

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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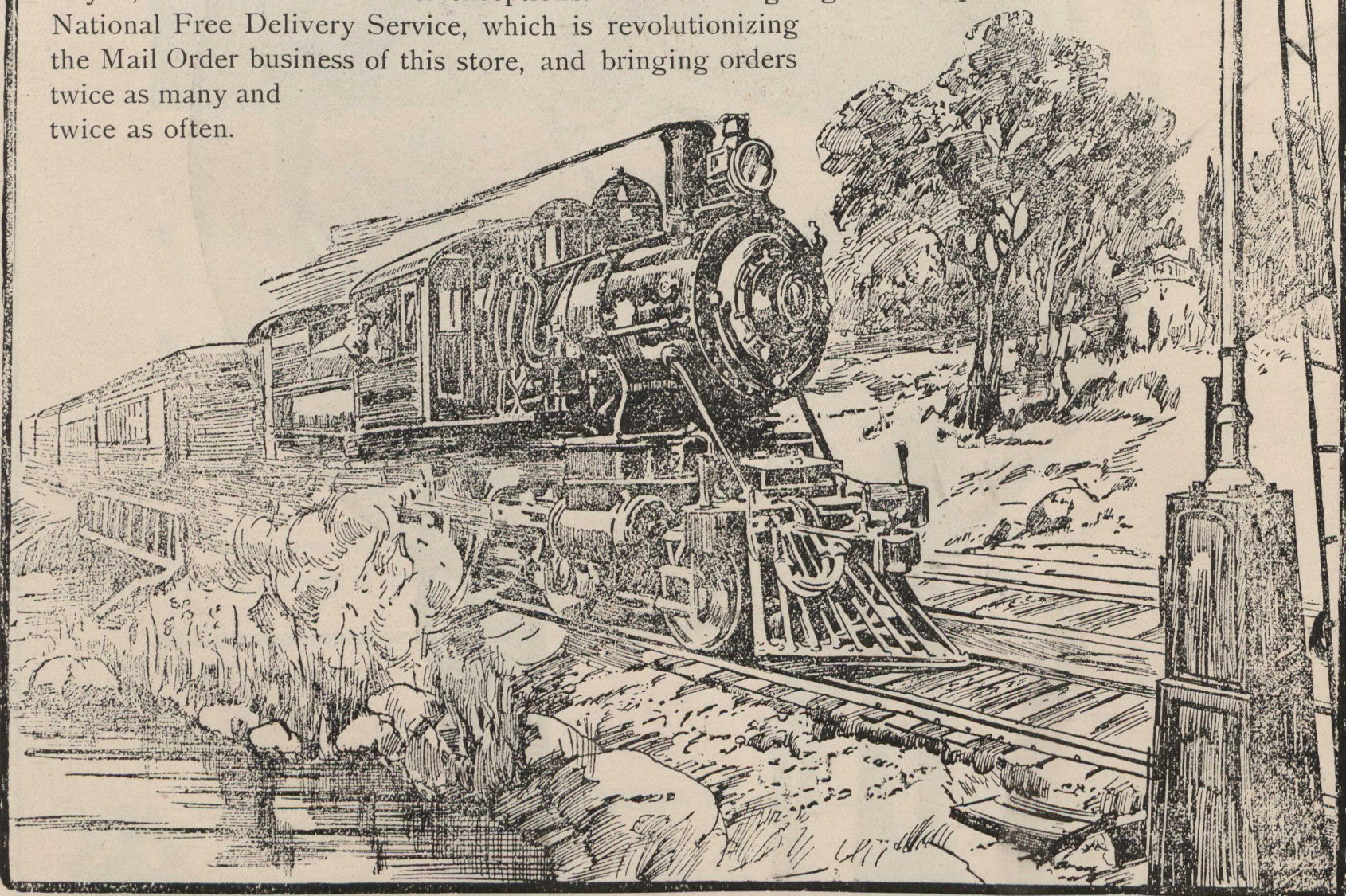
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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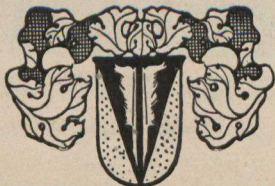


PUBLISHER'S TALK

LAST week we published two short stories by Canadian writers and in future most of our short stories will be by native writers. We admit it is difficult to get satisfactory Canadian short stories and that we have not been and do not expect to be able to confine ourselves to native work. For example, we have just completed arrangements to publish a series of five Mystery Stories by Alan Braghampton, the first of which appears this week. These are of a class which Canadian writers seldom attempt, and we are forced to go abroad to secure them. We tell this frankly because we want our readers to understand the situation.

LAST week, "The Canadian Courier" won a little glory by being the first periodical to give the public an adequate picture record of the Fernie fire. Our system of collecting news photographs from all parts of Canada is working better week by week and our readers may rely upon our securing everything of value without delay. Enterprise of this nature is expensive but we will be content if our readers but give us the credit to which we are fairly entitled.

THE circulation manager desires to secure a few more local agents and will be glad to hear from any men of experience willing to take up district work. Our circulation is already larger than that of any other periodical published in the country, but we hope to double it again in the next twelve months.



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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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No. 12

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



"T'S a great week for Scotland," said members of the Clan Fraser on August 10th, when Lord Lovat was greeted by the loyal Highlanders of Toronto. On the preceding Thursday, the head of the clan had been welcomed by pipers and hundreds of kinsmen at the hospitable city of Winnipeg, where the deeds of Simon Fraser, after whom British Columbia's great river is named, and of Alexander Mackenzie, sponsor for a great Arctic stream, were enthusiastically recalled in the address of welcome to the visit-

ing chief of the Frasers. Lord Lovat is a young man yet, having been born in 1871 and is unmarried, the heir to the title being his brother. Like so many of his distinguished line, he has won military honours, his patriotic provision of Lord Lovat's Corps (Mounted Infantry) during the Boer War being an undertaking which won general notice. He is Major 1st Volunteer Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and since 1893, Lieutenant 1st Life Guards.

A Highland Chief, even in this prosaic age, is a figure of historic interest, for the Celtic element has made valuable contribution to those forces which moulded the British Empire. As the descendant of the officer who commanded the Fraser Highlanders under Wolfe at the capture of Quebec, Lord Lovat was one of the guests of the Dominion at the Tercentenary and his decision to make a tour in the West after the celebration was highly gratifying to all Canadians, whether Saxon or Celt. Lord Lovat and the Duke of Norfolk are both members of the Church of Rome and in the Stuarts' stormy days, the Clan Fraser was among the adherents of the losing cause. Lord Lovat's visit to Canada was that of a sincerely-interested friend and it has resulted in a strengthening of ties between the Scots of the Old Land and their Canadian kinsmen.

* * *

THE little engineering chore undertaken by Mr. F. H. McGuigan is tying Niagara Falls to St. Thomas, if not ultimately to the Detroit River, which not many years ago was considered impossible by any other means than a railway or telegraph line. The transmission line which Mr. McGuigan has contracted to build for the Hydro-Electric Commission traverses a span of country which happens to possess more railway mileage and more train-miles covered in a day than any other similar area in Canada. In contracting to build this line of steel towers and aluminum cables nearly three hundred miles with ramifications, Mr. McGuigan has once more demonstrated that the man's the thing. He was never an electrician; has always been a railroad man; and he is one of the gradually increasing number of railway men in Canada who got their birth and first

experiences in railroading in the United States—James J. Hill being a conspicuous example of a Canadian who taught the United States a great deal of what it knows about building railways, and a couple of years ago thought he would add to his company the fourth vice-president of the Grand Trunk. Mr. McGuigan's brief term with the Great Northern, however, did not inspire him. He found a good deal that needed doing on a reconstructive basis; and he demonstrated that the man was the thing by telling the Hills very forcibly what was the matter and how he proposed to remedy it. Back in Canada he has chosen the sort of business that best suits a man of his calibre from the ground up—which in his case is no small matter. The field of independent railway-building in Canada is pretty well occupied at present. Mr. McGuigan has evidently found that a mere large salary is no sort of finality for a man who has independently carried through several of the biggest contracts for railway construction in America. It was his remarkable work on the track elevation west of London that is said to have interested Mr. Hill when the magnate oracle passed over that road a couple of years ago during construction. In that particular bit of work Mr. McGuigan had all kinds of obstruction from local engineers who said the trains would have to stop running. But he put four steam shovels and four hundred men on the job and gave them a half-day sample of how he proposed to elevate tracks and run trains at the same time; probably nothing novel or original in principle but simply a case of proving that the man was the thing. In building the new transmission line he will have the advantage of working part of the time high enough to keep out of the way of trains; and it seems quite likely that future generations who see the line of steel towers and wires stretching from Niagara Falls westward will say as they look out of the train windows: "That's the power line built by McGuigan."

* * *

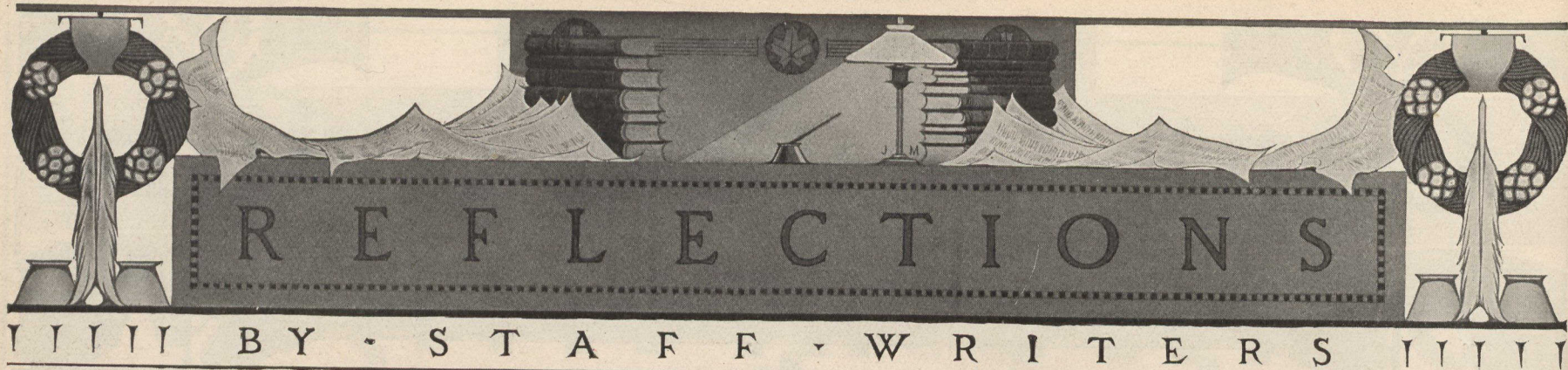
FOR the past few weeks much has been said and written about Mr. Haultain, the ex-leader of the Legislature of the Northwest Territories and the recently defeated candidate for the Premiership of Saskatchewan. Mr. Haultain though elected in his own riding has not succeeded in winning enough of the fifteen extra seats created by the Hon. Mr. Scott; so he goes into the Opposition with a probable minority of ten, which in a membership of forty is about the same as his old minority of seven in a House of twenty-five. For a few weeks it was said by eastern Conservatives that if Mr. Haultain succeeded in beating Hon. Mr. Scott it would be a hand-writing on the wall; and for a day or two when reports of a narrow squeak Liberal majority of two and three were coming in, it looked as though the hand were very large and writing very rapidly. However, it is all over now once more, and Mr. Haultain will be able again to continue in Opposition and have a good time with his fellow men, among whom he is deservedly popular.

The election has been marked by much freedom of epithet but the stormy episodes will be forgotten and the rival candidates appeased long before Thanksgiving.



The Fraser Highlanders at Quebec.

A Fraser Party in Toronto—Mr. W. A. Fraser, Sir Keith Fraser, Lord Lovat, Mr. J. H. McKinnon, Mr. Alexander Fraser, Lt.-Col. Robertson.



THE SASKATCHEWAN BATTLE

GENERAL opinion before the elections inclined towards a Scott victory in Saskatchewan. The reasons were that in the newer constituencies, the settlers are not discussing large issues. They have not yet reached that stage in citizenship. They are more interested in finishing up their homestead entries, getting new sections of land from the Government, and in arranging for new roads, schools, post-offices, telephones and railways. Consequently they are likely to vote with the Government of the day whether that Government be provincial or federal. An Opposition does not interest them.

The result has been as expected. In the older portions of the province, Mr. Haultain's "Provincial Rights" Opposition held its own fairly well. Two of the Scott ministry were defeated, Mr. Calder and Mr. Motherwell. Mr. Turgeon, attorney-general, who ran in two constituencies, was defeated in the urban and elected in the rural. In the newer districts, the Government more than held its own and it returns to power with a fairly safe majority.

The result is not so much a surprise as was the announcement that an election would be held. The Conservative explanation is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier desired to test Western opinion and if possible prove that the West was settling down to an acceptance of the autonomy bills which raised such a furore through the country three years ago. In a speech at Borden, two days before the election, Mr. Haultain declared that the contest was brought on for federal rather than provincial reasons. The best informed Conservative organs in Eastern Canada took the same view and cartoons picturing Mr. Scott as "official taster" for Sir Wilfrid were quite common. This view is supported by the fact that Mr. Scott paid a visit to Ottawa early in July and gave out the information that he would spend some time visiting in the East. Suddenly his plans changed, he went back to Regina, and the Legislature was at once dissolved. His announced reasons for the dissolution were not such as to carry conviction to most minds—especially Conservative and independent minds. The results of the elections show that explanations of this kind are not necessary. Under our party system, we have grown accustomed to seeing the premier of a province or the Dominion hold the elections suddenly when he thought he could get a favourable verdict. Both of the parties have been guilty of this practice.

If the reasons for the dissolution were federal rather than provincial, then Sir Wilfrid has received a somewhat favourable answer. We may now look for some announcement as to the date of the Federal Elections. There is no sign of a landslide against the Laurier administration in spite of the recent Conservative victories in New Brunswick and Ontario. All that can be said is that the Conservatives are becoming more and more united and determined, and that the approaching Federal Election will be the most evenly matched contest since 1896.

MR. BECK'S TRIUMPH

AFTER five years of strenuous campaigning and fighting, the Hon. Adam Beck wears the laurel wreath of victory. London's representative in the Ontario Legislature has proven that he has as much tenacity of purpose and as much general knowledge of people and their wishes as any of the prominent business magnates of Toronto and Hamilton. The contract for a government-owned electrical transmission line from Niagara Falls to the larger Ontario cities has been signed. The cost of this line is to be \$1,270,000 and the terminals will be Toronto, London, St. Mary's and St. Thomas. The contractor is Mr. Frank H. McGuigan, the well-known railway man.

Whether or not the policy of building a government line is a proper one, and whether or not it will be financially successful, Ontario is to make an experiment which will be watched with much interest. It is too late now to argue that it should not be done. The agreement is signed. The battle between private enterprise and government

enterprise is inevitable. On December 1st, 1909, power will be ready for delivery to such municipalities and private corporations as are prepared to accept it. Then will be inaugurated a competitive era which may be disastrous to the revenues of the province and to the revenues of certain electrical corporations, but which will spell low prices for electricity.

In the meantime Mr. Beck, Mr. Hendrie, Mr. McNaught, Mr. Ellis and the others who have been associated with the movement for a government line will be able to accept congratulations upon the successful completion of this portion of their labours. Their skill, patience and business acumen in a self-imposed task on behalf of what they considered to be the public interest entitles them to considerable public commendation.

OTTAWA VERSUS ALL OTHERS

MAYOR ASHDOWN, who is second to none among the prominent business men of Winnipeg, and who is a Liberal in politics, declares against the present long sessions of Parliament. When asked if he intended to be a candidate for the House of Commons he declared that "It would not be possible to attend to business in Winnipeg and spend half the year or more in Ottawa. One or the other would be neglected."

The business men who go to Parliament are not leading figures there. They do not spend more than half their time in the House and many "absent" marks are found opposite their names. The more varied their business interests, the greater their periods of absence. Even the lawyer-members who are making an attempt to hold their practices are becoming less and less prominent. To be prominent in debates and committee work, a member must have no outside interests. In other words, he must be a professional parliamentarian. He must also abandon his family or take them to Ottawa to reside.

There is no doubt that the sessions of the Dominion Parliament are becoming painfully long. Considering the amount of work done, our legislators are decidedly less efficient than those at Washington or London. Unless some improvement is effected soon, it will be necessary to find some substitute for the House of Commons. For example, we might decide to abolish it and rely upon the Senate, which does its work with more despatch. A Senate which was appointed by the Provincial Legislatures instead of being chosen by the reigning premier should make a fairly representative body. Being composed of men who have passed beyond the stage when they take an active interest in money-making, the Senate would be able to devote the necessary time to debates and committee work. Even if the session lasted all year, it would not matter.

The House of Commons is in a fair way to become a body of professional parliamentarians, a body of rich men or a second Senate—or a combination of all three. At present the active business and professional men are being forced out of it. If these tendencies continue, it will soon be composed of a number of Ottawa's citizens who have a distant connection with remote constituencies. It is a question how long these constituencies will be content to banish their wealthiest and brainiest men to Ottawa, or to be represented by gentlemen who only return once or twice a year to mix with the people whom they represent.

A DOVETAILING OF INTEREST

A CONFLICT between the United States and Canada is slowly becoming a remote possibility. High tariffs on both sides may limit trading somewhat, but the high tariffs do not apply to everything. Tariffs are always limited in their application—a fact too often overlooked by free-trade enthusiasts. In 1900, the United States sent us goods to the value of one hundred and three million dollars—a very tidy year's sales. Every year these sales grow. In 1907 they

amounted to one hundred and eighty-six million—they nearly doubled in seven years. In fact, the United States sold us more goods last year than she sold to Asia, Africa and Oceania combined.

Nor is this the only source of profit which the United States has in Canada. Much is heard about the great increase in Canadian manufacturing, but it is seldom pointed out that a large portion of the profit from this branch of Canadian effort goes to United States investors. In 1901, it was estimated that four hundred and forty-seven million dollars of United States capital had been invested in manufacturing establishments in the Dominion. Now we are told that this has nearly doubled, and already stands at \$846,000,000. Five per cent. on that would be \$40,000,000 a year—a very tidy revenue.

So long as the United States can sell us a couple of hundred million dollars' worth of goods a year and in addition draw forty or fifty million dollars a year from this manufacturing field—to say nothing of her other investments in real estate and pulp limits—she will not be anxious to destroy us. A year's war against us would cause her a loss of more than half a billion dollars on this side of the line, in addition to the cost and the loss on her own side of the boundary.

PERSISTENT PROVINCIALISM

STRANGE indeed is the manner in which provincialism retains its hold over the professions. Each province must have its own school-books and little progress is being made toward a national set of readers for public schools. The press associations of the country are all provincial organisations and though a national press council has been discussed many times, every attempt to form one has been a failure. The medical men have been working towards a uniform system of examination and license but so far have been unsuccessful. At recent meetings of western medical associations the subject has been discussed and the three prairie provinces are pretty well agreed upon reciprocity, but British Columbia is standing on its dignity.

It is quite likely that our sectionalism is not more noticeable than it is in the United States, where there are broad differences of opinion and various state groupings; or in Great Britain where English opinion on many subjects is quite different from the general opinion of Wales, Scotland or Ireland; or in Germany, where Prussian opinion may be quite obnoxious to the other states of the federation. Nevertheless the growth of national standards and national modes of procedure is much to be desired. A national press association would be a strong influence in favour of a better understanding and greater co-operation among the provinces. A national set of school-books would do much to unify national thought and sentiment. A national medical registration would have a similar influence and would also be economical and highly convenient.

Provincialism is especially undesirable in a country which has a population of only seven million people scattered over a 3,500-mile strip of territory. If the country were more compact and the population more closely packed together, sectionalism would be less dangerous. Schisms could not so greatly endanger national sentiment and national unity of action. It is this geographical characteristic which increases the danger in this country.

THE BUSINESS OF SPORTSMEN

DISCUSSIONS as to the relative value of British and United States sportsmen are filling many columns in the press of both countries. The United States athletes returned from the Olympic games to tell how badly they were treated by the British managers of the great event. The editor of *New York Life* says that most of the complaints are by Irishmen and that the Irish are prone to find fault with the Britisher. This is clever but it is not a full explanation. The United States representatives made many wins and one of their Olympic candidates was the technical winner of the great Marathon. Nevertheless they are quite dissatisfied. Perhaps Mr. G. K. Chesterton is right when he says of the United States sportsman that "He cannot shake hands after the fight. He feels towards his conqueror as a man towards the invader who has robbed him of his country, or the atheist who has robbed him of his God." Perhaps the American does make his sport too important. Perhaps he does make a religion of winning.

The Canadians who have returned from London are not making complaints. They seemed pleased with the treatment which they received. But then they were Britishers going home to the centre of the Empire where it is more or less the custom to encourage, if not patronise, the colonial. Consequently it was not likely that the

Canadians would have any cause for complaint, nor would they expect sympathy if they did complain. If the Britisher worked against the United Stateser, the Canadian would probably be on the same side of the battle as the Britisher.

To find a parallel in this country for the grumbling attitude of the United States sportsman, we have but to take a view of our sportsmen at home. It is scarcely open to doubt that in their native habitat they are much the same as their confreres over the Line. The idea of what constitutes a sportsman differs in Great Britain and in America. In Great Britain, the method of winning is more than the actual win itself. In both Canada and the United States the win is nearly everything. The lacrosse or hockey player who hammers an opponent over the head with his stick is not necessarily condemned by his fellows or by the audience. If he kills the man, he will feel badly; if he disables him temporarily he is somewhat of a hero. If by some trick a man wins a prize to which he is not justly entitled, he takes it without a quiver of the eyelid or the conscience. We welcome back the man who won the 200-metre race, but we neglect the three grand runners who came in fifth, sixth and seventh in the great Marathon Race. We have too little sympathy for the man who stands second.

The truth is that in Great Britain, sport is a pastime; in America, as with all other pursuits, it is a business. That is the great difference. On this continent we are serious-minded and we want our sportsmen to win for the monetary gain, for the local glory, or for the national pride. The difference between Great Britain and ourselves in this particular is a difference in attitude only.

A HAPPY INVITATION

THE announcement that Sir Louis Jette, who will soon complete his term as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, is to open the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto is in the nature of a pleasant surprise to most of the dwellers in Ontario. The first time that the people of Toronto, from the least unto the greatest, took a deep and breathless interest in the doings of Sir Louis Jette was when that gentleman, in association with Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, refused to signify approval of the decision in the Alaska Arbitration. It is five years since those stalwart Canadians came home to be patted on the back and sumptuously banquetted. During that half of a decade, Mr. Aylesworth has known both defeat and victory in the arena of practical politics and has finally attained unto the office and responsibility of Cabinet Minister. Sir Louis Jette has known more peaceful paths in a province which knows little of party strife. He comes to Ontario, full of years and honours, to open officially the greatest annual exhibition in the Dominion. He will see in the great park of Ontario's capital, displayed on every hand, the industrial and agricultural triumphs of the country whose rights as Alaska Commissioner he was so careful to maintain. The acceptance of this invitation is another interesting feature in the entente cordiale programme which French and British Canadians are carrying out to the tune of the *Chant National*.

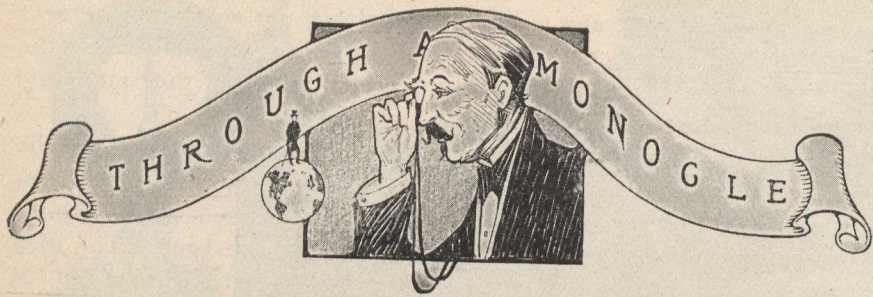
ALBERTA'S PROGRESS

IF the provincial government estimates are nearly correct, Alberta's grain crop will be nearly double that of 1907. The acreage of spring wheat has increased from 122,984 acres to 190,731 acres, while that of fall wheat has increased from 81,652 acres to 95,000. The yield is expected to be about twenty per cent. heavier. There is also an increase of 120,000 acres sowed to oats and 30,000 acres to barley.

Alberta is also making considerable progress in dairying. A creamery at Camrose will dispose of 100,000 pounds of butter this year; while another at Spring Lake is at present paying out to farmers nearly \$600 a week. The movement along this line has been accelerated by the lesson taught last year, that when grain turns out poorly the farmers must have other industries to supply them with the necessary income.

HARVEST AND THE STRIKE

IN the early days of August, business was just ready to take a fresh rush towards boom proportions when suddenly the weather reports grew less and less favourable. The estimate for the western wheat crop dropped steadily from 150 to 125 and finally to 100 million bushels. Then news came that New Brunswick crops had gone back. While business was struggling with these adverse influences, there came the strike on the Canadian Pacific Railway and 8,000 was added to the total of idle men. Business has therefore decided to be careful and not to rush.



YOU have probably noticed that the Premier of Canada has allowed himself all of a week's holiday. Moreover he took some work away with him to do on his holidays; for he expected to spend several hours a day over his correspondence. I wonder what would happen if some of the rest of us had our holidays clipped down to a week, and we were asked to do a few hours' work a day while we were "enjoying" them. A lot of us would begin to talk about the nervous prostration and complete break-down which must infallibly follow so rude a violation of the laws of health. Yet not all of us are as old as the Premier of Canada; and precious few of us have had as hard a twelve months' work as he has put through. Yet if we were denied our holidays and took the sacrifice seriously, we might actually break down. But it would not be the work which would crush us; it would be the feeling of grievance and ill-usage. It is the solemn truth that a man very often cannot do work which he thinks he cannot; while he could easily do the same work if he wanted to think he could. It is not the overworked men who break down as a rule; it is the men who believe that they are overworked.

* * *

THE Premier can get through so much work on so small an allowance of holidays because he is working for himself. He is taking no man's orders. He sticks to his work because he chooses to; and he knows perfectly well that he can take as many holidays as he wants with no one to question why. But he prefers to work. The spur of ambition—the desire to keep his party in power—undoubtedly an honest belief that he is serving his country—the love of the game—all make him anxious to stay at work. If he were kept away from work by an accidental barrier, the worry of it might make him sick. He does not feel that an employer is getting two weeks' extra work out of him for nothing. The more work he can put in, the better he is pleased. He is like the workman who is paid by the piece—the writer who is paid on space. He realises the difference in feeling between the shoemaker who works for himself in his little shop and the employee of the big shoe-shop who works on salary.

* * *

I BELIEVE there would be much more good work done in the world, with much more willingness, with much better and greater results, and with less wear and tear on the health, if we could all manage to find tasks where we were paid by results and not by time. If I were running a business—and it is probably a good thing for me that I am not—I would put every possible man in it on a percentage basis. The wage system is the poorest possible way to pay for labour. It is a clumsy device which probably was invented by some stupid fellow who had more land than he could till, or more cattle than he could watch, and was compelled to get the son of a neighbour with a large family to help him. So long as he and his own family, together with his slaves, if he had any, could do all the work which his possessions called for, no question of paying for labour arose. But this neighbour's lad had to be paid; and the question was—How? He might only be working for a few days, and so could not share on a family basis. And at last the farmer decided in puzzled despair to pay him so much a day.

* * *

THE wage system is one of the mistakes of civilisation. It does not pay for work; it pays for the passing of time. We try to make it reward ability, faithfulness, zeal, effectiveness generally, by paying some men more than others; but an employer has to be in pretty close touch with his employees to apply this system with discretion. The wage implies an overseer or some sort of slave-driver, else the wage-taker will follow the natural instinct of all human beings to get the best of a bargain. And that is a proper instinct. Men should always try to get as much as they can for as little as possible. That is the secret of all commercial progress. Now the wage system runs counter to this instinct, and establishes an artificial standard of honesty under which a man is asked to give more than he need for the price that is paid him. Then the wage system causes most strikes. Put workmen on a fair basis of profit-

sharing; and you could not drive them to reduce their own profits by tying up the works with a strike.

* * *

HOWEVER, we have got a long way from Sir Wilfrid's holiday. After his holiday, he is to address a number of meetings in Ontario. Prior to most elections, Sir Wilfrid makes an appeal to Ontario; and usually Ontario has not responded very warmly. This year, however, he makes his appeal under new conditions. There will be no discredited Liberal Government in Toronto to harden the hearts of the people against every Liberal leader. He will be more in the position that he occupied in 1896 when his tour through this province aroused great enthusiasm. Certainly he is the best public tribune that the country contains. His platform appeal is far and away more effective than that of any other man in Canadian political life. He is our one moving orator. We have other convincing speakers, logical debaters and masters of platform humour; but we have in political life only one orator, and he is the Prime Minister of Canada. Whether or not Sir Wilfrid will attract votes by his tour, he will infallibly attract listeners.

Wid Importe

SIDNEY KIDMAN, the Australian cattle king, is now in London on his first visit. He probably owns more of the British Empire than any one other man. At fourteen he was earning \$2.50 a week and now he has 49,216 square miles of land standing in his name. He began life as a teamster and gradually worked his way up until he was the largest horse dealer and cattle owner in Australia. He owns 100,000 cattle and 10,000 horses, but is not quite satisfied with his business methods. He says that he is coming to this continent to try and get a job on a ranch as a cowboy so that he can find out the inside of the American methods.—*The Argonaut*.

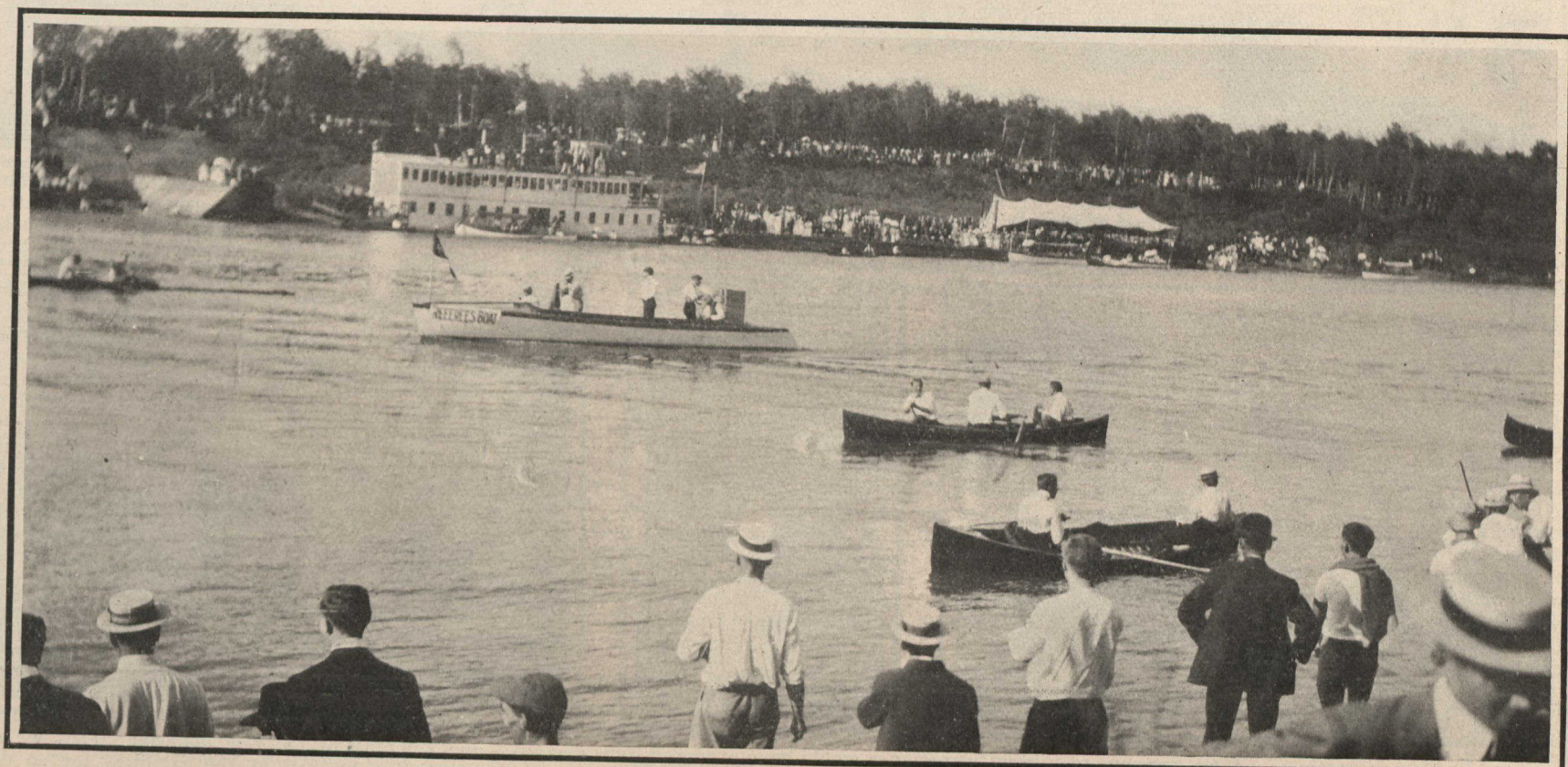


Lady Garneau, wife of Sir J. George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec, who was one of the recipients of Tercentenary knightly honours. Lady Garneau presides over one of the most charming homes of Quebec and is deservedly popular in social circles.

CAMERA ACCOUNTS OF RECENT EVENTS



The first Regular Grand Trunk Passenger Train in the West—It left Portage La Prairie on August 3rd.



Winnipeg's International Regatta on the Red River—The Minnesota Boat Club of St. Paul, won many of the important events—
The Winnipeg Eight won by a quarter of a length.



The Winnipeg Eight also won at The Canadian Henley, St. Catharines, defeating the Argonauts in fairly easy style. The Senior Argonaut Eight had not yet returned from England, but the second Eight was a good crew.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GLEASON, TORONTO

PUBLIC OPINION

(The following letter from one of the oldest and best informed journalists in the Maritime Provinces should receive the fullest attention. Mr. McCreedy is not one to speak hurriedly or without careful investigation of his subject. In this letter he outlines a situation which demands some attention from those whose business it is to consider the Dominion's larger problems. The Provinces-by-the-Sea do not seem to be receiving that treatment to which they are entitled.—Editor.)

AFTER FORTY YEARS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir:—Amid the boasting and congratulations as to Canada's growth and abounding prosperity, it may seem an untimely and unwelcome task to call attention to the stagnant condition of one well-known and once prominent section of the Dominion—the Maritime Provinces. Down here by the sea we are all glad to learn of the prosperity of the middle and western provinces, even though we share in it to an imperceptible degree, but if the twentieth century is to be "Canada's century," we would like to have evidence that there shall be something like an even distribution of the prosperity, the greatness and the glory that is to be. At present we cannot see it.

If we are to read the coming century and what it has for us in the light of the forty years last past, the outlook for the Eastern Provinces is sombre enough.

Forty years ago we federated our 50,000 square miles and 766,000 people with an Ontario of 101,000 square miles, a Quebec of 192,000 square miles and a population of 2,812,000 for the two larger provinces.

To-day we find the Maritime Provinces with no larger area than then, but Ontario has become a province of 400,000 square miles and Quebec 800,000 square miles. The lands thus added to Ontario and Quebec were the common property of all the people of Canada. They have been apportioned on the good old-fashioned plan that those should take who have the power. But let that pass.

We united with an Ontario and Quebec that were to receive out of the common treasury 80 cents per head of their population as it was in 1861. The terms have since been changed to a like per capita upon the actual population as shown by the census. How much this means, to states rapidly growing in area and population! How little it means to those provinces whose area is small and fixed, and whose population does not grow!

For such is the condition of the Maritime Provinces in regard to population. Down to the last census, while Ontario and Quebec had gained over a million souls, we had increased by 127,000, of which 103,000 was gained before 1881.

Either Montreal or Toronto gained more in population in the twenty years, 1881-1901, than the three Maritime Provinces have gained in the forty years since Confederation.

The barren island of Newfoundland has increased in population more in the past twenty years than the three eastern provinces of Canada.

St. John city, whose people have spent a million dollars to equip their port for the expected trade of the West, which has not come to them, has gained but a few hundred souls in twenty years. Halifax has in the same time gained possibly one or two thousand.

It is not the fault of the country nor of its people that these stagnant conditions exist. Before the ill-starred union with Canada—as we are forced to look upon it—these eastern provinces grew as rapidly in population and wealth as did Upper Canada or Lower Canada.

The eastern provinces are rich in soil, lumber, fisheries and minerals. They had before the union a splendid commercial marine, carrying their products to distant markets. That, too, is gone.

Farm values in any one of the three provinces are less than they were forty years ago. We have been bled white by an exodus of our best blood, recently to the Northwest, always and still to the United States.

In Massachusetts alone there are of the best blood of the Maritime Provinces three times as many souls as would equal the population of Prince Edward Island, or three times as many as the united population of St. John, Halifax and Charlottetown. Boston alone has as many people resident there, but born in the Maritime Provinces, as has St. John.

But enough of such unpleasant facts. To say that we are satisfied with existing conditions would be a reflection upon our manhood. I do not present

them with any partisan object. In the forty years past we have had a Conservative party twice in power, and a Liberal party twice in power.

But I do ask, is it creditable to Canadian statesmanship that after forty years in the union these conditions are found existing on the Atlantic wharf-front of the Dominion? Is there not something radically wrong with the system, or the policy, or administration of the country when the rapid progress of the centre and the West contrasts so strongly with the paralysed East?

Will our statesmen at Ottawa rest content while the Atlantic Provinces, containing the only winter ports, and all the coal so necessary to industrial development east of the upper lakes, with other great resources, are the least progressive of any community on the seaboard between the frozen north and the Isthmus of Panama?

Behind this lies the graver question, Will the Maritime Provinces, which entered the confederation so reluctantly and which for forty years have had such experiences therein as are above set forth, consent to remain in the union? How long will they submit to present and past conditions? Not for forty years, nor for twenty.

J. E. B. McCREEDY.

Charlottetown, August 8th.

(There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the quality of Canada's display at the Franco-British Exhibition. Some describe it as satisfactory, others as doubtful. This is not an unusual situation. The following letter is by an artistically inclined citizen who is quite indignant that a higher grade of decoration and display is not used.—Editor.)

THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir:—Having recently returned from Europe, I take an early opportunity to direct the attention of the readers of "The National Weekly" to what I consider a most regrettable situation. I refer to Canada's display at the Franco-British Exhibition. The average Englishman is sadly deficient in accurate knowledge of the most important colony and our exhibit there is not likely to enlighten him to any extent. If the Englishman libels us by believing that this is a country of only one season, and that one of frost and snow, our Government also libels us by the kind of exhibition it has made at Shepherd's Bush this year.

The so-called Canadian Building at the Paris Exhibition in 1900 made all good Canadians blush to own it, and it was to be fondly hoped that eight years' experience would have produced some decided improvement. Viewed from without, the impression is not unfavourable, as the building is sufficiently large to give it importance and the architecture can be forgiven. On entering, the first, last and only impression that the exhibit conveys to the visitor is that Canada is a land of agriculturalists and lumberjacks, a land whose people are absolutely devoid of refinement, where no educational institutions or manufactories except of the most primitive kind exist. Apparently Canada is a place where a man would not dare to take a growing family of girls or even boys unless he could afford to send them back to the old land when the time arrived to have them educated; a country where the daily occupation of its people consists of tilling the soil and felling pine trees, with a little apple-picking or maple-sugar-making as a recreation.

We all admit that our agricultural resources should be advertised so that the labouring and agricultural classes may be induced to come. But we should have the better class of agriculturists, men with capital and families, men and women of intelligence and refinement. To attract these it should be made apparent that their equals are not the rare exception but the general rule in this country. We have an abundance of educational institutions which are recognised as being among the best in the world, yet not one word is said of them. Our public school system stands second to none, yet in all that building there is no hint given that such a thing exists in this country. We have factories which can compete successfully with many of the best in Europe in the production of almost every kind of article, yet nothing is shown the visitor in search of information but a few agricultural implements. These are strongly made and would in all likelihood fill the purpose for which they were designed, but they are not samples of the best our factories can produce—no, not a good average. Be

it the fault of the manufacturers or of the officials who control the exhibit, they are a disgrace to all concerned and by no means up to the standard that one would see at a third-rate country fair in Canada. In fact there are but one or two exhibits that are in the least representative of our manufacturing industries. We notice here an exhibit of scales that no doubt would come in handy on the farm to weigh pork and wheat. There is another of furniture that no doubt would look well by comparison in a log shanty. There are pianos that would stand lots of hard usage, harness and traps that are strongly made of good material as is necessary for backwoods use, clothing and furs with neither cut nor style to them, but no doubt suited to a lumber camp.

Now, who is to blame for all this? Why are Canadians so persistently set before the world as a pioneer people of great physical capabilities but lacking all or nearly all the other requisites that go to make a great nation? We have literary men who have won distinction abroad as well as at home. We have an academy of art, many of the members of which have gained recognition in the largest art exhibitions in Europe. Yet there is no sign of anything approaching a work of art, but instead are shown on every side great, glaring, gaudy, transparent photographs of farming scenes and of our statesmen past and present. It makes one feel that if by one fell swoop he could destroy those glaring monstrosities and the process by which they were made he would at once earn the everlasting gratitude of all self-respecting people. Now the Royal Canadian Academy have been remiss in not taking some interest in this section. They are the representative art body of this country and should be in a position to advise or even dictate to a government or set of officials whose knowledge of things artistic is so limited as to allow them to perpetrate such an atrocious libel on the aesthetic taste of the people of Canada. Another feature of our industries and one that is peculiar to Canada alone is our Lower Canadian home-spuns. Our own people have of late years learned to appreciate the real artistic beauty as well as the great utility of these products, and it is but natural that one would expect to see a fitting display made of them at a great exhibition. Yet in a dark corner where not one in twenty who enters the building will ever find them is a pitiful little group of these beautiful textiles hidden away. Apparently it was feared that they might for one minute interfere with that great impression which it is sought to be conveyed—that we depend on wheat, lumber and minerals for our national existence, present and future. That they are the foundation of our existence we are ready to admit; but the possession of these resources without the ability and the means to turn them to practical use would not benefit us greatly. Therefore their manufacture into marketable articles is of greater national importance to us than the mere sowing and reaping and shipping of the raw material. That we have the ability as well as the facilities for so doing should be made apparent to the world and once and for all give the lie to the impression, existing in the minds of so many Europeans and so galling "in its expression" to Canadians, that there is no use going to Canada unless you are a farmer.

Yours truly,

Toronto, August 13th.

OBSERVER.

AN AMUSING SIGN.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir:—In looking over the Canadian Building at the Franco-British Exhibition I came across a rather amusing sign. Several frames, with reading matter relating to the products etc., of Canada are distributed through the building. Two were hanging together, one partially concealed by the other. The reading matter was thus made to appear as follows:

"ATTENTION.

"IF IT IS YOUR INTENTION TO GO TO AMERICA, REMEMBER THAT UNITED STATES FARMERS ARE GOING TO CANADA IN GREAT

"CAUTION.

"WHILST READING MATTER IN THIS BUILDING IS BASED ON FACTS DO NOT BE INFLUENCED BY IT."

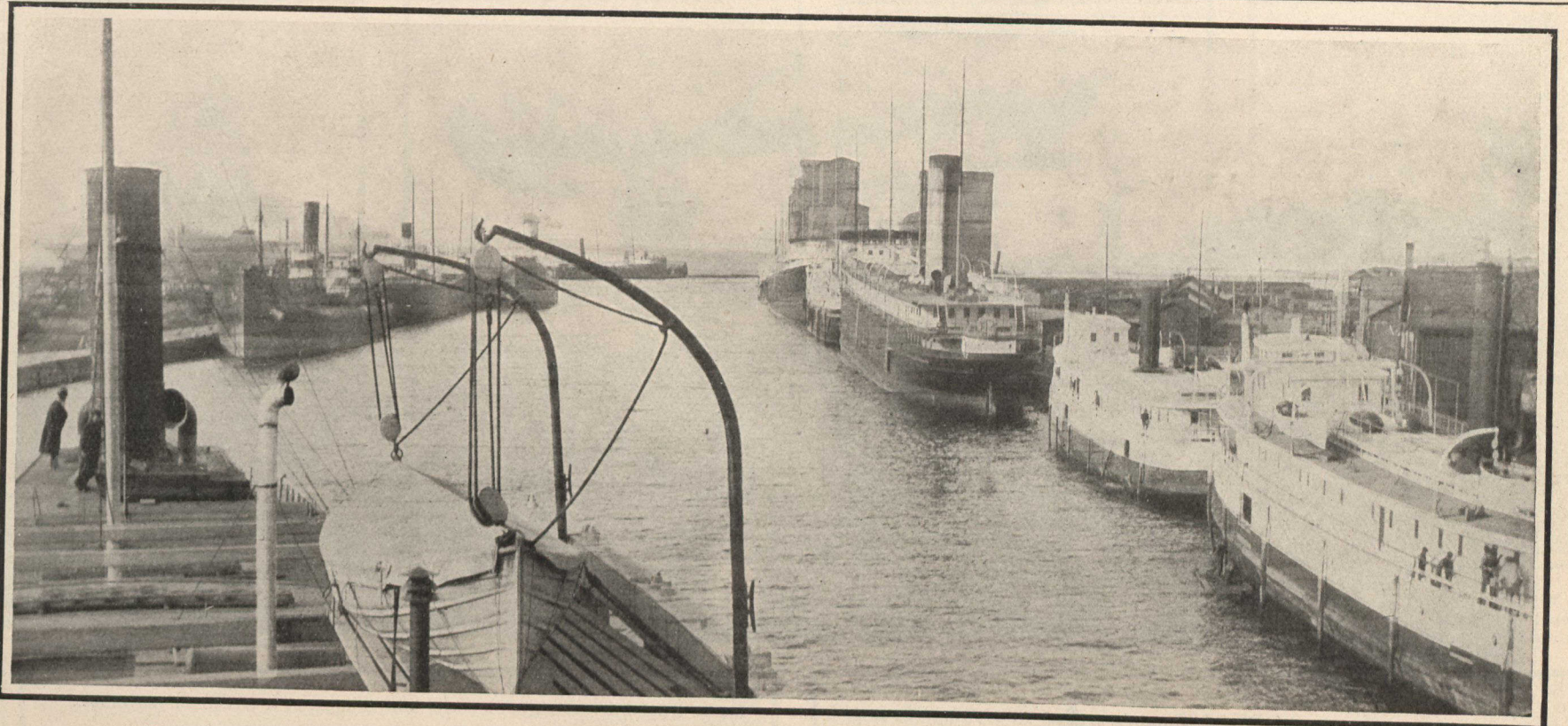
Of course it was an accident, but certainly a rather strange one. The principal features to draw the crowd are six or eight live beavers and the historical figure in butter. I do not think that for attractiveness or size, our exhibit compared with Australia's. Their display cases being white, the prevailing colour of the Exhibition, while ours were in rose-coloured wood, gave them an advantage.

Yours sincerely,

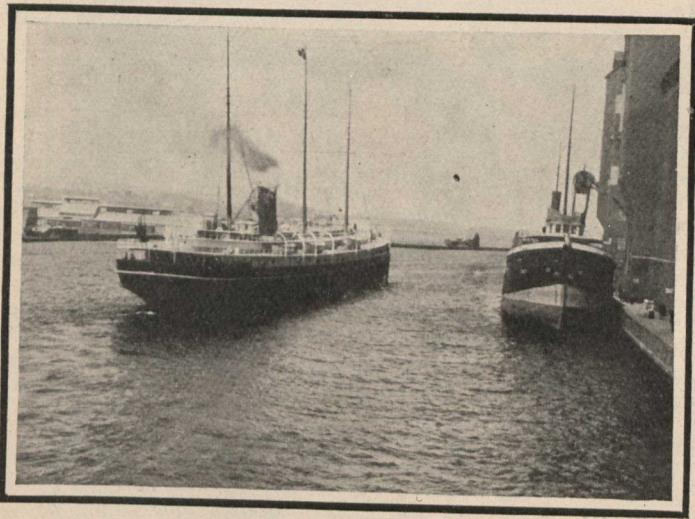
London, Eng., July 15th, 1908.

TRAVELLER.

IN THE HARBOUR OF OWEN SOUND



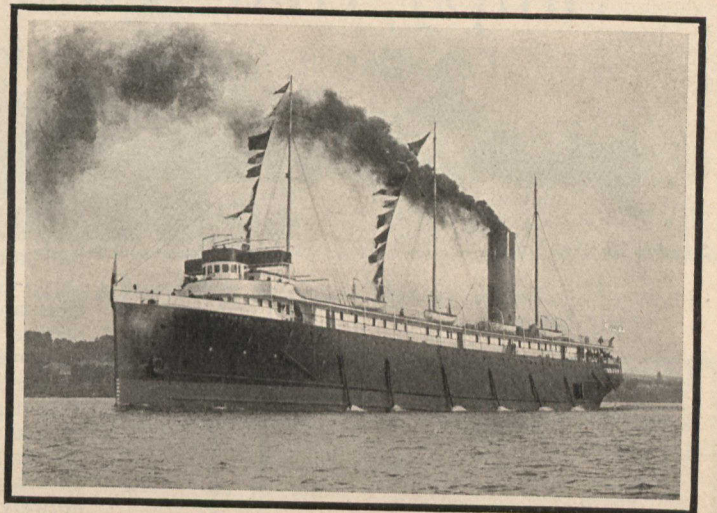
This picture taken last Spring by Mr. Jas. A. Rutherford, shows over four million dollars worth of shipping in the Harbour of Owen Sound. The picture shows only about two-thirds of the docks and vessels there at that time.—See page 12.



The Manitoba, built in Owen Sound some years ago.



The last of the Wind Jammers.



The Assiniboia on her maiden trip in June, she was built at Glasgow.

THE STRIKE OF 8,000 C. P. R. EMPLOYEES



Mr. J. H. Kennedy, President Toronto Trades and Labour Council, addressing C.P.R. Strikers at West Toronto, on Saturday, August 15th. "All we have is our hands, our brain and our muscle, and this we must dispose of in the best market," was one of his remarks.



BRITAIN'S SECOND AIR-SHIP A SUCCESS

"Dirigible Number Two," Britain's second New Army Air-ship, made an ascent from Farnborough recently, and completed a circuit of ten miles.

Ships that Pass Overhead

The Latest Experiments in Aerial Flight.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm."

More than half-a-century ago, Tennyson wrote this poetic prophecy of the navies and commerce which should one day fill the skies. For many years the lines were regarded more as a pleasing fancy than anything of practical import. It will be one hundred years next August since the birth of Alfred Tennyson, and before the centenary will be celebrated, Great Britain and Germany will have made a considerable contribution towards the "nations' airy navies." We are a somewhat cynical people, as to the wonders to be wrought by others; but even the most doubting must now admit that the airship is more than a possibility.

So far, the air ship experiments have concerned themselves chiefly with pleasure or war. The use of the air ship as a freight-carrier has not yet been seriously entertained. It is the war-balloon which is absorbing the attention of British, German and French officials. The Kaiser is an object of suspicion, even of dread to certain London authorities, who appear to believe that he has an envious eye on British supremacy and intends to out-colonise the British Empire. The naval designs of Germany have been carefully watched from London for some years but now the area of anxiety has been transferred to the regions above the earth, in which the German ruler is desirous of having a formidable gathering of war-vessels, flying the flag of the Fatherland. Britain has been the Mistress of the Seas for many a day and it is not surprising that King Edward's nephew should wish for an Empire of the Air.

Count Zeppelin is the modern knight of the balloon and in face of the recent disaster, has shown a determination which has excited world-wide admiration. After months of planning and design, after lavish expenditure on the multifarious and

delicate details of the motor-balloon, one swift flash of lightning destroyed almost in an instant the machine from which so much had been hoped. The *Victoria Daily Colonist*, quoting Commandant Renard's criticism of the construction of the Zeppelin airship, remarks: "In view of this criticism and the story of the destruction of the Zeppelin airship, how very absurd the claims made by the German newspapers seem. They would have us believe that Count Zeppelin had sounded the death-knell of British supremacy on the sea, and had rendered the successful invasion of Britain merely a matter of convenience on the part of the Kaiser."

The British authorities, now experimenting with war-balloons, sent a message of sympathy to the German scientist which the public will believe is entirely sincere. The Kaiser and members of the German nobility have already subscribed large sums towards the building of another huge machine and the Krupp firm has also sent a handsome subscription. Last week, the United States aeroplane, Mr. Wilbur Wright, made a successful flight in his aeroplane at Lemans, France, remaining up for nearly ten minutes. There was a slight injury to his machine, however, resulting from an attempt to descend on a gradual glide, after stopping the motor at a height of seventy-five feet. Count Zeppelin, while expressing to the press his gratification at Mr. Grant's success, concluded with the remark: "While I readily admit that the trickiness of a balloon must always be reckoned with, yet the motor balloon as a means of conveyance certainly is superior to the aeroplane."

There will be many millions sent up in the air before we get the lightning-proof airship, but that the day of aerial navigation has arrived, no one can doubt, when we may open our eyes any fine morning to behold a handsome airship, with all the latest improvements, glittering in the early sunlight, above spires and steeples.

A writer in the *London Times* in expressing alarm at the overhead situation says that every day or so we read of some notable aerial feat by a German, a French or an Italian airship, but nothing about a British airship. Germany has five great airships (including the destroyed Zeppelin balloon), France has seven, Italy has two and Great Britain has only two, namely the *Nulli Secundus* and another craft believed to be its replica.

Certainly a warship overhead would not be a comforting spectacle; but the very uncanny terrors of aerial warfare will probably prevent such a catastrophe. Sir Hiram Maxim is of the opinion that the balloon would be debarred from warfare by general assent. This famous inventor is also of the opinion that the aeroplane, not the dirigible balloon is to be the popular airship of the future.

So discussion and experiment go briskly on and millions are forthcoming for these ships that pass overhead and the "Captains Courageous" who are to direct their course.

A Georgian Bay Port

(See page 11)

THE ports on Georgian Bay are increasing in number and prominence. Before the railways and iron-hulled steamers came into being, these ports were important if not numerous. Then came a period when their relative importance declined. Since the West began to take much merchandise from the East and ship much wheat to Montreal, another period has been reached. In this period, these harbours are witnessing a development which will probably continue for some years to come.

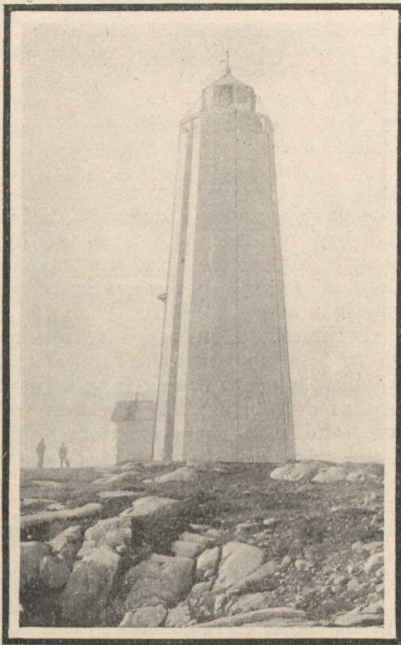
Owen Sound is one of the oldest and quite the largest of these ports. It possesses the pioneer dry dock in those waters, but unfortunately the dock is too small for modern vessels and is but of little service. The boat-building and boat-repairing industry has not grown as it might have. The city has not held its own in this respect with its neighbour, Collingwood, which has a larger dry-dock though a smaller harbour. Nevertheless some boat-building is done, and such repairing as can be done without dry-docking is performed in considerable quantity. Last winter, more than four million dollars' worth of shipping wintered there.

Owen Sound has about a mile of piers, with an average harbour depth of twenty-two feet. It is the departure point for the Canadian Pacific passenger steamers plying between the Georgian Bay and Fort William. It also tranships considerable freight for the West and much wheat for the East. Industrially it is growing fast. It possesses four cement plants; stove, table and chair factories; one of the largest woodenware establishments in the country; and malleable steel and iron works. Its population is about 12,000.

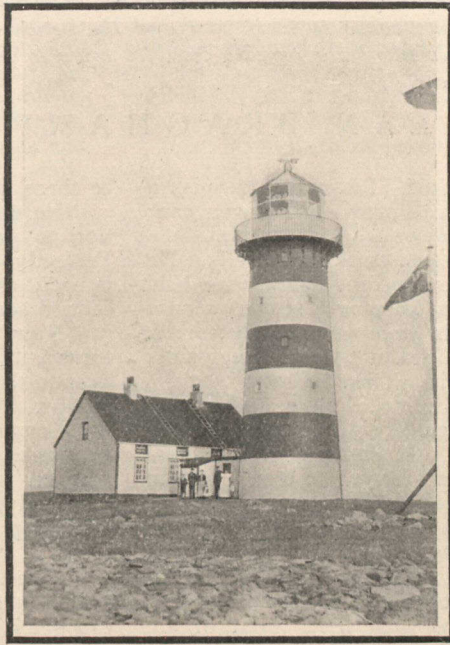
Light-House Keepers in Canada.

LIGHT-HOUSE keepers in Canada number nearly nine hundred. Of these nearly two hundred are west of Montreal; over two hundred in Quebec; in New Brunswick, 111; in Nova Scotia nearly twice that number; on Prince Edward Island, 115. The salaries paid to these light-keepers range from fifty dollars for the season of navigation to \$2,300 per annum. Total cost of keeping up light-houses is now not less than \$630,000 a year. In 1868 the cost of keeping Canadian ships off rocks and shallows and sand-bars was about \$175,000, and in ten years afterwards the amount for maintenance had become more than \$415,000; in 1878 it was about \$450,000, which amount had not increased much in the next decade.

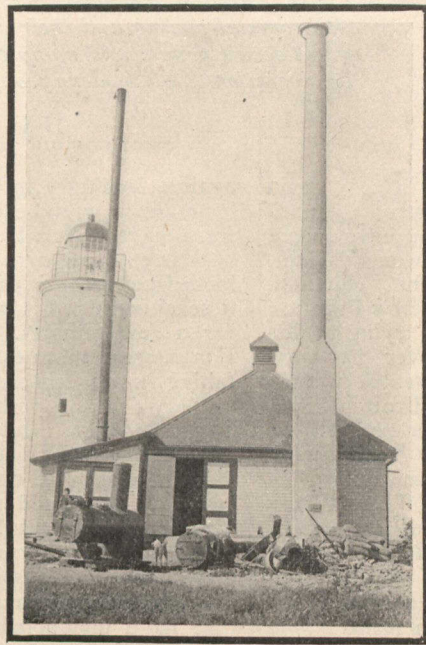
SOME LIGHT-HOUSES OF THE DOMINION



Wooden Light-house on Cape Roseway, Nova Scotia, which recently received a modern lantern.



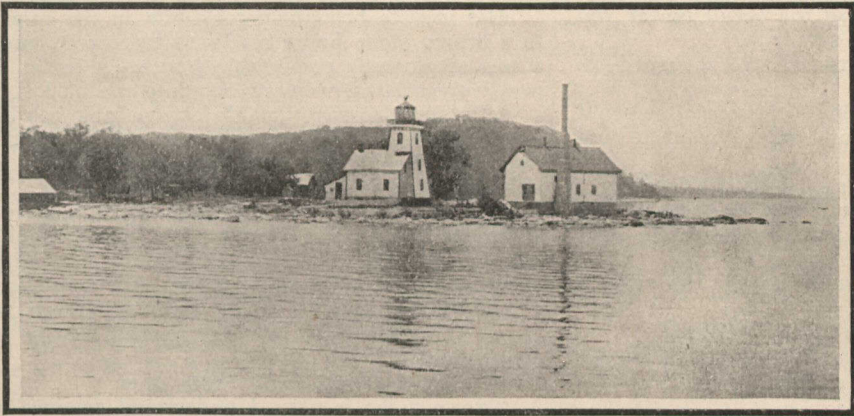
Cape Pine, Newfoundland, a fine cast-iron Tower, erected by the Imperial Government.



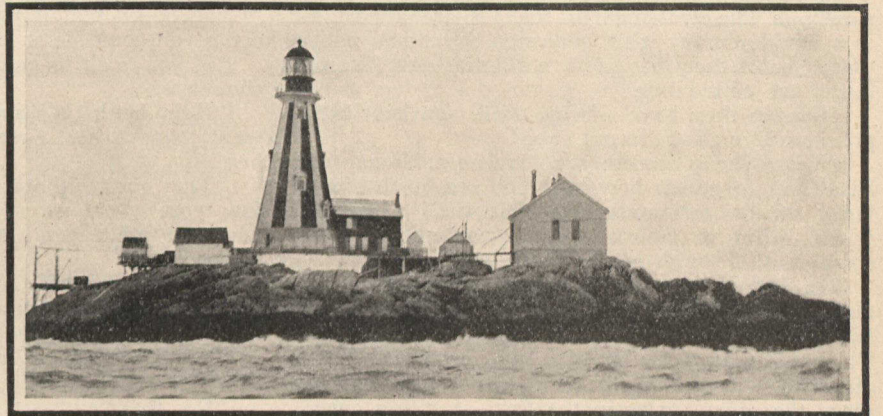
Nine Mile Point, Lake Ontario. Fog Alarm Station has a concrete chimney.



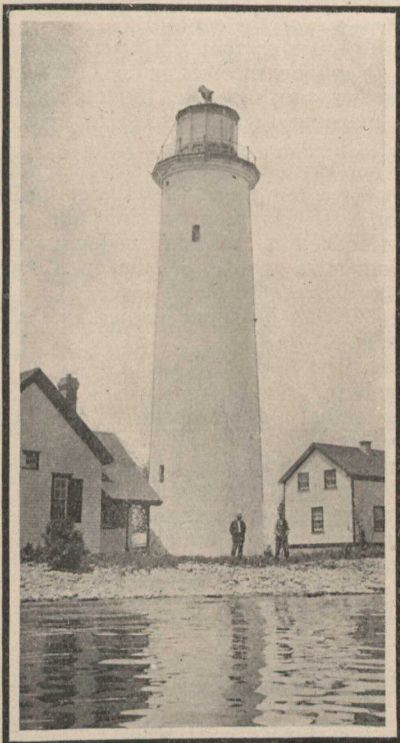
Skeleton Steel Tower on Ile Aux Raisins, St. Lawrence. Here great height was necessary for a back range light.



Hope Island Station, Georgian Bay, a typical lake station with fog alarm building and wooden light-house.



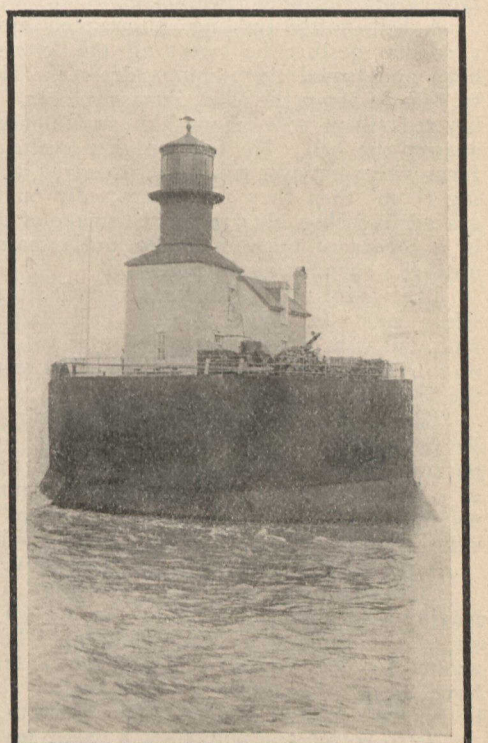
Gannet Rock, Bay of Fundy, one of the most inaccessible Stations in the Dominion.



False Ducks Light-house, Lake Ontario, a fine cut stone building, erected by the old Province of Canada.



Beacon Light in St. John Harbour, the pier is of cribwork and has been repeatedly repaired.



Lower Traverse Light-house, a concrete tower on concrete pier.

Marine lights are kept up on all sorts of strange places; rocks, islands, peninsulas, lightships, sand-bars and reefs. Perhaps the most curious light station in Canada is the Kingston City Hall clock, whose illuminated dial since 1844 has been doing double duty—keeping time for the Limestone City and keeping lake ships off the limestone. A large number of the light-house keepers have to blow fog-horns. This is a melancholy business. One man gets twenty dollars a year for this; another thirty dollars. Both should be fined ten dollars and costs.

judging by the verdict of people in the immediate neighbourhood. Various keepers have various conditions. One man gets a hundred dollars a year for keeping a horse along with his light; another twenty-five dollars for hauling his supplies—because he is one of those lonelies a long way from the corner store. The keeper at Red Island in the St. Lawrence gets \$1,900 a year for an engineer and crew; the keeper at White Island \$2,300 a year for the same.

A large number of the beacon-keepers in the

Dominion have been in the light-keeping business a very long while. John McKenzie at Presqu' Isle, Owen Sound, has been revolving his lamp since 1872; Charles McKay, on Battle Island, since 1877; Pierre Bouillaine, in the St. Lawrence—he also blows a fog-horn—has been doing so for thirty-six years; likewise Francois Gauthier, at Port St. Martin, who gets forty dollars a year. But the keeper on the Lower Traverse light-ship in the St. Lawrence gets \$2,300 a year—which is much different.



Why Mrs. Burbank Ran Away

The first of a series of five Mystery Stories in which Astro, The Seer, and Valeska, his assistant, use their crystal-gazing and their common-sense to their own and the general good. Astro is supposed to have great occult power, and many people who have private troubles come to him for aid. The Seer has a keen appreciation of all modern foolishness.

By ALAN BRAGHAMPTON *

"No," said Astro, "until you have solved a woman's emotional equation, there's little use in trying to discover her motive. A woman

will kill a man she hates; but she will often kill a man she loves. Now look at this letter and tell me whether the writer is in love or not." As he spoke, he selected a sheet from the many spread out on his table and handed it to his assistant. Then, taking up the stem of his narghile, he leaned comfortably back in his velvet arm chair and watched the girl with amusement and fondness. His oriental eyes narrowed, and his olive skinned, handsome, oval face under the white turban became a mask.

Valeska took up the writing with a pretty gesture and scanned it studiously. She looked up at last with a quick, interrogative smile. "She's in love, I think; isn't she?"

"Decidedly!" The Master of Mysteries bowed slowly. "The crossings of the T's are almost all in a double curve: it's a sure sign. But you notice that some of them have only a single curve, like the lower arc of a circle."

"Oh, so they have. Why, then, she has had a previous love affair, hasn't she?"

"Yes. She is sincerely in love now; though she hasn't yet forgotten her first. You see by the regularity of her terminals, too, that she's a faithful friend. But to return to the crossings: let us compare these with some others."

He looked over the collection and drew forth another specimen. "Here you see a woman that has had but one affair, and has quite outlived it. The arc is that of the top of a circle, you see. Here's one who is beginning to be in love. You will observe the same arc as in the first,—a rising curve, but no compound curves. If you thoroughly understand this principle, we'll go on to a study of terminals and gladiated words." As he spoke his face lighted up with enthusiasm.

A bell, softly tinkling, interrupted him. With a sudden gesture he swept all the letters into a heap and tossed them into a drawer. That done, he became again the calm, impassive seer. He drew his red silken robe about him as Valeska rose to answer the bell. He followed her svelte, graceful form with alert eyes till she disappeared in the waiting room; then they fell abstractedly on the slow, gracefully rising, blue, perfumed smoke of the censer in a corner of the dim studio and remained there until the curtains again parted.

The visitor was a fine, military type of man, with white mustache and iron gray hair, tall and well built, but with a face drawn and haggard. He strode up to Astro with a determined air. The seer awaited the first words calmly.

"My name is Burbank," the man began,— "Major Burbank, retired. I have come to you on an important and delicate piece of business, at the advice of a friend who has told me of your reputation for solving mysteries. I trust, sir, that you will consider what I have to say to you as confidential?"

Astro nodded and made an expressive gesture. "My wife left our home yesterday afternoon, leaving a very painful letter for me. I wish to know, sir, if you think that you can discover her whereabouts for me without precipitating a scandal. I have the greatest wish that this matter should not be known unless it is absolutely necessary."

Astro bowed and pointed to a chair, seating himself as well. "I am ready, sir," he replied. "If you will acquaint me with the details, I think I can do what you wish."

"There are no details," the visitor broke out; "that is, none but this letter. Everything was all right; we were happily married; my wife and I loved each other. We have two children, which she has abandoned. It's incredible, sir! There is absolutely no reason for it at all, as far as I can see. But look at this, and imagine what I have to suffer!"

He took a letter in an envelope from his pocket and handed it to the seer.

Astro looked over the envelope carefully, opened the letter and read the following message:

My Dear, Dear George.—I shall never see you

again. Don't try to find me. I'm going to finish a long, bitter wretchedness. Forgive me if you can; for I have suffered. Farewell.

HELEN.
His eyes ran over the pen strokes carefully. He looked at the back of the envelope again, then held it sensitively in his hands, keeping a serious silence for a few minutes. His gaze became abstracted. For several minutes he did not speak, seemingly falling into a deep reverie. Then he said:

"My dear sir, your wife is still alive, and I think I can find her. But I get from the radiations of this writing a conviction that she is in great mental distress which it is not well for you to break in upon just yet. I should prefer that you permit me to visit your house and see if I cannot discover the reason for this surprising action. By visiting the place where she was last, I shall the more readily be impressed by her magnetism and get the vibrations that have undoubtedly affected her. First of all, I must ask you to send me immediately several photographs of Mrs. Burbank, that I may fix her image in my mind."

Major Burbank had stood looking at him with a tense, anxious look. "Is that necessary?" he said. "I had hoped that if you had the occult power you claim you could do it more simply."

"If you wish to help her—" Astro shrugged his shoulders.

"Help her! It's just that!" he exclaimed. "I want to save her, even more than I want to find her."

"That goes without saying. Very well. Only a few more questions, so that I may be prepared for whatever influences I may find. Who lives in your house?"

"Besides my wife and myself, only the cook, a second girl, and a nurse."

"Who are your most frequent visitors?"

"Why, let's see. Ellen has a lot of women friends who run in occasionally, of course."

"No, the men."

The Major looked at him sternly. "See here, sir! If you attempt for a moment to hint that—"

"My dear Major Burbank," Astro replied amiably, "I hint at nothing. All I wish is to be able to distinguish between the astral emanations of those who frequent your place. It is possible that Mrs. Burbank was most affected by a woman; but it is not likely."

The Major, still frowning, replied, "We lead a very quiet life. My friend Colonel Trevellian is the only close friend of the family. But I must tell you, sir, that my wife has of late confessed to me that she did not like him. It has made it very uncomfortable for me, I assure you. But I saw him only to-day. He can have nothing to do with this disappearance, I'm sure. I have known him for several years quite intimately, and he's the last person—"

"I understand," said Astro dryly; "but has he heard of Mrs. Burbank's disappearance?"

"No, I haven't had the heart to tell him."

"Very good. I should advise you not to. Well, I will call this afternoon. I think we shall be able to satisfy you."

As soon as his visitor had gone, Valeska appeared. Astro handed her Mrs. Burbank's letter, with a curious look. She examined it under the drop light at the table.

"She's in love; but has had a previous affair just like that other woman. How curious! And she's suffering from a severe mental strain, too. I heard the Major's conversation while I was in the secret closet. It's interesting, isn't it? Do you suppose she has outgrown her feeling for her husband and is in love with his friend now?"

"Or is she in love with her husband and has outgrown her affection for Colonel Trevellian—that's what we have to find out." Astro shook his head.

"You said you knew she was alive, though How can you be sure that is true?"

"You haven't half examined that envelope," Astro replied abstractedly, as he walked up and down, his chin in his hand, supporting the elbow with his other arm, absorbed in thought.

"It's postmarked New York, though— Oh, I see!" Valeska smiled at him. She had turned back the top flap, which adhered loosely gummed, and looked at the imprint of the stationer. "Hodge & Durland, Poughkeepsie, N. Y." she read. "She may

be there, perhaps. But how did she mail it here?"

"No doubt she gave a porter a dollar at the station to post it when his train got into the city. Perfectly simple. You'll notice that the envelope is badly crumpled and soiled. It has evidently been carried some time in a man's pocket."

"Now," he continued, taking off his robe and turban, "I wish to lose no time; so I'll go right over to the Burbanks', while you wait for the photographs. As soon as they come, take the first train for Poughkeepsie, and see if you can locate Mrs. Burbank. It's unlikely she is still there; yet she may be."

"And if I find her?"

"Keep her in sight, wire me, and await instructions."

"I see." Valeska bent her brows in thought.

"If she's gone, of course I'll try to trace her, if I can get it out of the hotel clerks."

"If you can?" Astro, struggling into a long gray overcoat, paused long enough to smile at his assistant. In return she made a mischievous face at him. He blew a kiss to her, and, taking his stick and silk hat, left the studio.

His private brougham took him in ten minutes to a brown stone house on West 52d street, one of a row of gloomily respectable fronts. A butler, impressively solemn, ushered him into the parlor.

"I'm sorry to say that Major Burbank has been unexpectedly called away, sir, and left instructions that you should see anything you wished." His voice dropped in tone as he added somberly, "The fact is, sir, the Colonel has just heard a piece of shocking news. His brother has just committed suicide, sir, and the Major has gone up to Kingsbridge to see about it, sir. He was very much upset, of course, sir; but he told me to do what was necessary for you. So if you are ready I'll show you everything."

"Is Mrs. Burbank in?" Astro asked.

"No, sir, she is not. I understand an aunt was taken ill and she has gone out of town to attend to her. She left yesterday afternoon, sir, directly after lunch, in a great hurry, sir."

"In a hurry?" Astro repeated, watching the impassive countenance of the servant.

"Yes, sir; so much so that she never stopped to hang up the telephone receiver, sir. I expect the call was from her aunt's people, though she got a letter in the morning that did seem to upset her, too."

"Ah!" The Master of Mysteries knitted his brow, and sat for a few moments without speaking, while the butler stood erect, waiting like a lay figure. Astro looked up at him suddenly, with a keen, searching gaze, and for a moment a startled expression passed over the man's face.

"So Mrs. Burbank has gone to her aunt's?" he said deliberately.

"That's what she said, sir."

"Do you believe it?"

The butler shifted his feet uneasily. "It's hardly for me to say, sir."

"See here!" Astro rose and took the fellow by the lapel of his coat. "You're quite right, my man. It isn't for you to suspect anything, of course. But if I know anything about human nature, you are devoted to the Major, and you're to be trusted. Now see here! I'm here to help the Major in this matter; but anything I find out from you shall go no further. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," the butler replied uneasily. "The Major said I was to obey your instructions to the letter, sir."

"There is one thing that I want to know, my man, and that is, Did Mrs. Burbank write to Colonel Trevellian before or since she went away?"

"I can't say, sir, as to that."

The seer still looked at the man searchingly, as if sending his will and thought through his eyes to fascinate and charm. The man's attitude, as he watched Astro, changed subtly from suspicion to confidence. Gradually he lost the conventional stolidity of the servant and became human.

"All I want to see is the envelope of that letter," Astro said, watching his man.

The butler hesitated. "I might possibly find out from the Colonel's man, sir. I'm well acquainted with him, and I've done him favors in times past."

"See if you can get it; and meanwhile I'll go up into Mrs. Burbank's room."

The butler showed the way up stairs and left the Master of Mysteries alone. Once the door was shut, Astro gave a swift look about the chamber, then walked to a writing desk. Everything was in order, and not a letter was visible. From here he turned to the open grate. The fire was out, and only a few ashes remained. These he examined carefully. On the top were a few flakes of carbonized paper, crumpled like black poppy leaves. With a deft finger he drew these from the grate and carried them to the desk, placing them on a white blotter. On the wrinkled surface, almost invisible, were some traces of writing, appearing as if slightly embossed on the surface. He could make out only one word, or part of a word, "Kellem." The closest scrutiny revealed no more writing; but on one charred fragment he discovered the remains of a postage stamp. It was curiously shrunk to half size, and appeared as a negative, in which all that had been white was black, and the red ink changed to gray.

By the time he had accomplished this delicate manipulation the butler had returned.

"I found the letter, sir; but it hasn't been opened at all. It seems that the Colonel didn't come home last night, and hasn't returned yet. I got it out of William; but he's in a mortal terror, sir, and he wants me to bring it back at once. Do you think it will take you long, sir?"

"About ten minutes; but I shall have to be alone."

"You're not going to open it, sir! It's as much as William's place is worth to be caught at this game."

"No, I won't open it. I only wish to see the writing. Come back in ten minutes, and I'll let you have it back."

As soon as the butler had gone Astro drew from his pocket a bottle of alcohol and a velvet sponge. With this he moistened the envelope and it became as transparent as tracing paper. The letter inside was so folded, however, that he could read only one line, in a nervous, hurried handwriting which he recognized as Mrs. Burbank's:

I cannot bear it any longer. If you don't—

He opened the window, set the envelope in a draft, and waited. In ten minutes he took it up, smelled of it, and went out of the room. The butler was anxiously waiting, and received it with relief.

"One moment, before you go," said Astro. "I'd like to see the nursery and the children."

The butler led the way and opened a door on the third floor. Two children, one about four and the other two years old, were playing on the floor with building blocks, while a nursemaid was busy at the window with some sewing. The butler retired to return the letter.

Astro went to the children and knelt down beside them, showing by his manner that he was not only fond of children, but used to them. He did not speak at first, sitting with them, smiling, and playing with the blocks as if he himself was of their age. The elder, a boy, seeing him arranging a pile of blocks, crawled over to watch and help him. As the two sat there together, the other baby stared at Astro. Then she put out her two arms and cried:

"Kellem! Kellem!"

Astro stared in surprise. It was the same word, evidently, that he had found on the ashes of Mrs. Burbank's letter. He turned to the nurse, who apparently had noticed nothing unusual.

"What does she mean by that?" he asked.

"Oh, that 'Kellem, kellem'? Why, I don't know. I'm sure, sir. I fancy it's one of the games they play with Colonel Trevellian. He often comes in here for a romp with the kiddies, and they seem to be fond of him. I've heard Agatha say that before: but, Lord! I never thought to wonder about it. It is funny, isn't it?"

Again the child reached out her arms and repeated the words, "Kellem, kellem!"

"Did she ever play that particular game with her mother, nurse?"

"I don't remember, sir, I'm sure. I expect so, though. Seems to me, now I think of it, I did hear Mrs. Burbank trying to break Agatha of it; but no doubt I've got it mixed up."

Astro watched the children for some time; then, after kissing each of the chubby faces, went thoughtfully down stairs.

He had no sooner reached the hall than the outer door opened, and Burbank entered with a serious expression on his face. He bowed and shook his head sadly.

"My misfortunes are all coming at once, it seems," he said. "My brother is dead, my wife missing. It's too much for me, and I'm afraid I'll have to call in the police and put them on the case. I can't stand it any longer; unless—unless you have discovered some way of helping me," he added.

"When did your brother die?" Astro asked.

"So far as we can learn, early this morning. The

gas was turned on in his room, and he was found at eight o'clock, dead from the fumes. They were unable to locate me till four this afternoon, when I went right over and did what was necessary."

"He lived alone, I presume?"

"Yes, not even a servant. The body was discovered by a friend whom he had asked to call who smelled the gas and had the door broken in. I can't account for it any way."

"Did Mrs. Burbank ever visit his apartment?" Astro asked.

"Yes. Occasionally when he was ill, she went over and took him things necessary." He stopped and stared at the Master. "But you don't suspect that—that there's any connection between Mrs. Burbank's disappearance and my brother's death?"

"I should like to investigate your brother's apartments," said Astro evasively. "I may be able to receive some impression there that will lead me on the track. I have succeeded in harmonizing the vibrations in Mrs. Burbank's apartments and feel already that I understand her mental condition when she left home. But there is a strange discord there, Mr. Burbank, and I must complete the impression."

"Here is my card, then. I'll write a note asking that you be given the fullest opportunity for investigation on the premises. Of course the body has been taken to the morgue, and the police are in charge of the apartment; but I think you will have no trouble with them."

"One more thing," Mr. Burbank. I'd like to know if Mrs. Burbank was ever hypnotized, that you know of."

"Why, only once, possibly twice, at an evening party here. We did have some rather amusing experiments this fall; but it was nothing but fun, of course."

"And who was it that hypnotized her that time?" asked the seer.

"Why, my friend, Colonel Trevellian. He fancied that he had some power, and did succeed in influencing one or two of the company, my wife included. But nothing further ever came of it, and we never tried it again."

"Has the Colonel known your wife long?"

"Yes, since before we were married. But my dear sir, you don't—"

"Mr. Burbank, at present I am merely holding myself sensitive to whatever influences I come in contact with, that's all. As soon as I have soaked myself in them, so to speak, I shall go into a trance and be guided by subconscious mind. I don't know about these things at all. I observe, I listen, I smell; but what works these impressions out in me is deeper than mere sense or mere ratiocination. You must wait patiently, and hope for the best."

He left Burbank disconsolate in the library, and jumping into his brougham, the Master of Mysteries drove to the studio. Here a telegram awaited him. It was from Valeska:

She is in Troy. Shall find her this evening and wire address.

He despatched an answer, and, hurrying to the subway, took an express to Kingsbridge.

On the way his face belied the confident patter by which he had imposed upon his client. His eyes were fixed, his mouth set. Occasionally he drew from his pocket a notebook and consulted its contents, staring at the page for minutes at a time. As the train slowed down, he became alert again, and when it stopped he waited only long enough to ask for directions, then walked briskly to Burbank's apartment.

The note insured a grudging admittance, and he was taken up stairs by an officer into the little flat. The place was meagerly furnished as a bachelor's quarters. A look into the kitchen revealed a few utensils and packages of food strewn about in a disorderly manner. The sitting room was scantily furnished, but in better order. Astro gave it a glance. The chamber where Burbank had died next engrossed his attention. Here he spent a half-hour in elaborate scrutiny. Still he appeared dissatisfied. Excusing himself to the officer, he opened the back door and inspected the platform. Here he saw an ash barrel and a can for refuse. He opened the cover of each in turn. Lighting a match, he looked eagerly into them.

In a moment he had drawn out a broken, hollow, black rubber cylinder, and after assuring himself that he had all the fragments slipped them into his overcoat pocket. He then returned inside.

"You have no doubt that the death was caused by suicide, I suppose, officer?"

"Of course not. There's no evidence to the contrary that I know of."

"No one was known to have visited him the night before he died?"

"The people down stairs say they heard footsteps late that night; but it may have been anybody. No-

body heard the door shut. Or if they had, how was it possible to turn on the gas? The door was locked on the inside, as they found when they burst it in."

"And the rear entrance was locked, too?"

"That, too. It was a suicide, all right."

"Of course. Very well, then, that's all. I'll report to the Major. Good night, officer."

Astro hurried back to the subway station. As he reached the ticket taker he drew a photograph from his pocket and handed it to the man.

"Did you see a woman like this last night, late?"

He looked at it for some time before he answered. "I wouldn't be sure but I've seen her several times. I can't recall just when was the last time."

"That's all," said Astro, and he handed the man a dollar, ran down stairs, and boarded the local train for down town.

Another telegram from Valeska was lying under his door when he reached the studio. After reading it, he hastily scribbled two despatches and rang for a messenger. One read:

"Your child Bobby has been taken ill with pneumonia and is at a private hospital, at No. 234 West 34th street. Come at once. Important."

This was addressed to Mrs. Belle Grant, Delmar House, Troy, New York. The other was sent to Valeska Wynne:

"Follow B. G. wherever she goes, and get acquainted with her if possible; but do not let her know you know her."

Then, yawning, he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and sat down to a table under the electric light. Here he laid out the pieces of the cylinder he had found, and with liquid glue started laboriously to piece them together. One by one he fastened them and warmed them over a Bunsen burner till they were dry. The work was long and arduous, and it was almost daylight before he had finished the job. The cylinder was now complete, except for an irregularly shaped hole at one extremity. With a penknife he trimmed the protruding glue, and then examined the whole through a magnifying glass. Not till it appeared to satisfy his inspection did he desist. But at last the thing was done, and without undressing he threw himself on the great velvet couch under a trophy of arms and fell sound asleep.

His pet cat Deodar, a handsome black Angora, awakened him at nine o'clock by clawing at his sleeve, and Astro jumped up and went to the telephone. A half hour later, tubbed, and clad in his flowing red silk robe, and his turban and its moonstone clasp on his head, he sipped his thick black coffee and munched his rolls as he read in the morning paper the accounts of the suicide of Edward Burbank. Nothing new to interest him had transpired.

As he sat there the bell rang, and soon a boy in buttons entered, carrying a parcel. Astro opened it, and took from a box a phonograph, which he set on the table. He was a bit excited now, as he fitted his mended cylinder to the drum and started the clock-work.

The wheels whirred; a harsh, dry voice announced a song by a well known comedian. After a preliminary orchestral flourish, the solo began. Astro listened eagerly. The melody was constantly interrupted by discordant, explosive noises caused by the joining of the broken pieces; but with these interruptions the song ran on for a while fairly intelligibly. Then there was a splitting series of crackling noises. From the silence following these there came a sudden, loud, monotonous exclamation, "Kellem, kellem, kellem, kelle!"

Astro, staring, stopped the machine and reseated himself, to fall into a profound reverie. At times he shook his head. Once he rose to take Mrs. Burbank's letter from a pigeonhole, and scrutinized it long and carefully. At last, with a shrug, he took up his narghile and a volume of French memoirs. Smoking and reading, the time passed away till ten o'clock.

The first visitors were sent away by Buttons. Astro would not be disturbed. At eleven, the telephone bell rang. The Master of Mysteries took up the receiver eagerly.

It was Major Burbank. "I have just received a letter," he said, "and I thought it would be well for you to know the contents. It is from my unfortunate brother Edward, and in it he tells me he is contemplating suicide. The poor fellow was in ill health and financial straits, and the fact that he had been a care to me seemed to worry him. It's dreadful to think of his having been distressed over the little I was able to do for him; but I feel quite sure that he was not sane when he committed his desperate act. The poor fellow is at rest in peace now, I trust. I almost wish I was."

(Continued on page 21)



A LOST SOVEREIGN.

At the International S. S. Convention at Louisville, a Canadian lady lost an English sovereign. Judge MacLaren of Toronto created much amusement in announcing the loss. In describing the sovereign, says the *Epworth Era*, he said that the image on the coin was not that of Edward VII., but of George III. and the piece was greatly prized as an heirloom in the family. Then he added: "I hope that whoever has found it will be as anxious to part with it as your ancestors were to get rid of George III."

AN AUGUST ELECTION.

Out west in sunny "Saskatch,"
They've just had a libelling match,
With "coward" and "grafter,"
Who'll shake hands right after
And say: "Why, we haven't a scratch!"

NEWSLETS.

The *Toronto Globe* has intimated that the *News* is a Conservative organ and is playing Tory tunes. The *News* amiably explains that if adherence to the grand, old, wooden Liberal platform of 1893 be Toryism, the charge is fair. It is up to the *News* to offer two handsomely bound volumes of "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party" by J. S. Willison as a prize for a hundred-word sermonette on the political whereabouts of the New Organ. The nine ex-prisoners from Toronto are still very much at large. Dr. Chambers is thinking of going after them in Beachey's airship. It is time that a few modern methods were applied to keep and capture these highly useful citizens who spend their spare moments in stabbing and striking the women of the community.

Up to the time of going to press, we have not received apologies from those enterprising journals in Clinton, Regina and elsewhere who copied the *London Advertiser's* asinine remark about this journal's being mistaken regarding the existence of Madame Henri Bourassa. It is perfectly horrid of the *London Tiser* to kill off charming hostesses in this ruthless fashion. But, so far as matters of current history are concerned: "If you see it in the *Tiser*, it's twisted." *Clinton New Era* and *Regina Leader* please copy.

AN AMBIGUOUS REPLY.

ONE of the best known papers in the north country is the *Haileyburian*, whose editor, Mr. C. C. Farr, is widely known for his wit and good-fellowship. Not long ago, a young Toronto newspaper man was in Haileybury and was taken by the local editor to the hotel. Ice-cream soda comes high in those regions and Mr. Farr looked blank when he found that he had left his pocket-book in the editorial desk. However, he turned to the hotel proprietor with promptness and asked for the loan of a five-dollar bill. The bill was forthcoming and Mr. Farr said: "Now, give me a piece of paper and I'll make out an I. O. U."

"Oh, that isn't necessary," said the obliging Boniface.

"But it is. I might die suddenly this afternoon and you'd be out five dollars."

"I wouldn't mind, under the circumstances," was the answer, and the Haileybury hotel man, who received the five dollars the very next day, is wondering yet why his two customers smiled mirthfully at his kindly assurance.

A CLERICAL OUTBREAK.

A YOUNG theological student from a Toronto college is experiencing this summer, for the first time, the responsibility of preparing sermons for a village congregation. The weather from which we have recently suffered is not such as conduces to the orderly arrangement of "firstly, secondly,

thirdly." The student pastor recently penned the following, *A Lay Laid* by L—, and sent it to one who could sympathise:

Once more 'tis Sabbath morn and I,
Oppressed with various ills, recline.
The day is hot, prostration nigh,
For cool ice cream I wildly pine.

Since last I wrote, the days have gone,
Each one, of occupation full;
They would not wait, but hurried on,
Till now, too late, my wool I pull.

And cry "Alas! what have I done?
An hour 'twas early—now 'tis late.
And sermon time has come and none
Have I. Oh, what a bitter fate!

"I have a thought! Hurrah! At last!
Where is my paper, pen and ink?
I'll jot it down and hold it fast
And text and exhortation link.

"Here is some paper. Where's the pen?
A broken pencil—that won't do—
Here's one. What was that thought again?
Alas! Alack! Where has it flew?

"Prepared for Thoughts, I wait and wait,
While swift the moments past me fly;
'Tis eight—now nine—half-past's too late—
Nine-thirty—find me place to die."

HIS PROFESSION.

A VISITOR from Winnipeg was highly interested in Toronto's recent gathering of the Fraser clan and asked of a native of Ontario's capital: "Who is this Alexander Fraser, the head of the clan?"

"Well," said the Toronto man ruminatingly, "I ain't quite sure. Alec's a good sort and I think he looks after some papers up in the Park—in the Parliament Buildings, I mean. But of course he's a Scotchman by profession."

TEN LITTLE BROKERS.

Ten little brokers standing in a line;
One got cold feet and then there were nine.

Nine little brokers monkeying with their fate;
One got a good squeeze and then there were eight.

Eight little brokers yelling up to heaven;
Heart disease got hold of one and then there were seven.

Seven little brokers playing brokers' tricks;
One couldn't cover and then there were six.

Six little brokers buzzing round the hive;
One got well stung and then there were five.

Five little brokers bidding on the floor;
One got a loan called and then there were four.

Four little brokers on a gambling spree;
One got cornered and then there were three.

Three little brokers formed a pool in glue;
One of them got stuck and then there were two.

Two little brokers making lots of mun;
One dropped his long green and then there was one.

One little broker on a Broadway car;
What he said we cannot print; let's bid him au
revoir.

—The Metropolitan.

A CANNY CABBY.

Cabman (with exaggerated politeness)—"Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse?"

Stout Lady (who has just paid the minimum fare)—"Why?"

Cabman—"Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.

Customer (in book store)—Have you Dante's "Inferno"?

Clerk—No, but I can give you "Who's Who in Chicago."—*Life*.

HAVING A LOVELY TIME.

A BOY in the State School for Dependent Children wrote his father thus: "Dear Papa: We children are having a good time here now. Mr. Sager broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the waggon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on it. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."—*The Argonaut*.



Manitoba: Gee! Call me the postage-stamp Province, would you? I'm the handsomest picture post-card in the bunch.

DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN COURIER



Fifteen hundred men walking out at the C.P.R. Shops at Winnipeg, with their tools under their arms.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A. MAXON, a Nova Scotia Rhodes scholar at Oxford, has won high distinction in writing off his B.A. in the second year with first-class honours in jurisprudence. Just a quartette who secured similar honours this year at Oxford. Maxon led the band; the first Canadian to do so.

* * *

POTLACH of the two hundredth whale has been held on the Pacific coast, where aboriginal festivities have taken a place in history. This was held by whalers at Kyuquot. A western writer says of this extremely civilised and refined orgy: "Some days ago the Indians, who had been working very steadily at the whaling station, began to think it was time for a potlach. Visions of whale meat, berry mush, and other Siwash dainties came up to them, and they looked forward to one of the old-time Indian potlaches when dances would be held while applauding people sat about a great driftwood side at the edge of the sea. The boss suggested the idea to the manager of the whaling station. The manager promptly announced that he would give a potlach—a feast to celebrate the capture of the 200th whale. It would be a white man's potlach."

* * *

SKIN of a young pig has been successfully grafted on to the leg of a lad in St. John. This is the first case on record of pigskin grafting in Canada. The operation was performed by a St. John surgeon, Dr. W. W. White.

* * *

MILLION dollars in a cargo of silk—this was the inventory of the S.S. *Monteagle* that steamed into Vancouver recently after one of the most rapid runs in the history of steam. This million dollar cargo was the first to reach the American coast; a race of three vessels all carrying silk just as in other parts of the season there are steamship tea races from the Orient. The Japanese *Tosa Maru* and the Pacific steamer *Siberia* were the other two competitors. But of course this million dollars' worth of silk is not to be consumed in Vancouver; neither is it to be worn by ladies in Canada; but it will be forwarded to New York; not by ordinary freight cars—oh no! but by an express train of passenger coaches.

* * *

EVERY now and then some obscure man who ought to have been rather famous has to die before people discover that he ever did anything worth while; and this was somewhat the case of Dr. Youle Hind, who passed away the other day in Windsor, Nova Scotia—president of the girls' school there; a ripe old man of eighty-five who seems to have known more about Canada in the raw and the making than almost any of his contemporaries except Lord Strathcona. An academician first; at the Normal School, Toronto, and Trinity University—back in the forties, twenty years before Confederation; and from Trinity Dr. Hind was appointed

geologist to the first Red River expedition; a year afterwards commanding the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan explorations—finding out things about the West at just about the same time that Colonel Butler made his famous journey from Fort Garry to the far north, afterwards writing his book, "The Great Lone Land." Since his residence in the far east Dr. Hind has contributed a great deal to the practical learning of the Dominion; has been for years an instructor of parliaments; perhaps the only instance of a traveller who saw the West intimately becoming a permanent resident of the Maritime Provinces.

* * *

A VANCOUVER business man has discovered from conversations on the railroad trains that the Standard Oil Company is in a fair way to become the owner of Canada. Information which this gentleman got contains the following evidence of the conspiracy: "Every year there are many millions of dollars in the way of surplus earnings piled up by the Standard Oil combination. These have to be placed, and year by year are becoming more and more of a burden. Canada has a reputation for the possession of vast stores of raw material of the greatest value. Along with this is a reputation as a country where the word 'law' means as much as anywhere in the world. The man to whom I was talking was one of an army spread out over the earth looking for investments for this surplus. He found a locality where things looked good to him; sent in a report on the local conditions, prices and means of tying the place up as they appeared to him—and passed on. There followed after him and his kind another army and in the names of 'Jones,' 'Smith,' 'Brown' and 'Robinson' these properties passed into the hands of the Standard Oil pool. They never pass back again. More and more these men, an army in numbers, each a general in knowledge and ability, are being quietly directed towards Canada, and for dimes to-day the combination is acquiring raw material that to-morrow will be considered cheap at dollars. Canada will be the next country to pass under the control of the Standard Oil. I saw that man in Vancouver a few days ago."

* * *

DISQUALIFIED from entering the London Marathon, McAughey, the young Scotch-Canadian from Toronto, undertook to carry "a message to Garcia," who in this case was the Mayor of New York; the sender of the message being the portly and urbane Mayor Oliver of Toronto. McAughey ran every mile of the 772 miles which he had to do over a circuitous route, down through the valleys of the Niagara and the Hudson. But though these are two of the most charming valleys in the world, McAughey took little notice of the landscape; cared not a cent for the battlegrounds of the border or the Catskill Mountains where Rip Van Winkle woke up; keeping eyes on the road where

his feet were clicking off the miles at the rate of more than sixty a day. But Sundays he rested and took note of the scenery—since he was sent out by a Y.M.C.A. and acted on the principle that one day's rest in seven is as good for a runner as it is for a horse.

* * *

NOTHING more succinctly tells the story of western evolution than the fact that just the other day a Saskatoon jeweller was robbed of a tray of diamond rings. Seven years ago almost any lot in the town could have been swapped for a diamond ring. The West is strong on jewellery; in fact in the earliest days of the fur companies one of the staple articles of commerce was some kind of jewellery—whereby hangs many a tale of Indian women who were easily buncoed by the charms of a pewter ring. Saskatoon, however, has long ago got over the pewter ring stage and is now fair into the era of diamond rings; the cent belt will come next.

* * *

A LOS ANGELES paper has just completed the onerous task of placing Fernie, British Columbia, in the suburban regions of Winnipeg, from which Fernie is distant more than a thousand miles. In order to give his readers a graphic and luminous account of the Fernie disaster, the editor of the paper published photographs of "peasant" women who were forced to flee for their lives from the burned city to Winnipeg—beating McAughey's run from Toronto to New York by three hundred miles. The peasants were Doukhobor women. This is the latest triumph in newspaper geography.

* * *

IT has been rediscovered that in 1839 some citizens of London, Ontario, were hanged out of the window of the court house for alleged treason. The document containing the warrant for the execution of Cunningham, Doan and Perley, three of the sympathisers and accomplices of William Lyon Mackenzie in his attempt upon the oligarchy of Canada, has been unearthed in the old court house from whose windows they were hanged to get responsible government for Upper Canada. The building still stands in London. It should be preserved for a constitutional museum. Part of the warrant reads thus:

"Government House, 29th January, 1839.

"James Hamilton, Esq., Sheriff, London District, London:

"Sir:—I have the honour to transmit to you, by command of the Lieutenant-Governor, three warrants for the execution, respectively, at London, of Cornelius Cunningham (on Monday, February 4), Joshua Gillam Doan and Amos Perley (on Wednesday, the 6th), pursuant to the sentence of the court-martial therein stated. His excellency directs that the warrant be publicly read before the prisoners at the time and place of their execution."

What Canadian Editors Think

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE EMPIRE.

(Montreal Star.)

NEW ZEALAND and Australia are bound to develop into naval powers. They have the same reasons and the same facilities as Great Britain herself. Military powers they need not be; for the command of the sea will secure their coasts and the loss of that control would expose them to dangers with which even treble their population could not cope. They must put their trust in battleships, and battleships in this *Dreadnought* and *Indomitable* age are expensive bulwarks to build. Still there lies their path and they must tread it. The result of this will be that these two island colonies will be the earliest and most effective assistants of the Motherland in keeping up the navy. Canada with her larger population—we are speaking more particularly of the future—will more easily strengthen the defences of the Empire on its military side. And this should suit all concerned. Canada will like to contribute to that arm of the service which permits us to largely control our contribution, while Britain will be likely to stand more in need of a mobile and effective military force than of a further naval contribution which we would want to keep largely under our own charge. A Canadian squadron would be of much less use, if colonially controlled, than an Australasian; for Australasia is naturally an independent naval centre, while Canada is too near the British Isles for that.

* * *

THE WESTERN LANDS PROBLEM.

(Regina Standard.)

THE Dominion Government wanting possession of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territories, to carry out their plans, entered into negotiations with the Hudson's Bay Company for acquiring their rights. Being unable to come to terms with them, they appealed to Great Britain who made a bargain with the Hudson's Bay Company by which that Company surrendered any rights they had, not to the Dominion, but to Great Britain. No sooner had Great Britain completed the bargain with the Hudson's Bay Company than the Dominion tried to take possession of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territories. The people in these regions resisted this summary proceeding, and the British Government realising that there was active resistance on the part of the population refused to coerce them until their consent had been obtained by the Dominion. Their consent was obtained on condition that these regions were to be formed into a province with all the rights common to all the provinces of Canada. This the Dominion Government agreed to do when the territories should have a sufficient population to justify it. Even then the British Government refused to put the Dominion Government in possession, until they had given them a guarantee that these rights should be respected. Such were the conditions under which the Northwest consented to enter the Confederation of Canada.

* * *

PEERAGE COMES HIGH.

(Victoria Times.)

IT is well known that the Prince of Wales was commissioned by His Majesty the King to invest Sir Wilfrid Laurier with an additional appreciation of royal approval on the occasion of the tercentenary of Quebec,

but the Premier felt obliged for various reasons to beg to be excused. To sustain the position of a peer of the realm in a manner becoming such a high estate a not inconsiderable income is generally considered indispensable. Sir Wilfrid is an avowed democrat, the leader of a democratic people. It is no secret that if knighthood had not been pressed upon him by Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, the Premier of Canada would still be known as Mr. Laurier. But, being a courtly man, albeit a democrat "to the hilt," the leader of the Liberal party of Canada as "the first gentleman in Canada" felt impelled to bow before the "first lady in the world" and accept the honour it was her will to bestow.

* * *

LANGUAGE UTILITY.

(St. John Globe.)

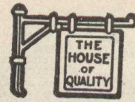
EDWARD EVERETT HALE thinks that there should be some effort made to keep alive a knowledge of the Indian languages in the United States. A good deal can be said in favour of any proposition of this kind in regard to any "dead" language. But on the ground of utility little can be said. Language is an important tool in the business of life. A particular language serves its purpose in its day and time, and it is superseded by another language, or by improvements, which render the original out of date and practically useless. It is of far greater importance to study living languages. We are referring entirely to the matter from the utilitarian standpoint. No doubt there is a study of language which is of great benefit to the scholar, pure and simple; and some of the old languages are not yet sufficiently old to be entirely rejected. But they are growing older very rapidly in an age which has little use for things that are not practically useful.

* * *

WAR NOT ALWAYS PATRIOTISM.

(Catholic Register.)

THE advice of Lord Roberts in his farewell to Canada has roused considerable comment, inasmuch as that his words advising that the whole male population should be trained to the use of arms, seems to have been understood as meaning that the entire population of Canada should live hereafter in a continual state of aggression. Is it not possible that the old soldier, when proposing a military training, had in view a time of peace rather than war and a reduction of, rather than an addition to, the public expenditure? In Great Britain a standing army has to be maintained at an enormous expense. If the men and youth of the nation had all a certain amount of military service, the standing army could be greatly diminished if not altogether abolished. Thus one expense would offset the other. An entire nation ready to meet a foe would militate against the approach of that foe. A seeming preparation for war might serve as a potential factor in the cause of peace. War is barbarous and always to be deplored. A dissemination of the spirit of patriotism and a knowledge of the means of protecting home and country are not necessarily followed by a conflict. This known readiness might serve as a preventive in which case there would be no occasion for a practical application of the training received. If the carrying out of Lord Roberts' suggestion would serve in this way it may have something in it, for "prevention is always better than cure."



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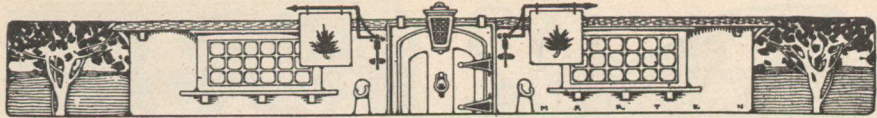
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

DURING THE SILLY SEASON.

DURING the months of July and August, when preachers and editors are extremely exercised to obtain material for discourse or paragraph, it usually occurs to them to utter or write a few words of advice to woman, imperfect woman. Anything funnier than President Roosevelt or Dr. Stanley Hall telling woman her whole duty is not to be found, unless it be Carrie Nation trying to deprive man by force, of the unhealthy stimulant which his wayward nature craves. Dr. Hall is the latest recruit to the advisers of womankind and writes summer stuff as long as your arm about her destiny and duty. It never seems to occur to president, professor, preacher or editor that there is any number of women better qualified than these interfering gentlemen to offer advice to the much-counselled sex. But the advisory committee goes blandly on with article and sermon and woman smiles in her own amiable fashion while she proceeds to do as she pleases.

It is quite impossible for the woman belonging to the United States or Canada of the Twentieth Century to live as did the pioneer women who dwelt in log huts and had quilting bees. They may have been good old times, but every woman of to-day, as she does homage to her great-grandmother's virtues, is exceedingly glad that she, herself, belongs to the present age. You might as well expect the modern merchant to undertake all the petty details of his business as expect the merchant's wife to do more than superintend the drudgery of housework in every small particular. There will always be a class of women to whom washing and scrubbing are not the burden which they are to women of finer intellectual development. You might as well demand that all men should dig drains or hew out a way for new railroads as ask all women to be household drudges.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

AN Englishman who has recently been travelling through the remoter districts of Ontario was lately speaking of his impressions of the region. While realising its possibilities by way of mineral and even agricultural development, the stranger said that nothing made a more vivid impression on him than the faces of the farmers' wives.

"They were so utterly hopeless. They looked as if the women had no brightness, no variety in life—nothing to look forward to but a quiet grave somewhere away from the farm. The men bore the traces of hard work but their faces were not so drearily set as the women's."

I thought of the bright expression I had seen on the face of the wife of the progressive farmer and told him that there are farmers and farmers. There is a certain kind of farmer who deserves a sound thrashing but it is altogether unlikely he will get it. He regards his wife as a beast of burden and makes her life such a grind of depressing toil, unlightened by a word of cheer or commendation, that the poor woman is glad to exchange her domestic lot for one in the cemetery. I have known several farmers of this order and one of them lives in Middlesex County, with as goodly acres as you would find in that smiling district. Like the Squire whom Mrs. Poyser hated—"if he saves his

soul, it'll be the smallest bit of saving he ever did." His first wife meekly took upon herself work that would have kept three women busy and died peacefully after five years of slavery. The second did likewise—but the third—oh, the third is a joy to the neighbourhood for John Rigsby has his deserts at last and is hardly allowed to call his soul or his barnyard his own. In a moment of extreme weakness he married Julia Snell, for Julia has a pretty face and can be as sweet as fresh maple syrup when she so pleases. Julia, however, is another story and esteems it no part of her calling and election to spoil John. Wherefore, she runs bills when he will not give her the where-withal for a new gown and she takes her own sweet way, with a royal disregard for John's protests, flinging open the old, stuffy rooms in the farm-house and actually getting some decent furniture in place of the horse-hair monstrosities which John's mother had loved.

It is all in vain to throw the virtues of her predecessors in Julia's rosy face. She smiles in scorn and says: "Poor things! No wonder they died!" and leaves John gasping and speechless. Such a course of treatment is actually making the household tyrant a comparatively respectable citizen and Julia has a bank account of her own.

John Rigsby is an extreme instance and it is to be hoped is a dark and dismal exception. There are no brighter homes in the Dominion than some on the farm; but in such households you will find that the worthy head is a broad-minded, progressive member of the community, who takes an interest in affairs beyond the township's boundary and who regards his wife as a human being with a right to her fair share in the farm's profits. There are hundreds of such up-to-date agriculturists in the Province of Ontario, and, thanks to the influence of the O. A. C. at Guelph, there are likely to be many more.

PAM THE POST GIRL.

THE modern novel has been thoroughly abused of late and with good reason, for many of the fiction writers of to-day seem bent upon exploiting the dreariest and worst aspects of humanity. Years ago Miss May Sinclair wrote *The Divine Fire*, a novel which stirred the discriminating public to enthusiasm and aroused great expectations of her future work. But all of Miss Sinclair's later books have been insufferably erotic, although written with a subtle grace of style. Those who admired her first book have had little comfort from the succeeding ventures, of which the last is the most disagreeable.

But there has appeared a new light on the literary horizon and those who appreciate fresh and unconventional girlhood may find supreme happiness in making the acquaintance of the heroine of Mr. Booth's novel, *The Cliff End*. One almost wishes that she possessed another name than Pam, since that innocent monosyllable suggests the foolish heroine of several of Baroness Von Hutten's dismal and dirty productions. This latest Pam, however, is a delightful bit of freckled femininity who carries the letters to the residents of a Yorkshire village and also carries a multitude of masculine hearts tucked away in her sturdy mail-bag.

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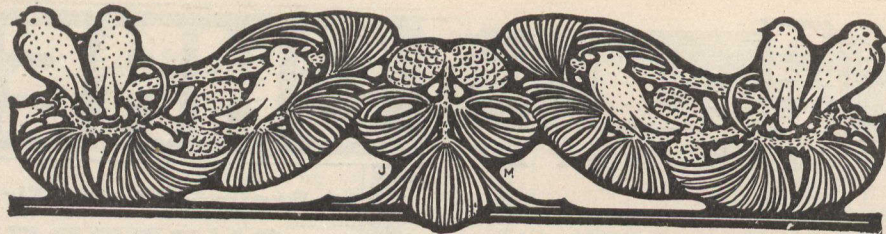
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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

DIGGING IN THE SAND.

By **ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.**
 I am digging, digging, digging just
 as fast as I can,
 I am digging in the sand by the sea,
 For I think that down below
 Where the palms and lions grow,
 A little boy is digging up to me!

He is digging, digging, digging just
 as fast as he can,
 He is digging in the desert hot
 and dry,
 And if he doesn't stop
 While I work at the top,
 We shall tunnel through the world,
 he and I!

I am digging, digging, digging, and
 the sun is nearly set,
 I am digging, but the bell has rung
 for tea,
 Oh, suppose while I'm away
 The waves come up to play,
 They often do, how dreadful that
 would be!

I am digging, digging, digging, and
 I'm hungry as can be,
 But I must fill the hole before I go,
 For the waves are creeping near,
 And I have a dreadful fear
 Lest they should catch the little
 boy below.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A GAME FOR TWO.

By **J. W. LINN.**

WHILE their mother was sick, Ted
 and Jimmy were spending two
 weeks in the country at Uncle Joe's.
 He was a fine uncle, they both
 thought; but much of the time he was
 busy with his writing, and then the
 hours hung heavily. The novelty of
 the little farm was worn off; there
 was no place to fish; and the only
 horse on the place was Uncle Joe's
 own saddle-horse, too powerful for
 small boys to be trusted alone with.
 Uncle Joe knew all this, and he was
 not surprised on the third morning
 to be roused from work by Ted, who
 entered and sat down with a gloomy
 sigh.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.
 "I want to play baseball, Uncle
 Joe."

"Why don't you?"
 "There's only Jimmy and me, and
 two can't. There's — there's more
 fun in places where there's a lot of
 boys, don't you think, Uncle Joe?"
 Ted spoke delicately, for he did not
 wish to hurt his uncle's feelings; but
 Uncle Joe understood. He always had
 a way of understanding the boys.
 "You might play wall-ball," he sug-
 gested.

"What's that?" inquired his nephew.
 "You need," said Uncle Joe, "a ball,
 not too hard, four barrel-staves, a
 shingle, and the back of a wood-
 shed."

Ted's eyes opened wide. "Sounds
 like a funny game!"

"You get the barrel-staves, and I'll
 come out and show you," replied his
 uncle.

When the staves, the shingle, and
 Jimmy were collected, Uncle Joe
 sharpened one end of three of the
 staves, and stuck them in the ground
 edgewise in a row a foot apart about
 five feet out from the wood-shed.
 Then he laid the shingle across their
 tops. The fourth staff he shaved
 down neatly for a third of its length,
 and then wrapped the cut part in
 cloth.

"That's the bat," he explained, "and
 the cloth is put on so that it won't
 hurt your hands."

"We've got a good bat, Uncle Joe,"
 said Ted. But Uncle Joe laughed.

"Not so good as this for wall-ball,"
 he said. Then he stationed Ted, with
 the bat, a yard in front of the three
 staves and the shingle.

"Now," he explained, "Jimmy shall
 pitch to you; but he must stand back
 of this line." He marked a line about
 forty feet from the shed. "If you
 miss the ball, and it knocks off the
 shingle, you are out, and Jimmy bats.
 If you hit it, in any direction, you
 must run to that tree and back, and
 you count as many runs as you can
 make trips before Jimmy can either
 throw the ball so as to knock off the
 shingle, or can stand on the home
 base with the ball. But if he catches
 it on the fly, or reaches the home
 base with it, or knocks off the shingle
 while you are still running, you are
 out."

"How about fouls?" asked Ted.
 "A foul is as good as a fair ball
 in this game; only the wood-shed is
 on the pitcher's side, remember."

"Sounds more like cricket than like
 baseball," objected Jimmy, who had
 read books on games and was well
 posted, "but I think I'd like to try it."

"You may call it woodshed cricket
 if you like," answered Uncle Joe, his
 eyes twinkling.

He returned to his writing, and was
 interrupted no more that morning.
 But two hot and red-faced nephews
 met him at luncheon.

"How did it go?" he asked.
 "I'm ahead!" cried Jimmy. "Five
 runs!"

"He's got sixty-two, and I've got
 only fifty-seven," said Ted, soberly.
 "But we're going to play all the after-
 noon, and I bet I beat him! When is
 the game over, Uncle Joe?"

"Not until the woodshed is tired,"
 said Uncle Joe, again with the twinkle
 in his eyes.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and
 out with me,
 And what can be the use of him is
 more than I can see.
 He is very, very like me from the
 heels up to the head;
 And I see him jump before me, when
 I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the
 way he likes to grow—
 Not at all like proper children, which
 is always very slow;
 For he sometimes shoots up taller like
 an india-rubber ball,
 And he sometimes gets so little that
 there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how child-
 ren ought to play,
 And can only make a fool of me in
 every sort of way.
 He stays so close beside me, he's a
 coward you can see;
 I'd think shame to stick to nurse as
 that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the
 sun was up,
 I rose and found the shining dew on
 every buttercup;
 But my lazy little shadow, like an
 arrant sleepy-head,
 Had stayed at home behind me and
 was fast asleep in bed.

—*Robt. Louis Stevenson.*

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Why Mrs. Burbank Ran Away

Continued from page 15)

Astro's expression had changed wonderfully as he heard the news. He hastened to offer his sympathy anew to his client, and assured him that it was only a question of a few hours before his wife would return. This promise seemed to quiet the old man's distress. Astro went back into the studio with a new expression, at once determined and jubilant. He sat down, wrote a note, and despatched it by a messenger boy. This done, he set the phonograph carefully at the beginning of the strange exclamation that interrupted the song on the record, and waited.

In a half-hour Buttons opened the heavy portieres, announced "Colonel Trevellian!" and a man walked in.

The visitor looked about scornfully. He was a lean, yellow, bony faced man, with deep set eyes and a drooping mustache. He spoke with a drawl. "I believe you requested to see me on a matter of importance and of a confidential nature," he observed languidly.

"I did," Astro replied. "I am about to make a request of you."

"Indeed, you do me a great honour." The man's tone was sarcastic.

Astro scarcely looked at him. "I would be infinitely obliged to you, Colonel Trevellian, if you would consent to pack up your things, leave New York, and not return for five years."

The Colonel scowled, took a step nearer, and clenched his fist. "You infernal charlatan! if you'll take off that nightgown and sweeping cap, I'll see that you don't decorate this cozy corner any longer! What the deuce do you mean? By Jove! I'll thrash you and pitch you out of your own window!"

Astro yawned. Then he brought his two hands down on his knees, and his handsome head was outstretched toward the Colonel, on whom he turned two blazing eyes. "Colonel Trevellian," he said in a voice like the rattling of paper, "you have persecuted Mrs. Burbank long enough! If you fancy you understand the art of hypnotic suggestion, I can show you that you're a fool as well as a cur. For her sake I consent to permit you to leave town without informing the Major exactly what kind of a cad you are; but you'll have to leave quickly!"

The Colonel had already lost the most of his nerve; but he made a last attempt to bluster. "What do you mean, sir? I've done nothing at all, I assure you. You're quite mistaken. Why, the Major is my best friend!"

"And do you not wish to supplant him as husband of your old sweetheart, Mrs. Burbank?"

"Of course not. It's absurd." The Colonel's face was ashen now.

"And you did not suggest, after hypnotizing her and getting her somewhat under your influence, that she"—

The man stared hard at Astro, and his jaw had dropped. "That she—what?" He almost whispered it.

Astro touched the phonograph. "Kellem, kellem, kell—" it ground out raucously.

The Colonel stared first at the mechanism, then at the palmist. He dropped a step back, undecided, then, turning suddenly, bolted out of the room.

Astro dropped again into his chair folded his arms, and drew a long breath.

The hansom drew up at No. 234. A woman got out, paid the driver, and looked curiously at the front door. Apparently puzzled, she drew

a telegram from her purse and read it over. She was a fine looking woman of thirty-five, dressed all in black, even to her furs, though she wore no mourning veil. Her only luggage was a small travelling bag. Everything about her stamped her as a woman of culture and influence; if not rich, at least comfortably off. Yet her demeanor was timid, almost frightened.

As she started to ascend the steps, a private brougham, driving furiously, came down 34th street, and drew up suddenly before her. A young girl, fresh and pretty, smartly dressed, and with an air of jaunty confidence, jumped out.

The woman who had first arrived stared at her in astonishment. "Why," she said, "how do you happen to be here?" The look of perplexity and timidity in her eyes deepened now into positive alarm. "Oh!" she breathed, "you're not a detective?"

Valeska took her hand affectionately. "No, my dear Mrs. Burbank, only a friend who wants to help you. I knew that if I told you on the train, you'd never come here; so I didn't dare to explain that we had really imposed upon you. Bobby is quite well, I assure you. You needn't worry on his account. And I hope on no other account either; for I'm sure that by this time the Master has been able to straighten things out." "The Master!" Mrs. Burbank gasped.

"Yes. Astro the Master of Mysteries, my employer and my friend, as I'm sure he is yours. Your husband secured his services; for no one else would have been able to find you and help you without danger of publicity. Come right up, and you'll hear from him that everything is all right."

"Oh, if it only was!" The woman followed Valeska hopelessly.

Ten minutes after that Mrs. Burbank sat smiling in the studio. Astro had told her that there would be nothing more to fear from the persecutor who had made the last few weeks hideous. She had herself confessed everything: how, after that first hypnotic sleep, the Colonel had given her persistently, so often that it drove her almost distracted, the horrible suggestion that she kill her husband. She had struggled hard against it; but the iteration of the words "Kill him!" so distorted as to be unintelligible to anyone else, coming now in letters, now over the telephone, now from the innocent lips of her own child, had finally unstrung her mind; and, for fear lest in her distress she should actually commit the crime, she had run away to get out of the Colonel's power.

"When I went away," she concluded, "I thought I had destroyed every evidence that might enable my husband to know how I had been tormented; that is, every piece but one—the phonograph cylinder. I was afraid I could not destroy that, and feared to leave it in the house. I took it with me when I went to see Edward, hoping that I should find some place to conceal it. But everyone seemed to be watching me, and I was too nervous to risk throwing it away. So, when I got to Edward's apartment I left it there in the ash barrel. I had intended to tell him everything and ask his advice; but the poor fellow was so blue that I didn't have the heart to worry him with my own troubles, and I left him without saying anything."

She looked curiously at Astro. "I can't imagine how you ever found out. It's wonderful!"

Astro's look was cryptic. "My dear Mrs. Burbank," he replied, "such a nervous force as yours is intensely dynamic; it effects a disturbance of the ether, and to one sensitive to such vibration the mes-

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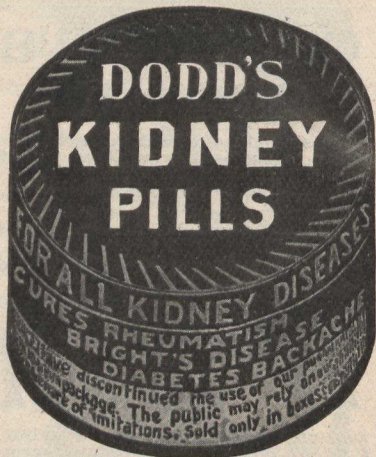
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sage impression is as plain as the ringing of a bell."

Valeska smiled and folded her hands.

"But now what am I to tell my husband?" Mrs. Burbank exclaimed. "If he knows everything, he'll want to kill Colonel Trevellian!"

"The Colonel will take himself out of harm's way, I'm sure," said Astro. "He has had his warning. There is only one possible way that I know of plausibly explaining your absence."

Valeska looked up swiftly, as if to anticipate his explanation.

"What can I say?" Mrs. Burbank said doubtfully.

"The truth,—a woman's last resort." Astro smiled a bit cynically.

The next story of the *Master of Mysteries*, "Mrs. Selwyn's Emerald," will be published August 29.

Real Life and Forbidden Fruit

(Literary Digest.)

TWO "commonly confused" tendencies of our time in literature ought to be clearly distinguished. So thinks Mr. Richard Burton, the poet and essayist who defines these tendencies as "that which portrays grim and unpleasant aspects of life for the purpose of arousing serious discussion, and that which handles forbidden fruit for its salacious attraction." One class is "represented by writers like Ibsen and Tolstoy; the other by a book like 'Three Weeks' et id genus omne." To lump together these quite distinct manifestations in a wholesome condemnation as is "frequently the mistake of well-meaning folk," is "utterly unfair to the noble writers who wish to talk frankly of human life in books, in order that it may be understood and bettered by those living it." Mr. Burton, writing in *The Bellman* (Minneapolis), shows how some of the reading public view "the grave, great books that clear the social air." Thus:

"In Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People,' when *Dr. Stockman* learns that his town, a popular spa, is furnishing water to its patrons that is really contaminated, he would at once announce it to his fellow townsmen, that they may rectify the rotteness. To his intense surprise, being an idealist, he finds that because their pockets are tapped, they would hush up the truth, and, moreover, regard him as a nuisance, a public menace, not a savior at all.

"The attitude toward *Stockman* is exactly that of a portion of the reading public toward the grave, great books that clear the social air. The commonest complaint heard against them is that they are 'unpleasant'; as if unpleasant things were not salutary, at times.

"Lurking behind this limited and deplorable view is the false theory of art which claims that it should be naught but 'amusing,' in the lightest and shallowest sense. 'We can go to political economy or medicine for our preachments and our pathology,' cry these objectors, and spontaneous applause always follows this *adaptandum* appeal.

"Unquestionably, art should furnish pleasure, and literary art is no exception to the rule. But while it should be based firmly on the appeal to the esthetic sense and minister to our enjoyment, it is an absurd curtailment of the higher offices of art or literature, not to allow it to instruct and enlarge and uplift, as well. Deny this and, presto, you rule out of court most of the permanent masterpieces and masters of the world. It is a child's view rather than a man's which talks this nothing-but-the-pleasant kind of talk. And to yield to it is

simply to emasculate literature."

There is in mankind a safe instinct, "which reacts from the impure, the suggestive, the base." He continues:

"It can always be trusted, whether found in the young or old. The unpleasant in a book which means evil for evil's sake should be kept out of literature even as it should out of life, and there has been far too much concession to it in our time, whether from indifference, ignorance, or secret liking. A common trick is to pretend that the questionable piece of literature is in some way a good lesson, or so fine an art that its subject or license of treatment may be overlooked. The jail is none too bad a place for the people who produce that kind of rot and then try to sugar-coat it. And in time they will come to be put in jail far more freely than they are now.

"Nor is it difficult to discriminate between literature that is sound and acceptable, though it may be sombre, and that which is unwholesome and specious. It all depends on two things: the kind of author behind the book, and his aim as a writer; really, this simmers down to just one thing, since an aim is but the expression of a personality. Let us say, then, that if there be a really fine character with a noble purpose back of a piece of literature, the result can only be good. Figs from figs and thistles from thistles, that is the law. The subject, as subject, has nothing to do with it. A fine subject can be smutted by a dirty author, and, contrariwise, the subject seemingly impossible can be so lifted up as to offer the world a superb spiritual lesson.

"If this distinction could be generally made and the principle back of it grasped, a lot of flabby criticism of literature would be checked and books be read to more profit, with no diminution of the pleasure properly to be got out of them.

"It all comes to this: there are two conceptions of literature fundamentally opposite; that which declares that form is everything and that it settles the question of literary worth; the other, which proclaims that substance as well as form counts, that not only technique, but height of intellectual and moral accomplishment, goes to the result which we call good, or great, or bad. Accept theory No. 1, and you admit as admirable much that is low-pitched and tainted. Stand by theory No. 2, and you let into the little demesne, where the leaders walk, that only which is skilful and high. You conceive of literature in a way to make it of wide and beneficial influence among the children of men, and not the mere plaything of a cult.

"In a word, you restore to a noble power its finer, larger implication, lost sight of when attention is given alone to that which interests the craftsman and specialist rather than the general reader. And you kill forever the chance of the writer who would, under the pretext of art, dodge his moral responsibilities and debase the standards of a high and worthy profession."

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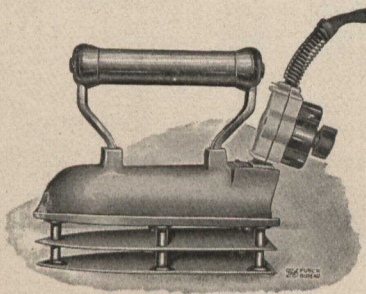
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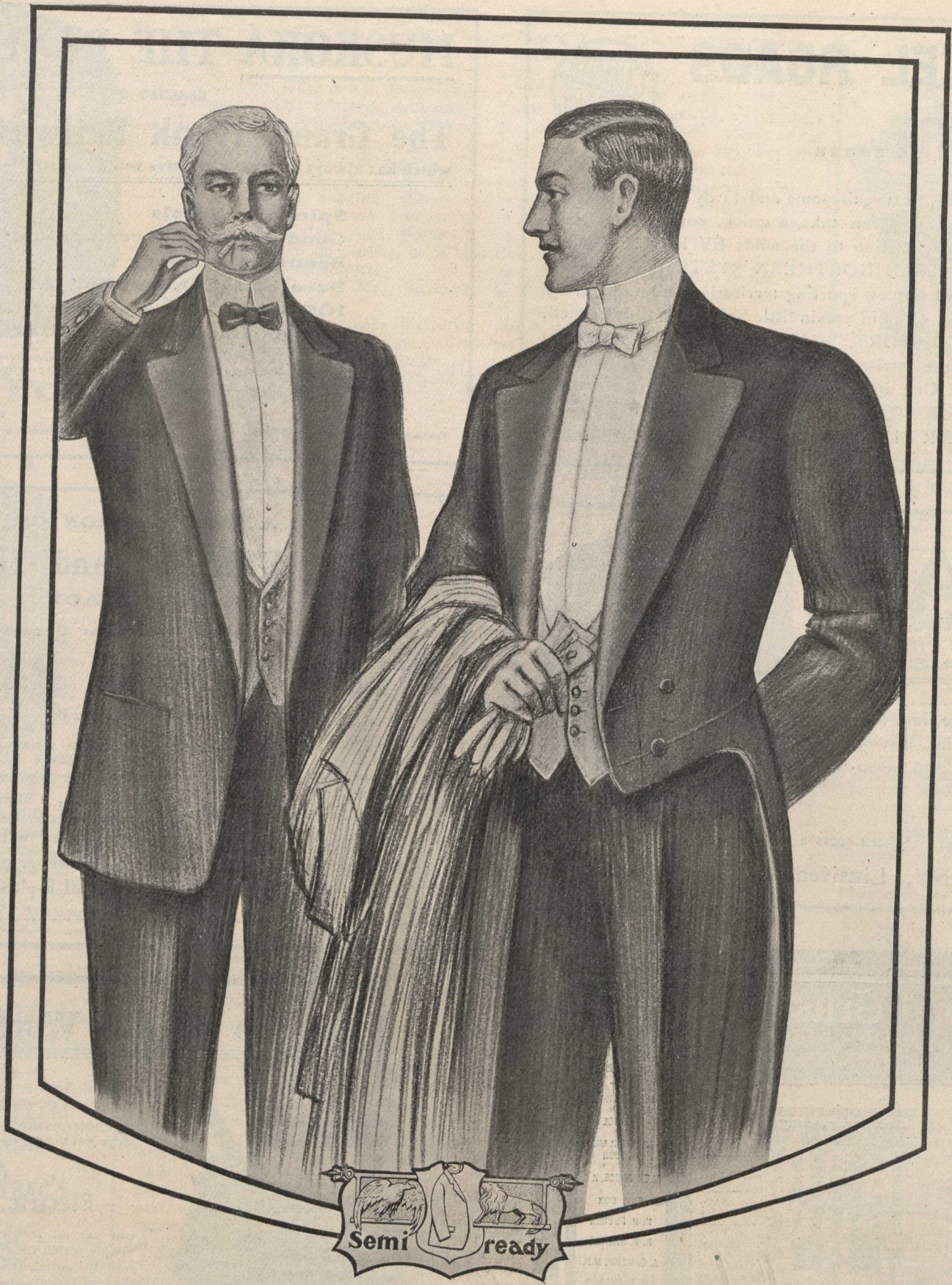
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