasure assured. Send for
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The **Price**
The **Quality**
and the
Service

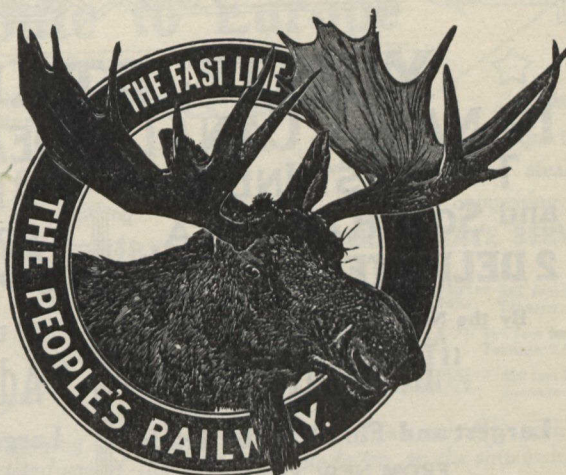


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BREAKFAST
75 cents

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DINNER
\$1.00

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Dining Car are frequently commented upon and **ALWAYS FAVORABLY**

Through Diners on Maritime Express, leaving Montreal, Bonaventure Union Depot, 12 05 p.m. daily except Saturday for

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PANAMA CANAL

The WEST INDIES
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By the New Triple Screw Steamer
"Laurentic"

Largest and Finest in the Trade
FROM NEW YORK

JAN. 20 ————— **FEB. 24**

31 Days \$150 and Upward

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The RIVIERA
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4 PLEASURE VOYAGES

By the Mammoth Steamers
"Adriatic" "Cedric"

Largest British Mediterranean
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FROM NEW YORK

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Tours around the World, Bermuda, West Indies, Florida,
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Visiting Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Italy, etc., including
Nile and Holy Land Tours.

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May we send you programme

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Cooks' Travellers Cheques are good all over the world.

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The White Star Dominion Service Between
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Portland, Me. and Liverpool via Halifax

Presents for your consideration the

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Season of 1912

of berths. Round trips and comfortable facilities for as little as \$100; in the greatest luxury for \$185 and up.

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Procure tickets from local Agents or write WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE, Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg



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is the view from Parker's Hotel, Naples. In the foreground the Villa Residences of Naples' finest suburb; beyond the City and the Bay. A magnificent panorama of uninterrupted loveliness with Vesuvius—Grey Beacon of Antiquity—still keeping watch and ward over the

MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY IN THE WORLD

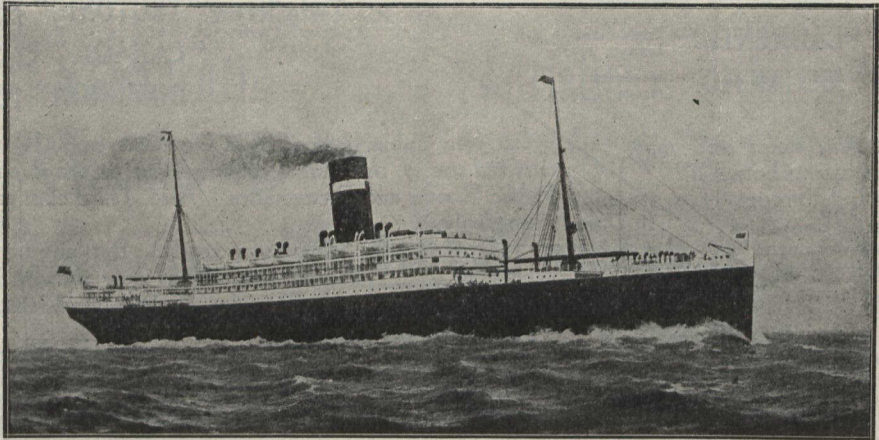
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Private Suites with Bath, Up-to-date in every respect. In the healthiest part of the town, Cuisine excellent, Sanitation perfect.

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To Liverpool and Glasgow

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The first Transatlantic Turbines, Noiseless and Without Vibration. Four days from Land to Land. Seven days from Port to Port.

Turbine and Twin Screw Steamers

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STEAMER	From St. John	From Halifax
*GRAMPIAN	5 Jan.	5 Jan.
*HESPERIAN	19 Jan.	20 Jan.
*TUNISIAN	26 Jan.	27 Jan.
*GRAMPLAN	2 Feb.	3 Feb.
*CORSIKAN	16 Feb.	17 Feb.
HESPERIAN	24 Feb.
*TUNISIAN	1 Mar.	2 Mar.
GRAMPIAN	9 Mar.
*VIRGINIAN	15 Mar.	16 Mar.

*Royal Mail Steamers.

Saloon: \$72.50 and \$82.50 and up.
Second Saloon: \$50 and \$52.50

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IONIAN	11 Jan.
SICILIAN	18 Jan.
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SCOTIAN	8 Feb.
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One Class Cabin (11) Scotian \$47.50
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**BATH HOUSE
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The foremost American Novelist, so declares in "A Bermudan Sojourn." (Harper's Magazine, December) continuing:—

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All Accomodations First-Class; no second-class or steerage. Orchestra, bilge keels, wireless, etc.

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The Finest
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THE HOLLAND HOUSE

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years of establishment, a clientele indicative of its popu-
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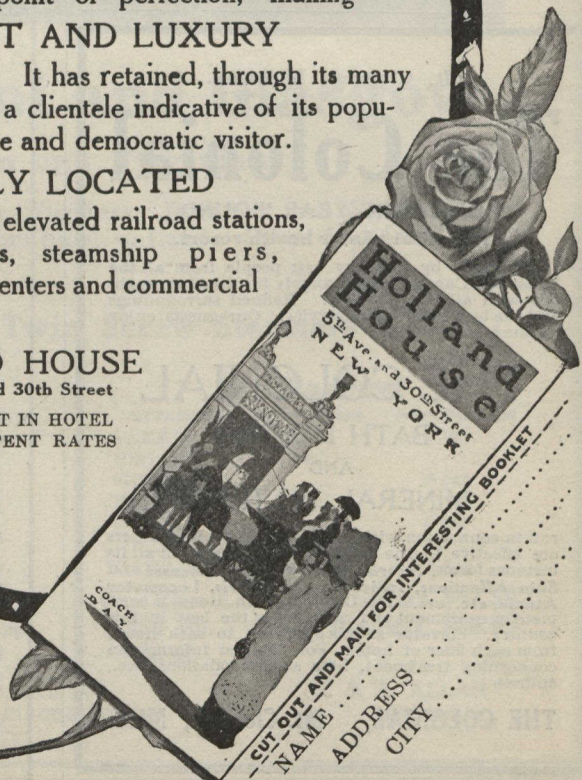
near underground and elevated railroad stations,
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theaters, shopping centers and commercial
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with or
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New Grill.
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From Canada's GREATEST Brewery

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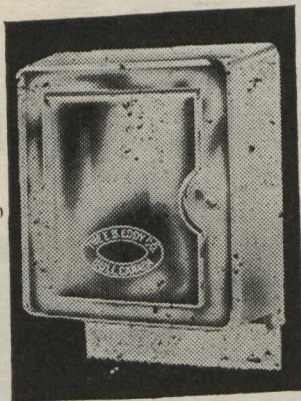
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Every Dealer Everywhere

No Waste, No Litter

THE Onliwon Toilet Cabinet and Paper are a practical insurance against the waste of tissue toilet paper.

- ☐ A simple mechanical device allows of the delivery of but two sheets of paper at a time and automatically replaces these by two more.
- ☐ The cabinets are handsomely nickelled and are ornamental as well as useful.
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- ☐ Nothing so economical for Homes and Public buildings.

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Can set you free. Safe, sure, speedy—a child could take the treatment with safety, yet it absolutely cures the habit in three days. Costs nothing to enquire. Phone N. 2087 or write the Neal Institute, 78 St. Alban's Street, Toronto.



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If you invest in our ten year six per cent. coupon bonds . . .

Our bonds enable the conservative investor to participate in the remarkable profits in Western Canada Real Estate. The bonds are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. Interest paid semi-annually

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A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

WONDER-SHINE
SILVER CLEANER

CLEANS WITHOUT RUBBING

SOLVES THE SILVER CLEANING QUESTION

SO EASY TO USE

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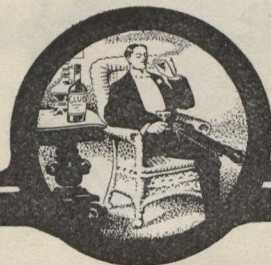
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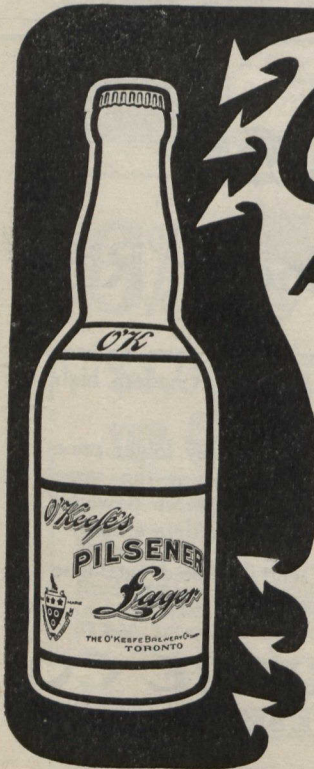
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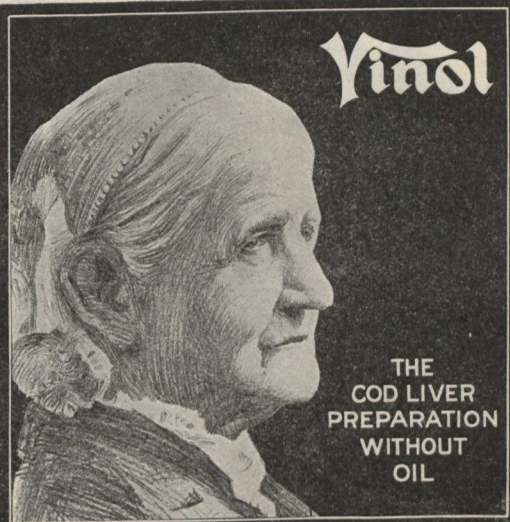
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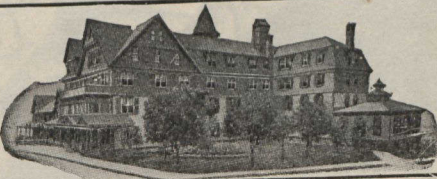
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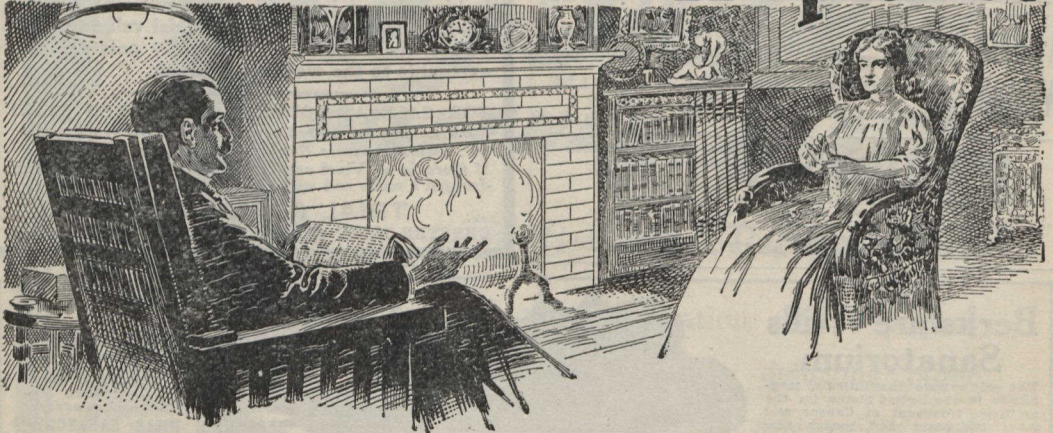
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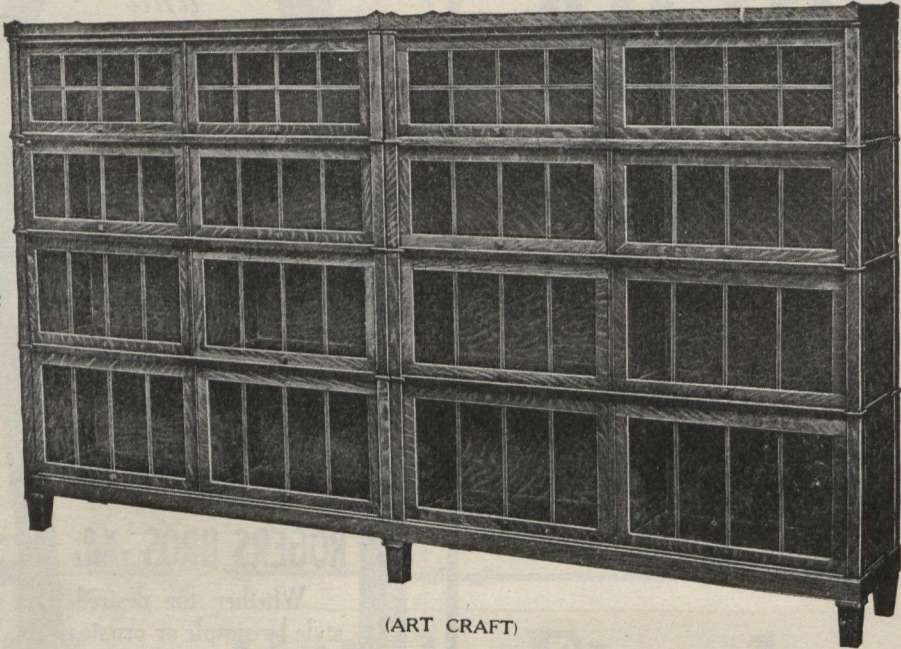
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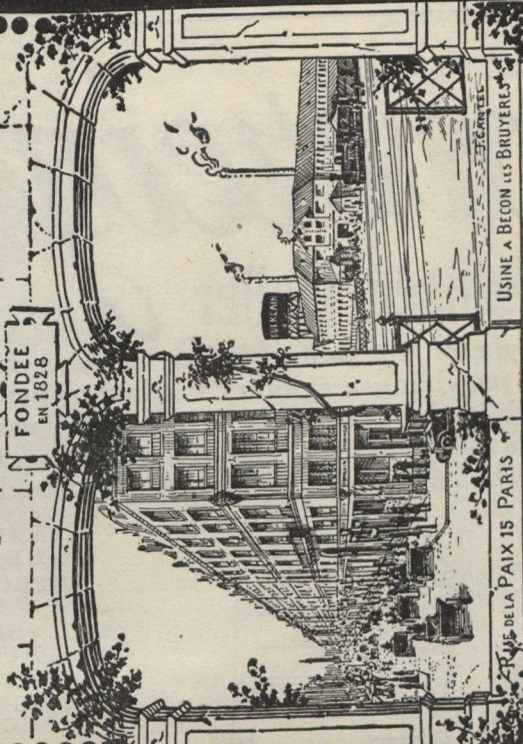
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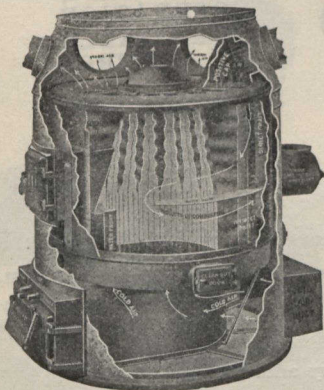


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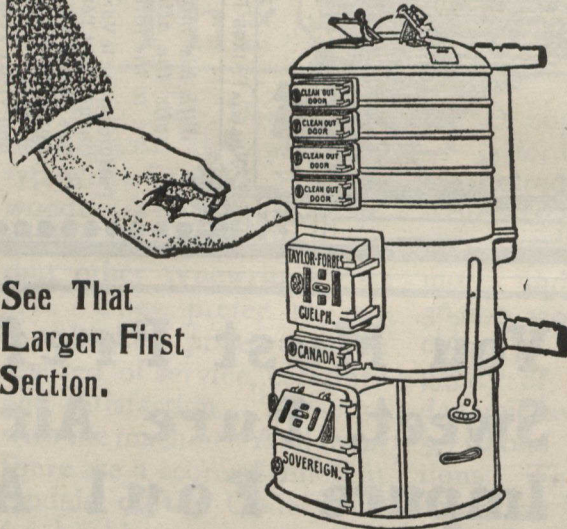
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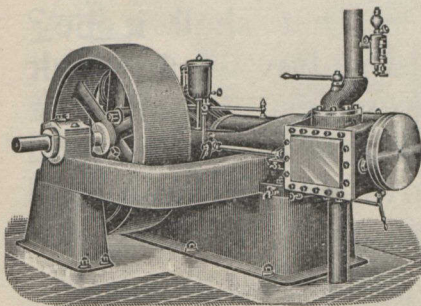
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