

THE  
**CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE**

Vol. XXIV. No. 4

**FEBRUARY  
1905**

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*Illustrated*

**Sitting Bull's  
Surrender**  
*Illustrated*

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV.

No. 4

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# MARCH

**B**EFORE the winter passes away some important contributions will appear in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. The days of summer and summer fiction are looming on the horizon, but there are still some days left for profound meditation and broadening thought. The March number will contain some fiction, but it will contain also some well-written and interesting articles. PROFESSOR CAPPON will contribute the third of his four papers on Canadian poetry, with special reference to the work of Professor Roberts. Mr. G. Boron will tell something about the progress of Agriculture in the Province of Quebec. This will be illustrated with rare photographs, including several groups showing the average size of habitant families. One family of eighteen children and several of thirteen will be shown. The Story of the Cornwall Canal, by Norman Patterson, is another article which will be profusely illustrated. No piece of Government work in recent years has such a romance connected with it as this, no story could give a better view of the "inside" of politics. Professor J. W. Robertson will be the Canadian Celebrity of the month—another tale of the conquering, persistent Scotsman. The Builders, the new serial, will have a special illustration by F. H. Brigden to make it distinguished. Cement and its uses give substance to a splendid short story, The Junior Partner, by Hubert McBean Johnston, which will appear in this issue with illustrations by Harold Pyke. Either in March or April there will be excellent short stories by Theodore Roberts, W. A. Fraser, and other leading Canadian writers.

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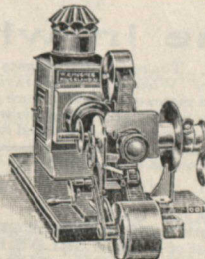
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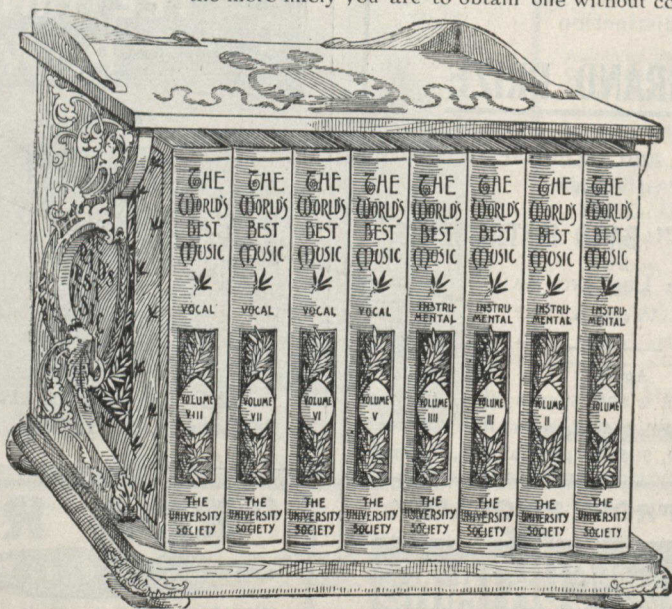
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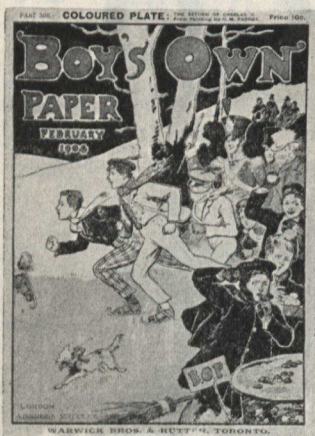
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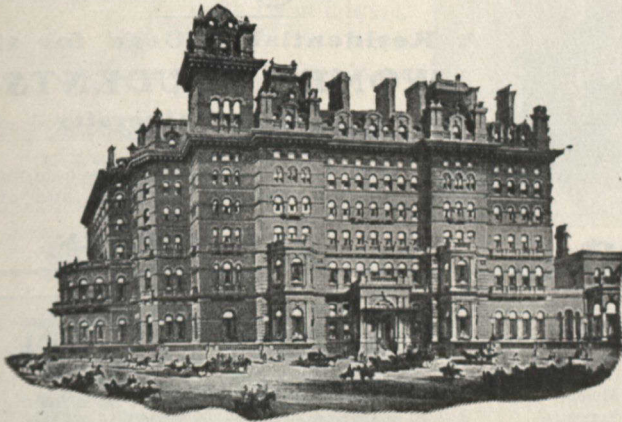
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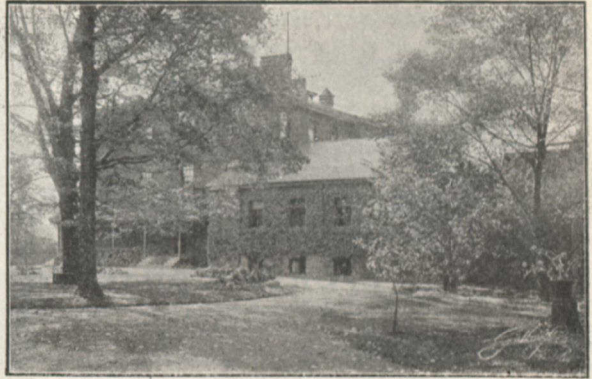
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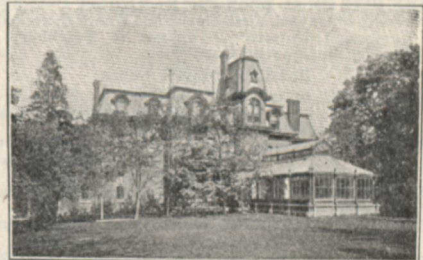
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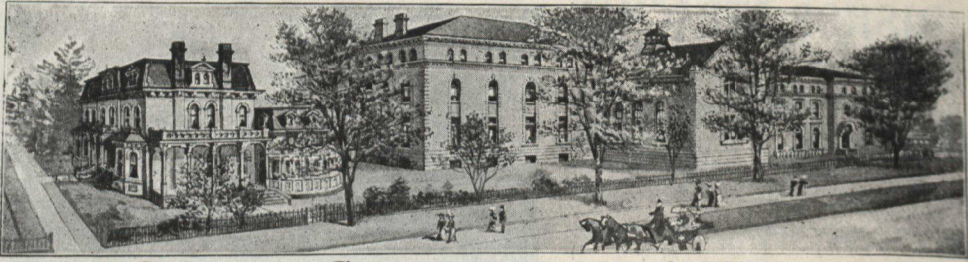
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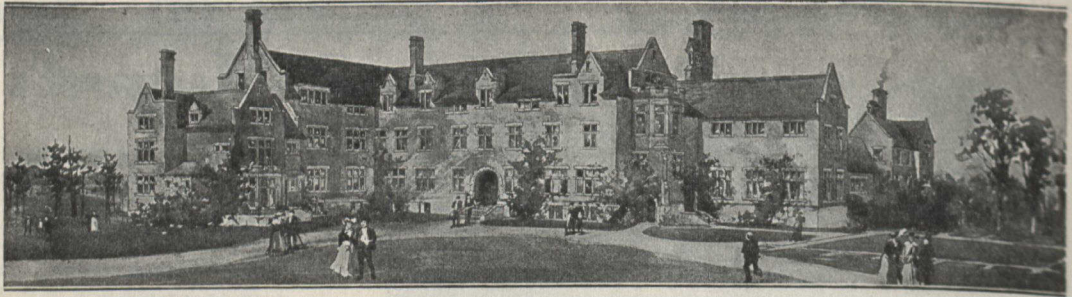


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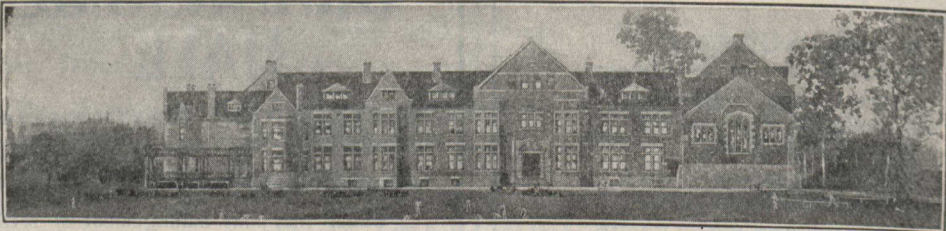
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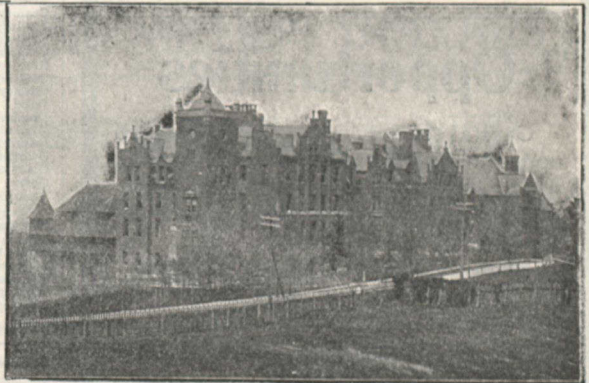
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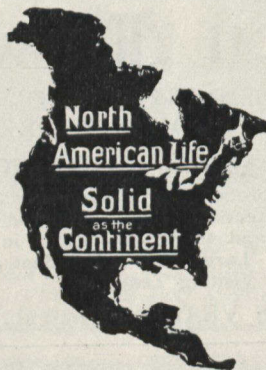
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Total Assets, \$23,500,000

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A Weekly Journal of Information and Comment upon Matters of Use and Interest to those concerned in Canada, Canadian Emigration and Canadian Investments.

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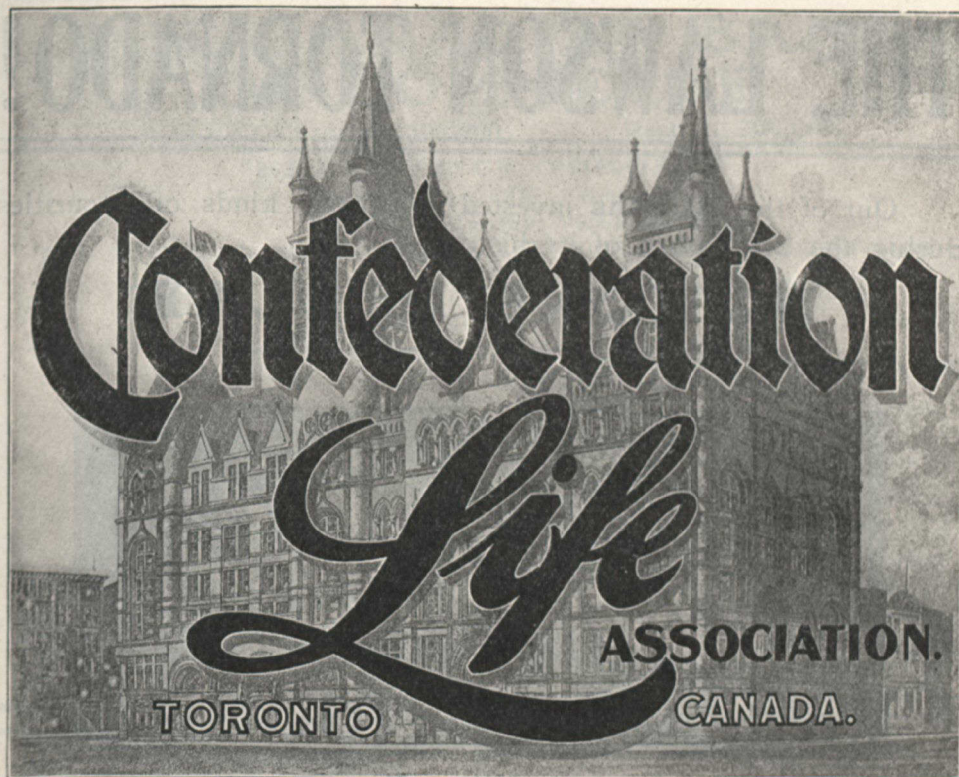
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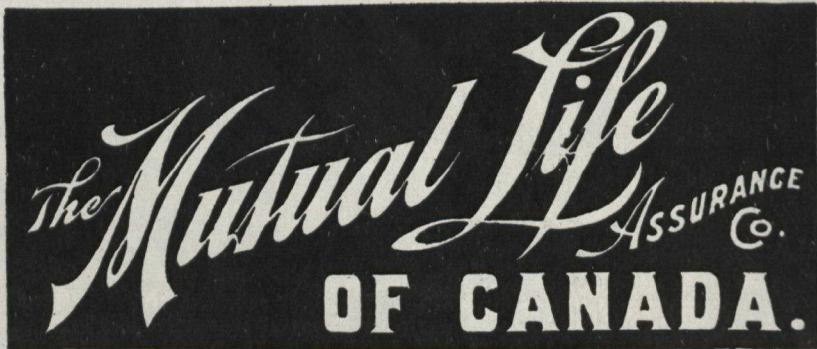


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Written in Canada	- - - - -	\$5,018,168
Written in Newfoundland	- - - - -	30,000
	Total for Year,	\$5,048,168
Assurance now in force exceeds	- - - - -	\$40,000,000

Death	} For year ending December 31st,	1903	- -	\$280,504
Losses		1904	- -	229,100
				Decrease, \$ 51,404



# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid-up Capital, \$8,700,000 - Rest, \$3,500,000.

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PRESENTS

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**An Increase in Premium Income  
of 21 Per Cent.**

**An Increase of Interest Bearing  
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For information write to Head Office, or apply to any of our agents.

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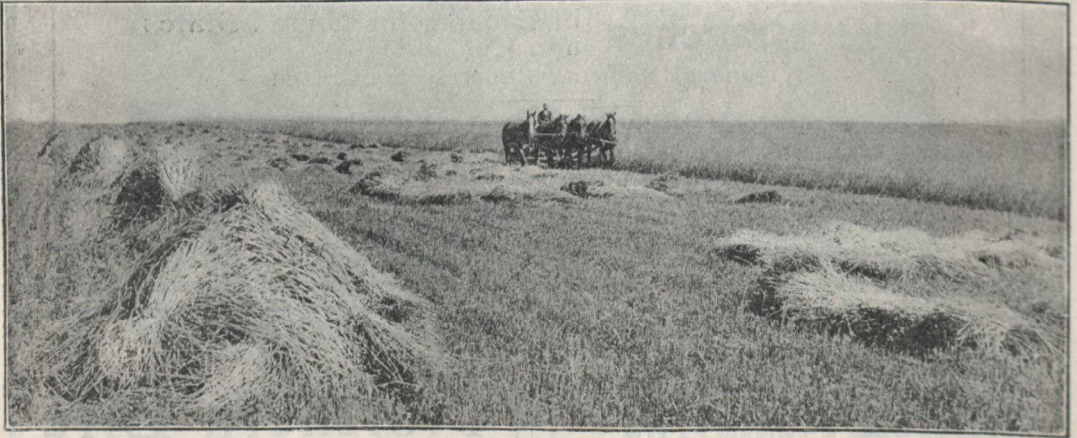
We have a few good openings for live, energetic agents.



# WESTERN CANADA

## Produces the Most Remarkable Yields of GRAIN, ROOTS and VEGETABLES

The productiveness of the rich loams and soils that are to be found almost everywhere throughout the Province of Manitoba and the territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are now so well known that it is a subject of great interest throughout all the Western States, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent.



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

During the past seven years the immigration has been most phenomenal, and the prospects are that during the next few years this immigration will continue in largely increasing numbers. It is confidently assumed that the same degree of success that attended the work of the farmer during the past few years will be repeated in the future.

**FREE HOMESTEADS** may be had in almost all the land districts. Adjoining land may be purchased from the railway and land companies. Many cases have been recorded where the farmer has paid the entire purchase price of his land out of the first crop.

**The matter of climate** is one that demands the attention of those seeking a home. The climate of Western Canada is one that is highly spoken of by all who have made it their home, and requires no further comment. Hundreds of letters in the possession of the Department of the Interior give evidence of its healthfulness and its desirability when compared with that of other countries.

**Socially**, there is everything that is desired. There are to be found there the several fraternal societies, schools, churches and other organizations calculated to be to the upbuilding of a community, and are in evidence wherever there is a settlement.

**Markets** for the sale of grain and other produce of the farm are at every railway station, while elevators and mills make competition keen. The prices are always high and the railway rates are reasonable.



Nearly fifty thousand Americans took up land either in Manitoba or the Territories during the past year, and as fully as great a number is expected during the season of 1904. It is only a matter of computation how much the area which will be placed under cultivation will exceed the 4,687,583 acres of 1903. Besides the Americans spoken of, fully as large a number of British people became settlers. In addition to these the continentals added largely to the population.

**Ranching** is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

**Wheat Districts.** The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

**Mixed Farming.** To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

**Large Tracts Open for Settlement.** New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

A letter addressed to the undersigned will secure a copy of the new Canadian Geography and all other information necessary.

W. T. R. PRESTON,

Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,  
11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON W.C., ENGLAND.

W. D. SCOTT,

Superintendent of Immigration,  
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# Best In Its Class

The Canadian Magazine is receiving much praise and encouragement these days from its readers. Perhaps a few extracts from letters and reviews may not be uninteresting.

## FROM SUBSCRIBERS

- A Subscriber**, Welland, Ont.—“I have been a reader of your magazine for a number of years and am pleased with it. I now consider it superior to United States magazines, with two or three exceptions, and even then their excellence is from a different standpoint.”
- A Subscriber**, Lacombe, Alta.—“I took the Magazine up a few months ago, promising to send my \$2.50 about Christmas. I enclose the amount. I think it the best magazine in Canada for decent, clean literature.”
- A Subscriber**, Ottawa.—“I hope to renew my subscription for a great many years if the Magazine is kept up to its present standard. In my opinion it is the equal, if not the superior, of any of the American periodicals and should be patronized by all loyal Canadians.”

## FROM REVIEWS

- Maritime Merchant*, Halifax, (Dec. 15).—We are quite in sympathy with the idea of having a larger proportion of native and British literature in the hands of our people, and particularly of our young readers.”
- Canadian Bookseller*, Toronto, (Dec.)—“The Christmas number of The Canadian Magazine is one of the best numbers of a periodical that shows continual improvement.”
- The Globe*, Toronto, (Nov. 28).—“It is only necessary to compare a number of to-day with the early issues to realize how greatly the Magazine has progressed. Canada has at length got a monthly that has made a fixed place for itself, and which evidently endeavors with each number to more and more deserve patronage.”
- The Herald*, Montreal, (Dec. 3).—“Notwithstanding the commanding position attained by the leading American magazines, Canadians have no reason to feel ashamed of the Christmas Canadian Magazine. The enterprise which has already carried it so far is again evident.”
- The Beacon*, Stratford.—“Start the new year with The Canadian Magazine on your list. It will repay the investment.”
- The Mail and Empire*, Toronto.—“Looking over this December Magazine one cannot help finding it typical of our growing Canadian literature, with its sweep and intensity, and healthy vigor, showing that if we are not yet artistic we are, as certainly, very far from decadent.”
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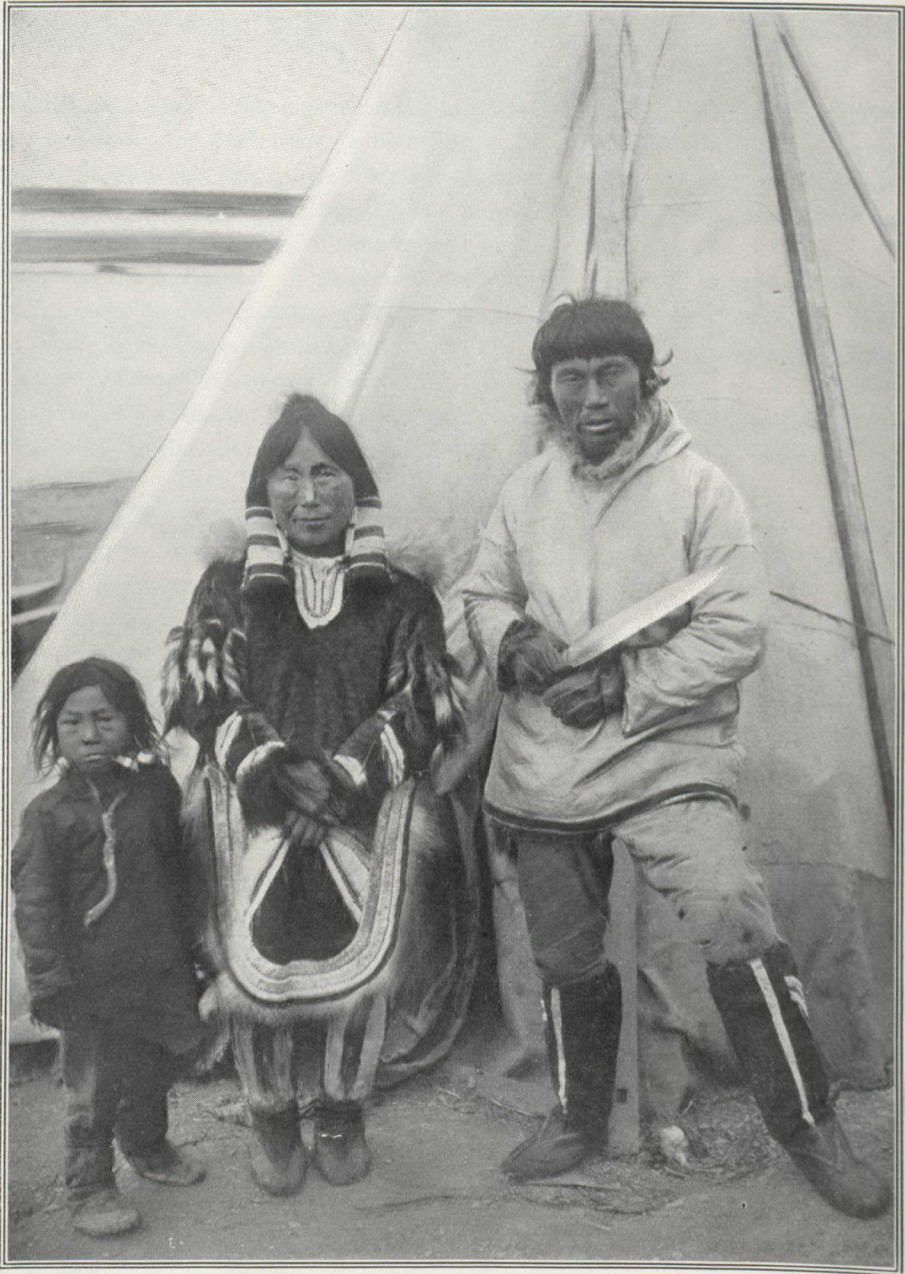
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AN ESKIMO FAMILY  
RESIDENTS OF THE NORTHLAND OF CANADA  
*Photograph by C. W. Mathers, Edmonton*



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 4

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN NORTHERN  
CANADA

By "REVIEWER"



IN June, 1902, an adventurous Britisher set out from Edmonton to reach the Arctic circle, via Great Slave Lake and Chesterfield Inlet. He accomplished his self-appointed task, passed along the Northern Coast to the Coppermine, up that to the Dease, and up the Dease to Great Bear Lake, at which he arrived on August 20th, 1902. A paddle of 276 miles brought him to Fort Norman on August 30th—fourteen months without the comforts of civilisation. This is the greatest exploratory trip of modern times, so far as Canada is concerned. A splendid account of the trip has been published.\*

The explorers who have succeeded in passing through that district are not numerous, though many have made the attempt. Samuel Hearne's attempts in 1769-71 finally carried him from Churchill to the Coppermine. His meagre information was supplemented in 1820-21 by the explorations of Captain (Sir John) Franklin who passed from Great Slave Lake to Great Bear Lake and descended the Coppermine to the Sea. He and his Canadian voyageurs then turned east, and after great privations some of them reached old Fort Providence on Great Slave Lake whence they had started. In 1832 Captain (Sir George) Back started

from Great Slave Lake, and in two seasons had explored Great Fish River (Back's River) from Lake Aylmer to the Arctic Coast. Six years later the exploration of the Coast between the mouth of the Coppermine and the mouth of Back's River was undertaken by two H. B. Co. men, Warren Dease and Thomas Simpson. Their second attempt was successful.

Franklin's ill-fated expedition in 1850, when forty white men lost their lives in King William Land, was the last of the attempts to find a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Since then the explorers have been less ambitious, but equally daring. Of these, Warburton Pike, the Tyrrells and David T. Hanbury are the only names that are really worth mentioning. Pike's explorations are well known, and the work of the Tyrrells is familiar to Canadians through their contributions to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE and their books. The work of Mr. Hanbury is now given to the public for the first time.

Mr. Hanbury is an Englishman of means, whose ambition is to add to the world's knowledge by means of explorations. He is well known to many Canadians, who report that his chief social characteristic is his delight in making fun of Canadian people, whom he regards as a race of egotists who are really less enterprising than they think they are. He has certainly done excellent work for the Dominion

\*Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada, by David T. Hanbury. New York: The Macmillan Co.; London: Edward Arnold.





A TYPICAL RAPID ON A RIVER IN THE NORTHLAND OF CANADA

It is such rapids as these which compel portages on the part of hunters, trappers and explorers and make travel difficult and tedious

in exploring that part of our territory which lies between Hudson Bay and Great Bear Lake and between the Arctic Ocean and Great Slave Lake. This district is generally known as the Barren Land, but Mr. Hanbury shows that it is neither barren nor uninhabited, though the conditions of life within its borders are too severe for the ordinary white man.

Leaving Winnipeg in February, 1899, he travelled leisurely overland via Berens River, Norway House, Oxford House and York Factory, reaching Fort Churchill in April. He left there on May the 12th with two half-breeds and two Huskies (or Eskimo), reaching Marble Island on June 5th and Chesterfield Inlet three days afterwards. A month later they were at the head of Baker Lake which is some sixty miles in length, east and west. Early in August they left the explored country and, without guides and without supplies of any kind, started into

the unknown northern district, trusting to their rifle and fish nets to keep them in food. Proceeding west via the Ark-i-link River they came to Great Slave Lake, landing at Fort Resolution on September 25th, a little over four months without seeing a white man.

#### THE PLANNING OF IT

Having been so successful, the author planned a greater trip. Perhaps this can be best explained in his own words:

“The purpose of exploring the barren Northland, which has a wonderful fascination for those who have once penetrated its solitude, was not interrupted but rather confirmed by the vexatious canoe accident. There remained vast tracts still unknown, and it was my desire to traverse these as far as the Arctic Coast, where I would find a welcome among the natives, favourable specimens of whom I had





AN ESKIMO FAMILY

*Photograph by C. W. Mathers, Edmonton*

met on the Ark-i-link River. These men, intelligent, able-bodied, contented and friendly, had given me much information concerning their country and their mode of life, and they had promised to assist and accompany me if I visited their coast. Their equipment of implements and arms of native copper, beaten into shape by their own hands, was of much interest, and they had offered to guide me to the localities where copper was to be found. Copper deposits on that coast would probably be of no commercial value, but I might at least see the beginnings of the metal industry among a primitive people. Thus the outline of a new journey was formed, and I decided

to reach Hudson Bay near the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet in autumn, spend the winter among the Huskies of that region, and set out in spring with dogs and sleighs due north for the Arctic Coast. On reaching the ocean I should turn westwards across the divide separating the waters of the Coppermine River from those of Great Bear Lake, whence I should return to civilisation by way of Fort Norman and the Mackenzie River. On this journey I should make a survey of my route, take meteorological observations, collect geological, botanical, and entomological specimens, and, of course, take photographs of the country and of the Huskies.



"Various matters detained me in England but, at length, in May, 1901, I had reached Winnipeg and was ready to set out for the North. Here details as to the precise route were arranged, but as these will appear in the course of the narrative they need not now be given. My outfit was made as light as possible. The scientific equipment was limited to a sextant prismatic compass, two aneroids, hypsometer, maximum and minimum thermometers, and a patent log for measuring distances travelled by canoe. A solar compass and a theodolite were purposely left behind as they were not likely to stand the long journey on a sleigh, which we should have to make, without getting hopelessly out of adjustment. For photographic work I took three cameras and a large supply of both glass plates and films.

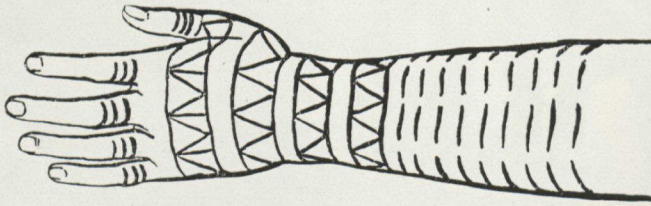
Every-thing that was likely to be damaged by water or damp I packed in two of Silver's water-tight tin

boxes. The films and glass plates were put up in separate tin cases, each containing one dozen, and hermetically sealed. I had determined, in the event of another canoe accident, to save some of my things if possible. My battery, which I considered complete, consisted of two Mannlicher carbines fitted with sporting sights, and a double-barrel, breechloading, 28 bore shot-gun. About three thousand rounds were taken for the carbines. For catching fish we took six nets of different-sized mesh. As the larger part of the journey would have to be made through a country where we should have to depend absolutely on deer, musk-oxen or fish, fire-arms, ammunition and nets formed the most important part of our outfit.

"I had ordered two cedar canoes, 19

feet and 19½ feet in length respectively, to be specially built for the journey by the Peterborough Canoe Company of Ontario, and to be forwarded to Edmonton. As these canoes would only hold a limited amount of stuff, arrangements were made with Messrs. Thos. Luce & Co., New Bedford, Mass., to ship up the balance of the outfit by their whaling schooner *Francis Allyn*, which was due to leave New Bedford for the Hudson Bay about July 1st. The outfit I sent up, and which amounted to about 1½ tons, included food supplies for the coming winter, trade articles for the natives, such as guns, rifles, powder, lead, caps, knives, files, awls, beads, needles, thimbles, clothes, etc. A reserve of Mannlicher cartridges, photo plates and films, a spare set of canoe paddles, a "primus" cooking

stove, and fifty gallons of kerosene oil, completed the list. Marble Island, which lies about 40 miles south from the



ESKIMO WOMAN'S TATOEOED HAND AND ARM

mouth of Chesterfield Inlet, was the place mentioned as the probable winter quarters of the *Francis Allyn*. As the owners were not absolutely certain as to the winter quarters of their vessel, the captain being absent at the time, I informed them that it was a matter of indifference to me where the vessel wintered, for I should have no difficulty in finding her, a remark which I had afterwards cause to regret.

"As I had frequently travelled between Winnipeg and Fort Churchill by Norway House and York Factory, that route could now present little in the way of novelty. I had discovered a new and easy route by the Ark-i-linik, with which I desired to become familiar, and I had no hesitation in deciding to travel by rail to Calgary and Edmonton, whence, after a short land journey, I





FORT RESOLUTION ON GREAT SLAVE LAKE

Most of the merchandise and travellers' effects is taken through the lake on scows, as shown here  
*Photograph by C. W. Mathers. Edmonton*

should be able to proceed almost the whole way to Hudson Bay in a canoe voyage on rivers and lakes. There would be portages, but for these provision could easily be made. By leaving Edmonton about the middle of June I expected to reach the shore of the Bay early in August.

"At Edmonton, which I reached early in June, I found the two canoes I had ordered; and, all other arrangements having been completed, I turned my attention to the engaging of men for the journey. And here a few general words on this subject may not be out of place.

#### WHITE vs. BROWN

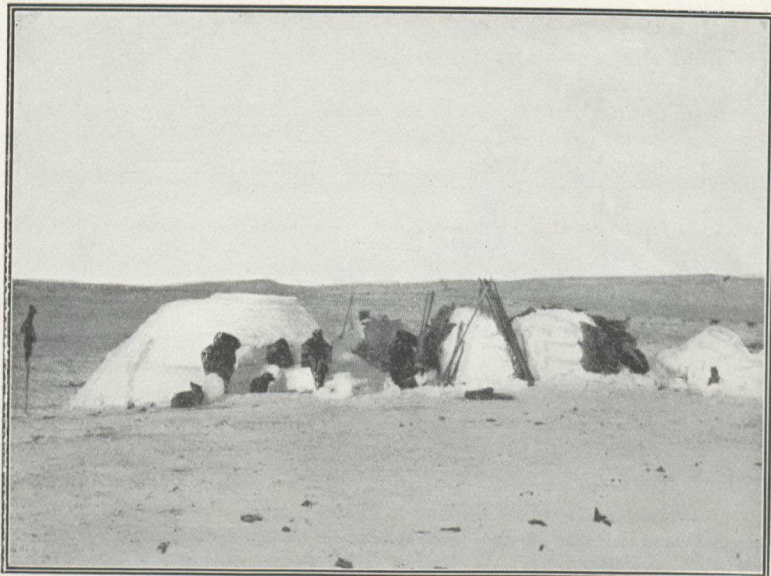
"I have learned from experience that an expedition to the north has the better chance of success the fewer white men are connected with it. In travelling over the 'Barren Ground' one cannot have more suitable companions than the natives of the country. A white man there is in a strange land, and, however willing and able to stand cold, hunger and fatigue, he is a novice in this experience. The conditions and work are unfamiliar to him, and if he were to meet with a bad accident, or to fall ill, or to lose himself in a fog, his misfortune would probably be the

ruin of the expedition. Husky servants, on the other hand, are always at home, for their wives and children join your company along with them, so that they never leave off their customary life. If one of them falls ill and has to be left behind, his wife remains with him; they build their snow dwelling, and their household is at once complete. All the work which has to be done, such as hunting, cutting up meat, looking after dogs and sleighs in winter and boating in summer, is done better and more quickly by Huskies than by white men. The wives somewhat retard the journey, but they perform services which are indispensable, making and mending clothes and foot-gear, which soon get worn out. Huskies are hard-working, honest, good-natured and cheerful companions. They are unwearied on behalf of one who treats them well, and the traveller, on his side, must learn to exercise a little patience with them.

"However, white companions or else half-breeds are necessary in order to reach Husky-land and to return from it.

That Mr. Hanbury met with difficulties is not surprising; that he succeeded in his attempt is almost





IGLUS (SNOW HOUSES) AT WHITE BEAR POINT, ARCTIC CIRCLE

*Illustration from "The Northland of Canada"*

wonderful. As he proceeded north, he left the timber country behind and there was no firewood. Even moss and lichens eventually failed him, and he was forced to depend on heather for cooking purposes. "The collecting of enough to boil our evening pot of meat was laborious, and required patience and time. Our stock of kerosene oil had long since leaked away, so we were obliged either to gather this heather or eat our meat raw." As fuel became scarce, it was difficult during the cold weather to get enough water to drink. The rivers dry up to a series of pools and then freeze almost solid. Occasionally water was secured only after chiselling through seven and a half to nine feet of solid ice.

Then there was the difficulty of keeping the Esquimaux friendly and progressive. The successful performance of this shows Mr. Hanbury to be possessed of much common sense and tact. Only a man of unlimited patience and with a strong, courageous heart could venture so far under such trying and searching conditions.

that would spring into existence on the shores of the Bay. Mr. Hanbury rather laughs at this idea, as the summer season is not more than two months in length. Towards the south of the Bay, it is possible to grow vegetables. There is some timber along the Ark-i-linik River, but it is only a fringe and would never justify a railway. Of course minerals may be discovered. He confirms the information that only the shore water of Hudson Bay freezes in winter.

#### INDIANS vs. ESKIMO

Mr. Hanbury is never tired singing the praise of the Huskies nor of depreciating the Indian. On page 41, he says:

"I was delighted to be once more among the Huskies, whose disposition presented a striking contrast to that of the 'poor Indians' we had recently left. The Indian is morose, even sullen, rarely smiles, and of late years has acquired a slovenly, swaggering way of going about. When one arrives at his camp and proceeds to pitch his tent, the Indian never offers a helping hand. Pipe in mouth,

#### HUDSON BAY RAIL- WAY

Incidentally, Mr. Hanbury expresses his opinion as to the advisability of a Hudson Bay Railway to Chesterfield Inlet. He says that those that favour such a scheme have dilated to him on the number of summer residences



he stands sullenly looking on, his hands thrust deep in his trousers' pockets. The contempt which he nourishes in his heart for the white man is expressed on his countenance.

"The Huskies, on the other hand, when the strangers' canoe is sighted in the distance, put out at once in their kyaks to meet them and conduct them to the camp. They appear delighted, overwhelmed with joy, to see and welcome 'kablunak,' or white people. Women and children rush down to the canoes, seize hold of the 'stuff' and carry it up to the camping ground, never stopping to ask whether one is to camp or go further on. They bring large stones, which in these parts serve for tent pegs, and all lend a hand to pitch the tent. Amid much laughter, screams, and yells of joy, the tent is erected, and then they rush off to their own tents to bring what they have in the way of food. It is often not much; the meat and fish may be, and very often are, stinking and putrid, but it is the best they have.

"The Huskies are like happy and contented children, always laughing and merry, good-natured and hospitable. Everything that they possess, food, clothes, footgear, and services are at the disposal of the white strangers. Their wives even they freely offer, shocking as this may sound to respectable people at home. This subject need not be discussed here, but I must add that to accuse the Huskies of immorality on the ground of such practices would be grossly unjust."

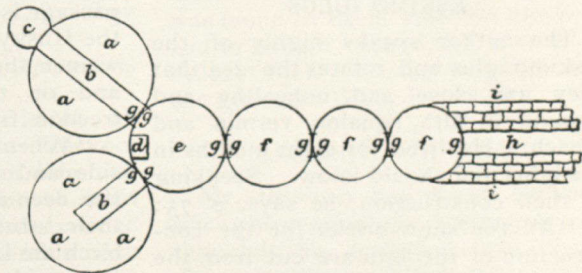
On page 66 and following pages he makes some interesting remarks on Husky fashions and legends:

"Most of the grown-up Hudson Bay women are tattooed on the face, a thick paste of charcoal and water being rubbed in after the application

of a needle. The most popular ornament among them is a brass band, about half or three-quarters of an inch in width, placed across the forehead and extending behind the ears. The material for these is no doubt obtained from empty cartridge-cases and other pieces of metal given by the whaling crews. Other ornamental appendages are cylindrical pieces of wood, about sixteen inches in length, which, covered with beaded cloth, hang from the ends of their tresses, and end in a tassel or tuft of false hair. The men are almost as fond of beads as the women, and a long-tailed deerskin coat covered with beads excites admiration and envy. White beads were in fashion at the time of my visit, but possibly Husky fashions change as ours do.

"When a woman has given birth to a child she is not allowed to leave the place where she is lying for a whole moon. If the tribe happens to be travelling at the time, she must get along as best she can, but must on no account follow the track of the party. She must keep at a safe distance on one side. If one woman gives birth to a boy at the time when another gives birth to a girl, the boy must become the husband of the girl. Relations nearer than cousins never marry.

"It is customary for the men to have only one wife, but some have



GENERAL PLAN OF TWO ESKIMO SNOW HOUSES AND CONNECTING KITCHEN AND OUTHOUSES

(a) Raised benches of snow on which Huskies live and sleep; (b) passages down middle; (c) meat-safe or cellar; (d) fireplace in kitchen—flat stones laid on raised snow bench; (e) kitchen; (f) outhouses for storing stuff, shelter for the dogs, etc.; (g) doorways, about 2½ feet high; (h) passage to outside; (i) walls of snow for protection from wind and drift.



two, and Sakh-pi, whom I have already mentioned, had three. When a second wife is desired, the reason is generally to be found in the domestic arrangement of the Husky. When he goes in winter to hunt the musk-ox he takes his wife with him. She helps to build the iglu or snow house, prepares the food, collects moss for fuel, and keeps his clothes and foot-gear in repair. She is almost indispensable on such expeditions. But naturally her services are not always available, and hence arises the wish for a second wife. A double matrimonial arrangement does not disturb the domestic harmony. The two wives show no jealousy; they smoke the same pipe, rub noses (their form of kissing), eat together, and sleep together in tranquillity. There are no marriage rites among the Huskies. Their notions of conjugal fidelity are different from ours, free love is universal, but there are no divorces. It is very rarely that a husband sends his wife away. I was not acquainted with a single case, but was told that on one or two occasions a wife had been turned away for gross neglect of her children. The husbands are fond of their wives and children, and treat them well. Girls are given in marriage very young, matters being arranged by their parents. A girl seven years of age, belonging to my party, was already bestowed on a man of thirty."

#### ESKIMO IGLUS

The author speaks highly of the Eskimo iglus and refutes the idea that they are close and unhealthy and abound in filth, squalor, vermin and stench. He lived for eight months in the iglus and should know. Speaking of their construction, he says, p. 75:

"All the snow-bricks for the construction of the iglu are cut from the snow on the ground on which the iglu is to be built, or from what may be called the floor of the house. Two Huskies work together, one cutting the bricks of snow, the other placing them in position. The bricks are laid in an endless coil which, as it increases

in height, decreases in breadth. The walls are thus gradually drawn in towards each other, until finally only a small hole remains in the top at the centre of the roof. Into this a circular or square plug of snow is inserted, and the edifice is complete. The iglu is circular in shape, and the roof, when built by experts, forms a perfect dome. All the work is done from the inside, and when the iglu is finished the two workmen are still within.

They cut a hole, crawl to the outside, and then close up this hole with a snow-brick. Next, snow-bricks are cut for a distance of some ten feet outwards from the snow house, and are laid close against each other in two lines so as to form a passage, the bricks being piled higher on the windward side. Through the side of the iglu a square hole for a permanent doorway is then cut on a level with the floor of the passage. The two builders now re-enter and inspect the result of their labour. Some of the bricks are seen not to fit closely, light appears in the interstices. These are carefully gone over and plastered with loose snow. There still remain a considerable number of bricks in the interior, for the area of the floor has furnished more bricks than were required for building up the walls and roof. These spare bricks are now used to form benches, one on either side. On these snow benches the inmates sleep and sit, only a narrow passage is left between them. While the Husky men complete the iglu, the women shovel snow against its sides and on the roof to ensure perfect freedom from draughts of cold air.

"When the house is completed, inside and out, the women enter with the deer-skin robes and the rest of their 'stuff.' Mats made of dwarf birch are laid on the snow benches on either side. The deerskins are laid on these, and the iglu is ready for occupation."

#### WAS IT COLD?

Few people would care to go up to the Arctic circle to live, as it certainly is a cool climate. If there is no wind,



the cold is not hard to bear. A few lines from page 104 give Mr. Hanbury's most characteristic comments on this point:

"On February 19 we had to face a strong north-west wind, and our faces suffered severely. The minimum thermometer in the night had registered  $-42^{\circ}$ , and the maximum during the day was  $-30^{\circ}$ .

"It is always cold travelling against any wind, however light, when the thermometer stands at or below  $-20^{\circ}$ . I did not happen to be wearing deerskin pants, and my legs became almost benumbed by the cold. Deerskins are the only clothes that afford protection against the Arctic cold. Woollen garments, no matter how thick they may be, are not suitable. As everybody knows, it is the layer of air within one's garments that keeps the warmth necessary for comfort. Skin clothes retain this layer of warm air better than anything else, and on that account form the most suitable clothing.

"Many people who ought to know better do not think the Huskies suffer from cold. The only foundation for this supposition lies in the fact that the sufferers do not complain. Strong men and women are alike susceptible to frost, and their hands, feet, cheeks, neck, nose and ears get frozen if not properly protected. On the other hand, they do not render themselves unnaturally sensitive to cold by indulging in fireside comforts, for they show no desire for fire."

Another interesting paragraph is found close by:

"The women and children all walked, and walked well. Cuckoo, Uttungerlah's wife, had an infant at the breast, but did not seem to mind this load. The youngster was carried naked in the hood of her deerskin coat. When the mother wished to feed the baby, she reached back over her shoulder and jerked the youngster out, sometimes setting it on the snow, which, though the thermometer was anywhere between  $-30^{\circ}$  and  $-50^{\circ}$ , it did not appear to mind."

#### MUSK-OXEN

Not many years ago, musk-oxen were plentiful around Artillery Lake, but now only caribou are met with there.

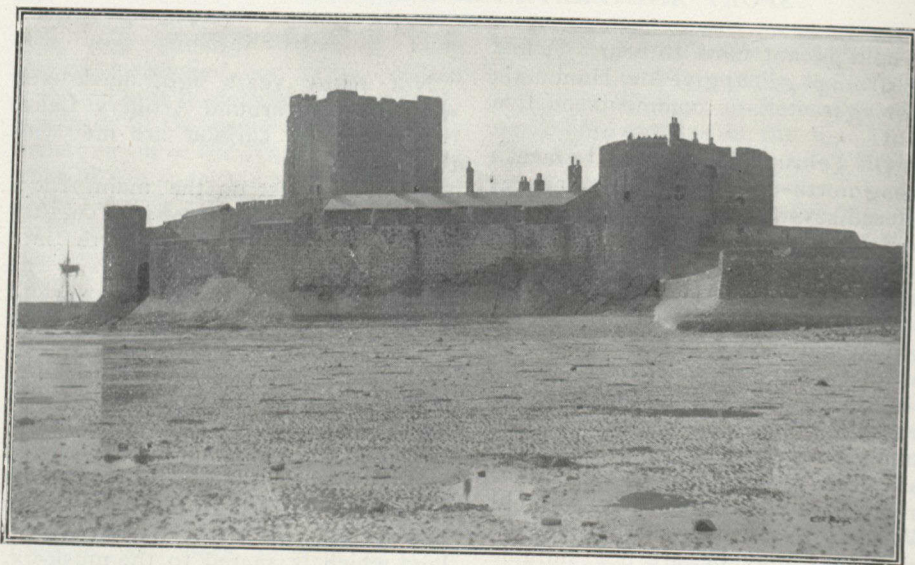
"Farther east on the main Ark-ili-nik River there is a stretch of country about eighty miles in length into which no human being enters. The Eskimo do not hunt so far west, and Yellow Knives and Dog Ribs from Slave Lake do not go so far east. To penetrate this country in the dead of winter would be simply to court starvation. Then the deer have all departed, and to depend on finding musk-oxen at the end of the journey would be risky indeed. Thus there still remains one spot in this Great Barren Northland which is sacred to the musk-ox. Here the animals remain in their primeval state exhibiting no fear, only curiosity. I approached several herds within thirty yards, photographed them at my leisure, and then retired, leaving them still stupidly staring at me as if in wonder."

Northwards from this to Bathurst Inlet on the Arctic Coast, musk-oxen may be found by the careful hunter. Huskies met with between Cape Barren and the Coppermine River reported musk-oxen plentiful a short distance inland. Occasionally, they were met with on the Dease River, which is a tributary of the Coppermine and the outlet of Great Bear Lake. A big bull musk-ox was killed on August 7th and was found to be in splendid condition and to have a robe which was in excellent order. Another was shot August 15th near Great Bear Lake.

#### GEOLOGY AND FLORA

Mr. Hanbury has placed his scientific observations in Appendices, and thus left his narrative free of any discussion likely to interfere with the lightness and brightness of the narrative. Those interested in the scientific results of the trip will, however, find ample food for study and thought in these appendices. The butterflies of the Arctic circle are most interesting.





CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE, OF WHICH THE MARQUISES OF DONEGAL WERE FOR MANY YEARS GOVERNORS

## THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL

By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

**W**HAT some of Great Britain's titled citizens are sons of Canadian-born women, should be another link in the chain of Empire. The number of Canadian girls who find the attractions of a castle and a title irresistible is not large, but is likely to grow larger. When to these attractions are added the magnetism of a strong face, a good character and broad culture, there is no reason why the Canadian girl should not add a chief's scalp to her belt. The chief may be a duke, a marquis, an honourable, a plain British-born man of affairs, a diplomat or a soldier, but whatever he may be he will find the Canadian woman the equal of any in dignity and initiative.

These general remarks are intended to be only a preface to a few lines concerning the only Canadian Marchioness in the peerage. It was only yesterday that this circumstance was brought into existence. At the first Court of

King Edward's reign Lady Strathcona presented several Canadians, among them a Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax. Soon afterwards it was announced that Miss Twining was engaged to the fifth Marquis of Donegal. The marriage took place on December 22nd, 1902, in that bride-beloved church, St. George's, Hanover Square.

Lady Donegal's father was H. St. George Twining, of Halifax, and her mother was Ada Twining, née Miss Ada Black, of Halifax. On her father's side, her great-grandfather was Chaplain-General to the Forces in Nova Scotia, and an ancestor on the distaff side was Bishop Black, head of the Methodist denomination in Nova Scotia.

The Marchioness of Donegal was born on Sept. 15th, 1880, in Halifax, her childhood's days being spent in that city and in Bedford, with the exception of the time spent in travelling, for her ladyship's travels have been very extensive. Before she was





THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL AND HER SON, THE SIXTH MARQUIS OF DONEGAL

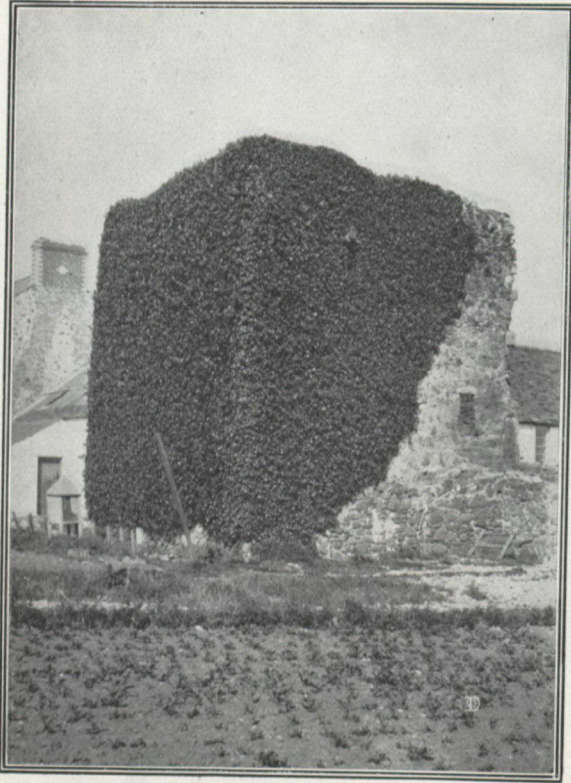
*Photograph by Johnston & Hoffman, London*

ten years of age, she had with her mother twice visited the United States, and she has a distinct recollection of a visit to England and Ireland at the age of seven years, shortly afterwards going to the West Indies.

After a residence of three years in Boston she lived for two years with her mother's aunt, the wife of the

Hon. Lemuel Allen Wilmot, the first Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick after Confederation. After attending school in different places she studied for two years at Wellesley College, spending the summer vacations abroad. During the first vacation she accompanied her mother to England, visiting many places of inter-





THE TOWER, RUINS OF CASTLE CHICHESTER

est in Holland and in Belgium, sailing up the Rhine to Switzerland and returning to England by way of Paris. The next summer was spent in Scotland, since which time Lady Donegal has not returned to Canada. This she regrets very much, as she is very anxious to learn more about her own country, for, as she naively says, she knows only New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the Niagara district in Ontario, though she has many friends in all the provinces.

It was intended that they should spend the winter of 1900 in Madeira, but the war in South Africa was the absorbing thought, and Mrs. Twining being much interested in one of the hospitals to be established at the Cape, mother and daughter sailed for Capetown to confer with the military authorities at the Base. They remained four months at the Cape, from Febru-

ary until the end of May. From that time until her marriage, her travels were extensive, and included nearly all the chief points in Africa and Europe.

After her marriage with George Augustus Hamilton Chichester, fifth Marquis of Donegal, a trip was taken through Greece, Turkey and Palestine. Her series of photographs taken on these journeys is extensive, and the enthusiastic amateur is now printing and mounting the collection in albums.

A true Canadian, she revels in skating, and riding has always been a favourite exercise, particularly in the country. In music she has a marked preference for Wagner's compositions, a preference deepened after her visit to Bayreuth to be present at the Wagner festival. And with these varied interests she reads a great deal, contriving to keep in touch as far as possible with the world's thought. All her

life she has been fond of animals, and has endeavoured to support in every way she could those who make it their work to prevent cruelty and encourage kindness toward the dumb creation. Among Lady Donegal's favourite animals is a pet lemur (Madagascar cat), which for the last three years has accompanied her in all her travels, even into Russia. The lemur is a very affectionate animal with those she trusts, and with twenty-four inches of black and white ringed tail, soft and fluffy, she is quite ornamental, though the Arabs regarded her as something uncanny.

The son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Donegal, Belfast (Earl of Belfast), who was born on October 7th, 1903, was baptised at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane street, receiving the names Edward Arthur Donald St. George Hamilton (Chichester). The

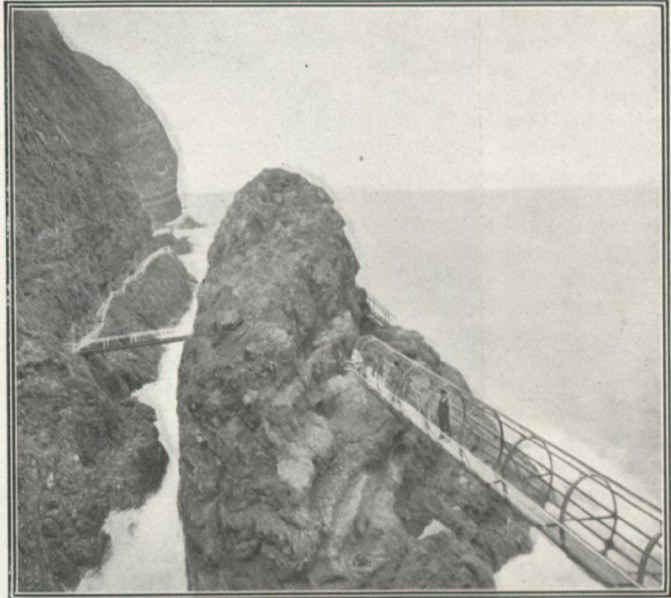


death of his father a few months ago leaves his infant son and only child the youngest marquis in the realm. In addition to his hereditary titles the baby marquis already holds a hereditary office, viz., Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, an office dating back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The estate of the infant peer is called Isle Magee, a long and rather narrow peninsula near Belfast. The land is very fertile, and the tenantry who are farmers on a larger or smaller scale, are a prosperous class.

On the Isle Magee are the ruins of two castles, anciently of importance in the history of the family, Castle Chichester and Castle Robin. Of Carrickfergus Castle the Marquises of Donegal were for long years Governors, and an atmosphere of hoary inter-

est still invests the ancient stronghold.

To his young Canadian mother is left the responsibility of training for his high rank the baby marquis, and those who know her best feel that the responsibility will be discharged by her with unflinching faithfulness.



THE GOBLIN'S CLIFF PATH, ON ISLE MAGEE, THE ESTATE OF THE MARQUIS OF DONEGAL, IRELAND



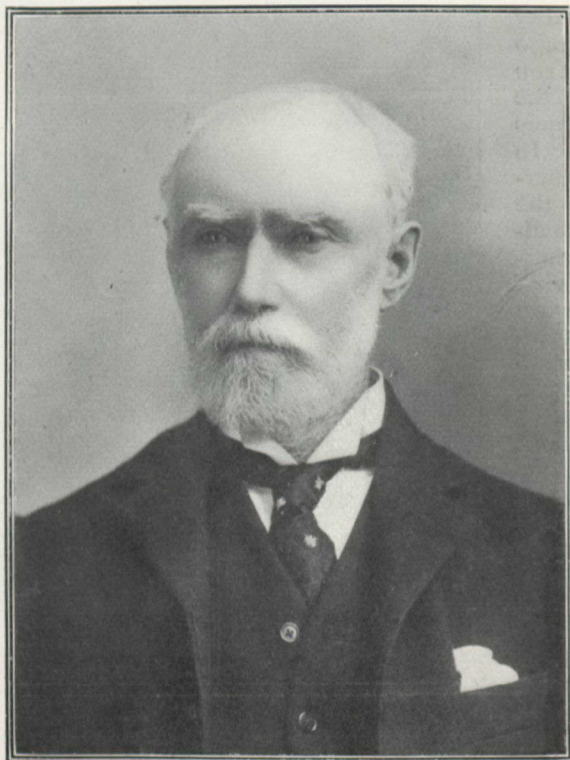
## SOPHISTRY

BY WINIFRED ARMSTRONG

**I**F the sun were always shining  
 And the skies were blue ;  
 If the ones we loved so dearly  
 Were but good and true,

Life for us, would be sufficient,  
 And we'd strive no more,  
 To be good enough for Heaven,  
 When this life is o'er.





HARVEY P. DWIGHT  
President Great Northwestern Telegraph Co.

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 59—HARVEY P. DWIGHT



HERE are various ways of measuring the value of men to a community. Various standards of their worth are held by different people. Some adore an incarnation of force, even unscrupulous force; others admire a smooth and clever adroitness of management; still others prefer a wide grasp of affairs and an application to them of business principles and practice. But most people will concede unusual merit to a man who has lived a long life in an important community in continuous good repute, who has done the business of his important office consistently well, and has besides shown public spirit in

working for things intended to benefit the community. In fact it is the level-headed man, the all-round man, rather than the prodigy or the "model of all the virtues," who makes the most valuable type of citizen.

The man whose portrait appears here deserves to be called one of Canada's valuable men. He is indeed one of the men who helped conspicuously in the building of this country during the last half century. H. P. Dwight came to Canada in 1847 from Oswego, New York, near which town he was born. He had passed several years in a country store, learned the art, then novel, of telegraphic signalling, and made application to the Montreal



Telegraph Company for employment. This company was at that time laying the foundation of the system which has since spread so minutely over eastern Canada and the northern United States. After serving for a while in Belleville and Montreal he was sent in 1849 as telegraph manager to Toronto, where he has ever since resided. This was before the days of railways to the West. Stage coaches on land, boats on the canals and water-stretches of the Lakes and St. Lawrence, were the then means of travel and mercantile commerce. There was but a single wire line of telegraph at that date between Quebec and Toronto.

Mr. Dwight was not long in perceiving the possible future magnitude of the telegraph business in Upper Canada. He urged upon his company the building of lines in various directions. Its authorities were not slow to receive his suggestions, and showed their estimate of his value by making him in 1852 the Western Superintendent. He covered the territory in a few years with thousands of miles of wire extending from the Ottawa to the Detroit rivers, from the Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario, as well as into the States of Maine, Vermont, New York and Michigan. Indeed, the Montreal Telegraph Company became known from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for the minuteness of its connections and the promptness of its service.

Meanwhile, opposition had developed. The Dominion Telegraph Company had been formed in 1871, and proceeded to "cut rates." Not content with sending telegrams of ten words 700 miles for a quarter dollar, the competitive company put into force a 20 cent rate. The result was disastrous to the profits of both companies. They could not earn dividends, and something had to be done to save their properties from destruction. This something took the shape of a consolidation of the wires of both companies in 1881 under the charter of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company, a

Manitoba organisation, largely through the efforts of Mr. Erastus Wiman. That gentleman became president of the new company, and Mr. Dwight was appointed its general manager. With infinite labour and pains Mr. Dwight and his assistants welded the three systems into one, consolidating the whole into a single organisation, touching in the East the Atlantic Ocean, in the West the shores of Lake Winnipeg. In round figures its offices numbered 2,000, namely, 920 in Ontario, 610 in Quebec, 250 in Manitoba, the Maritime Provinces, and the states above named. Nowhere in the world, probably, is there a system of telegraphs superior to that of Canada in cheapness of rate and efficiency of working. And this is largely Mr. Dwight's work.

The opinion of Mr. Dwight upon any point of telegraphic administration is widely valued by his conferees in other countries; and he numbers among his correspondents the heads of departments in the telegraph and cable services in England, Australia, Newfoundland and the United States. Mr. W. H. Preece of London, Mr. Ward of the cable service, Col. Clowry of the Western Union, and Mr. Chandler of the Postal Company in New York, have often owned the benefit of his clear-headedness and experience. He has also done good service in assisting the development of electric lighting and power transmission in Canada, and is to-day a vice-president of the Canadian General Electric Company.

Mr. Dwight may hardly be described as a genial man; rather should he be called a grave and earnest man. He has his moods, when he seems ungracious, sometimes abrupt, but he is rarely unjust. Like every strong man, he has strong likes and dislikes, but he is eminently fair-minded; and of the thousands of persons who have in fifty years been in his employ surprisingly few bear him any ill-will; hundreds, certainly, have benefited by his correction or advice. The writer of this paper is proud to join with his brother-



telegraphers, past and present, who have been the subjects of Mr. Dwight's encouragement not less than his discipline.

In the midst of the varied activities brought upon him by his wide-spread business, Mr. Dwight has found time for duties imposed by his conscientious conception of citizenship. Many a letter has he contributed to the press, under his well-known signature "D.W." upon matters of moment to the City of Toronto. And many a good cause, benevolent or sanitary, has profited by his efforts. For years it has been observed, too, that wherever a good lecture was to be heard, a good play or a picture exhibition seen, Mr. Dwight was invariably a patron. For he is, and always has been, an alert man, with eyes and ears open to what is going on. One of the most striking voluntary testimonials of a community to an individual member was the banquet given him at the Toronto Club in 1897. Distinguished men in Montreal, New York, Chicago, Ottawa, and various other cities vied with Toronto citizens to do him honour on the occasion of his completing fifty years in the Telegraph service.

Those who see him to-day, taking his customary long walks, erect and observant, or who find him in his office, clear-headed and keen-eyed, would little dream that this man of threescore and fifteen years was in his youth delicate. It was in fact a condition of his existence in early manhood that he should live much in the open air; and his own good sense showed him the benefit of careful dietary habits and regular exercise. Forty years ago he fitted up in the old Exchange Building, now the Imperial Bank head office, a gymnasium in the operating room for the benefit of the telegraph staff as well as himself; he took fencing lessons and became a good boxer; learned billiards;

rode on horse-back across country; tried sail-boating and of late years bicycling. A fondness for the woods has long possessed him, and he was one of a group who were among the earliest to find out the charms of the Muskoka district in deer-hunting and trout-fishing. He has even become an expert salmon fisher. None of these things, however, has been allowed to interfere with his attention to business. A portion of each afternoon or night of his life was always given to reading—for his book-shelves are well-filled and he keeps well abreast of the times in solid reading. Thirty odd years ago he was presented by his admirers with a testimonial library of a thousand volumes.

A prodigious appetite for work has always been shown by Mr. Dwight. "In the early years of the telegraph service," says Mr. Easson, who is to-day Press Superintendent, "he personally received and sent all the messages and despatches, kept the books, took charge of the cash, waited on customers, and in a word transacted all the business of the company at Toronto." Very methodical he was, and has all his life been, keen besides to know all that was to be known about his profession; and, having, as all men must who expect to receive advancement, a brain large enough to permit him, while not neglecting his daily task, to grasp the opportunities of growth which time brings about.

If, as Carlyle somewhere has it, "literary men are a perpetual priesthood," may we not say that men who carry on worthy works on a great scale deserve to be called an order of pastors and masters in the material world—the builders of inanimate wonders, who have "wrought with greatest care each unseen part;" not because the Gods see everywhere, but for no other reason than a sense of duty and of joy in their work.

*James Hedley*





# IS GREAT BRITAIN PREPARING FOR WAR?

By THE EDITOR

**T**HE present moment in international affairs is fraught with great danger to the British Empire. Three years ago the British government entered into an alliance with Japan which was an almost necessary preliminary to Japan's attack upon Russia and the invasion of Manchuria. The "Man in the Street" welcomed the Japanese Alliance because it was likely, he thought, to strengthen Britain's influence in Eastern Asia. He quite overlooked the fact that if Japan went to war with Russia, Russia would be likely to lay the blame upon Great Britain. When Russia lays blame on any person the verdict is rendered without a trial. That is the Russian method. Will Russia now turn on Great Britain for her vengeance? If not now, when?

So long as Japan continues to keep the Russians busy the attack on British territory may be delayed. And Japan is doing very well. Port Arthur has fallen. The Japanese fleet is still mistress of the eastern seas. The Japanese armies have not lost a single battle or beaten a single retreat. How long will this success continue? Is it conceivable that in the end Japan, with infinitesimal resources, shall win against Russia, with inexhaustible resources? Is the miracle of David and Goliath to be repeated in the twentieth century?

The successes of the Japanese armies in 1904 are not likely to be duplicated in 1905. As the London *Spectator* points out, their victories have always been incomplete.

"They have been successful, it is true, but they have not been successful enough. They have beaten the Russians in every important action, but every action has been a Pyrrhic victory. They have never surrounded and destroyed or taken prisoners a Russian force of any size, and their capture of guns and

material have been insignificant. If they have always overcome the Russians in the field, the Russians have always been able to fall back with their forces practically intact. But by the oft repeated process the Russians have been converting themselves into a new army. What was raw material nine months ago has been hammered out by the Japanese on the anvil of war, and has become tempered steel. Nothing, indeed, has been more remarkable than this gradual improvement during the war in the fighting efficiency of the Russians. It is no exaggeration to say that their army is ten times more efficient than it was last spring."

There has been no Japanese victory of a "crushing" nature, no Sedan, no Waterloo. The Japanese generals are great men, but not one is a genius. They have produced no Cromwell, no Napoleon, no Von Moltke. The Japanese are heroic fighters and are well led—but that is not enough. Yet that other element is lacking. The Japanese army must fight, must go forward; and yet every day's delay means an increase in the obstacle which faces them—the growing Russian army.

On the sea the Japanese success is quite overwhelming. When the war opened the Russians had a fleet in the Yellow Sea which was not much inferior to that which Japan put under the command of Admiral Togo. If the Russian admiral had been given a fair chance, with any kind of decent support on the part of his officers, he should have been able to fight it out with Togo in such a way as to cripple the Japanese fleet and make it an easy prey for the Baltic Squadron. Instead of doing this he was told to remain within Port Arthur, his sailors were turned into soldiers, and his ships were destroyed by the enemy's shells or scuttled with their own explosives. How ignominious!

The command of the sea was necessary to Japan. The destruction of the Japanese fleet would mean that the



Japanese army of 500,000 men in Manchuria would be as rats in a trap. The capture of Port Arthur would have been useless if the Russian fleet had been intact upon the high seas. Fortunately for Japan Russia blundered, as she had done in the Crimean War. She sacrificed a fleet to save a fortified port, and lost both. Japan won the mastery of the sea and the mastery of the port followed as a natural consequence.

Will the Baltic fleet win back what Russia has lost? The best opinion is unfavourable. A schedule of the vessels in the various classes, as compared by the military writers of the *London Chronicle* and other leading journals would be about as follows:

Figure of merit per ship.	Russian.	Japanese.
1.00	Borodino	Mikasa
	Orel	Shikishima
	Suvaroff	Asahi
	Alexander III	
.90	Osliaha	—
.80	—	Fuji
.60	Sissoi Veliky	Iwate
		Idzumo
		Asama
		Tokiwa
		Yakuma
		Azuma
		Nisshin
		Kasuga
.50	Bayan (V)	
	Gromoboi (V)	
	Navarin	
.40	Roosia (V)	Chin Yen
.30	Oleg	
	Aurora	
.25	Nakhimoff	Takasago
		Chitose
		Kasaji
.20	1 vessel	8 vessels
.10	2 vessels	4 vessels

NOTE—The vessels marked V are at Vladivostock.

Summing up the figures of merit, the Russian Baltic and Vladivostock fleets combined are represented by 8.65, the Japanese fleet by 11.75. The chances

are thus seen to be greatly in favour of Japan, even were the Baltic and Vladivostock fleets combined. Without the three cruisers at Vladivostock the Baltic fleet is only 7.25.

The general opinion seems to be that the Baltic fleet will be recalled and will remain at Libau till more ships are built or secured. Thus Japan's supremacy in Pacific waters will not be seriously threatened in 1905. Her armies may now go on and see what another campaign will produce.

To return to the main point, what effect will this new situation have on the relations between Great Britain and Russia? It does not seem likely that Russia will risk her Baltic fleet in a fight with the British fleet. Yet Great Britain seems to be preparing for such a possibility. She is strengthening her Home Squadrons. There is little danger of an attack on Esquimalt or on Halifax or Bermuda; hence most of the vessels on these two stations have been recalled. If she is not afraid of the Baltic Fleet why this strengthening of the Home Squadrons? The only possible answer is that Russia might induce Germany and France to combine for an attack on the British fleet. This is a possibility; but with the information at hand it is hardly more. The German Emperor has never approved of the Russian-Japanese conflict, and France has recently settled most of her controversies with Great Britain.

There is a possibility of a European war, and Great Britain is wisely preparing for it. The fall of Port Arthur, the complete destruction of the Russian Port Arthur fleet, and the general tendency of modern diplomacy all indicate that this war will not occur for some years yet; whether it will ever happen is for future events to decide.





# HOW TO SAVE THE YUKON

WHERE A BILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD IS IN SIGHT

By C. M. WOODWORTH



WITH but few exceptions, since 1783, the rulers of Canada cannot congratulate themselves on their knowledge and alertness in regard to our Western hinterland. A returned Yukoner is invariably amazed at the invincible ignorance of Eastern Canadians regarding the Yukon. Numerous incidents even among those in high places could easily be given.

There is, moreover, almost no source of information, except returned Yukoners and the country itself. No government pamphlets are issued at all comparable with the British Columbia annual report of the Minister of Mines or Official Bulletin No. 19, or the publications of the Australian governments. Therefore exact figures and even general information are not easily obtained.

## GENERAL

Yukon is much larger than Great Britain. Gold is its principal product and gold placer mining its principal industry. The Yukon River is its great highway, and the Yukon River fleet is valued at more than \$2,500,000. Until lately, for the past six years, the Territory has had a population in excess of 20,000 white people. It has already produced more than \$125,000,000 in value of placer gold, and has imported about \$45,000,000 worth of goods. The Klondike gold discoveries were made in August, 1896, and after eight years of wonderful production, two predictions are being made: the one, that the known riches of the Territory are nearly worked out and the country is on the rapid decline with no hope of recovery; the other, that only the richer pockets of gold gravels have been worked and these but partially, while the greater part of the gold-bearing gravels have not been touched,

and under wise management the Territory has only begun its development.

The discovery of the Klondike gold-fields is directly attributable to the encouragement given the prospector by the amendments of the placer regulations in 1894, based upon the report of Major Constantine to the government in that year. Previous to that time, most of the prospecting was done on the Alaska side of the boundary, owing to the much more liberal mining laws of that district. The result of these amendments has been the creation of the Yukon Territory, and all that it has meant. The repeal of these amendments and the restrictive mining laws in force from 1897 to the present time have again driven out the prospectors. New discoveries practically ceased in 1899. The Territory can only be revived by the introduction of more liberal laws and wiser administration.

## TRUE PRINCIPLES

Gold mining in the Yukon is not the mere extraction of gold from a government store-house. It is the discovery and production of wealth that, but for its discovery and mining, would be utterly valueless. In the lottery of Yukon mining, there have been some grand prizes, but the average awards have not more than adequately paid the labour of prospecting and mining. Taxes on gold production are taxes on labour. Restrictions on prospecting and gold mining in the Yukon, are restrictions on labour and a premium on non-development of a region that without labour is a desolate, uninviting, chilly waste.

## GOLD PRODUCTION

The Dominion government returns show the annual production of Yukon gold as follows:



1885-1896.....	\$ 1,538,400
1897.....	2,500,000
1898.....	10,000,000
1899.....	16,000,000
1900.....	22,275,000
1901.....	18,000,000
1902.....	14,500,000
1903.....	12,250,000
1904 will be about.....	10,000,000

Total .....\$107,063,400

These returns are evidently too small. The receipts of Yukon gold by the United States mints, and the observations of bankers and other Yukoners, competent to judge, corroborate this statement. At least, \$10,000,000 must be added to the returns for each of the years 1898 and 1899, and another \$10,000,000 should be distributed over the returns for the other years. The royalty tax, while it existed, was a constant incentive for the concealment of the true figures. Every fair test fixes the total at about, or in excess of, \$130,000,000. The entire placer output of British Columbia from 1858 to 1903 inclusive was \$65,688,103 or about one-half our Klondike output for eight years. If we add the total lode output of British Columbia up to the end of 1903 to the placer output, we have in all \$92,550,454. To the present, the total gold output of Nova Scotia has been about \$14,000,000, while that of Ontario and Quebec jointly has approximated \$3,000,000. It will thus be seen that Canada's title to be ranked as a great gold-producing country is, in the greater part, its Yukon title.

#### YUKON MARKET

The Yukon is the best cash market Canada ever had. The value of goods imported into the Yukon annually can only be approximated. A great part of these goods were Canadian, and some of the foreign goods paid duty in other parts of Canada. Again, the importations in some years were in excess of the consumption and in others less. I have it on the best possible authority that the value of the goods brought into the Territory

in the year 1902-3 was close to \$6,000,000. This was the year of the great falling off in the gold output. We may fairly suppose a perhaps lesser shrinkage in the imports. In estimating the imports of other years we must consider the great rush of people with their outfits to the gold-fields in 1898, the heavy importations of machinery beginning in 1899 and reaching its maximum in the years 1900 and 1901, and the great slaughter of old stocks by Dawson merchants in the year 1904. The values of the imports must, therefore, be nearly as follows:

1885-1896.....	\$30,000 annually	\$ 360,000
1897.....		2,000,000
1898.....		7,000,000
1899.....		7,000,000
1900.....		8,000,000
1901.....		7,500,000
1902.....		6,000,000
1903.....		5,500,000
1904.....		2,500,000

Total .....\$45,860,000

If this trade had been entirely with countries outside Canada it would have yielded from \$10,000,000 to \$13,000,000 in customs revenue. If the gold raised were solely for residents out of Canada, this customs tax and other taxes raised directly from the country, amounting to about \$8,000,000 in all, less the cost of the administration of the Territory, would be the fair measure of the total value of the Yukon to Canada thus far. The real facts are, however, much more composite. Almost the entire Yukon gold output has been shipped to the United States, returning in small part as gold coin minted, our bankers will say, free of cost to us. About one-third of the Yukon fortunes saved were those of residents of Canada, the other two-thirds went mostly to the United States. The imports till the end of the year 1899, were at least two-thirds from the United States. Since that year about two-thirds have come from other parts of Canada, the proportion in favour of Canada growing larger each year. Seattle has benefited more from the



Yukon than any other four cities combined. When the Yukon rush took place, Canada was without steamboat communication with the Lynn Canal or the mouth of the Yukon. As usual, we were three years behind time. A subsidy granted to a line of steamboats from Vancouver to Skagway in 1897 might have brought Vancouver the benefits that went to Seattle. Regarding the value of the Yukon to Canada, except in taxes, Canada was certainly not alert. Police, soldiers, tax-gatherers, and railways one thousand miles away, engrossed the attention of Canadian statesmen, while Seattle reaped the immediate benefit of Yukon trade and Yukon fortunes. Moreover, there have always been those competent to judge, who assert that had the interior administration been as it should have been, both the Yukon trade and population would have multiplied five times and the Territory would have rivalled the whole of the United States as a Canadian market, paying cash instead of barter. This cannot be proven.

TAXES

Yukoners have paid heavier taxes than any other British subjects. According to Government returns there was collected in the Yukon for the year ending June 30th, 1901, \$1,814,827.91, of which \$360,686.36 was customs and \$730,819.35 gold royalty. If we assume that one-third of the customs duties paid on goods brought into the Yukon were paid at points outside the Yukon, we should add a further \$180,343.18, making a total of \$1,995,170.09, or about \$100 per head for every man, woman and child in the Territory. The taxes of the Yukon have been nearly as follows:

1885-96.....	\$ 250,000
1897.....	350,000
1898.....	2,000,000
1899.....	2,000,000
1900.....	2,000,000
1901.....	1,500,000
1902.....	1,100,000
1903.....	900,000
1904.....	700,000
Total.....	\$11,250,000

Those who believe that taxes are paid by the consumer will find a simple case in the Yukon, as goods are paid for in gold and not in barter. Such persons will add two-thirds as much more in computing the burden Yukon has borne.

THE FUTURE

Is the Klondike region nearly worked out and the Yukon as a placer camp about ended? This question seems uppermost regarding the Yukon with most Canadians. If the conditions and methods prevailing in 1898 were still in vogue, the answer would be, "Yes." Then drifts paying less than \$8.00 to the cubic yard or five cents to the pan of gravel were abandoned, while it required double that amount of pay to be an incentive to the ordinary miner. \$1,000 pans were often found on the rich creeks and great fortunes were made in a few months. The results from some workings were marvellous. Wages were \$15.00 per day. No machinery was used. Such abnormal conditions evidently could not long continue.

If, however, the present conditions, obstacles, and methods continue, the answer is: "No, but the output will gradually and rapidly decrease, unless new strikes are made, and this is hardly likely as the prospector has been legislated and administered out of the Territory." Ground yielding two cents per pan or \$3.25 to the cubic yard is now considered as good pay, while a drift bearing half that pay would not be abandoned if the pay-streak were continuous and not too thin. It would be hard to find a working claim in which the frozen gravel is not thawed by steam. On most claims the pay gravel is hoisted and a large part of the work is done by steam and machinery. Steam shovels and hydraulic works are used in some places, but are not common. The ambiguity of the mining regulations breeds constant litigation. This litigation has obtained decisions from the courts, that the title of placer claims is for one year only and the yearly



grant may be renewed or refused renewal at the option of the administration. A free miner who stakes vacant lands cannot force the issue of a grant. Since 1901, till 1904, ditch owners have not been allowed to sell water to other miners. It is quite apparent that all this does not tend to encourage capital in the installation of costly mining machinery or the digging of ditches for hydraulic works. It does not even give the ordinary miner a fair chance.

But the above question with the promise that taxes will be lightened, that titles will be made good, that the mining laws will be made plain, that the prospector will be encouraged and miners' grievances wiped out, will admit of but one reply: Yukon has only just begun its development and the success of the future will dwarf into insignificance the results of the past. As has been said, by the methods now in common use only gravels going from \$2.00 per yard and upward are commonly worked, but with the steam shovels and feeble hydraulic workings already installed they have already worked ground at a profit yielding fifty cents to the cubic yard on the average. In California and other hydraulic countries, they have worked at a profit, gravels yielding less than ten cents to the cubic yard. The remoteness of the Territory and the fact that much of the gravel is frozen will prevent such cheap workings in the Yukon. Less than twenty-five cents to the cubic yard should, however, pay handsomely. Now in the region lying within one hundred miles east of Dawson there are more than fifty square miles of hills carrying a depth of from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet of pay gravels which will yield an average of more than twenty-five cents to the cubic yard. At least twenty square miles of hills in the Klondike basin are much richer. One square mile of Paradise Hill on Hunker Creek will produce fifty million of dollars, of which one-half will be

profit. The gravel on this and other hills is one hundred feet deep and carries pay throughout and several feet into bedrock. The hills of the Klondike basin will produce more than eight hundred millions of dollars, while those of the Indian and Stewart River districts will produce at least half as much. They will be worked by hydraulics. The first cost of bringing water on the Klondike hills will not exceed five millions of dollars. A number of smaller systems will supply the Indian River and Stewart Hills, the ultimate cost of which would not equal that of the Klondike water system.

So much for the hills. The older creeks have already been worked over to a large extent by wasteful methods. Many promising creeks have not been prospected. These old claims will in future be worked over by steam shovels or by hydraulic elevators, and will produce one-half as much more as they have already produced. The total amount of their future production is hard to estimate.

The above estimates of future production are based upon what is already in sight. But what if the prospector should return? He practically left the Yukon in 1899. To get him back inducements greater than were offered before must be given. Yet with just and liberal laws well administered, the prospector, the miner, and the capitalist should again throng into the Yukon, but in far greater numbers. The average Klondike miner more or less clearly understands the possibilities of his country. He knows that hundreds of millions of dollars will yet be produced from that region. His unrest and dissatisfaction arise from the fact that he believes that if the administration and laws were immediately improved, he could largely share in those millions. He looks upon the country as his by right of discovery and occupation. The laws will be improved some time; he insists this should be done before he is forced to leave.



# ROBERTS AND THE INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME

By JAMES CAPPON, Professor of English, Queen's University

## III.—POETRY OF NATURE. TANT- RAMAR REVISITED



HE training which Roberts received in the school of Keats was mainly that of a nature poet. The underlying reality in the neo-classical idyll was its beautiful, if rather fanciful, treatment of nature, which was based, just as that of the ancient idyll had been, on a free selection of all fine pastoral images untrammelled by conditions of climate or locality. The poet might revel in any combinations of scenery which his imagination suggested as long as he could give the whole the harmony which here took the place of reality. The oceans might be as serene and the Arcadian hunting ranges as wild as he liked :

With muffled roarings through the clouded  
night,  
And heavy splashings through the misty  
pools.

Of course he had chosen the school because it gave a splendid form to his own natural instincts as a poet. His real power, his original impulse towards poetry, lies nearly altogether in the region of nature description, and it was a short and natural step for him to take from the fanciful delineations of nature in *Orion* and *Actæon* to the description of actual Canadian scenes. But it involved in his case a decided change in the forms of poetic composition. The grand framework of epic and idyllic narrative, which he could use when he had that shadowy Arcadian mythology to fill it with the shapes of life, was laid aside. We have no modern idylls like Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea* or Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* from him. So also the large framed 7 or 9 line pentameter stanza, and the strophe of Keats, with its rich rhyme and the long cadences which murmured of 'old Cretan melodies' or

the Javan palm, give place to light, popular quatrains and couplets and the half lawless structure of the short-line stanza. It was a change which had already taken place very generally in the poetry of our time, as part of that return to nature and simplicity of form which had begun with Wordsworth. Our new singers seem no longer willing to support the weight of those grand forms of stanzaic verse which the great poets of the Italian Renaissance and all those who followed their traditions loved so well. The sonnet, with its well-established paces, is about the only great traditional form in use now.

It is a kind of light lyrical and descriptive verse which is the most characteristic form of Roberts' productivity at this period. Pleasant little snatches of song like *Birch and Paddle*, *On the Creek*, *A Song of Cheer*, *Aylesford Lake*, *The Brook in February*, *An August Wood Road*, *In the Afternoon*; charming glimpses of Canadian scenery, with a general simplicity of style and trait which recalls the old lyrical school of Longfellow and Whittier :

Afar from stir of streets,  
The city's dust and din,  
What healing silence meets  
And greets us gliding in !  
Our light birch silent floats ;  
Soundless the paddle dips.  
Yon sunbeam thick with motes  
Athro' the leafage slips.

That is from *Birch and Paddle*. *Aylesford Lake*, however, has more of the silvery cadence and smooth workmanship of Tennyson :

All night long the light is lying  
Silvery on the birches sighing,  
All night long the loons are crying  
Sweetly over Aylesford Lake.

*The Solitary Woodsman*, a little idyll of Canadian life which haunts the mind after you have read it, as true poetry



will, may be noticed here, although it was published at a later time in *The Book of the Native* (1897). The Woodsman represents nearly all that Roberts has given us in the way of human portraiture,\* and even his personality, it must be admitted, is of the faintest. But there is a beautiful simplicity and naturalness about the poem.

All day long he wanders wide  
With the grey moss for his guide,  
And his lonely axe-stroke startles  
The expectant forest side.

Toward the quiet close of day  
Back to camp he takes his way  
And about his sober footsteps  
Unafraid the squirrels play.

On his roof the red leaf falls,  
At his door the blue jay calls,  
And he hears the wood mice hurry  
Up and down his rough log-walls:

Hears the laughter of the loon  
Thrill the dying afternoon,—  
Hears the calling of the moose  
Echo to the early moon.

It needed only a touch more to make that solitary woodsman as universal and popular a portrait as Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith*, a touch more of personal detail and moral characterisation. A contemplative delicacy of feeling for nature is the chief characteristic of the poems of this class and they are best when they remain simply descriptive.

In many of these poems Mr. Roberts has gone back both in style and sentiment to the older and simpler schools of lyrical poetry so different in their naive tunefulness and gay movement from the poets of to-day with their heavily essenced verse and deliberate mysticism. There are airs from Herrick in him as well as from Tennyson. At times he even gives us popular lyrics, true folk-rhythms like *The Stack Behind the Barn* or *In the Barn-Yard's Southerly Corner*, mostly modelled on old English lilt, with catching refrains. These belong to that poetry of tender reminiscence,

\*Of course there are the ballads with a few figures in them slightly touched. But ballad poetry of this kind is a naive and archaic form of presenting life which does not properly come into question here.

memories of boyhood, the pathetic note of which has often been struck so truly by our minor singers. You can hear the true note of it in the forgotten poetry of Miss Blamire as well as in Burns or in Heine's *Mein Kind, wär waren Kinder*:

To wean me frae these woefu' thoughts  
They took me to the town;  
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face  
I missed the youthfu' bloom.

At balls they pointed to a nymph  
Wham a' declared divine:  
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks  
Were fairer far langsyne.

Roberts is vigorous and picturesque enough in his barn-yard lilt and occasionally catches a fine refrain

Oh, merrily shines the morning sun  
In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

But he wants the soft note and ingenuous simplicity proper to this kind of poetry. There is almost too much vigour of accent and too evident a determination in the accumulation of details:

Dear memory of the old home farm—  
The hedge-rows fencing the crops from harm;  
The cows, too heavy with milk for haste;  
The barn-yard, yellow with harvest waste  
And the stack behind the barn.

Indeed I hardly think this plaintive note is so natural to the age or the country as it was to the Doric songs of old Scotland. The weight of the past does not lie so heavily, so pathetically, on our eager and aspiring democracies.

Amongst all these varieties of the Canadian idyll, the one which leaves the strongest impression on the mind of originality in tone and treatment is *Tantramar Revisited*. Here Roberts' classical taste in style again asserted itself, though in the not very pure form of the modern hexameter. Longfellow had given the measure popular currency on this continent in his *Evangeline*, and Mathew Arnold had lately been directing the attention of literary circles to its possibilities. Both he and the poet Clough had done something to rescue it from the monotonous softness of Longfellow's movement and give it more strength



and variety. Roberts, who has never quite lost his first love for the grand style, was quick to profit by the lesson and uses this high but somewhat artificial form as a mould in which to pour his tenderest memories of the scenes familiar to his youth on the coast of New Brunswick. There is no direct picture of life in the poem, not a single human figure, but the landscape is powerfully painted in large, distant, softened traits, the true colour of elegiac reminiscence. Of direct elegiac reflection the poet has been sparing, perhaps wisely, but what there is has a sincerity which shows how deeply he felt his subject.

Summers and summers have come and gone  
with the flight of the swallow;  
Sunshine and thunder have been, storm and  
winter and frost;  
Many and many a sorrow has all but died  
from remembrance,  
Many a dream of joy fall'n in the shadow of  
pain.

Hands of chance and change have marred, or  
moulded, or broken,  
Busy with spirit and flesh, all I have most  
adored;  
Even the bosom of Earth is strewn with  
heavier shadows—  
Only in these green hills, aslant to the sea,  
no change.

Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the West-  
moreland marshes,—  
Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy,  
and dim,  
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the  
sky in the distance,  
Save for outlying heights, green-rampired  
Cumberland Point;  
Miles on miles outrolled, and the river-channels  
divide them,—  
Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling  
gusts.

Now at this season the reels are empty and  
idle; I see them  
Over the lines of the dykes, over the gossip-  
ing grass,  
Now at this season they swing in the long  
strong wind through the lonesome,  
Golden afternoon, shunned by the foraging  
gulls.

Soon thro' their dew-wet frames, in the live  
keen freshness of morning,  
Out of the teeth of the dawn blows back the  
awakening wind,  
Then as the blue day mounts, and the low-  
shot shafts of the sunlight  
Glance from the tide to the shore, gossamers  
jewelled with dew

Sparkle and wave, where late sea-spoiling  
fathoms of drift-net  
Myriad-meshed, uploomed sombrely over the  
land,  
Well I remember it all. The salt, raw scent  
of the margin;  
While, with men at the windlass, groaned  
each reel, and the net,  
Surging in ponderous lengths, uprose and  
coiled in its station;  
Then each man to his home,—well I remember  
it all!

In spite of the exotic character of the verse, which after all is a bar to the highest qualities of expression, something of the visionary eye and depth of feeling with which the poet looks on those scenes of his boyhood gets into every line. The poem is a true whole also and speaks in a subtle way to the heart. Perhaps he has lavished the resources of his style a little too freely on that description of the empty net reels. Its luxuriance is rather overpowering.

At the best this imitation of a classical measure is a strong compelling mould which is apt to draw the poet into iterations and to carry him further than he wishes at one time while rein-  
ing him up unduly at another. Mr. Roberts manages to use it with some freedom and naturalness, but it is at the cost of some rough lines, lines overloaded with awkward spondees or technically impure and sometimes falling out of metre altogether. This is particularly the case with the pentameter variation which he uses, following Clough's example in *Amours de Voyage*. It is designed of course to afford some relief from the monotonously majestic stride of the hexameter and allow the poet to escape into plainer cadences. Roberts often uses it somewhat recklessly:

Stained with time, set warm in orchards,  
meadows and wheat.

or

Golden afternoon, shunned by the foraging  
gulls.

But often, too, he is the victor in the struggle that this measure particularly excites between the metrical mould and the natural idiom of language, as in that

Busy with spirit and flesh, all I have most  
adored.



IV.—SONGS OF THE COMMON DAY,  
A SONNET SEQUENCE. THE NEW  
POETIC DICTION

MR. ROBERTS has tried a great variety of tones and themes in the course of his poetic career; no poet so many, that I know of. But the deepest thing in his poetic passion and experience is his poetry of nature description. Its basis is, in general, a pure æstheticism, for though it may occasionally be mingled with some fanciful train of thought or have appended to it a Wordsworthian moral, its value lies wholly in the gleaming and glancing surface which it brings before the reader's eye. This impressionistic nature poetry is the best part of his old Keatsian heritage for one thing, and it is part perhaps of his best days also, the days he describes in *Tantramar Revisited*, long youthful days spent on the coast or amongst the farmsteads of New Brunswick, when he strove hardest to catch and to shape into some new line the vague, evasive, elemental beauty of nature. The power which he acquired then has never deserted him amongst all the transformations of spirit and literary ideals which he has experienced. Touches of it abound everywhere in his poems. He has always the glance and vision in this region. The task before him at this period, as he must have felt, was to find a high and complete form of expression for this power. This was not so easy, for, as one might guess from his general evasion of the subject except in some remote legendary form, he had little or no faculty for the direct presentation of human life, and of itself this impressionistic power would hardly suffice to furnish forth an idyll or an elegy. He had done the feat once in *Tantramar Revisited*, but it could not easily be repeated. It was a happy inspiration, therefore, which made him think of putting his poetic impressions of Canadian pastoral life and scenery together in the form of a sonnet sequence. Some of these sonnets had been published earlier in an independent form, and were doubtless written

without any thought of a sequence, but in 1892 they appeared as part of a collection under the title of *Songs of the Common Day*.

The Sonnet Sequence is a poetic form which unites a certain harmony of effect with entire independence in the treatment of each member of the series. It is a succession of short efforts with a continuity of aim which is capable of producing in the end something of the effect of a great whole. It has the authority of great literary traditions from Petrarch to Wordsworth, and it seems to be nearly the only grand form of composition which the poetry of to-day can attempt with success. In this form then Mr. Roberts describes for us the general aspects of life and nature as one might see them at some Canadian farmstead, near the coast of New Brunswick, I suppose—spring pastures and summer pools, burnt lands and clearings, fir forests and the winter stillness of the woods, mingled with descriptions of the common occupations of farm life, milking time and mowing, the potato harvest, bringing home the cattle and the like, all in a kind of sequence from spring sowing to midwinter thaw.

The poet, I need hardly say, finds a splendid field here for the impressionistic glance and vision. Look at this description of a September afternoon:

A mystic rune  
Foreboding the fall of summer soon,  
Keeps swelling and subsiding; till there seems  
O'er all the world of valley, hill and streams,  
Only the wind's inexplicable tune.

Or at this, from the sonnet *Where the Cattle Come to Drink*:

The pensive afterthoughts of sundown sink  
Over the patient acres given to peace;  
The homely cries and farmstead noises cease,  
And the worn day relaxes, link by link.

If these passages were found in Wordsworth, say in the series of sonnets on the Duddon, they would be quoted by everyone as fine and subtle renderings of the moods of nature. Another striking example of Roberts' gift in this direction is to be found in the last sonnet of the series, *The*



*Flight of the Geese.* I shall quote it in full:

I hear the low wind wash the softening snow,  
The low tide loiter down the shore. The  
night,

Full filled with April forecast, hath no light,  
The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses slow,  
Through the hid furrows lisp in murmurous  
flow

The thaw's shy ministers; and hark! The  
height

Of heaven grows weird and loud with  
unseen flight

Of strong hosts prophesying as they go.

High through the drenched and hollow night  
their wings

Beat northward hard on winter's trail.  
The sound

Of their confused and solemn voices, borne  
Athwart the dark to their long arctic morn,  
Comes with a sanction and an awe  
profound,

A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things.

The purist might find fault with the strong lyricism of that sonnet and with inelegancies like that thrice repeated overflow from two final words of the same structure, but it is a splendid piece of imaginative impressionism and a fine example of Roberts' power of style in this field.

Many of these sonnets have a luxuriance of style and fancy, particularly in the direction of what Ruskin has called the Pathetic Fallacy, which is perhaps excessive for this poetic form with its small compass; but some of them also show a new plainness of style and treatment indicating that realistic influences from Wordsworth are beginning to work on Roberts. Sometimes there is even a kind of roughness in the manner of giving details, as in the following from *The Potato Harvest*:

Black on the ridge, against that lonely flush,  
A cart and stoop-necked oxen; ranged  
beside

Some barrels; and the day-worn harvest  
folk,

Here emptying their baskets, jar the hush  
With hollow thunders. Down the dusk  
hillside

Lumbers the wain; and day fades out  
like smoke.

*The Furrow* and *In an Old Barn* are also, in part at least, examples of this closer, more realistic treatment. Here, too, I may notice *The Sower*, the

poet's popular masterpiece, which hits the golden mean between austerity and luxuriance of style:

A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil,  
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep  
and fine,

Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-  
line,

Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,  
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,

Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset  
shine;

And here the sower, unwittingly divine,  
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride  
Dumb in the yielding soil; and though

small joy

Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the  
blind,

Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,

The plodding churl grows great in his  
employ;

Godlike, he makes provision for man-  
kind.

The selection and treatment of materials in that sonnet are perfect. It is equally free from unleavened realism of detail and from impressionistic finery, from those over-feathered shafts of phrase which hang so heavy on the thought in sonnets like *The Summer Pool* and *A Vesper Sonnet*. The traits are select, harmonious and firmly drawn, with a wise economy of stroke. The manner in which the eye is conducted from the solitary field to the distant horizon, where lies that world of men for whom the sower works, and then concentrated again on the scene of the sower's labour and his movements, is a good illustration of the simplicity and naturalness of a perfect piece of art. The closing thought is noble and true to the subject, reflecting itself powerfully back on the previous details in a way which gives them new significance.

Technically Mr. Roberts' sonnets generally show something of the structural freedom and something also of the looseness of conception which are characteristic of American sonnets. The rhyme system as a rule is the pure Petrarchan, but as often as not he entirely disregards the division of thought in the two quatrains of the octave. Sometimes the poise and counterpoise of thought



between the octave and sestet is strongly marked, the first containing the descriptive part and the second the moral which the poet appends to it. At other times the division is but faintly felt, though it often exists in a form which is virtually a new type of sonnet structure. In this type the octave gives the general outline of a landscape and is followed by a sestet which gives a more particular description of some characteristic or significant object in it. This is the structural character of *The Herring Weir*, *The Oat Threshing*, *The Sower*, *The Flight of the Geese*, and other sonnets. In this way the old function of the sestet in summing up or pointing the significance of the octave is revived in a new form, and when the object thus selected for particular treatment is significant enough, and its connection with the description in the octave evident and inevitable, this arrangement makes an excellent type of sonnet. It is part of the perfection of *The Sower* that the connection between the landscape described in the octave and the object described in the sestet is of this natural, inevitable kind. But *The Sower* perhaps owes something of the selectness and harmony of its details to the fact that the subject is one which has been worked over by more than one great mind in the sister arts of painting and engraving. It is a curious example of the relation which may occasionally exist between poetry and the other fine arts, and Roberts may be counted fortunate in having furnished a perfect literary expression for a conception on which Dürer and Millet had laboured.

On the whole this sonnet sequence may be considered as the most important poetic work Mr. Roberts has so far produced. It represents in its highest form what is most original in him, that in which his experience is deeper than that of other men. It gives the fairest scope, too, for that impressionistic painting of nature in which he is a master. The general tone of these sonnets is that of a pensive melancholy such as arises

naturally enough from the contemplation of quiet pastoral morns and eves. Grey Corot-like pictures they mostly are, often a little huddled and indistinct or indeterminate in their outlines but delicately tinted and suffused with a true Canadian atmosphere of light and space and wide, pale, clear horizons. It is an atmosphere which keeps the colour tone of the landscape low, or at least cool, with nothing of tropical luxuriance about it, the bloom of the golden-rod, of the clover, the buttercups and the great purple patches of fire-weed in the woods being tempered by the cold clear lustre of a northern sky and the pale verdure of the marshes. The general features of nature in eastern Canada are faithfully reflected in these sonnets, sometimes in exquisite bits of verse.

The power of observation which they show, however, is by no means of a close, informative kind, but rather of the large, vague, impression-gathering order. There is much less piquancy or novelty of detail than we might expect. Here and there we have a plain yet tender line like

A barn by many seasons beaten gray.

But very seldom does the poet delight us by raising a homely feature into poetic significance. It is not too much to say that these sonnets, with all their brilliant impressionism, hardly enrich our sense of Canadian rural life with more than some fine scenic images. This narrow range of observational power is evident in the absence of any direct treatment of human life, of human as distinguished from naturalistic sentiment, and helps to deprive this sonnet series of popular and realistic elements. In the sonnet *Mowing*, for example, there are fine bits of impressionism:

This is the voice of high midsummer's heat.  
The rasping, vibrant clamour soars and  
shrills.

The "crying knives" are noticed at their work, the "fate that smote" the clover and the timothy tops is mentioned, and the sestet takes a flight to describe the action of the sun which



"with chemic ray seals up each cordial essence in its cell," and thus imprisons the "spirit of June" to cheer the cattle some winter's day "in their dusky stalls." But there is no mention of mowers; there is no human figure in the field. This artistic asceticism may be serviceable in obtaining a certain purity of impressionistic effect, as it is in the landscapes of some of the Barbizon school of painters. But for poetry at least the example of Millet is probably better than that of Rousseau, as Roberts himself has proved. At any rate this is almost sufficient of itself to make a severance between Roberts and the public of our time, which seems to demand a vigorous presentation of life as the first condition of its listening to any ideal or imaginative strain the poet may have to sing to it.

Nor is the poetry of these sonnets likely to make any strong appeal to a more philosophically minded class of readers, that class which ultimately came to the support of Wordsworth and his austere contemplative Muse. The sonnet sequence hardly leaves any strong unity of moral impression on our minds. There is a want of basal note in Roberts in this respect which makes his poetry little more than a wavering impression taken from the surface of things and giving no comfort, no stay to the mind. The moralisings which the poet occasionally introduces into the sestet are either commonplace or very fanciful, or easily recognised as the well-known vein of some great poet. The moral appended to *The Cow Pasture* is Browning's recognition of imperfection as a stimulus; that of *Where the Cattle Come to Drink* is Wordsworth's oft-preached "dignity of common toil;" those of *The Cicada in the Firs*, *The Oat-Threshing* and *The Autumn Thistles* are coldly or cheaply wrought fantasies. But Mr. Roberts is weakest in the altitudes of meditative thought, as in *The Stillness of the Frost*. "Such," he says, after describing the "frost-white wood" and "the ineffable pallor" of the blue sky—

Such, I must think, even at the dawn of Time  
Was thy white hush, O world, when thou  
lay'st cold,  
Unwaked to love, new from the Maker's  
word,  
And the spheres, watching, stilled their high  
accord  
To marvel at perfection in thy mould,  
The grace of thine austerity sublime!

That is Robert Pollok come again and the forgotten sublimities of *The Course of Time*.

With all his gifts, then, Roberts evidently lacks two things without which a poet in our day cannot take a strong hold of the public. He does not as a poet give us either a lively, vigorous presentation of life or a profound and critical interpretation of it.

Roberts' poetry, one may see, remains very much a pure literary tradition, the element of natural impulse in it being hardly strong enough to make original moulds for itself. His diction, in particular, owes much to literary tradition; it is that of a school, the school of impressionistic description which arose as the aftermath of the poetry of Keats and Tennyson. It is true he shows quite remarkable power and facility in its use. Even when he approaches too perceptibly to the mould of Keats or Tennyson, it is in the manner of one who has learned to see and feel with the master rather than merely to imitate his style.

This is a wonder-cup in Summer's hand,  
Sombre, impenetrable round its rim  
The fir-trees bend and brood. The noons  
o'erbrim  
The windless hollow of its iris'd strand  
With mote-thick sun and water-breathings  
bland.

That is from the *Summer Pool*, and shows how cleverly Roberts has made his own the luxuriance and iridescence of the master's style. But the master's art is always something of a dangerous legacy to the school, and the general result, especially when the biting verb of Swinburne and some refinements of Rossetti are added to the Keatsian assortment, has been to establish a kind of poetic diction which has at length become just as conventional as that old diction of the eighteenth century which Wordsworth drove from



the field. The defects of this school are, in general, an over-fullness and indiscriminate intensity of language and a love of euphuistic novelties, which are now ceasing to be novel and are hardening into an artificial poetic vocabulary. How often the same tricky word serves to make the effect:

A yellow hillside *washed* in airy seas  
Of azure,

Amber wastes of sky

*Washing* the ridge.

How the harsh stalks are *washed* with radi-  
ance new.

In this style every trait is pressed to the utmost. The "murmuring streams" and "vocal reeds" of the 18th century school have given place to the "long-drawn sobbings of the reed-choked surge;" waves or waters no longer wash the shore, they "pulse;" the dawn no longer chills, it "bites;" it does not rise, it "leaps;" it is nothing so common as rosy, it may be "white," however, but it has more frequently some elusive epithet attached to it, such as "inviolable" or "incommunicable," or "liturgical." We no longer seek or search, we "quest." Darkness and night "reel," the sea almost always "sobs" now, the wind, the trees, the rain, all "sob," though "grieve" may be admitted as a variety; the sky is preferably "sapphirine" now as regards colour, and "inviolable" in ethical suggestion. The silence of the stars or the stillness of the woods is pretty sure to require the use of "expectant" or "expectancy" for its interpretation. Certain terms are great favourites, and are called on for hard work of a kind they were not always accustomed to, as for example, "largess," "lure," "elemental," "assuaged and unassuaged," "sinis-

ter," "bourgeoned," "tranced," "bland," "winnowing," "throb" and "kiss" are common drudges in the school. Privative forms have risen into great demand, the hills are "unbowed," abysses "unsunned," probably without any thought of Euripides, eyelids "unlifting;" in two members of the school I noted "unremembrance." All the great poets of the past, of course, may contribute something to this impressionistic vocabulary. Shakespeare once made the seas "multitudinous," now the voices of night, the silences of the forest, the hum of thoroughfares and all similar phenomena are frequently "multitudinous;" we even get from one poet "the multitudinous friendliness of the sea," which is probably not without thought of Æschylus. Wordsworth once made a striking use of "incommunicable," now a slightly more elusive use of it in connection with "light" or "space" or "rhyme" or "word" meets us at every turn. A fine discovery which catches the fancy of the school soon obtains its hall-mark. In Henley the river is "new-mailed" in the morning light, in Roberts the ice-bound pools are in "diamond mail," in Wilfred Campbell the river is "sun-cuirassed."

All this, of course, is but the natural history of style, the evolution of a new poetic diction which has arisen to meet the needs of modern poetry with its more intimate sense of the mystery of life and nature. But it is evidently beginning to harden in its mould, and the modern poet will have to beware of it. It has become the mark of a half-affected intensity of sentiment and the expression of an imaginative insight which is only derivative and superficial.

TO BE CONTINUED







"And grandmothers busy with distaff and spindle"

## A VISIT TO GENOA

By *ERIE WATERS*



RS. CLIFFORD and her daughter Margaret had lingered in Mentone until late in March; and now the time had come to leave its tranquil shore. How happy they had been here, and how gently its beauties had taken possession of their inmost hearts! When at home once more in the bright Western World, there will be no danger of forgetting; and in the years to come their lives will be the richer for memories of sky and sea, of mountains and of flowers. In visions they will see again the wandering musicians and the patient Italian peasants who help to make Mentone and its neighbourhood picturesque. They will picture them in garments of many colours dragging in the nets; or bearing heavy baskets of oranges and lemons on their heads; or in groups at the doorways of their ancient dwellings, built close against

the hillside—so old and grey that they seem a part of the rock itself; the children and maidens in the freshness and beauty of their youth, the toil-worn women of middle age, and grandmothers busy with distaff and spindle.

On the morning that the Cliffords left Mentone for Genoa, there were tears in the eyes of the kindly French servants who had done much to make their long sojourn comfortable, and a suspicious moisture in their own as "good-byes" were said.

Parting with friends at the hotel, they set forth alone, but were surprised and touched to find two of their fellow-boarders at the station waiting to see them off—the Polish widow and the German doctor—two interesting young people who were striving to regain health in this sunny spot. The acquaintance with their friends had been made under difficulties—French being the imperfect medium—but there was





THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GENOA

"The city is built around a small bay, rising from the water's edge to a height of sixty feet"

an unspoken sympathy between them; they had laughed heartily over amusing situations and at funny mistakes in learning a little of each other's language. And here they were—to speak a last kind word, and look regrets.

The first-class carriages were filling fast, but the doctor found them places, and as the train moved off their last glances fell on two gentle, pleasant faces, smiling farewell. Would these two take the journey through life together, they wondered, for they had watched a growing romance—or had the brilliant young scientist come too late to the life-giving sunshine of Mentone?

The day was perfect—sea and sky an exquisite blue; fruit blossoms and wild flowers everywhere. With the exception of the many tunnels, the journey along the coast of Italy is charming to a degree. Many little towns are passed, typical of the Italian Riviera, perched on low hills, with a background of mountains; secure from floods, and in olden days a refuge from pirates; always, even in the smallest hamlet, the church with its

tower-like steeple and the priest's house near-by.

Very old and very dilapidated are many of the houses, high and close together in narrow, dark streets; always bits of colour and paintings on the outsides of houses, and clothing hanging out of windows.

They had glimpses of handsome Italians at the stations, looking picturesque in red caps and blue shirts; and another peep at Bordighera on the summit of a hill, whose sides are covered with olive trees; and of the towering palms which attain perfection here, some of them being 800 years old. They are remunerative also, as Bordighera has the monopoly of supplying the palm branches for Palm Sunday in Rome. Along the coast, sombre olive groves made a pleasing contrast with orchards where peaches, cherries and almonds were in full bloom.

At Albenga they saw lemons trained as espaliers. Nearing Genoa the gardens and villas became more attractive and numerous. The Riviera is certainly pretty—nay, exquisitely lovely, especially in sunshine, and the sea is



fascinating, ever changing, and enlivened by bird-like, white-sailed boats. The mountains, too, take on many varying hues.

Reaching Genoa, they found comfortable quarters in a good hotel commanding a fine view of the harbour and shipping. Morning brought a heavy rain, so the sight-seeing began from upper windows. A forest of masts lay before them—ships from many lands, flags of many nations. Vessels loading and unloading; numbers of small boats plying busily from ship to shore—a busy and animated scene, even in the rain. It was also amusing to watch the streets where drays drawn by three or four donkeys, or mules, harnessed tandem-fashion, and each with a red covering for protection from the rain, were a novel sight.

At night the harbour is like a fairy-scene, with hundreds of lights gleaming from the ships, from the high lighthouse, and from the buildings on shore.

At noon the sun shone brightly, and our tourists went about the city. Genoa has a population of about 180,000, and appears busy and prosperous. Its people are handsome, some of them even strikingly beautiful. The city is built around a small bay, rising from the water's edge to a height of sixty feet. The old part of the town is particularly interesting, with crooked, narrow streets from six to twelve feet wide, occasionally so steep that steps are cut in them. In the upper and newer part are fine buildings, monuments and squares.

Near the harbour they walked about the narrow streets, where in the lower stories of the high houses—almost underground—are extraordinary little shops, evidently frequented by sailors;

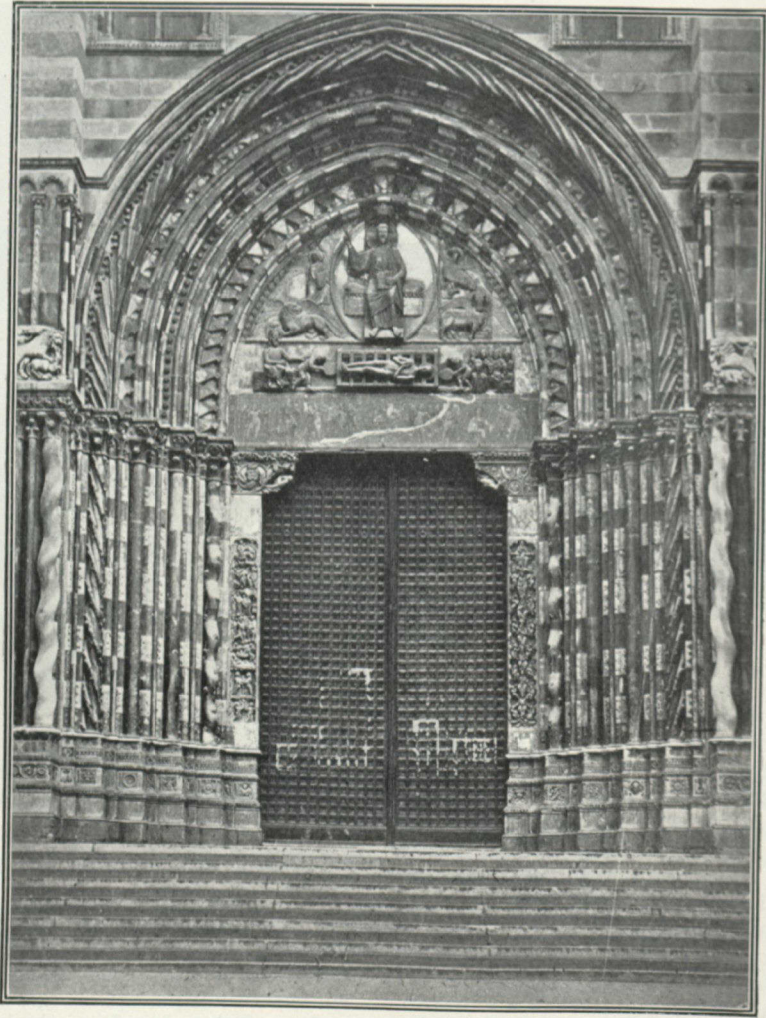


A MONUMENT, CAMPO SANTI, GENOA

and many a curious peep did they have into queer, dark interiors, where groups in various attitudes and motley colours made striking pictures.

One of the churches which pleased Mrs. Clifford was the cathedral of San Lorenzo, dating from the 11th century, but repeatedly restored. The exterior has alternate bands of black and white marble, and the twisted, spiral and straight columns are odd and effective. The interior is in different styles. They entered during an impressive service, and were struck by the reverent attitudes and apparently deep devotion of the worshippers, who chanted responses in melodious voices as the organ pealed forth sweetly. The frescoes on the chancel roof are by Severone, and are very lovely.





MAIN PORTAL, CATHEDRAL SAN LORENZO, GENOA

The Annunziata is another church of ancient date, with wonderful marbles. Most harmonious are the colours in this truly artistic whole, and red curtains draping upper windows add to the soft beauty of the light. Much time was spent in the Campo Santo, famous for its monuments of great beauty and touching sentiment.

One morning our tourists drove up the Via di Circonvallazioni to the top of the city, from whence they looked down upon town and bay, passing parks fragrant with flowers and lovely

in their fresh spring foliage. Palms and evergreens mingled with the newer, tender tints, while daisies, daffodils, pansies and other early-comers raised their bright heads to sun and breeze. The air was warm, but more bracing than that of Mentone.

Margaret made a tour of the shops, seeking souvenirs, selecting pretty trifles of silver filagree work, a specialty of Genoa.

The palaces are a great attraction, and are very imposing, marble being used extensively. They are lofty, with





THE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MONUMENT, GENOA

gates forty feet high; marble columns, and halls and corridors beautifully proportioned; broad stairways of marble, and courts paved with different coloured marble; rooms thirty feet high, with arched ceilings, mosaic floors and artistic furniture, with statuary and paintings of great value and beauty by many of the old masters. These were a revelation to our New World travellers, the colouring was so wonderful. Such blues, such reds, such harmony, of which they had never dreamed! They bought photographs which gave

an idea of form and expression, but nothing save the original can convey the charm of colour that appeals to one's best sense of beauty. They were strongly impressed by Guido Reni's work, by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and other great artists. Vandyke, with his clear, stern figures, they also learned to like.

Going to the university one morning they wandered aimlessly up the grand stairway, which is guarded by two marble lions, and admired the lofty halls, statues and fine columns. Pres-





A MONUMENT, CAMPO SANTI, GENOA

ently they saw two gentlemen, evidently a professor and student, higher up the stairway, who very politely turned back and, speaking in French, directed them to go up another higher stair where they would find an iron gate, which would be opened when they rang the bell. Up they climbed, found the gate, and, to their surprise, emerged into the open air, to find at the roof (Genoa, it must be remembered, being built on a hill) a botanical garden and conservatory; the garden of quaint design, with melancholy cypress trees, stiff beds with labelled plants, and grass bright with daisies and violets. Again a magnificent view of the fine harbour and city was obtained.

Genoa has several handsome monuments, the one in honour of Mazzini being well placed in a pretty park. That to Christopher

Columbus is very effective. Margaret had been looking for new types in narrow, dirty and unsavoury streets and, seeing much poverty, was seized with a fit of depression and home-sickness. Coming to this monument, she exclaimed:

"I want to go home, mother; and oh! how thankful I am to dear old Columbus for discovering our nice clean country!"

"I see a great future for our country, Margaret," her mother answered thoughtfully, "for our new land where many nationalities are welcomed—if we start rightly and, striving to imitate the qualities that make great men in every age, strive also to avoid their mistakes. We have not the rich historic background of older civilisations nor the treasures of art beyond all price, but we may draw from the wisdom of the ages."



A STAIRWAY, UNIVERSITY, GENOA



# THE SURRENDER OF SITTING BULL

JEAN LOUIS LEGARÉ'S STORY

By F. C. WADE, K. C.



HE recent grant by the United States Senate of \$8,000 to Jean Louis Legaré for his services and expenses in effecting the surrender of Sitting Bull to the U.S. authorities at Fort Buford, Dakota, on July 21st, 1881, recalls an interesting episode in the Indian and military history of the United States and Canadian West before the disappearance of the buffalo—an incident connected with, and closely following upon the dreadful Custer massacre.

About the middle of May, 1876, General Custer, in command of the seventh U.S. Cavalry numbering 600 men, left General Terry with orders to proceed up the Rosebud and across country to the Little Big Horn. General Terry advanced to the mouth of the Big Horn, where he was met by a body of 450 men under General Gibbon, who had marched from Fort Ellis down the Yellowstone. Here the Generals joined forces and ascended the Big Horn, and thence forty miles up the Little Big Horn, where they found that two days before General Custer had had an engagement with the hostiles, which ended in the absolute annihilation of five companies under his command. Their arrival just prevented the destruction of the remaining seven companies under Major Rend, and they returned to the mouth of the Big Horn, leaving behind 259 dead and taking with them 53 wounded.

After the massacre immense bands of Sioux, fearing swift and terrible ret-

tribution at the hands of the United States army, crossed the international boundary and camped near Wood Mountain post, a point in Assiniboia, just over the line from Montana. At that point, Jean Louis Legaré, a French-Canadian of the Province of Quebec, had a trading post which he had established in 1870.

On the 11th January, 1877, the U.S. Government was notified by Inspector Walsh, of the Canadian Mounted Police, at Cypress Hills, that 109 lodges of American Sioux had crossed the boundary near Wood Mountain and



SITTING BULL—TA-TOU-KA-T-YO-TOU-KA

The United States Indian who caused the Canadians much anxiety from 1877 to 1881





LT.-COL. J. F. MCLEOD, C.M.G.  
Commissioner N.W.M. Police at time of Sitting  
Bull's visit to Canada

were camped on the British side. Later the number of lodges increased rapidly, and later still they were joined by Sitting Bull. It is at this point that Legaré's story begins.

His account of the arrival of the American Sioux near his post is unusually dramatic. "It was in the afternoon of the 17th of December, 1876," he says. "It was very cold. I was in my house with two of my men, when twelve Indians came up on horseback. Little Knife was the head man, the chief of the band. They came right straight to the window, and they sat on horseback; their bodies and heads were covered with big buffalo robes, the hair inside, and they were looking in the window. We did not pay any attention to them. They stood there for a long time, half an hour at least, and at last Little Knife came in, opening the door and leaving it open, and stood there for a long time, and at last he walked slowly, you see, quietly and slowly, paying no attention to us, across the room and sat down on the floor, and called the others one by one. Each of the twelve came in just the same way. The door

remained open all the time. I did not speak to them or make any movement, but waited quietly for them to act. They remained seated about two hours, when Little Knife jumped up and came over to us, and shook hands and returned to his place. Then each of the others did the same, one by one. One of the men was by the name of Crow. Crow was the speaker of the band. At last he jumped in the middle of the floor, and calling to the north wind and the south, and the different winds, commenced to talk. He said: 'We left the American side because we could not sleep, and had heard that the Big Woman (the Queen) was very good to her children, and we come to this country to sleep quiet.' After that they talked about the trade, and they told me if I would give them something to hunt with, powder, ball and caps, and tobacco, they would trade with me. I gave them about \$30 worth of stock and they left."

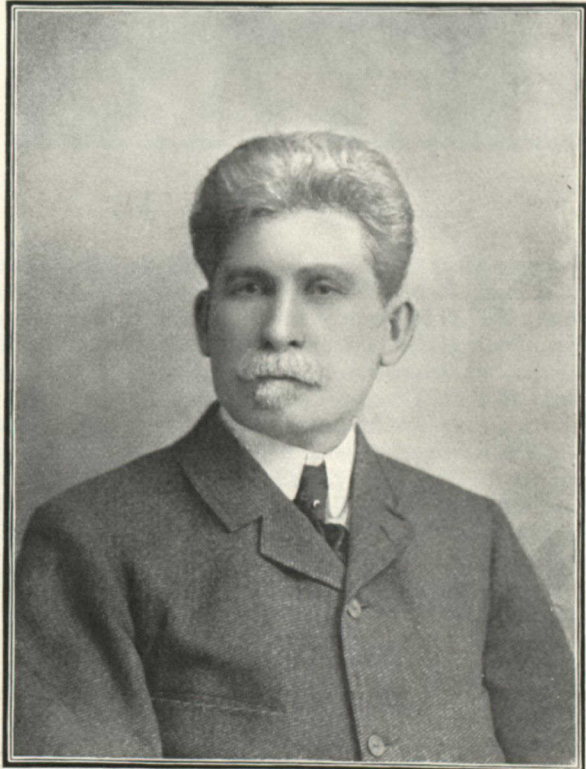
It was not until some time after this rather startling introduction to the advance guard of Sitting Bull's band that Legaré learned of the Custer massacre, and that his newly-made friends had come fresh from the terrible scene of carnage in which General Custer's command had almost suffered annihilation. After the twelve savage horsemen had turned away from the lonely trading post, they rode back to their camp near the international boundary. They had been sent out to see if there were enemies in the path, and their report to the main band was so satisfactory that on the following day they returned with seventy lodges. The whole band camped about Legaré's post, but a few days after their arrival "Jean Louis," as Legaré is known to the Indians, heard from a messenger that his wife was sick at Cypress, about 150 miles away, and returned with him to see her. On his way back he met Major Walsh, commanding officer at Fort Walsh, the Canadian Mounted Police post, and learned from him that during his absence he had held a council with the Indians at his store to consult with them about their



return to the United States. When asked by Major Walsh why they had crossed the line, the Indians said: "We do not want fight. We stay at one place. They (the Americans) always came to us. We do not want to see them at all. They always come." According to "Jean Louis" Major Walsh answered: "After all, if you will keep the law on this side, you may stay if you like, but if you do something wrong you are to go back." That was on the 24th of December, 1876. During the winter, the buffalo being near, the Indians brought in plenty of furs and robes, and Legaré supplied them in return with ammunition and provisions. So pleased were the Teton Sioux with their new home in the country of the Big Woman that the camp was rapidly increased until in the month of June, 1877, it contained 800 lodges, or 4,000 souls. During this year Major Walsh again visited Wood Mountain, this time to station a small force of mounted police there, which was added to until it became quite large, when a regular post was established.

From the first the presence of so large a body of hostiles in British territory was a source of great uneasiness to the governments of Canada and the United States. Tremendous efforts were made on both sides of the line to secure their return to the American reserves. Agents were sent out by the United States into Canadian territory to tell them that should they return they would be well received. One of these, John Howard, was the first to suggest to Legaré that it might be worth his while to attempt the surrender of the Indians. This was in 1878. "Jean Louis" discussed the matter with Chief No Neck when about

seventy lodges were present. He gave them something to eat and tobacco to smoke, and "spoke them good," but their answer was that they "would not believe one word of good of the United States." His efforts were therefore ineffectual. In 1879 large bands of Sitting Bull's Sioux crossed the boundary into Montana and commenced killing cattle and stealing horses. General Terry sent General Miles into the field again to hunt down the hostiles. On the 17th July Lieutenant Philo Clark came up with the Indians and a fight occurred between Beaver Creek and Milk River, and Sitting Bull withdrew his forces, first to Milk River and then into Canadian territory again. Many captives were taken, however, and dissatisfaction took possession of the Sioux. This fight has been described as the "beginning of the end" of the



MAJOR WALSH  
Inspector Mounted Police at Cypress Hills in 1877





J. LOUIS LEGARÉ

The trader who induced Sitting Bull to surrender

trouble with Sitting Bull. Gall and Rain-in-the-face, rivals of the absolute ruler, did all in their power to destroy his influence with his band. A period of terrible starvation impelled the Indians to look favourably upon a surrender that would allow them to return under the wing of the American Government. In January, 1880, forty-one families travelled to Poplar River and surrendered, handing over their guns and ponies. Between January and April the number of those who had surrendered grew to 1,116, in all 109 men, 209 women, 424 boys and 374 girls. In October Spotted Eagle with 65 lodges gave himself up at Fort Keogh. In December Low Dog left Wood Mountain with his followers for the same purpose. During 1880 Minnicangon, Iron Dog, Waterspout, The-One-That-Killed-The-Whiteman, Hairy

Chin and many other noted chiefs returned to their reserves on the American side. By the beginning of 1881, of the monster camp of 4,000 Teton Sioux, only five hundred remained with Sitting Bull in British Territory.

Although Legaré had done all in his power to secure the surrender of these thousands of Indians, it was with the remaining band, including Sitting Bull and his more immediate followers, that he had particularly to deal. Whether it was because they had been more nearly concerned in the Custer massacre and other outrages, or not, those remaining absolutely refused to go. The efforts of both governments to secure the surrender did not abate. So long as they remained north of the boundary, United States troops had to be kept in motion at a cost of millions to guard against their incursions. At the same time their presence caused the greatest uneasiness amongst

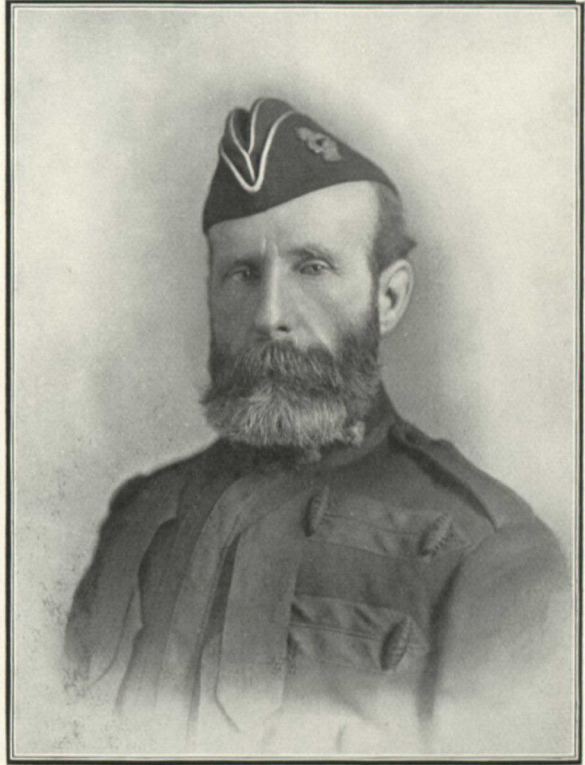
the Indian tribes in the Canadian Northwest. Scouts were employed at immense salaries to treat with the remaining Indians. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Dakota was sent to make overtures to them. Numerous letters of assurance were forwarded to them through the Canadian Mounted Police. Lieut.-Col. Macleod, Commissioner of the N.W.M.P.; Lieut.-Col. Irvine, Assistant Commissioner; Major Walsh, Inspector commanding at Wood Mountain; Major Crozier, Inspector commanding Fort Walsh; Inspector Macdonnell and other officers of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, as well as Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney, did all in their power to induce a surrender. In February, 1881, Major Crozier made a last supreme effort. He gave a big feast to the Indians, and Sitting Bull went so far as to say:



"If I could get a good letter from Major Brotherton (United States commanding officer at Fort Buford), that we will be well received, I may go; I will see about it." Couriers having been despatched and most reassuring letters having been received, Major Crozier felt that he was sure to gain his point. Another big feast was given, and the American letter produced and read. As soon as it was read, however, Sitting Bull jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "I don't take a word that is said." With that he turned on his heel, and Major Crozier, disappointed beyond measure, replied: "I do not want to see any of you any longer, I have had so much trouble with you." He then turned them away from the fort, and they started for Legaré's post.

It was still winter, the weather biting cold, and they were starving. It was then, says Legaré, that he determined to surrender them. To Father St. Germain, the resident Roman Catholic priest, he said: "If the British Government and the Americans cannot do a thing with Sitting Bull, I will surrender him. I will do it myself. If they pay me, that is all right, but anyhow I will have the credit for it." Nor did he lose any time in setting to work at the task which he had promised to accomplish.

"I first," he says, "gave a feast to all the camps. There were about five hundred people there at the time. After they had a good meal I spoke to them. I told them that it was five years since we were together. I said: 'I was the first man to shake hands with you when you crossed the line, and I have stayed with you all the time since. I never said anything much to you before, but this time I have to talk a little to you. I see this



LIEUT.-COL. A. G. IRVINE  
Assistant Commissioner N.W.M. Police at time Sitting Bull  
was in Canada

spring that there is nothing good for you anywhere; all the half-breeds are going away—don't want to see you—and the mounted police don't want to see you any more towards or close to the fort. For my part, I will try once to help you. If you want to listen to me, I see just now only one thing is good for you. The American Government is very well disposed to receive you this spring. If you like your children, as you are very poor, you will take my words. You will surrender very soon.' Well, they said nothing. In the first place, some of the chiefs commenced to talk, saying that they believed me very well, but they would not believe the American authorities. In surrendering themselves the Americans were waiting only to have them all together to kill them. I told them, 'You know very





MAJOR L. N. CROZIER

Inspector Commanding Fort Walsh; during Sitting Bull's residence in Canada

well I never said much to you except when it was necessary.' 'How!' they said. 'If you do not believe me—I will do more than that—come with me as many as you want, chief or brave, thirty or forty. We will go and see Major Brotherton. I will talk for you. I will furnish you with provisions, horses, guns, ammunition, and treat you well going to Fort Buford; I will talk for you. If you have no good answer from Major Brotherton I will bring you back, every one of you.' 'How!' they say, and they ask me, 'If he keeps us there what will you do?' 'If he keep you I will stay with you.' 'How!' 'Washtay!' they say. But Sitting Bull was not glad of it at all. He knew, in the first place, that I had much influence in the camp, and that I would diminish his party a good deal.

Well, this was on the 20th of April, and I told them in five days from that very date to start for Buford. 'If anyone will go with me, get ready,' I said. On the 26th of April I was ready with twelve carts, horses and guns and everything ready. I went to the camp with my baggage. About thirty of the Sioux got ready to start with me, and we started and travelled about twelve miles that day.'

This first trip to Buford was an eventful one. The day after the departure Sitting Bull held a council and induced some of his followers to go to Qu'Appelle, a military post some 180 miles north of the Wood Mountain country. His object was to consult with the Big Ogema (the big chief), Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney, who wished to surrender him and his party by way of Pembina. Before starting out on this journey he very considerably ordered all the poor and the old of his band to stick close to Legaré's store, the only available fountain of supplies, during his absence. He also sent five men in pursuit of Legaré and his cavalcade, who reached his camp early in the morning. Among the number was Sitting Bull's nephew, who seized hold of Legaré and shook him violently, saying at the same time: "We know very well now what you are going to do with that party you are taking to Buford. You want to take all the big ones with you, and it is because you want to sell them by the pound." This was an unexpected disaster, which resulted in the return of all but sixteen. These latter remained with the procession until Buford was reached, after eight days' journey in Red River carts. At Buford the guns and ponies were taken away from the Indians and they were



surrendered to Major Brotherton.

On his return to Willow Bunch, Legaré found that the Indians so kindly disposed about his trading post were slowly but surely devouring all the supplies that his store contained. In order to save as much of his dried buffalo meat, pemmican, flour, bacon, sugar, tea and tobacco as he could, he tried to persuade as many as possible of them to go with him on a second trip and surrender at Buford. Many would not move, pending Sitting Bull's return from Qu'Appelle, but 32 were prevailed upon to go. This second cavalcade of carts left Willow Bunch on the 23rd of May, and reached Buford on the first day of the month. The Indians were duly surrendered to Major Brotherton and taken in the carts to the river steamer where, with a number of others, they were sent down to Standing Rock agency. Legaré, with three Sioux witnesses who were to return to Willow Bunch to assure the rest of the band of the nature of the reception by the United States authorities, made his way back to Willow Bunch about the 8th of June. Sitting Bull was still absent at Qu'Appelle, and did not return till July 2nd. That day Sitting Bull and the whole remaining band visited Legaré's house, and Sitting Bull assured him that he would do anything he wanted if he would give a feast to the whole crowd and twelve sacks of flour to himself. The feast was given, and when at that stage in cultivated society the finger bowls are brought on, Sitting Bull said to Legaré: "These five years I know you; you never said anything to me in your life, but I heard many times what you were saying to the others, and your word has been



SPOTTED EAGLE  
One of the Chiefs with Sitting Bull

put in cash. I heard in Qu'Appelle that you were carrying my camp to Buford. I started from Qu'Appelle with the same intention, to surrender myself if you give me time for it." Governor Dewdney, he said, offered to pay all expenses for his band if he would go and surrender to the American authorities. He answered; "No; if I have the intention to surrender, with nobody else but Jean Louis will I go." And he continued: "If you wait until we are in a little better order and fatter, we will go to Buford with you."

Legaré's position was difficult. "I was very anxious," he says, "to remove them as soon as possible. My men were so tired of them they about left me alone. I did not ask Sitting Bull to go with me because if I asked he never would go at all, and I told him:





RAIN-IN-THE-FACE  
One of Sitting Bull's confrères

'If any of you want to go with me it is of your own free will. I will start the day after to-morrow.' 'No,' Sitting Bull said, 'we cannot go as soon as that. If you wait until ten days we may be ready.' 'No, I will refuse to wait so long,' I replied. But I had to do something to please him, not quite agree with him, but be willing to agree. I told him seven days, and he done the best he could to get me to wait longer. He said he was sick, and went away on a visit, etc., but I did not pay any attention to him. I waited until the tenth of July, and I told the Indians that I wanted those who intended to go with me to move out of the camp and pitch their tents together at another point. I wanted to see if they were willing to start—no use to go to expenses for nothing. They removed about forty lodges, and Sitting Bull came to me

and said: 'We want ten sacks of flour to make bread before we start from here.' But I thought they would keep that much and not go at all, but I was in that position I could refuse nothing; they were masters of me. I gave nine sacks of flour, and when they sent a man to the camp with that flour, Sitting Bull was not pleased with it, and he said to the others: 'Now, Jean Louis is cheating us, because I asked him ten and he gives us only nine.' I got everything ready to start in the morning, 37 carts and 7 men with me to take care of the carts and ponies on the road."

Little incidents like this give some insight into Indian character and an idea of the difficulties with which Legaré had to contend. The idea that "Jean Louis" had been cheating threw the whole camp into a condition of sullenness, from which only the piling of all the provisions in the warehouse on the carts, the addition of twenty ponies to the band for the sake of appearance, and gifts of many cartridges to fire in the air as the procession moved on, recovered it. After these preliminary arrangements had been completed, Sitting Bull demanded two sacks of flour, which were given him, and helped himself to a fifteen dollar revolver and a pair of field glasses with which he decorated his person. Legaré thought the camp would now move, but the tepees continued in the same place. It was useless to await the pleasure of the Indians any longer, and Jean Louis started without them, 24 carts following and 13 carts remaining behind for Sitting Bull, Four Horns, Red Thunder and White Dog. In the accommodating spirit which had been shown all along, these chiefs, instead of going south-east with Legaré,



started in a northerly direction. This indisposition on the part of Sitting Bull to surrender is explained by the fact that he had heard that the Americans had offered a large reward for his head, and feared that Mr. Legaré's kind attentions were in some way connected with the reward. All the half-breeds in the main cavalcade were sent after them to secure the return of the carts and supplies. The chief asked time to "smoke" before delivering up the property, and the result of their deliberations was that they returned to the main column next day, timing their arrival so that it coincided nicely with the dinner hour. At night time some of the families who had been left behind at Willow Bunch caught up with the camp, and at a late hour Mr. Legaré was rather surprised to hear on the midnight air the voice of a brave calling upon his friends generally to walk up and receive presents from the stock of supplies. He at once went out to reconnoitre. "I saw them," he says, "taking eight bags of flour from my carts, and I could not stop them, but when I saw one more come I tried to stop him. One Indian came close to me, took a sack of flour and wanted to return to Wood Mountain with it. I ordered him to leave the sack of flour there as it belonged to me. As I went close to the sacks of flour, my feet touching them, the Indian, who was mad at my words, took his gun and shot twice into the bag of flour. I refused to let him take any. He went a little further into the camp, took flour from the other carts and went back. The Indians did not say a word, all was quiet; they were not pleased at what I was doing."

Such strained relations were caused by this incident that Mr. Legaré felt it necessary to explain the reason for his—to ordinary people—not extraordinary action. He pointed out that he was not open to reproach because he had interfered to avoid running out of provisions before reaching Buford. After this apology had been carefully considered for half an hour, a chief smoothed the whole difficulty over in a

way that is charming for its novelty and its clear comprehensions of the rights and obligations of *meum* and *tuum*. He said: "If you are glad, we are very glad. You have strong heart. You gave us plenty provisions on the road. The Indian is the same. He has plenty, he gives some to his friends."

After this the journey to Buford continued to be uneventful until within about fifty miles of the destination, when waggons with supplies for which Legaré had sent on ahead came in view. When Sitting Bull saw them coming he struck his breast and grunted. Legaré asked him what was the matter. He said "Americans are coming." He was afraid. He was on horseback, and turned back; but as soon as he saw the Indians and half-breeds ahead of the waggons he became quiet.

The final surrender to the United States authorities took place on July 21st in the presence of Inspector McDonnell of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, and was the occasion of a striking and pathetic incident. With Sitting Bull was his little boy, a lad of eight years. To him he handed his gun, at the same time saying: "My boy, if you live you can never be a man in this world because you never can have a gun or pony." The boy handed the gun to Major Brotherton, thus completing the surrender of two generations, the new as well as the old. The old Chief, turning to that officer, said: "The land I have under my feet is mine again, I never sold it, never gave it to anybody. If I left Black Hills five years ago it was because I would raise my family quietly. It is the law of the Big Woman (the Queen) to have everything quiet in that place, but I thought all the time to come back to this country, and now as Legaré was bringing my friends here (I heard one of my girls was with him), I determined to start from Qu'Appelle and come with him to Fort Buford, and now I want to make a bargain with the United States Government, a solid one. I want to have witnesses on both sides, some Englishmen, some Americans."



The bargain was made and witnessed, the surrender was complete, and on the same day "Jean Louis" started back to Willow Bunch.

NOTE—After many unsuccessful efforts by personal application to procure payment of his claim for the surrender of Sitting Bull to the United States authorities, Legaré, on July 15th, 1887, entered suit in the United States Court of Claims for \$13,412 for his services and expenses, with the result that judgment was given in his favour many years ago for some such amount as the U.S. Senate

has at last seen fit to provide. In connection with the suit evidence was taken on commission at Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories of Canada, in the fall of 1888, where were gathered together, besides Legaré, several prominent officers of the North-West Mounted Police and many picturesque figures, including the venerable Father St. Germain. The writer acted as Counsel for the Department of Justice of the United States on the taking of the evidence under the commission, and is able to tell Legaré's story as it was taken down at the time, and supplemented in conversation afterwards.



## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

BY MARTHA MARTIN

WHILE Cupid, his arrows and bow flung aside,  
 Was sleeping one morn 'neath a tree,  
 It happened that Malice was passing close by,  
 And seeing the weapons, he came up quite sly,  
 And seizing them ran off in glee.

In horror and grief Cupid wakened to find  
 His love-giving arrows all gone;  
 Bewailing and weeping he hunted each place,  
 On swift-speeding wings he continued his chase  
 Each day from the earliest dawn.

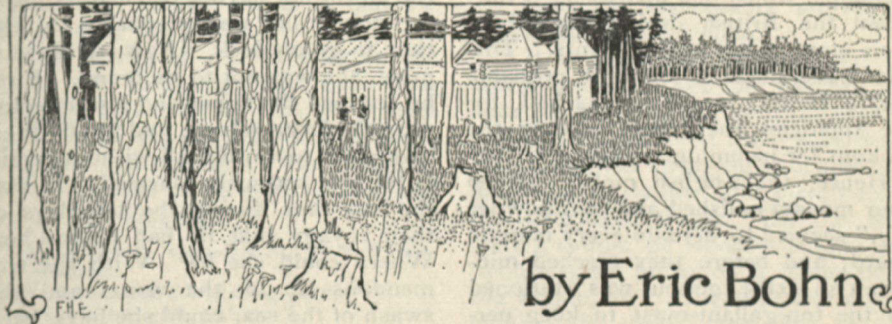
But vain were his searches, alas! And he soon  
 Began to grow pallid and pine,—  
 When one frosty morning in February, lo,  
 An old man approached with a sheath and a bow,  
 Who proved to be St. Valentine!

"Here, child, are thy weapons, I rescued at last  
 From Malice with might and with main,—  
 The hearts of the people are passive and cold,  
 Go pierce with thine arrows the young and the old,  
 That love's flame may kindle again."

Then Cupid grew happy and active once more,  
 His shafts flew in numbers away;  
 Love greetings and tokens and pledges went round,  
 By ties deep and tender all hearts became bound,  
 And this was St. Valentine's day.



# THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohné

Author of "How Hartman Won"

## CHAPTER V

"'Eave-oh-haw—'eave-oh-hoh!  
'Eave-oh-haw, yoh-hee!  
Sally come out to the wishing gate,  
To the wishing gate with me.

"'Eave-oh-hie, 'eave-oh-haw!  
'Eave-oh-hie, yoh-hoh!  
For after another day of fun,  
Oh, Sally, I've got to go."

SO sang the jolly tars, as with mighty swing and steady rhythm they pulled the halyards and set their sails.

"Did yo' see the ledly, Alf?"

"Bet yo' six-punce, I did."

"Aren't she a daisy?"

"'Ef she arn't, I'd like to know where you find on'"

"It's just jolly to have the real thing aboard—none of your tuppenny 'a'penny pieces, but a geno-wine ledly thro' and thro.'"

"Did you see how she was watchin' and smilin' while we was fixing the tackle by the big mast?"

"Yes, we all seed it. She's got the hearts of the chaps already, even if she be a married 'oman."

"'Eave-oh-haw, 'eave-oh-hoh!  
'Eave-oh-haw, yoh-hie!  
Sally's gone back to the washin' tub,  
And on ocean brine am I."

"Do you know, Ned, I've been on the *North King* ever sin' she was

launched at Glasgow, seventeen year ago, and this is the fust time a ledly has ever sailed aboard of her."

"If they're all like this 'un, I hope it won't be the last time, uther."

"But, 'eave-oh-haw, and, 'eave-oh-hoh!  
Yes, 'eave-oh-haw, yoh-hoo!  
For whenever her lad comes home again  
His Sally will all'us be true."

And so the sailors echoed her praises while they sang their songs and adjusted the rigging of the ship, even before they were three days out at sea.

Yes, Helen was on the *North King*, and her beauty and strong gentleness had captured the hearts of everyone, soldiers as well as marines. Already she was the acknowledged queen—the queen of a mighty ship, for the *North King* had a splendid record. Never had she been defeated in battle, and her history dated back to the time when she was one of the vanguard in Nelson's memorable victory at the Nile.

Now she had a double mission; first, to carry the two companies of the 100th regiment to Halifax, together with their stores for the overland journey; and then to turn southwards along the coast line, and join the British squadron in their attack upon United States cities.

Like many of the British war vessels of that date, however, she was built



in antiquated style. While steady in movement and easily manned, she was a slow sailor—very different from the clipper-built, light running American warships, which had distressingly harassed the British during several of their more recent engagements. This fact alone made a sea-fight probable before Halifax could be reached, for the American liners were ever on the lookout for incoming vessels.

Hence, the English motto, "Keep your musket polished and your powder dry," seemed to actuate every man on board; and before they reached mid-ocean an extra lookout was stationed on the top-gallant-mast to keep perpetual vigil.

Helen had never been on a man-of-war before; but she was a good sailor, and enjoyed being on deck, clothed in garments that resisted the penetration of the December winds. Her comfort, too, had been well provided for; and Captain Osborne, the ship-master, out of courtesy to the bride, even surrendered, for the time being, his own cabin to the benedict and his wife.

Harold, on the plea of discipline, protested, but the Captain insisted; and, not by any means ungratefully, they accepted the situation. The presence of a lady on his ship softened the heart of the old bachelor and, having no rule to guide him, he concluded to be a law unto himself.

While the rough weather did not affect Helen, it did very materially affect the women of the steerage. The compartment assigned to them and their husbands was beneath the fore-castle and, owing to its forward position, the rocking during a rough sea was extreme.

On the morning of the third day of the most prolonged storm of the voyage, the tempest was at its highest. The ship with frightful lurches pitched fore and aft. It was simply a plaything tossed at the caprice of the untamed sea. After a time it became necessary to close down the hatchways. Rain was over, but the wind whistled wildly through the rigging, and stretched to their utmost tension the few sails that were set.

Harold had more duties to perform that morning than usual, and was late in returning to his cabin. Three hours earlier he had parted with his wife, and the storm not having reached its highest point, she was preparing at the time to go on deck. Now, to his surprise, she was not to be found. First he scanned the upper and lower decks, next the large saloon, and finally their own state-room, but all without avail.

He was seriously alarmed. It was the first time during the ten days of their voyage that he had missed her. Where could she be? With the tremendous tip of the vessel and the swash of the sea, could she have been swept overboard? Was it possible that the angry waves had stolen her from him? and unconsciously he wrung his hands in a sharp twinge of agony.

Rushing up the gangway again to the upper deck, he met Captain Osborne and the Colonel coming down.

"What is the matter, Harold?" cried Sir George. "The storm is not scaring you, surely?"

"No, sir," he stammered, "but I cannot find my wife."

"Oh, she's safe somewhere," was the reassuring answer. "The *North King* is not big enough to lose a woman upon. Is she, Captain?"

"You might lose her off in a storm like this," was the answer. The Captain felt like chaffing the young benedict. "Fact is, I've known more than one woman to drop overboard. And men by the dozen."

"Stuff," exclaimed Sir George, who saw that Harold was taking it seriously.

"Fact," returned the officer. "We just lightered ship after each battle was over." But Harold was off toward the soldiers' quarters. A new idea had seized him; perhaps she had gone to visit the other women. Only the evening before she had remarked that they had not been on deck since the storm began. And he knew that some of them were ill.

"Is Mrs. Manning down there?" he asked of a seaman as he descended the main stairway to their cabin.



"Yes, sir, ah think so," was the answer of the man as he touched his cap. "Corporal Jenkins' wife is pretty low, and one of the wimmin fetched her. Theer she is at end o't' cabin under 'tfo' castle."

Harold hurried on. Owing to the storm the hatchways had been fastened down for days. The port holes were closed and the air of the densely-peopled compartment was impure. Still, a couple of men at the far end were again singing:

"'Eave-oh-haw, 'eave-oh-hoh, 'eave-oh-haw,  
yo-hee!

Sally come out to the wishing gate,  
To the wishing gate with me."

For a moment he felt savage that his wife should be in a place like this, but then as a counterfoil there was the shuddering thought, she might have been overboard. Several men in the long, dark aisle stepped aside to let him pass. By-and-bye he reached the wretched little cabin which the woman occupied. Helen was there, holding to one of the uprights for support, and bending over the woman as she applied a soothing lotion to her head with the other hand.

Involuntarily she started when she saw her husband approach.

"Sweetheart, this is no place for you," he muttered as he gently took her arm.

"I had to come," she answered, motioning toward the bed. "I did not know she was so ill until Mrs. Bond came for me an hour ago. She has been sick ever since we came on board."

From the woman's face she was evidently very ill. She seemed almost dying, and the foul air only helped to aggravate her condition.

Harold drew Helen to one side. "This fetid place will kill you. You must come away at once," he said.

"Never fear," she replied, trying to smile. "I am much needed and can stand anything. Both the other women are tired; and unless the poor creature is helped some way, she is sure to die."

"From her looks," said Harold, "there is no hope now. You had bet-

ter suggest to Mrs. Bond what to do, and then come away with me. I will speak to the Colonel of her condition at once."

"It is the abominable air that is killing her," said Helen.

"It is fetid, sure enough, but the storm is abating and the hatches will soon be opened again," was his answer.

From the centre of the low ceiling a little lamp was swinging and, although mid-day, the double light merely made the darkness visible. On the floor were a couple of wooden stools; and upon a straw pallet on a lower berth the woman lay. Covered with a grey blanket she tossed from side to side with every movement of the ship; while her husband sat by her and wiped away the saliva that was constantly drooling from her mouth.

Helen was reluctant to leave, but after speaking to Mrs. Bond she yielded, and Harold led the way to the upper air. The sky was already clearing and the waves had ceased to wash the deck.

"What a pity we have no doctor on board," said Helen, grasping his arm as they steered for their own gangway. "It does not give the poor woman a chance."

"Sir George does not like it either," replied Harold. "The fact is, the marine surgeon took ill and had to be left behind at the last moment, so the order came to have his place supplied when we reach Halifax. Still, the Captain has a supply of medicines, and is skilful as well."

"I know," returned Helen. "The women say he has given her calomel every day since we sailed, and yet she gets worse."

"Perhaps his doses are not large enough," said Harold. "I know the doctors call it one of their sheet-anchors. I shall speak to the Colonel about that, too."

"And shall we have to go all the way to Penetang without a doctor?" Helen asked with a little tremor in her voice.

"Oh no, dearie, that will be arranged for when we reach port."



"Hello, my lady! So you were playing truant! trying hide-go-seek in the nether regions, I hear," cried the Colonel with a laugh, as they entered the saloon.

"The women sent for me, Sir George," she answered gravely. "I am afraid that poor woman Jenkins is going to die."

"Indeed, so bad as that!" he exclaimed in surprise. "I heard her case was only one of ordinary seasickness. Something must be done for her. She is really the best woman that we have on board. Oh, here's the Captain! We'll see what he has to say." And turning to him. "This is distressing news about Corporal Jenkins' wife," Sir George continued. "They say she is terribly ill. Did you know it, Captain?"

"I am sorry to say it is true," was the answer. "She took ill right after we left the Channel, and should have been bled then; but there was no one on board to do it, so I applied a dozen leeches and gave her physic. Spite of all we could do she got worse when the last storm came, so I increased the calomel; but I fear it will be of no use."

"Are you sure you gave her enough," asked the Colonel, echoing Harold's question.

"I think so. It would hardly be safe to give her more. She is salivated so badly now that she can scarcely swallow anything. The only thing left to do is to give her opium."

"Too bad," replied Sir George, sadly. "After her large camp experience she was a capital woman to have with us. You see, we couldn't bring her children on account of the overland journey, and now I fear we have made a mistake all round. Zounds! I wish I hadn't brought her."

"It is hard to tell what is really the matter," said the Captain.

"My own belief is that it is low fever contracted in Spain three months ago," said the engineer. "She was not feeling well when we sailed. You know, Colonel, she was with the Corporal throughout the continental war,

and he was transferred to us as soon as he returned."

"It is unfortunate that the sickness was not discovered before we sailed," said Sir George, seriously. "Is there anything at all you can recommend, Payne? It is a d—d shame that we have no doctor on board."

"We might try wine and bark and stop the calomel," was the reply.

"I am afraid her mouth is too sore to swallow," was Osborne's comment.

"Make her try," returned the engineer, "and give her opium afterwards to soothe her gums."

And so saying they went down to lunch.

"I must see her again to-night," whispered Helen to Harold, as they seated themselves at their own little table in the saloon. "I really must."

"But Helen, the danger!"

"No danger at all, dearie! I may not ask to do it again." And there was an appealing tone in her voice that Harold could not resist.

"Well, if you must, I will go too," was his answer—and silently they finished their meal.



## CHAPTER VI

"SHE'S kinder sleepin' marm," said Mrs. Bond in a whisper; "but she was ravin' after you left till she got the new medicine. That quieted 'er like."

Helen was at the door with Harold by her side. As he had promised, the hatchways were open and the air purer.

"I have brought some jelly," said Helen in a low voice.

"This is the first sleep she's had for a long spell," returned the corporal, gazing intently on the face of his wife. "P'raps we'd better wait a bit."

For some minutes Helen stood still silently watching the sick woman. She was between thirty and forty years of age, with face prematurely old. Her ashen-grey features were very thin and her lips swollen and open, while every



few minutes she grasped faintly at imaginary phantoms.

"Won't you take a seat, marm?" whispered Mrs. Bond. "Mrs. 'Ardman has gone on deck for a breath or two of fresh air."

But Helen declined. The woman moaned as she slept. Then with a start her eyes opened and she peered toward the spot where Helen stood, grasping feebly with outstretched hand.

"It's Willie," she cried in a tone muffled by her swollen tongue. Her eyes were wide open now. "Why don't they let 'im come to me? And there's Jimmy and Jenny, too. Oh, my childer! my childer!" And she ended with a low, tearless wail. Her friends tried to soothe her, but it was no use. Waving them back, she went on with a gasp. "They won't let 'em—they won't let 'em—but am deen'—and it don't matter now."

"Willie's the lad that died last year," Mrs. Bond whispered to Helen.

Mrs. Jenkins had the only dry eyes in the cramped little room. Women do not weep when they are dying. Saliva was still drooling from her mouth, and Mrs. Bond wiped it gently away with a soft rag. Then she gave her a spoonful of the wine jelly, which she swallowed with difficulty. But the cordial in it soothed her and she closed her eyes again.

"It's the reg'lations about childer," continued Mrs. Bond in a low voice. "Soldiers' wives cannot take their childer wee 'em on a march."

"Where are her children?" Helen asked with trembling lips.

"Wee 'er mother," was the reply. "She was wee 'em hersel' for a week after she came back from Spain. And they say she cut up awful when she 'ad to leave 'em again."

"Have you got any children?" was Helen's next question, her mind becoming unpleasantly familiar with actual facts.

"Yes, indeed, marm! I've three living—please God—they are pretty big now. I used to leave 'em when they were little sometimes, an' it was

killing work, I tell you. But now they're big, an' placed; an' it's different when they can take care of themselves."

By this time Mrs. Hardman had returned. She was younger than the other two, and although married for several years, perhaps fortunately for a soldier's wife, she had no children.

"She's very low, marm," was her first expression.

"Has the Chaplain been to see her?" Helen asked.

"Yes, marm, 'ee was here this afternoon, and said 'ee'd come again in the mornin'."

"She won't be living then," said the corporal, wringing his hands. "Oh, my Betsy, my bonny wife! What'll I do without ye?"

Her eyes slowly opened and rested upon her husband, who was kneeling beside her. Gradually a rational look came into her face. A faint smile lit up her features as he clasped her hand.

"God—bless—you," she whispered.

"Come, Helen," said Harold, gently drawing his wife away. "I will have the chaplain sent at once if you like, but I don't see what he can do now."

"He might comfort them, perhaps," she whispered as again she followed him. "What awfully sad lives army women have, anyway," she continued, as she dashed away the tears that would persist in flowing. "Too bad for her to die. I wonder if it had to be? And that calomel, I hate it. The women say that pints of water have been running from her mouth for days. No wonder she could not eat. The poor thing's a mere skeleton."

"Quite true, darling! But this is something that cannot be helped," said Harold, slipping his arm around Helen's waist as they walked along the now quiet deck. "And my sweet wife must not think she knows too much. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, you know."

"I suppose you are right. Captain Osborne is kind-hearted, and it was very good of him to give up his pretty stateroom to us. But still I cannot help wondering if it was best for her



to have so much calomel. Perhaps she had to die—so many people have. How hard, too, for the women to be separated from their children whenever they go with their husbands on a campaign."

"But it is their husbands' fault," he suggested.

"How so, Harold?"

"Because soldiers usually marry without the consent of their superior officers."

Spite of her tears, Helen smiled as she caught the drift of his words.

"Often, too, the common soldier enlists when drunk," he continued, "and then, out of revenge, or because he has to; I knew an officer who had to; he runs all risks and marries upon the first opportunity."

"Does that often happen?" she asked demurely.

"Yes, over and over again," he replied more gravely. "Sometimes a soldier will be married for years before his captain finds it out. He has nothing to keep his wife on, so he leaves her with her people or to potter for herself till he comes home again. Then, in the end, if a man has been steady and seldom in the guard-house, they give him a chance to take his wife and children with him, particularly when there is little marching to be done; but a tramp of a thousand miles is a different thing."

"I'm sorry for the poor children."

"Yes, and I'm sorry for the Corporal. It will be hard for him with his wife dead and his children away. What is more, sweetheart, I'm sorry for Mrs. Manning, who will have one woman less to go with her on her long journey."

"You foolish fellow, I'm all right." But she tightened her clasp upon his arm and cuddled closer.

"Of course you are, and as brave a woman as ever lived. But Mrs. Jenkins would have been a help to you."

"Oh, do send the Chaplain, please," she interrupted in trembling accents.

"Yes, dearest," and he hastened away on his errand.

## CHAPTER VII

THE next day was Sunday, but a sad day on the *North King*—for it was known by daybreak throughout the long line of bunks in the fore-castle that the woman was dead.

The rugged tars, inured to the vicissitudes of warfare, and the hardships of a never-ending life on the sea, would have thought nothing of dropping a man overboard—"for what is a man more than a sheep?" And the brave soldiers, who time and again had rolled a fallen comrade hastily into a hole to keep his body from falling into the hands of the enemy, would only have been putting one more man out of sight. But this was a woman, the wife of a fellow-soldier, who had dared to leave her children that she might be with her husband and his comrades through all the terrors of a long midwinter march. The conditions were entirely different. In importance there was no comparison. And when Chaplain Evans, after reading morning prayers, on that still December morning, announced that the funeral service would be at three o'clock in the afternoon, there were compressed lips and rigid features, and hearts that were softened. By-and-bye all was over and the sealed bag was dropped into the ocean. Then the men lined up, and one by one grasped the Corporal by the hand, mutely telling him of their love and sympathy. It was all the poor fellow could stand. Perhaps it was bad form. They had never had a similar experience to guide them. But it told Corporal Jenkins that their hearts were true; and after the last clasp he strode away by himself and shed silent tears over his lost wife and motherless bairns.

For two days there was a subdued aspect on board. The men joked less. There were fewer loud guffaws. Even "Sally" was not sung; and all on board, from the Colonel downward, bore the aspect of men impressed with the fact that something unusual had happened.

But soon a change came. Every-



thing in the past was forgotten. The actual present became of vital moment, for in the early morning:

"Sail ahead," sounded from the lookout on the top-gallant-mast.

"Three-masted, west by sou'-west, over to larboard."

"What flag?" shouted the officer on duty.

"Too far off. Can't tell yet," was the answer.

In another minute Captain Osborne was there, too; and in the distance, brightened by the sunlight, he discerned a little speck of white canvas. The hull of the vessel was still hidden by the curve of the ocean. Bringing his glass to bear, he exclaimed to Sir George, who stood beside him:

"I see it now; and, by heaven, it's the Yankee flag!"

"What's her course?" he yelled to the man aloft.

"Bearing down upon us, tacking to nor'-east. Now I see her flag. It's the stars and stripes. Looks like a man-of-war. The black spots must be her guns."

"Clear ship for action," shouted the captain in ringing tones.

Quicker than words can tell, the decks were swept of all but guns, canister and shot. Pikes, pistols and rifles were ready. Gun tackles were lashed—every man at his post.

In a few minutes the distant vessel loomed up into clearer vision. The stars and stripes were there sure enough. Sweeping down upon them, the tightly built little craft was full of fight and bent upon the offensive.

"She's plucky to attack us," exclaimed the captain, "with odds in guns and ship-room in our favour."

"Yes, but look at her speed. How she shoots through the water!"

"There! She's tacking again," muttered the captain. "When her broadside heaves to we'll take time by the forelock and open fire. Be ready, men!" he called out.

In another minute the American vessel gracefully swept around, setting every sail in good position for the conflict. Then the captain signalled for

a round from the larboard guns. Instantly the big cannon bellowed forth their messenger of death. But it was none too soon, for at that very moment smoke issued from the bow of the frigate, and a twenty-pound ball plunged through the ranks on the deck of the *North King*, shattering one of the boats to pieces.

"A good shot," said the captain quietly, as the men carried off a dead seaman and a couple of wounded soldiers.

"Her name's the *Delaware*," said Sir George, who was using his glass.

"We've hit her," ejaculated the captain. "There's a hole in her fore-castle and her bowsprit's gone. Give her the rest of the larboard guns."

That the *Delaware* was injured was evident, for although continuing to fire, she tacked again and put on full sail to increase the distance between her and the British ship, for a stiff breeze was blowing.

A fierce yell rang out from the men. The order for chase was given and, wild with enthusiasm, every stitch of canvas was put on to overtake the retreating *Delaware*. The sun shone overhead among white cap clouds, and the sea was dashing big waves and foamy jets over the sides of the ships; while at brief intervals one or other continued to belch out its thunder and its shot.

But the distance was too great for many of the balls to be effective. The Yankee fire did some damage to the rigging, and sent a nine-pound ball through a port hole, making havoc inside and killing a cook; but as she was gradually creeping further away, the fire of the *North King* did little effectual service. Over and over again her gunners aimed at the mizzen-mast of the enemy, but it didn't budge. They were not sure that the shot even touched her. The fight was discouraging. At last there was a new manœuvre on the frigate.

"They are making desperate efforts over there," commented the Colonel.

"Yes," exclaimed Captain Payne, who was also closely watching the



enemy, "they are placing their biggest gun in the stern, right behind the mizzen-mast. Our fire has destroyed the railing and you can see what they are at."

"Good Lord! to take us with their big ball as a parting salute," was Osborne's comment. "But we'll be even with them," and he hurried forward to give orders.

"That gun must be disabled at any cost before it can be fired," he yelled to his men, and with another shout they were quick to do his bidding.

That the *Delaware* was determined to carry out her plans was evident. With her stern to her foe, her men were taking in sail to diminish the intervening distance, and make the shot more telling.

"If they would only let us get within musket range before they fire her," suggested Captain Payne.

"We might reach her now," returned Sir George. "Give the order, Captain. Having once fired that infernal cannon they will put on sail and run."

By Captain Osborne's order half a dozen balls whirled away from the muzzles of the forward guns, simultaneously with the crash of the musketry. Through his glass Sir George saw a gunner at the big cannon fall, while the main deck of the frigate was torn up by the cannonading. But the big gun was still uninjured and the *Delaware* had its revenge. Another seaman stepped into place and put a match to the magazine. Then with terrible force the huge ball crashed into the prow of the *North King*. Fortunately it was above water mark.

A yell could be heard from the Americans for they saw the damage they had done, but as another broadside from the liner smashed into their rigging, they hoisted full sail again and gradually swept out of range.

The exasperating effects of slow sailing could not be helped; and the battle being over, attention was directed to the dead and the wounded.

How much the *Delaware* was injured it was impossible to tell, but that the

punishment was severe seemed evident, for she did not return to the attack. Steadily the distance increased between the two ships, and before night came the last trace of the enemy was discerned from the mast-head, disappearing over the horizon. Whether she had gone south for repairs or with damaged sails was afraid of attacking her big antagonist again was never heard. The season was far spent, however, and winter having commenced, ocean fighting in that northern region was practically over. This made the rest of the sailing uneventful, for United States ships were not seen again during the balance of the voyage.

Much against her will Helen remained in her stateroom during the whole of the contest. She had not appeared on deck that day when the *Delaware* was first seen, and the order to clear the decks given. After the battle was over, however, she went to the prow of the boat with Harold in time to see the clipper's heels gradually disappearing.

"Are you glad it is over?" he asked, as he slipped his arm around her.

"I suppose I should be," was her answer, fixing her eyes on the distant frigate, "but I don't know that I am. It was audacious for a little thing like that to attack a big war vessel like the *North King*. They have killed some of our men—a pity you didn't give them a thrashing."

"Why, Helen, what a fighter you are!"

"It is natural, I suppose." This time she laughed. "If the feeling had not been inherited, perhaps I would not have been willing to come with you at all."

"And now you cannot turn back even if you want to."

"But dearie, I don't and never did."

"Not even when the enemy were killing our men?" he asked, looking earnestly into her eyes.

"No, not even then," she said, "but I think Sir George might have let me come on deck."

"And expose the only lady we've



got, and she my wife, to the hellish dangers of battle. No, indeed!"

"If we have another fight I'll ask him," was her answer.

"And I suppose you think he will consent."

But there were no more battles.

The wounded men progressed favourably, considering that there was no regular surgeon on the ship, and by the time they reached port they were almost well again—ready, at least, to be transferred to the military hospital as convalescents.

Christmas was over and the New Year had arrived before they passed Sable Island. But on the next day they left McNab behind them and could see the little city of Halifax in the distance.



#### CHAPTER VIII

HELEN stood on deck, wrapped in seal coat and gauntlets, looking at the snow-covered town, as the *North King* sailed up the harbour. Many vessels were already anchored. Others, taking advantage of the sea breeze, were steadily approaching their intended moorings. The bright winter sun showed to advantage the picturesque little city. The dazzling whiteness of the roofs, the varied contours of the houses, the glittering pinnacles of church spires, the little groves of naked trees, backed by the ever-green verdure of pines and cedars, all helped to make an interesting picture.

Most of the buildings were of wood, many being simple log cabins; while others were block-houses of more pretentious mien, whose timbers had been hewn into shape in the forest and then hauled to the city to be built. Here and there a more stately dwelling, built of granite boulders or lime-stone rock, mingled with the rest.

What added much to the weird picturesqueness of the outlook, as Helen gazed upon it, was the glitter of icicles from many of the roofs, as the dazzling sunlight fell upon them. Then there was the far-reaching canopy of snow; while over beyond the houses were

hills and cragged rocks and clumps of trees; and back of all, as distant as eye could see, the wide, interminable forest.

"How strange!" she exclaimed, drawing closer to her husband. "I never thought it would be like this."

"But is it not beautiful?" he asked.

"Yes. Still, it looks like a little town at the very end of the world," said Helen with a shiver. "Pretty indeed, but where are the Indians? Is that the Citadel?"

"Yes, that's the Citadel. Although I see no Indians. There are the red-coats. Look! yonder is a company at drill."

"Ah! that is more natural! It makes me like it better. How wonderful it all is!"

Suddenly a violent gust of wind carried the snow in drifts from the roofs of the houses. A grey cloud swept over the sun, and for a brief space the glittering whiteness of the prospect was over. Gradually the ship neared the wharf and, protected by heavy sticks of timber hanging over its side, it ground against the big bulwarks, and with huge ropes was made fast to the dock.

Colonel Mason and his staff were waiting for them, and no sooner had the gangway been laid than they came on board to welcome the officers of the big war-ship, as well as the men of the 100th regiment. Those were not days of Atlantic cables and telegraphic dispatches and, although word had been received by the last ship from Liverpool that Sir George Head was coming out with a small body of troops, the exact date of departure was not announced, although the period of arrival was expected to be earlier than this.

"Right welcome!" exclaimed Colonel Mason, as he shook Sir George and Captain Osborne by the hand. "Long expected, and here at last."

"Rough voyage! Six weeks of it. Glad it's over," was Sir George's laconic reply, as with equal heartiness he returned the greeting.

While introductions were being made Helen and Harold stood in the



background. The quick eye of Colonel Mason soon noted them.

"Lieutenant and Mrs. Manning," said Sir George at last. "You did not know, Colonel, that we had a lady on board."

"An unusual, but a pleasant surprise," was the answer as the officer bowed over her hand. "I extend to Mrs. Manning and all of you a most cordial welcome."

Helen looked very beautiful that morning. The keen air had given a rosy tint to her cheek. Her eyes sparkled with interest, and her closely-fitting fur coat set off her beauty to advantage.

"We never expect ladies to cross the Atlantic in midwinter, particularly on a man-of-war," Colonel Mason continued, turning to her again. "It takes rare courage, madam; and it is delightful to find it possessed by so young and charming a lady."

Colonel Mason was a courteous and gallant officer of the old school.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, her face flushing with pleasure. "It was a little trying to be the only one on board; but the officers were very good to me. I hope I did not tax their patience too much."

"She was all right," exclaimed Sir George with a laugh, "until after the battle—just a little skirmish with the enemy, you know—when she wanted to instal herself as head nurse to the fellows who were wounded—"

"Oh, Colonel!" she exclaimed in amazement, turning suddenly upon him. "How could you?"

"Why! isn't it true?" he replied with a merry twinkle. "But, Mason, what news of the war?" he continued with more gravity. "Word over the sea travels so confoundedly slow. I have heard nothing for two months."

"I am glad to say the report is encouraging," was the reply. "General Hampton's forces were defeated by De Salaberry at Chateauguay Junction; and both Hampton and Wilkinson have gone to winter on the American side of the line. Then, too, only a few weeks ago, Colonel Mc-

Clure, the terror of the Twenty Mile Creek, was driven back by Colonel Murray's regulars, assisted by loyal Indians. Up to September the invaders were right in the country all along the line; but, thank God, we can hold our own now and intend to keep it."

"That's good news. And how is it on the lakes?"

"Ah, that is different. So far we have had the worst of it. That naval battle of Put-in-Bay was a terrible disaster to us. Commodore Perry, of the American fleet, was too much for Barclay. It ended in a perfect rout. In their hands all our officers and half the crews of our boats were either killed or wounded. The fact is that battle undid all that Brock accomplished by his great victory at Hull."

"That's bad, indeed. But what of Michigan? Surely you have better news from there."

"Gone from us forever, I'm afraid. We must be satisfied if we can hold our own territory; but that we're bound to do."

"To which we all say 'Aye,'" and Sir George's words were echoed by the little group of men that had gathered around them.

"You have dispatches for me, I believe," said Colonel Mason, preparing to lead the way.

"Yes," replied Sir George. "I will give them to you when we reach the Citadel."

Sleighs with broad runners curled up behind and before, comfortably cushioned, and plentifully supplied with Buffalo robes, awaited them; and cheers rang out from the crowd on the wharf as the officers, with Helen by the side of her husband, landed and took their seats. In a few minutes the sleighs in single file dashed away in the direction of the Fort.

"This is just lovely," cried Helen in glee. She had never seen a sleigh before. The ponies trotted off at a swinging pace, the cirlet of bells around each of them ringing out merrily.

"They say first impressions are a sure omen of the future," returned



Harold. "This is my first sleigh ride, too, and like you, I am delighted."

"Look at those boys and girls," she cried again as they turned a corner. Hand-sleighs and toboggans, loaded with children, were shooting down a neighbouring hill at a seemingly tremendous speed. "I wonder if some of them won't be killed?"

"Not likely," replied Harold. "They are used to it. And use is second nature. You'll be coasting yourself some day when we get to Penetang."

"Coasting? Is that what they call it?"

Soon the sport of the children was out of view. Another turn was made and, after driving along a level street, they ascended the hill to the Citadel.

"These orders are very explicit," said Colonel Mason to Sir George three hours later, as the two sat together before a blazing fire. They were the only occupants of the room.

"That's Wellington's forte," was the answer. "Emphatic precision in the smallest detail, as well as the largest. Not a bad policy either, if it is an iron rule."

Colonel Mason read on:

"Two companies of the 100th regiment under Sir George Head, to march from Halifax on snow-shoes or otherwise through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Quebec. Then on to Montreal and up the Ottawa river to Hull. From there to travel as nearly due west as possible on the lines of the Old Jesuit Mission trail through to Georgian Bay on Lake Huron, which will be their destination. Upon which bay a garrison must forthwith be erected. All goods, ammunition, and garrison effects required must be carried on sleighs accompanying the troops; and, when necessary, roads must be specially made for the purpose. One imperative order of the march is that the column must arrive at Lake Huron before the winter is over and the ice broken up—otherwise the latter part of the march will be much more difficult to accomplish."

"And when is the break-up likely to take place?" Sir George asked.

"About the beginning of April," was the reply.

"Which means that in less than three months, in the dead of winter, we must travel a thousand miles, and that a large part of the journey will be through forest that has never been broken."

"A severe undertaking," was Colonel Mason's comment. "But as the marshes and lakes will all be frozen, the winter season is in your favour, Sir George. The only pity is that you were not here before Christmas, then your time would have been more ample."

"We expected to arrive three weeks ago. It was the storms and not the skirmish that delayed us."

"Something you could not avoid. How many men have you, Colonel?"

"Full complement. Two full companies with the exception of several killed and half a dozen wounded."

"A few men of your regiment were left with us by the Marquis of Tweeddale when he went west. What say you to exchanging your men on the sick list and filling up your number? If I mistake not, you will need every man."

"Thank you—a good suggestion."

"What about stores for the journey?"

"Oh! the *North King* has a full supply; but it will take some days to unload, as well as to secure horses and guides; and in this matter we will have to call upon you for assistance."

"I had orders from the war office to that effect some time ago, so you will have nothing to fear on that score. Both men and horses will be ready for inspection to-morrow. The enigma to me is: what is Lieutenant Manning going to do with his wife? I understood from her at lunch that she expected to go with you."

"That is the intention," said Sir George, smiling at the amazement of his host.

"Ye gods," cried the latter. "Do I understand that this young and charming lady is to accompany you through all the hardships of a midwinter journey across half a continent?"



## CHAPTER IX

"Hardly that, Mason. Say a quarter instead of half. Still the arrangement is final so far as a woman can make it so," was Sir George's answer.

"Well, it beats me. But you must have other women with you of the 100th. She cannot be the only one."

"We had three soldiers' wives, but unfortunately one of them died on the way. Under the circumstances is there anything you can suggest that will make it easier for Mrs. Manning?"

"Only this, that if the journey for her is absolutely decided upon when you arrive at Quebec, pick out one or two first-class habitant women to go with her. When you secure good ones they are invaluable. They know the country and can endure anything, are as bright as crickets, and as sharp as steel traps."

"A good idea, Colonel. Thank you. I'll make a note of it."

"But what is all this about, Sir George? What do you really expect to do when you reach Penetang?"

"The order is to establish a fort, start a shipyard, and found a colony; and when the end is accomplished leave one of my officers in command and return home."

"I see, I see, and that officer is to be Lieutenant Manning."

"I did not say so," said Sir George with a smile.

A tap at the door interrupted the conversation. Colonel Mason arose and opened it.

"May I come in?" was the question, and a sweet-faced, grey-haired lady presented herself.

"Certainly, my dear," replied her husband. "Sir George and I were just finishing our conversation."

"I hope I am not intruding," she answered, looking from one to the other, "for if at liberty there is something I would like to speak to you about, while you are together."

"We are at your service," replied Sir George, "and so far as I am concerned, you could not have chosen a better moment."

And, so saying, he courteously placed a chair for her.

"I'M all in a flutter, and scarcely know how to begin," commenced Mrs. Mason, stroking down the folds of her dress, and looking timidly at Sir George.

"Well, what is it about, Marion?" Colonel Mason asked, surprised at such an unusual exhibition of feeling on the part of his wife.

"Oh! it's about that dear young creature you brought over with you, Sir George. She tells me that she is going with her husband and the troops right through that dreadful forest. The idea is terrible. Perhaps I have no right to; but I beg to intercede. Can not the plan be changed?"

"Did Mrs. Manning wish you to intercede?" Sir George quietly asked.

"No, indeed! I did not even tell her what I thought, but waited until I could obtain your permission to speak."

"Do you know, Mrs. Mason, that it is by her own desire that she is going?" said Sir George gravely.

"But she doesn't know," protested Mrs. Mason, emphatically. "It would be a shame to take such a young girl out and let her freeze to death on that terrible journey."

"No danger of that, I think," was the smiling rejoinder. "The officers of the 100th regiment are too gallant to allow such a thing to occur."

"Oh, I know you will do what you can," returned Mrs. Mason, changing her attitude a little, "but when you think of the snow and the ice and the intense cold, and all the terrors of the trip, would it not be better to let her stay with us for the winter, and have her go on to the new fort in the summer after it is built?"

"Ah! That is an entirely different matter, and very kind of you to propose it. But if I know Mrs. Manning aright, she will be the last person in the world to consent to a change in the programme."

"But may I not speak to her? I know Colonel Mason will consent."

"Certainly, my dear," assented that gentleman.



"May I ask her to remain with us for a few months then?" she said again turning to Sir George.

"Undoubtedly you may. And if she is willing to stay in Halifax for the winter, with her husband's consent of course, I shall be very happy to leave her to your care."

Thanking Sir George for acceding to her request, Mrs. Mason withdrew.

"It is a dilemma," said Colonel Head, after the door had closed. "And probably a more serious one than I imagined when I sanctioned it. Still I think the pros and contras will balance each other. The presence of a lady in our midst may render our march a little more troublesome, possibly make our speed a little slower; as well as necessitate greater care in our appointments on the road. But it will have a good effect, too. Mrs. Manning is a true lady and is thoroughly in love with her husband. So it will put the fellows on their honour and make them show a bit of genuine chivalry as well. She is as bright as a fairy, has lots of pluck; and, what is more, has a capital voice. We can take care of her and I don't think we'll be out in the end."

"From your view of the case, I don't think you will," was Mason's comment. "Still the thing is so unprecedented that it will be impossible to eliminate the element of risk."

"Life would not be worth living if we could," returned Sir George. "We always have it."

"Well! here's to a successful march and happy ending, whether you take the lady with you or not."

And the two gentlemen touched their glasses and drank the toast.

By this time Mrs. Mason had returned to her own little parlour where Helen was still resting. Extending both hands she exclaimed: "I have got it beautifully arranged, my dear; you are to stay with us for the winter. Sir George Head has given his consent."

"But, my dear Mrs. Mason"—

"Now no objecting at all," interrupted that lady with great vivacity as

she held Helen's hands tightly within her own. "You need not say a word but accept the conditions. The idea of you going in January on that desolate trip is terrible. It is appalling. Now you must stay with me and enjoy Halifax while your husband with the rest of the men cut the road through the woods and build the fort; then you"—

"This will not do, Mrs. Mason," Helen in turn interrupted. Her face was already flushed with excitement. "It is very good of you—but really you do not understand the conditions. My going with the troops is imperative. I am sorry you spoke upon this subject to Sir George, for the only reason I had in crossing the ocean was to go with my husband and the soldiers on this journey."

"But the intense cold?"

"I have lots of woollen things and furs."

"For hundreds of miles there is not a house."

"The men will build shanties and heat them with big fires."

"But the wolves! In winter they are intensely savage and hunt in large packs."

Here Helen discomfited her hostess by a ringing peal of laughter.

"Pity if two companies of soldiers cannot keep a pack of wolves from eating up a poor lone woman," she exclaimed. "No, no, Mrs. Mason, argument is out of the question. I came to go with them, and go I will."

"I suppose I must give up then," said Mrs. Mason, pensively. "You are incomprehensible. To think of a girl giving up home and friends and undertaking such a journey in the dead of winter, beats me."

"Ah! but there's something at the end of it, Mrs. Mason," returned Helen warmly, "which will repay one for all the difficulties and fatigues by the way."

"And what is that, pray?"

"They say that Penetanguishene and all the islands there make one of the most beautiful pictures in the wide world. The old Jesuit Fathers used



to declare that the rocky islands of the bay were in summer just like Paradise."

"And to prove it," exclaimed Mrs. Mason, "they froze to death in the winter to be sure of the comparison; but never mind, my dear, if you are determined to go we must do our best to make the trip comfortable for you. You shall have a little break in the tedium of travel, anyway. Our annual military ball takes place here on Friday night, and you must be our honoured guest. It will not be as large as usual, for some of our officers have been killed in the war and others have been wounded. Still it will be nice, and the Governor, Sir John Sherbrooke, and his wife will both be there."

"I am afraid I have not anything to wear," said Helen. "You know I did not expect to attend balls in my new life in the woods."

"But what of your wedding dress?"

"That was of white satin, but, of course, it was high neck and with long sleeves."

"Still you must have had lace and ornaments of one sort or another with you?"

"Oh, yes. I have some rare old India lace of my mother's, and a white crepe veil that my grandmother wore at her wedding."

"Well, you have the materials. That is very fortunate. And as there are two more days, we'll see what my own dressmaker can do for you."

"And where is the ball to be?" Helen asked with growing interest.

"In the grand Hall at the Citadel. And let me whisper in your ear. We will see that you are the belle of the evening."

"You forget I am an old married woman," exclaimed Helen with a laugh.

"Perhaps you are," commented Mrs. Mason, raising her eyebrows, "but nevertheless you will conquer the hearts of the men—every one of them."

Just then Harold entered the room, and hearing Mrs. Mason's statement, he laughingly declared that he was already jealous. But when she told him of the discussion relative to the prospective overland journey, he folded his wife in his arms and kissed her—not once nor twice—but thrice. Whereupon Mrs. Mason put on her spectacles and commenced to count over the names of the invited guests.

TO BE CONTINUED

## 'ARRY'S CANNIBAL

A STORY OF THE EMPIRE

By W. VICTOR COOK



WOULD they never come? The vast patient throng, caked in two solid human walls for a long, long mile through the city's heart, waited as they had waited for an hour, for two hours, for three hours and more, growing ever denser and denser, till you could not have wedged a child in edgeways. Breathing its own hot breath, panting for a mouthful of the cool breeze that fluttered the wilderness of streaming banners, it gazed up enviously at the crowded roofs,

the thousand windows crammed with eager watchers, the hoardings where the moneyed ones were perched, the trees in the park, the railings and the lamp posts where the agile poor had gained precarious foothold. Would they never come?

Just behind, where the Coldstreams with their towering, picturesque beavers held clear the roadway, 'Arry was wedged among the rest. 'Arry was lanky and thin, which is a great thing to be in a crowd. His pinched, anæmic London face was tense with expecta-



tion, and his grey eyes blazed with an enthusiasm born of the trumpet-calls and the tramping.

Would they never come? Here and there bruised and fainting women, half-suffocated children, were wedged out backward from the crowd; and the great mass lurched forward solidier than ever, and bent outward the files of soldiers and police who vainly tried to hold the passage clear for the "City's Own" to pass by. Then to the rescue of the weaker parts would ride mounted constabulary and lifeguardsmen and dragoons, with waving plumes and beautiful, intelligent horses that pressed the thronging thousands back with such gentle firmness that they almost seemed human. Then the bent ranks of infantry would stiffen again, and the narrowed roadway would remain for a space intact.

Ah! what were they doing up there—those fortunate ones on the turreted roof of yonder vast hotel? Was it—were they—yes! "They're comin'! They're comin'!" Like a wave on the shore that cry ran along the lips of the gasping thousands, and half drowned through the midst of it came the throbbing pulse of the drum, and a fitful blare of brass. Soon between the serried ranks of the military could be caught glimpses of khaki helmets and shoulders swaying up and down, momentary peeps of brown-featured youths and men, and the glint of rifles and bayonets. Then all other sounds were swallowed up in the deep welcome of twenty thousand voices. One twenty thousand passed it to the next, and so it came from the Arch round to the Park, and went on from the Park to Pall Mall, over black-packed Trafalgar Square and up the bannered perspective of the Strand.

'Arry was not among the shouters. He could not have shouted for a fortune. But as he stood behind the Coldstreams and watched the brown-faced men go by, there was a great aching lump in his throat, and the tears ran unheeded down his pale cheeks. His heart was filled with unutterable exultation in his countrymen.

Deep love for his country, deep pride in the honour of her great name, warmed at that moment the whole being of this gaunt and ill-clad child of misfortune, as he felt the beating of an Empire's naked heart.

When the procession had passed, 'Arry worked clear of the throng and took his way home. Home meant for him a couple of back rooms amid the miscellaneous rascalities of what, in spite of official re-christenings, its *habitudes* persist in knowing as the "'Ighway," otherwise old Ratcliffe Highway. There 'Arry supported his mother and himself by keeping the books of an individual who described himself as a marine store dealer.

Along the sordid squalor of that interminable roadway by the river, 'Arry trudged with limbs that were weary indeed, yet with flushed cheek and flashing eye. For child of misery though he was, his soul had drunk deep that day. His glances fell on the squalid meanness of the riverside slums, but the eye of his kindled imagination roved over lands and seas, and the wheels of his brain wove fantastic visions of the great unknown. He, too, was a citizen of this great city, whose sons went out and brought back fame in their hands from the uttermost parts of the earth. He in his poverty was a constituent part of this vast and noble Empire. Such thoughts, dimly conceived, filled him with a strange, proud fire.

A clamour of strident voices close at hand brought back his soaring imagination with a jerk to the ordinary doings of the 'Ighway.

A noisy, angry group was collected round the door of a small green-grocery shop, and lively abuse was being freely showered, with much vain repetition of unpublishable terms. Above the voices came the shrill tones of a woman—the keeper of the green-grocery shop.

"The dirty, black, thievin' cannibal," she cried. "If I 'adn't 'ave ketched his greasy paw in the nick of time 'e'd 'ave been 'arf way to Japan by now."



"We'll soon 'ave 'im in quod, Missis," a man's voice answered. "'Old still, yer sooty savage, or I'll bloom in' well throttle yer!"

Peering through the group, 'Arry beheld a native of India, gaunt and tall, in the cotton dress of a coolie from one of the eastern liners, and with a look of puzzled fear beneath his ragged turban.

"What has he done?" asked 'Arry.

"Pinched the lidy's bananas," he was informed.

"I was hungry. I ate nothing for three days," said the Hindu apologetically, with the uncertain accent and slow speech of one talking an alien tongue.

"Yer can tell that to the Beak tomorrow, yer Sorrow of Satan," said the irate shopwoman.

The Indian looked from one to another of the angry faces round him. A sudden pity for his forlorn condition welled up in 'Arry's heart. The wave of generous patriotism that had brought him thus far on his homeward way had not yet spent its force; and undefined, but strong, the sentiment came to him that this man, also, was a child of the Empire of his dreams.

"How much did he take?" he asked.

"Threepennorth of best bananies," said the shopwoman.

"If I pay for them will you let him go?"

The proposition took the bystanders with such surprise that the man who was holding the stranger's skinny arm nearly let go.

"Is 'e a pal of yours, 'Arry?" he said. "I thought you was such a respectable bloke."

"I don't know him," 'Arry answered, painfully conscious of blushing. But he held to his point. "I'll pay, if you'll let him go," he said. And from his pocket he produced threepence—their entire contents, which he had thought to save by walking home.

The shopwoman coughed the cough of hesitation. "Of course, 'Arry," she said, "if you tikes a hinterest in such a cannibal savage, I wouldn't go for to oppose you, seein' your mother is such a good customer. Though

these stealin' furriners is a disgrace to a respectable neighbourhood."

Thus relieving herself of all responsibility, the lady accepted the coppers which 'Arry tendered, and gave him in exchange the three bananas which had so nearly landed the Indian in the arms of the police.

"Here you are, mate," said 'Arry, when the little group in dumb curiosity had stood aside to let the prisoner go with his liberator. He handed him a couple of the bananas. To his surprise and disgust the man seized his hand and kissed it. 'Arry pulled it away, and made haste to get out of sight of the smiles of the bystanders. But the Hindu still kept beside him, walking the dusty pavement with bare, noiseless feet. In his slow, deliberate accents he began to express thanks. Halting now and again for a word, or pausing to arrange a sentence in his mind ere speaking it, he told 'Arry how he had missed his way in returning to his ship at the docks, so that she had left ere he reached her berthing; how for three days he had wandered homeless and hungry—all his property being on board—till the moment when hunger overcame him at the green-grocery stall.

'Arry listened sympathetically, yet with the wariness of an East-ender, to the alien's tale, and could not help becoming impressed by a certain quiet dignity about his new acquaintance. Indeed, long before they arrived at the place he called his home, he had quite lost his first inclination to patronise the man, and had, on the contrary, begun to regard him with more respect than he could have believed it possible to entertain for one of his colour.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

"I shall try to find another ship where I may work," said the Indian. "It is difficult." He smiled in a grave, tranquil way.

"If you like, you may share my room till you find a ship," on an impulse which, when the words were out, he half regretted.



The Hindu answered simply "I will come. You have a kind heart."

Not without embarrassment, 'Arry introduced his guest, whose name, he found, was Ramjai. Ramjai, when washed and fed, was as fine a type of man as one could wish to see. He might have been anywhere between twenty and thirty. 'Arry and his mother, who were not accustomed to taking in Oriental boarders, could not tell more exactly than this.

By 'Arry's neighbours the stranger was from the first christened "'Arry's Cannibal," though where his cannibalistic propensities came in, it was hard to see, fish being the nearest approach to a meat diet that he was ever known to consume.

For a week Ramjai lived on the charity of the mother and son. Then one day he informed 'Arry, with beaming satisfaction, that he had found employment. It was a clerkship in a little tea shop, where the proprietor doubtless calculated that Ramjai's striking appearance would make an attractive advertisement and lend local colour to Best Ceylon Tea at a shilling the pound. The pay, truly, was ridiculous, but then Ramjai's expenditure was small, and he was able to live in comfort in a little room which he hired in the same house as 'Arry and his mother.

There Ramjai abode many weeks, showing no disposition to get away, and becoming less and less an object of curiosity to the neighbours, as he discarded his picturesque Oriental dress for an English coat and trousers.

The weeks passed into months, and in the winter 'Arry's mother succumbed in the struggle against poverty, and died of a chill. In his great trouble 'Arry found in Ramjai a ready sympathiser and, differing utterly as they did in race and culture and cast of thought, the two young men became like brothers.

Ramjai spoke little of himself, and of his people nothing.

It was a year since 'Arry went to the city to see the young men come home from the war. Ramjai appeared

to have settled down to live his life in London.

One day 'Arry was in sad distress. Ramjai, coming in the evening into the little room which they shared as a sitting room, found his friend at the table, his head on his arms, his eyes wet with tears that he tried shamefacedly to hide.

"Tell me—it may be that I can help," said Ramjai, who held a letter in his hand.

'Arry told him. He was in love. That the Indian had known, for every evening 'Arry would be away with a bright-faced young girl, a teacher in a neighbouring elementary school. They were both poor, and she had been offered a lot of money to go and teach ever so far away—in Calcutta. She was going. Bitterly 'Arry blamed himself because he could not earn enough to dare to marry her. He would never see her again, of that he was sure. Fate was against him. He was utterly wretched.

"Did you say Calcutta?" said Ramjai, when the story of 'Arry's griefs was ended. He was smiling. Suddenly his glance fell on a curious object which stood on the table beside 'Arry, and which had not been there before.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded excitedly.

"The governor said I could have it from the store. Some sailor brought it in among a lot of rubbish. I thought it might interest you, Ramjai. It comes from India."

"Do you know what it is?" said Ramjai.

"No—what?"

"If I were what once I was, I should say it was a miracle. In any case it is a coincidence."

He stood contemplating the object—a carved figure of a woman riding on a bull; on her right arm a serpent for a bracelet; on her forehead a half-moon.

"It is the great goddess Durga," said Ramjai slowly, almost reverently.

"Devi, the seed of the Universe, who liberates from ills; Devi the Bestower of Blessings; it is Kali Kumari, the Virgin mountain-born, Defeater of



Demons. Here stand I, Ramjai Devimahatmya, who was her priest, whose fathers tended her shrine in Delhi generation after generation. Harry, at this very hour, women are thronging with gifts and cakes to her temple stairs, to pray for a fortunate marriage and deliverance from woe. Is it not strange?"

But 'Arry, his personal trouble recurring to his mind, only said: "I can't think about it, Ramjai. I'm too wretched."

"But see here," said Ramjai again, "This is more to your case, and this is why it is so strange that you should have brought home Durga Devi to-night."

He laid before 'Arry an open letter, written in curious, wavy characters such as the young man had never seen before.

"That is from my father. Hear what he says." Ramjai read, translating as he went:

"To my son Ramjai Devimahatmya, in London over the black water, good greeting! Come back, O my son, and blessing for curses shalt thou have, for I am old and have not long to live beneath the sun. Also I too serve no longer before the knees of Kali, yet have I, one of the twice-born, not broken my caste, nor like thee become a christian. Nevertheless know I that Truth is like a precious gem that hath been well cut, and one man seeth the light flash from the one face of her, and another from another. So return, O Ramjai, ere I die. For thy return I send money, and I will await thee here in Calcutta, where in my house are also thy wife and thy son."

The Hindu ceased reading, and put his hand on 'Arry's shoulder.

"Come with me, my English friend," he said.

'Arry sprang to his feet. "To Calcutta—with you, Ramjai!"

"And with your *mem* that is to be," said Ramjai smiling.

"But what shall I do, when I get there?" 'Arry objected.

"I have studied," said Ramjai. "My father is a rich man and a wise,

and highly thought of even among your people. I shall practise at the Bar, and you, Harry, shall keep my books. Then you can marry Miss Lily, and she can leave her teaching. What do you say?"

So it came to pass that in the evening of a sullen monsoon day, 'Arry and his well-beloved, and Ramjai Devimahatmya the twice-born, stood together on the deck of a steamer that made her way up the dark, rushing Hooghly towards the far-flung splendour of a Calcutta sunset. Ere yet the steamer came to her moorings, the crimson faded from the clouds piled over Hastings, and the beauty of evening gave place to the white enchantment of the Indian moonlight, turning to ruby red the stucco of the city, to pearl the plaster, and pouring a flood of silver upon the dark waters.

To those who know her, the second city in the Empire tells with every stone her story of blood and tears, of bravery and endurance. There the past and the present sit hand in hand, spelling out the name of the Future. Here behold the palaces of Chowringhi, flashing brightly in the Indian night; there, scarce five minutes' walk away, murky lamps glimmer ghostily in a labyrinth of dark lanes and ill-kept marts. Within earshot of the Viceroy's banquet hall, the jackals in the unpaved alleys make night hideous with their howls. If it is day time, here in the eye of the sun, Calcutta flaunts without shame her squalor; yet on the hottest day the eye rests peacefully on her tree-fringed tanks, and yonder, between the palaces and the river, lies the vast Maidan, her jewel of beauty, with its splendid park-like expanse of emerald green, dotted with stately trees, and here and there ablaze with scarlet splendour of tropic blooms.

As the shades and mystery of night wrapped her about, into that city which stretches out her hand to the future, Ramjai Devimahatmya brought to a new life in a new land, the two friends whom he had found in the greater city "over the black water."



# LOVE OR DUTY ?

A STORY OF RAILWAY LIFE

By E. S. KIRKPATRICK

**B**ABY took another bad turn this morning. We fear the worst."

Dick Harding sat in the cab of No. 10 and read once again the message that had just been handed him as he impatiently awaited the signal to pull out on his long run for home.

It was drawing near the close of a cold winter's day. A heavy train of coaches was behind his throbbing, monster engine, and a "bad rail" in front. Two hundred miles of a run was ahead of him before home could be reached; and as he glanced once again at his watch and saw that he was now an hour late, his fireman, a mere boy of twenty years, who had been watching for the conductor's signal, jumped from his seat and shouted: "All right, Dick; let her go."

"Billy," called Dick, as he opened the throttle and handed his fireman the message, "read that."

Billy read the brief message at a glance, and then looked into the troubled face of the engineer, whom he loved as a father. He hardly knew what reply he could make, for he was aware that Dick's children were dearer to him than life, and his heart ached in sympathy with the father who was so eager to be home.

Dick leaned over to Billy and, above the noise of the now swiftly moving train, shouted: "My boy, she's going to steam hard to-night, and we've got a bad rail; but, just the same, we're going to make up that hour! Hold your steam, my boy! Do you understand?"

Billy's only reply was a nod as he sprang to his post, and the impatient engineer opened the throttle wider and glanced mechanically at his watch as he settled back in his seat to keep his eye on the track in front.

Dick's baby, who was really four

years old, but her father's baby for all that, had been very ill. For three weeks he had sat by her bedside until the physician had said she was out of danger. Then, with the thought of heavy doctors' bills to pay, and a large family to provide for, though worn out with worry and loss of sleep, he had reported for duty the day before and was now on his return run with the Limited Express.

Into the gathering darkness of the cold December night swept the Limited at some fifty miles an hour; and although Dick's trained ear and sharp eye, in the din and clatter, the swaying and shaking of that monster thing of power, were ever on the alert, his mind was far away in his cottage by the road over which he passed every day, and the picture he saw was that of an anxious and worn-out mother bending over the bedside of a dying child who was moaning for her papa. Then he glanced once again at his watch, at the steam gauge and water gauge, moaned aloud in his affliction and opened the throttle wider.

Those who tuck themselves away to sleep in the softly swaying berths of the luxurious Pullmans, or recline at ease in the inviting chairs of the brilliantly lighted parlour cars that glide along as smoothly as a boat on a summer's sea; who dreamily smoke fragrant cigars and laugh and chat in the cozy smoking rooms, or partake at their leisure of a bounteous repast in the dining car with courteous waiters and porters to attend at every call, little appreciate in what an inferno of noise and racking and clanging and clatter the grimy men in the cab in front live. Let the uninitiated be transferred from the former to the latter and it would seem to them as though each moment they were travelling to perdition.



But the cab was the home of Dick Harding, and to his trained ear its noise was more musical than a mighty symphony. He asked for no greater blessing in life than to feel his engine respond to his slightest touch, and rushing through the darkness and sunshine in summer and winter to dream of the loved ones in his cottage by the road.

"Well done, my boy!" said Dick as he pulled up for his first stop, after a run of fifty miles. "You have held your steam well, and we have made up fifteen minutes now; but we are going to do better than that in the next run, unless they hold us somewhere for that Emigrant Special. We'll probably get crossing orders for her at Wakefield and we are going to be there in forty minutes."

"All right, Dick, drive away and I guess I can hold her down for the rest of the run, even though she does steam hard," said Billy.

In just forty minutes Dick made the run of thirty-eight miles to Wakefield and pulled up at the tank for water. With torch in one hand and an oil-can in the other he waded through the snow around his engine to oil up while Billy took water. The conductor came forward and gave Dick his copy of the crossing orders.

At Easton, fifteen miles farther on, they crossed a heavy emigrant train, with two engines, and soon after were off on the next run of forty-five miles to Woodbury.

As Dick pulled up at the end of this run he saw the signal turned for orders that were awaiting him here, and wondered what they would be. Surely it would not be anything that would mean delay to them; and, too impatient to wait until they were brought to him, he jumped from the cab and ran back to meet the conductor who was reading them by the light from his lantern as he walked towards him.

"Bad news, Dick," said the conductor as he came up to him. "Here's your copy."

Dick took the paper and read: "Emigrant special jumped the track two

miles west of Easton and heavy loss of life is reported. Train No. 10 will complete run regardless of time, and engine and crew will double back with wrecking train and physicians."

"Yes, bad news," said Dick when he had finished reading the message. "Bad news to me in more ways than one if I have to go back on that special to-night." "No. 10 will complete run regardless of time" he read again. "I guess we have been doing that anyway, and God forgive me if the thought of my sick babe has not urged me on more than the wreck of an emigrant train possibly can."

Dick turned away and climbed wearily into his cab. Mechanically he opened the throttle and muttered once again, "Complete run regardless of time." "Oh well," he thought, "I can do that anyway, but why do I care so little now whether I make time or not? I want to do my duty, God knows, but where does duty lie to-night? What do I care for the loss of a lot of emigrants anyway? Is not my first duty to my wife and sick child? I will not go back, even though I never pull another train again! Surely they can get some one to go in my place. I guess, though, that both spare crews are out on that double-header, and perhaps now are buried under the wreck. Is it possible that I must go back? Some one must go; that's certain."

Thus mused Dick, as faster and faster rushed the Limited Express, until miles and minutes joined in a race as Dick left them behind. He was, himself, surprised to make such speed on such a night. "What is it all for anyway? We are making better time than we did before I got that message. Can anything move me to greater effort than love for my child? Seems to me it must be duty that is now urging me on. Can duty be stronger than love?"

Dick's home lay by the road one mile from the end of his run. He blew a greeting at the crossing every night before reaching the house, and it was always a glad greeting that he



gave. To-night it ended in a long mournful wail that sounded of despair, but no face appeared in the doorway during the fleeting glimpse he had of it as his train thundered by.

Dick's eldest child, a girl of eleven years, was waiting for him at the station as he finished his run five minutes ahead of time. Climbing into the cab she threw her arms around her father's neck and sobbed out her trouble on his breast. Baby was very low. She had gone for the doctor in the morning but he was away from home. Mamma had sent her back this evening for him or any other doctor she could get and now they said there had been a terrible accident and no doctor could go with her. Would papa hurry home with her as quickly as possible? She was freezing with the cold and was afraid to go home alone.

Dick told his fireman to look after the engine, and with his child in his arms jumped from the cab. A brakeman came hurrying forward and uncoupled the engine, and Billy pulled ahead to the turntable. Officials were hurrying about; orders were being hastily given; and doctors and nurses were being hurried to cars that were awaiting them.

The Superintendent, catching sight of Dick, hastened to him and asked how soon he would be ready to start.

"Fifteen minutes," said Dick, "will be long enough to turn in, and to take coal and water, but, for heaven's sake, have you no other man you can send back in my place?"

"Why, what's the matter, Dick? Are you sick?"

"I guess I am," said Dick; "but that is of no consequence. I have a child at home who is dying and we cannot even get a doctor to go to her. I love that child better than life. I cannot go. My duty lies at home."

"Dick, my friend," said the superintendent, "no one would ever accuse you of not doing your duty, but think carefully where it lies to-night before you decide. Duty and love sometimes lie far apart, though love would at

times strive to blind us to duty's call. Think Dick: Human beings by the score are freezing and being crushed to death under an awful wreck. Your old comrades in those two engines are among the number. We must go to them, and go immediately, and you are the only man who can take us. Heaven knows I pity you, but your duty is there."

"I will go," said Dick; and with a shudder he clasped his child to his breast and turned away.

"My child, my child," said the father, "I cannot go home with you to-night. Tell mamma that papa's heart aches for her and his precious baby, and that he would fly to them if he could; but there has been a terrible accident and he must go to it. Hurry home, my darling child, and comfort mamma all you can."

Tears fell from Dick's eyes as he strove to put his child gently from him, but she clung to him in terror.

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed, "I cannot go home alone. I am afraid of the dark, and I am freezing with the cold. Please come with me."

The train was by this time made up. The conductor came running from the station and waved his lantern as a signal to start. Unable to release the hold his child had around his neck, Dick climbed with her into the cab and pulled the throttle wide open. Then, as the light train shot forward, he told her once again hurriedly of the terrible wreck and the sufferings of those who were buried beneath it. Two minutes from the time he started he shut off steam, applied the emergency brakes, and as the train came to a sudden stop sprang with his child to the ground in front of her home, gave her a parting kiss and blessing, and almost instantly was speeding away again into the night.

A physician, who had been standing on the platform at the station had overheard all the conversation that passed between Dick and the superintendent, and Dick and his child. To him the engineer's self-sacrifice was a revelation, and he hardly thought it



possible that he would go. When he climbed with his child into the cab he hardly knew what it meant, for he was not aware that the train would pass Dick's door. How different, he thought, was his position to-night from that of the engineer's. To him this night's work meant nothing more than the loss of sleep in return for plenty of excitement and a good substantial fee from a wealthy corporation. To the engineer it meant a broken heart in return for the performance of duty.

"I wonder where my duty is to-night?" he thought, as he stepped on the platform of the car when the train started. "Cold logic would argue that it lies with those who employed me at the scene of the wreck, but to this sentiment might take exception. Which is the stronger, anyway, sentiment, or logic backed up by a magnificent fee? I am glad the train started when it did, for that settles the question in this case. By Jove! I have my doubts; but still I need the money."

The physician was awakened from his reverie by being pitched against the door of the car when the brakes were applied, and he wondered if his dream had been so long that they were already at the scene of the wreck. Catching up his satchel, he walked down the three steps of the car to see what it meant, and just then the engineer jumped from the cab with his child in his arms.

As Dick looked back after the train had started, he thought he saw a man step from the train and take his child by the hand; but, of course, it was only imagination.

The superintendent was right when he said it was a bad wreck. It was a gruesome sight to see scores of dead bodies lying in the blood-stained snow, where they had been placed by the survivors. Two mighty engines lay on their sides, broken and twisted, while high around them were piled like kindling wood what a few hours before had been passenger coaches. From out the darkness and the chaos came cries for help from those who

were yet imprisoned in the wreck; while with feverish haste the wrecking crew worked to set them free and bore those who were yet alive to the cars, where physicians and nurses strove by every means in their power to lighten their sufferings. But little attention was as yet paid to the dead. Those in whom was yet a spark of life, after being crushed and frozen, required all the attention that skill could bestow.

Dick's first thought was for his brothers of the cab, but they were beyond mortal help. When at last they were removed from beneath the mass of wreckage that covered them, he assisted in tenderly carrying them to the car reserved for the dead, while his fireman tugged with his engine in getting the track clear.

At last it was all over. Daylight was dawning, and once again Dick sped for home "regardless of time." Worn out and sick at heart, he now turned his thoughts away from the grim burden that he bore, and contemplated what the future would mean to him without his baby. The whistle he sounded when he came in sight of home expressed his thoughts more eloquently than words.

But who can that be who is standing on his doorstep? Oh, yes, it is some friend to signal to him that all is over. Dick closed the throttle, rubbed his swollen eyes, and looked again as he went slowly by. Why, that is his wife, and she is smiling and throwing kisses to him! And who is that strange gentleman standing in the doorway? What do the children mean by running out of the house and shouting to him in glee?

Now they are out of sight and, of course, it was all an hallucination, but he was thankful that even such could grant him a moment's respite.

"Dick," said the superintendent, as he came forward to speak to him after the train stopped at the station, "I see that you left your baby in good hands last night. But how did Dr. Travers stay behind when we had him engaged to go with us?"



"Dr. Travers!" said Dick. "Who is he and where did he stay?"

"Did you not see him?" said the superintendent. "He was standing on your doorstep as we came by. He is one of the smartest physicians in the city."

Dick looked incredulous for a moment, but it finally dawned on him that it was true, and then his racked nerves could bear up no longer and he broke down completely.

The superintendent himself was feeling somewhat used up after his night's experience, but he clasped Dick by the hand and asked him to report at his office with the physician during the day. Then Dick pulled himself together and started for home.

Dick's homecoming was quite different from what he had expected. He had not gone more than half way when he saw his eldest child running to meet him. With breathless haste she told him of the kind man who had taken her by the hand when she got off the engine and led her home, and then had watched by the baby's bedside all night until he said she was entirely out of danger.

A smiling wife greeted him at the door, and happy children clamoured for a kiss. His baby smiled when he took her gently up, and murmured "daddie" as she sank into a peaceful sleep in his arms.

Dr. Travers looked on the scene from an adjoining room. He was glad that sentiment had triumphed over logic, and what to him was the loss of a few dollars when weighed in the balance with such a scene as he beheld? He was now sure that sentiment and

duty in his case had worked hand in hand.

Over a good warm dinner, in which the physician joined, Dick related his experiences of the night, and when at last Dr. Travers departed, they arranged to meet at the superintendent's office at four o'clock. In the meantime Dick lay down for a much needed sleep.

When, at four o'clock, they were alone with the superintendent in his private office, he greeted them both with a warm clasp of the hand.

"Dr. Travers," said he, "you were not where we expected you would be last night, but you have done your duty nevertheless, and on behalf of the company I wish to thank you. I want you to make out your bill and call it: 'For professional services in connection with train wreck.' Don't be afraid of making it for a good sum. The company will be glad to pay, and I will O.K. it for any amount."

"To you, friend Dick, I hardly know what to say. The consciousness of duty well done is the greatest reward that a man can have. I would like to grant you a month's leave of absence and a good sum to enjoy it with, but we cannot spare you at present. Perhaps in a short time we can do so, and in the meantime please accept this cheque for one hundred dollars as a slight acknowledgment of our gratitude. The company will never forget the self-sacrifice you showed last night, and should you ever grow tired of your life in the cab and wish for what might be considered, by some, a higher position, rest assured it will be forthcoming."





# A BELATED VALENTINE

By VIRNA SHEARD

Oh little pink and white god of love,  
With your tender, smiling mouth,  
And eyes as blue as the blue above  
Afar in the sunny south;

No army e'er laid so many low,  
Or wounded so many hearts—  
No mighty gunner e'er wrought such woe  
As you, with your feathered darts.



LD Michael Denny moved softly about, setting a chair straight here, touching the curtains there, turning a lampwick up a trifle higher—for the day had already darkened—to perfect the lighting of a room which was a joy to the eye, so harmonised were the half-tones in the colour scheme of it. A man's room it was withal, and now permeated by the scent of fresh tobacco. Most of the journals that lay about held the latest sporting news. A gun-case hung under a whip-rack. The most conspicuous thing within the four walls was a moose head with amazing antlers, and this rested unhung against the wainscoting. Old Denny put the place in ship-shape order, and incidentally watched his master.

John Trevor sat at his desk, a blue cheque book open before him.

"What's the date, Denny?" he asked, without looking up, dipping his pen in the ink.

"What's the date?" he said again, as there was no reply.

The serving-man gave a little cough—there came a queer, hesitating, half-nervous expression in his keen, Irish-blue eyes. His humorous mouth went into a straight, unsmiling line.

"It does be Dan Cupid's day, sur," he answered. "Sure it's got over to the fourteenth of February agin."

The drop of ink gathered on Trevor's pen slipped heavily down upon the blotter. The man sat absolutely still and stared across at a window opposite his desk with set, impenetrable face. He had the look of one

who sees nothing, unless it be some vision of the mind.

Then he rose slowly and, pushing the blue book back, closed the desk.

"I dine at the Club to-night, Denny, so bring me a heavy top-coat. It must have turned colder, judging by the temperature in this room. Don't it seem cold to you?"

"It does not, sur," answered the man, holding the great-coat up and furtively watching Trevor's face. "No, indade, sur, that it don't. Arral but we're the warrum-blooded lot, the whole av us Dennys. Not but what the weather is all one might expect for Canady—an' it mid February. Ah! the burds do be choosin' their sweet-hearts away beyant there in Oirland, Master Jack, do ye moind! An' the gerrls," settling the coat right over Trevor's wide shoulders, "an' the gerrls will be kaping a wide eye fur the postman. It's a cheery day, St. Valentine's, when ye're the other side o' twenty."

"St. Valentine! how you harp on one string," said Trevor half irritably. "Well, we're on the wrong side of forty, so it has small cheer for us."

"Ah, yer honour! I do be on the wrong side o' fifty," he answered, closing the door gently after his master. Then he stood stock-still in the quiet room, thinking.

"Sure it's the blue chill he has at the heart av him that makes him think it grows colder. Don't I know the look that always comes to him at St. Valentine's Day? Bad luck to me fur turning the name at him. It's come round fourteen times since that gay winter in Dublin, when he waited the whole long day in his room in the ould Tower Hotel for the message that hadn't the grace to come.

"Holy Saint Patrick! I moind as 't was yesterday the way he walked up and down, up and down, the nerves av



him all braced wid listenin' for the knock which wasn't knocked. Six blessed times did he send me to the office below to see if word or sign was waitin' him—an' his face white as the dead when I come up widout it," said the man half aloud.

"What it was he waited fur I dunno, but I do be thinking it was some quare thing. Little he knew the way I was watchin' him. Sure what else do I iver be doin' save watchin' him iver since the day long back whin he went down into the deep wather o' the ould mill pond fur me—me a tall, lanky gassoon, an' him a bit of a chap knee-high.

"The devil take the ould Saint's Day and whatever it was that proved the undoin' av him, for it's took the gilt edge off his life an' druv him on a Tam O'Shanter ride from pillar to post iver since. It's 'Denny, see to the packin', we're off to London to-morrow.' Then it's 'T'row a few things together, ould chap, we'll have a thry at Canady.' Me heart's broke wid his wanderings, an' he always harks back worse to the trouble, whatever it was, when this date comes to his moind." So he went about soliloquising and shagging his old grey head.

Trevor swung along at a rapid pace towards his club. A fashionable club it was, patronised by the "best men," so-called, of Montreal society. He had few friends amongst them, but many acquaintances, and was known as one of the brilliant contributors of the day to the journals—a traveller, a capital shot, a keen sportsman, who, unlike the fraternity, was a silent man, apparently without personal interest in humanity either singly or collectively.

On this winter afternoon, nearing the hour of six, the city was aglitter with many lights. The clear air was still and cold. Sleigh bells rang their fairy music everywhere, a silver chiming that blended like a sweet accompaniment with other sounds of the street. Trevor heard unconsciously, took the right road instinctively. The look that had settled over his face when his man told him the date, was

still there. He turned into the club and towards the reading-room.

"It is too early to dine," he thought. There might be some news from the Transvaal since morning. He and Denny would be taking that road next, perhaps—he had a chance to go. Army men were in luck these days—in rare good luck.

"For how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
For the temples of his Gods?"

The old verse that is like a battle-cry came to his mind, and set itself to the tramping of feet along the street below the window near which he sat. It kept time with the beating of his heart.

"For how can man die better?"

"Ah! the fascination of war takes a strange hold on men," he thought; "the singing of the bullets draw them. Fear goes: and a grand recklessness, a God-given courage, takes its place."

"For how can man die better?"

"Verily, how?" That is the question. And life, what of it? Is it so sweet one would desire to hold it to the utmost limit? Why struggle to keep a thing long since to him grown deadly dull and monotonous? Oh! to march with them, those valiant hearts and true, on and on across the grey-red earth of the veldt, with souls set ready for whatever came.

The fever of restlessness was strong upon him. Denny would be packing those worn leather traps to-morrow. So he was thinking when somebody touched him on the shoulder, and a voice he had not heard for years came cheerily to him.

"Jack! Jack Trevor! Now the fates are kind. Who would have expected to run across you here?"

Trevor smiled and grasped the man's hand.

"Really, Dudley, I am glad to see you! I thought you were in the Mounted Police in the far North-west. As for me, I've made Montreal headquarters for the past year, but have about determined to tramp again, for



there's a place awaiting me down in South Africa. They want me to relieve a war correspondent knocked out by fever. I must decide to-night."

"Well, that's a chance! I am only down on furlough, worse luck—for, like the rest of our men, I'm fairly spoiling for the fight. A friend of mine was to meet me here, an awfully good fellow, and, by the same token, with a name almost the counterpart of yours. One John Trevorton, he is; and, honestly, he's not unlike you in looks either, Trevor. Will you join us at dinner?"

"Thanks, yes, I would like to, and here, I fancy, comes your friend. He is like me, though to say it is to distinctly flatter one's self."

Dudley introduced the two men, and they soon found they had much in common. Both were mighty hunters, and the subject of big game is one not lightly handled or cast aside.

So the three dined together, and John Trevor, having of late had many dinners alone, found a charm he had little hoped for in the companionship.

He had been in the North during the recent hunting season, and mentioned the great moose head which he had brought home. The width of the antlers was unusual, and the fellow, he said, was a leader and monarch amongst his kind.

"I have never shot a moose," answered Trevorton, "but have the head of a grizzly from the Rockies that I would like to show you. Will you not walk home with me after dinner, both of you, and we can finish the evening there?"

This they willingly agreed to, and the three were shortly in Trevorton's smoking room, critically examining the immense bear head.

"It is a splendid specimen," said Dudley. "What brutes they are! A man need be sure of his rifle when he meets one. I say, Trevor," he suddenly exclaimed, "Trevor! What's up? Are you ill?"

John Trevor was staring ahead apparently at something on the wall, or through and beyond it. His fresh-

coloured face had gone white, and the hand that grasped his chair-back shook.

"Where did you get it?" he said, unsteadily, turning his wide, startled eyes on Trevorton. "Where did you get it?"

"What? The little sketch by Du Maurier? Oh, I knew him in London; fortunate, wasn't it?"

"Not that," Trevor answered, "not the sketch—the—the little slipper hanging beneath. See!" striding over and lifting it in his hand.

"See!" he went on as to himself, "there is the stain of the wine on it yet. The very same—the very same in truth. Blue satin with a star buckle of brilliants; only," looking at it closely, "the stones are dimmer, and the silver setting has darkened." Then he turned to his host.

"How did you come by it?" he said again.

The two men looked at him in bewilderment, the intense agitation of his manner was so contrasted with the serene self-possession that seemed part of him before.

Trevorton gave a little embarrassed laugh. "Why, my dear Mr. Trevor," he said, "I'll be delighted to tell you what I know about the airy, fairy thing, my 'Cinderella shoe,' as I call it. It has quite a bit of history too, but really I fail to see how it touches you, for it came to me by such a freak of chance in the long past—twelve—thirteen—no, positively fourteen years ago, in Ireland."

John Trevor spoke a broken word they did not catch. Then "Go on," he said abruptly.

"Yes," continued his host, "I happened to be in Dublin, stopping at the Tower Hotel over St. Valentine's Day."

"This is St. Valentine's Day!" put in Dudley. "Queer thing, eh? Coincidence you know."

Trevor gave an impatient turn.

"It is odd," said the other. "Now for the story. About the middle of the afternoon I started from the hotel to hunt up some people I knew in town, and as I went down the steps



was met by a man, a sort of flunkey, I fancy, for he had innumerable buttons on his queerly-cut coat."

"'Will you be givin' me your name, sur?' he said, with that charming freedom that distinguishes the native born.

"'Trevorton,' I replied, 'John Davenport Trevorton. Do you think you know me?'

"'Arra! but you're the man,' he answered positively, 'an' anny way, I could have marked ye from the description. She said you were fine and tall, an' ye're all av it. Whisper—I was to give this *into yer own hands*. That's all, sur.'

"I felt decidedly the compliment implied, and took the small parcel with a keen sense of curiosity. Before I had time to tender him the usual, the man was gone."

"'Well?' said Trevor, huskily. 'Well?'

"'Ah, the parcel,' answered the other. 'I took it up to my room and opened it at once, when that apparently impossible bit of footwear fell out. No word or line intimated who it was from. By Jove! I was awfully puzzled, and a trifle elated. The Irish are a queer, romantic lot, and valentines fly round in quantity, they tell me, on the Saint's Day. So I just concluded that some little beauty I had stared at over-long in a window or on the street that morning had sent me her shoe, thinking I would make connections between it and her. But 'pon my word I was at sea, and could not individualise any one of them. They are all beauties in Dublin, you know.'

For answer John Trevor walked across to where the slipper hung, unfastened it from its place and stood holding it.

The others looked at him in silence. He did not appear to notice or think of them, but waited, holding the little shoe.

Then he glanced at Trevorton—"I beg your pardon. You must think it strange my taking this," he said, "but it is mine, you see, without doubt. Mine. It was given to you by mistake."

"I have long thought so," returned Trevorton. "I still do. But that is not all. Listen. I put the slipper away with my traps, as I was sailing for home next day. On board ship, on the way across, I overheard some men talking; they were making no secret of their conversation, and it was all of the great Dublin ball that had been held on St. Valentine's eve. They went on to relate how some famous beauty had lost a slipper, which being found by one Sir Thomas O'Malley, a vastly rich, and, according to them, insufferably dissipated old bachelor, was held up by him for admiration before the gentlemen gathered in the supper room during a dance. They said that he had sworn openly he would marry the fair one whose foot it would fit—after the fashion set by the Prince of old—and that the ancient gallant had wound up by filling the dainty flagon full of wine and quaffing the sparkling liquor at one draught. At this point I became thrillingly interested.

"'Pardon me,' I remarked to one of the young Irishmen, 'but can you remember if the slipper was of blue, with a star buckle of brilliants?'

"'Why, were you there?' he cried. 'Then you saw the tragedy, did you?'

"'Tragedy? What tragedy? No, indeed. I was not at the ball, but chanced to overhear your interesting bit of gossip, and—'

"They looked at me incredulously.

"'It's jolly odd you should have seen the slipper,' said the other, 'and not been at the ball. Come, now, no nonsense. You saw old O'Malley go off—how shall I put it? leave for parts unknown—answer his call? Horribly impromptu, wasn't it?'

"'I am in the dark,' said I, 'and quite ignorant of Sir Thomas O'Malley's movements.'

"'Ah!' he answered. 'Really? Well, they were decidedly unpleasant to witness. It was this way: at the moment O'Malley drained his unusual goblet, a man pressed through the crowd around the table and touched him on the arm.'



"Give me the slipper; I have been sent for it," he said imperatively.

"Then, sir, you know whom it belongs to," questioned O'Malley with an oath.

"Assuredly," said the man. "Come, I am waiting."

"Tell me her name," returned Sir Thomas angrily, and holding the slipper high. "It will save me hunting through Ireland for the foot this was made for."

"You are drunk," answered the other deliberately. "I would not tell you her name if you were to bribe me with every golden guinea you own."

"O'Malley stepped down from where he was standing with one foot on the table and struck at the man looking up at him, with a fearful oath,—but as he struck he fell,—his face a terrifying purple, his lips white with froth. Apoplexy, you know. A third seizure, so they said. He lay there a few minutes while we gazed at him in absolute horror. Then the man who had so lately spoken to him bent down and took the small blue slipper from a dead hand. That," ended Trevorton, "is how the story came to me on ship-board."

"Yes," said John Trevor, breaking the silence that followed. "Yes, and it was I who took it from O'Malley. I was the man. It was wet with wine, and his fingers seemed fastened to it. Then I carried it to her where she waited in the conservatory.

"There were other men who loved her—many of them. I never knew whether she cared for—me—though sometimes I fancied—" He broke off unsteadily, but went on, his voice low pitched, as though it were to himself he spoke.

"To-night I know. You see—I asked her to send me this on St. Valentine's Day—if she cared. It has come, but it is fourteen years late. It is 'A BELATED VALENTINE,' gentlemen."

"Where is she?" said Dudley, after a moment, "if I may ask. Where is she, do you know?"

John Trevor glanced up quickly. "She is in the Transvaal. In some one of those God-forsaken places

where our wounded men are first carried by the stretcher-bearers. She wears a red cross on her sleeve. Come," he cried, his voice breaking, "wish me luck. Wish me luck, you fellows. Old Denny—you remember old Denny, Dudley? He will be putting things together, and we'll be away again." So he bade them goodbye, and went out into the cold, star-lit night with a little blue slipper buttoned close within his coat.

Afterwards the two men left behind relit their pipes in silence.

Presently Dudley spoke, reflectively. "I always," he said, "at least for years, have been a firm believer in what somebody calls 'the total depravity of inanimate things.'"

"I don't follow you exactly," said the other. "You mean—"

"I refer to things that, apparently, with malice aforethought, lose themselves, and then turn up innocently at the moment one stops looking for them. The pins that slip out of places where they are needed and tie themselves into knots of concentrated obstinacy when it is of vital importance they should be removed; the letters that go astray when they are not misdirected; the insignificant trifles that make or wreck one's happiness; the coincidences seemingly brought to pass by an inconsequent and a mocking fate. My dear Trevorton, we are the sport of chance, and this is a mad world."

"There is method behind its madness," he answered, with slow thought. "Don't doubt it, Dudley. See," going across the room, "see below Du Maurier's sketch, the shadow of the little slipper. How pretty it is—pointed toe, Louis heel. It hung there so long the paper had time to fade around it. I shall rather miss it, do you know. Many a time, sitting here alone, I have woven romances about the thing. Heigho!"

"Drop down the sketch a trifle and hide the shade, Trevorton. So, out of sight out of mind."

"I think not," he answered. "A man may keep his shadows, and I shall let this one stay."





# Current Events Abroad.



WE are the spectators and witnesses of the most surprising events that have happened since Columbus happened on that "landfall" that turned out to be the outpost of a new world. No other event in the last four hundred years can compare in significance with those which have revealed to us that the four hundred millions of Mongols and Chinese who inhabit China and Japan are not the negligible factors in the world's populations which we believed them to be, but on the contrary, are peoples to be reckoned with, to be treated with and to be deferred to.

Within the past few years China, at least, has been classed among the dying nations. She was like some huge organism with a faint life at the heart, but whose outer limbs were the prey of every chance kite or buzzard with an appetite for benevolent assimilation that happened along. It is but two or three years since there was a general grab. Germany took Kiauchau, Russia "leased" Port Arthur, Great Britain appropriated a naval station at Wei-hai-wei, and assumed authority over a small circle of territory on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong. Italy, too, desired a *pied-a-terre*, but China drew the line at Italy, and so far as recollection serves, the Italians have not been able to make good their pretensions. These events were universally interpreted as the beginning of the end. The Boxer uprising, followed by the occupation of Peking and subsequent imposition of a money fine, was a part of the evidence. The spectacle was seen of a few hundred European troops marching through a country which could muster almost as many millions of inhabitants as there

were individuals in Count Waldersee's composite force.

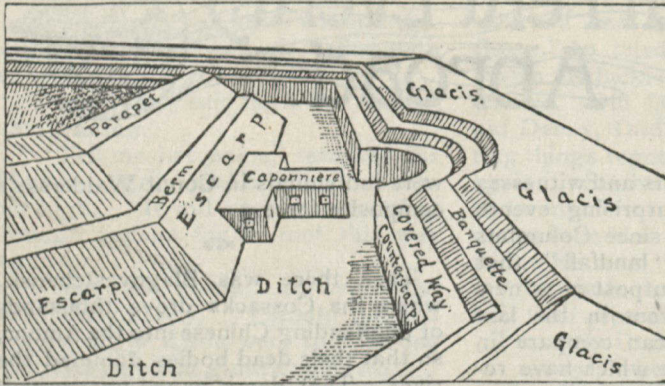
Then there was Blagovestchensk, where the Cossacks drove thousands of unoffending Chinese into the Amoor, so that their dead bodies dammed the river. That day is as yet unavenged; not even protested against. In short, the world has seen the most populous Empire that the sun looks upon being treated with less consideration than some horde of blacks in the heart of Africa. Is this to continue? Has not the fall of Port Arthur changed as by a piece of legerdemain the whole relations between the rest of the world and these portentous millions whose lack of organisation and direction has made them the favourite prey of European "enterprise?"

Japan itself is a sufficiently formidable power, but if it were possible to make China as effective in proportion, the little islanders themselves would recede to second place on the Pacific. This is a catastrophe which Japan will not strive to bring about. It will certainly be the aim of Japan not to raise a spectre which she could not exorcise. The temptation to secure Chinese aid in the task of curbing Russian ambitions may lead to that training and awakening of the Chinese which would have such an enormous influence on the course of events on this planet.

The possible dominance of China may be regarded, therefore, as a most unfortunate potentiality of Japanese success. But how if Russia had carried all before her? Would humanity be any better off or freer from danger? Russia had started to masticate Man-



## MILITARY ARCHITECTURE OF PORT ARTHUR FORT

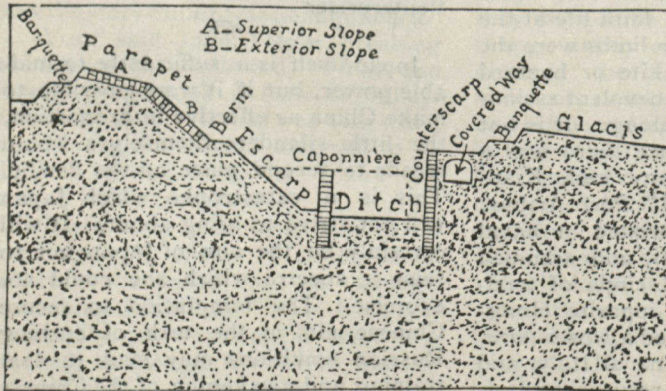


"Our sketch illustrates the terms which have been frequently mentioned in despatches describing attacks on the Port Arthur forts," says the accurate *Manchester Guardian*. "The approach to the defences shown above is conducted by parallels, that is, by lines of trenches parallel with the defences to be attacked, and advanced closer and closer by means of 'zigzag' trenches, the batteries advancing at the same time. The following is an explanation of the various terms:

"Glacis: The sloping descent toward the open country from the top of the ditch, cleared of any obstacles which might obstruct the fire of the defenders.

"Banquette: A step on which the defenders stand to fire over any parapet in front of them. Thus a banquette is shown a few feet below the level of the actual crest of the glacis. The defenders, standing on this, fire down the slope of the glacis. Another banquette is within the fort proper, a few feet below the parapet which rests on the escarp.

"Counterscarp: The face of the ditch nearest to the besiegers. There is thus a slight fall from the actual crest of the glacis to the banquette, and a further slight descent from the banquette to the top of the counterscarp.



"Covered Way: A passage in the counterscarp, running round the ditch. In this the defenders gather for a sortie, under protection from the besiegers' fire. It contains places of entrance and exit toward the inner works of the fort and the outside.

"The Ditch: Generally from 15 to 20 feet in depth and about 40 yards or more in breadth. The measurements, however, depend on the size of the other works.

"Caponniere: A covered work emerging out of the escarp and placed across the ditch. It contains guns, loopholes for musketry, etc., and exposes an enemy descending into and crossing the ditch to a fierce cross-fire. Hence the necessity to destroy the caponniere before the ditch is crossed.

"Escarp: The side of the ditch nearest to the inner fort.

"Berm: A step left between the escarp proper and the parapet. The parapet being of great weight, and pressing on the earth beneath (the escarp) tends to push it outward into the ditch. The berm is a device to relieve the pressure.

"Parapet: The rampart of the fort proper, sloping downward to the berm. Standing on the banquette, on the inner side of the parapet, the defenders have a clear field of fire over the escarp, trench, counterscarp, and glacis."

churia. She would not have stopped there. What would have happened if Russia had been able to arm and train hosts of Chinese fighting-men to carry out her Asiatic programme? The nations might well tremble at such a prospect. If China must have a bear-leader it is better that it should be Japan than Russia. What use will Japan make of her victory? Her leaders have an ambition to be thought civilised and modern. It is not rash to expect that they will always be found favourable to whatever is for the liberalising and enlightening of the East. They are the masters of the Pacific. They are sure to emerge from this struggle with greater maritime strength than when they entered it. They have lost some ships, but they have also gained some, and by the time their engineers have dealt with the sunken hulks in Port Arthur harbour, and have said their final word at Vladivostok, they will be more fit to meet an enemy at sea than they were on February 8, 1904. That is the master-key to the whole situation.



Even if we suppose that some months hence Kuropatkin would smash his way back to the walls of Port Arthur, what a hopeless task would still be his! The taking of the fort from General Stoessel was an enormous trial even for the not-to-be-denied Japanese. They had everything in their favour. Not a pound of food or ammunition could reach the garrison. The besiegers on the other hand were within two or three days' communication by sail with their own country. If Kuropatkin could get down to Port Arthur he would be only lengthening the lines of communication with his real base so many miles away. The besieged town could only be invested on three sides. On the fourth it would be open to the ships of all the world for the receipt of food, ammunition and medical supplies, for the supply of recruits and the externing of the sick and wounded. To subdue Port Arthur under such conditions would be a task that might well give pause to the most resolute, dogged and blood-careless commander.

The plight of Russia is truly epic. Whatever course is taken appears to lead inevitably to disaster. The second Baltic fleet is hung up in ocean, not knowing whether to proceed and fight or turn tail and fly. There is no spot of ground between Vladivostock and the Baltic where it can throw out its cables on a Russian wharf. At last accounts it was hovering off the coast of Madagascar, afraid to remain in territorial waters for fear of compromising French neutrality. If it decides to take the homeward track the Japanese will undoubtedly proceed to annoy Vladivostock. From this time until the opening of spring that harbour will be sealed in ice so that it will not be necessary for the fleet to do any

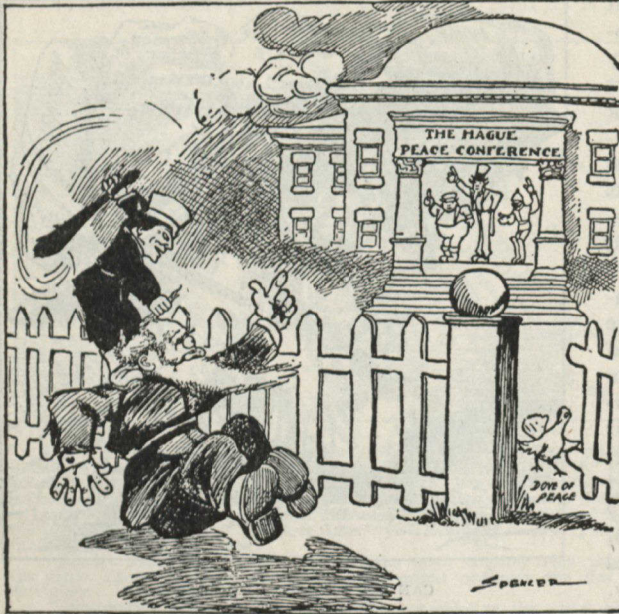


CAN HE PICK IT UP?—Selected

blockading work. If the Japanese can cut the railway to the west Russia's second eastern stronghold will be isolated from all the world. The position of the great Empire is like that of a strong man in a nightmare. On her vast bulk a spell has fallen like a paralysis. It has been shown by calculation that the Siberian railway is hard put to it to maintain a stream of supplies sufficient for 300,000 men. Perhaps in these estimates the possibilities of local food supply have not been sufficiently considered. At all events, if the railway was inadequate in summer how much less adequate must it be in a Siberian winter? The difficulties with which the Russian commander is struggling are truly Homeric.

Humanly speaking, Russia is beaten. Nothing but a succession of miracles could rescue her from the morass in which she is mired. Pride prevents her from acknowledging her overthrow, but pride cannot win battles nor fight against fate. The sublime Romanoff will have to sue for peace. That event will not close the drama; it will be the opening of one, as





RUSSIA IS JUST A LITTLE TOO BUSY TO ACCEPT AN INVITATION TO ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE—Selected.

our children's children will know. Russian ambition in the Far East will be greatly circumscribed, but can so vast a power be cribbed, cabined and confined at all points? Will not her activities in the direction of the Sea of Marmora, the Persian Sea and India be correspondingly intensified? To the minds of Russian officials, the helplessness of the Baltic fleet for lack of coaling stations and Russian ports of call must be matter of intense chagrin. How convenient at the present moment would a stronghold in the Persian Gulf be! The efforts of the great northern Colossus to gain access to ports where she can breathe more freely will be a part of the history of the future. We may be sure that when the terms of peace are drawn an effort will be made to tie Russia down to an Asiatic *status quo*, with Japan, Great Britain, and perhaps other powers as guarantors.

In the meantime the whole country is rocking and seething with internal agitation. The representatives of what we would call the municipalities were evidently desirous of constituting themselves a body which would have been the germ of a Parliament. When they assembled in Moscow, however, they were not actually forbidden to meet, but they were circumscribed in every possible way. *The Anglo-Russian*, a monthly published in London, England, by Jaakoff Prelooker, hails this meeting of the Zemstvos as the beginning of a revolution. In the latest number he says:—"The outcry: 'Autocracy is the foe! Down with Autocracy!' resounds now from all lips, from the temples of learning, public halls, and Zemstvo assemblies down to workingmen's gatherings and street demonstrations. The bear has awakened, and no power on earth can now send him to sleep again. Political rioting, armed conflicts with the police and the military with bloodshed on both sides have become quite the order of the day in most of the important towns. It is, indeed, the beginning of revolution, of an internal war, which cannot even be called civil war inasmuch as practically the conflict is between citizens on one side, and the police and the military at the disposal of the Autocracy on the other side." Prince Kropotkin puts the same interpretation on these events, but allowance must be made for the personal equation in both cases.

John. A. Ewan.



# WOMAN'S SPHERE



## GIRLS' COLLEGES

THERE are nineteen hundred girls attending the twelve girls' residential schools and colleges in Toronto. This number, although including the day pupils at these schools, does not include girls attending any small or private school—only those giving the full academic course leading up to the university.

Glen Mawr, Miss Veal's school on Spadina Avenue, is one of the most noted of the Toronto colleges, having been widely and favourably known for many years.

St. Margaret's College, on Bloor street, now has on its register one hundred and fifty students, and is fast gaining the place of first importance in Toronto. George Dickson, M.A., late principal of Hamilton Collegiate Institute and Upper Canada College, is the leading director, and with Mrs. Dickson as lady principal, St. Margaret's is an ideal girl's home—both intellectually and otherwise. A trip through the large building showed elegant dining-rooms, with their long tables spread with spotless linen and polished china, up-to-date class rooms, art department, practice rooms and chapel. An immaculate kitchen showed utensils and everything used in domestic science; a large, model garden bore evidence of practical exhibitions in gardening, and the spacious grounds told of many a health-giving game of tennis. The class-rooms at St. Margaret's have been recently built especially for the work, and excellent attention has been given to the ventilation. In every room, although the air is

warm, it is perfectly fresh, the bad air being carried off by means of gas jets arranged in fireplaces, the hot air coming up from the furnace through registers.

"We have limited our resident students to forty," Mr. Dickson said. "This is so the home life can be well regulated and good. Our girls are doing very fine work. They publish their own college paper, *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, which is entirely a girl's paper. Our college goes in a body to hear all the big musical things that come to the city. When possible, we get a programme beforehand, and the numbers are explained to the students. Then they go prepared. Afterwards they write criticisms, which are published in the *Chronicle*. A review of the current number of this journal shows certainly a creditable production.

St. Margaret's, aside from its preparatory work for the university, prepares also for the Conservatory and colleges of music. Every Friday evening the pupils give a piano performance in order to gain confidence in playing before the public. There are more pupils from St. Margaret's taking the examinations of the Conservatory than all the other girls' colleges combined.

Havergal Ladies' College, which leads the list in point of attendance, has three hundred and fifty on its roll. Its limited number of resident students are in a splendid home, where the devotional life is particularly strong. The appointments at Havergal are all of the very first, and this ladies' college



is perhaps the first residential girls' school in Canada to separate the junior from the senior girls. Its aim is to keep the children childlike while they are young, and to occupy them with tastes and interests suitable to their age, so they will not busy themselves prematurely with the graver questions which must be present with girls of mature age. The college realises that the younger girls need, besides, a different discipline from that of older girls. There must be a more unquestioning obedience as well as more outlet for fun. They must have a play-room of their own, and go earlier to bed.

Havergal attaches much importance to the sports of the college. There are large lawns used for basket-ball and tennis in summer and skating in winter. This rink is used not only in the daytime, but in the evening, when teachers and girls skate for an hour before retiring. Dr. Caven holds that this exercise at the close of the day's work has been very instrumental in keeping off illness of all kinds. At the signing of the reports last June, the principal was surprised to find that girls who had been listless in their study and life formerly, had awakened to much life and interest in their work. On enquiring about it, she was usually told by the form mistress that the girls were in the basket-ball team. "Those who lead the games soon begin to lead the classes also, and control of mind follows control of body," said the principal. "The great point is to see that the rules of sport are as strictly observed by the girls as they would be by boys, and that they treat opponents with fairness and consideration."

Havergal last year had an average attendance of 115 boarders and 208 day girls. The resident staff numbered 25, and visiting teachers 18, making 43. The year's work was finished without accident or break of any kind from serious illness.

Bishop Strachan School, with its hundred and seventy-five students, needs no eulogy, as it is too old an

institution and too well known. Special attention is given to the fine arts, and in every way is it a splendid seat of learning for the daughters of the Episcopalian Church. It was established in 1867, with the object of giving a thorough general education based on Church principles, and since then it has constantly kept pace with the advance of knowledge. The school is in large grounds on College Street, with space for tennis and croquet lawns, a nine-hole putting green, a bicycle track and a cricket field. An addition has lately been added to the building containing six single rooms for resident pupils and mistresses, four class-rooms, a studio, a manual work-room and a gymnasium. A fine, two-manual pipe organ, blown by a water-motor, has recently been built in the chapel to facilitate the growing demand for the study of the organ in connection with the services of the Church.

Branksome Hall probably stands alone in its noble striving after pure English. Girls are taken in very early, and thus every chance is grasped. This year a course of twenty lectures on "The History of English Literature" is being given by Rev. Alex. MacMillan, of St. Enoch's Church, and, although a broad education is furnished, that the pupils may be well balanced in learning, the natural gifts of the pupils are noted and developed. The school keeps in the foreground, however, the development of character, "for," as Miss Scott said, "since women are the home-makers, and the home is the foundation of individual and national strength, a high ideal of their privileges and responsibilities will be inculcated. I am fully persuaded that the Bible is the foundation of all true moral as well as religious development, and the Word of God is carefully studied." Ample opportunity is also afforded the girls to prepare to preside over households with intelligence, dignity and practical knowledge.

No one, who has not made a personal call at the colleges and met the earnest and excellent principals, can



form any idea of the importance or magnitude of the life there. Mrs. Gregory, the lady principal of Toronto Presbyterian Ladies' College, with its hundred girls, opened her dear, motherly heart to the writer, and said: "I wish that you could impress the people with the greatness—the importance—of the work to be done among our girls. We take the older girls here, and their problems are many and varied. A number of them are of an age when they must be allowed to think and act for themselves. It is their right, and we will not say to them 'Do this' or 'Do that.' We must reason with them. Some come from rich homes and indulgent parents, and have no idea of the serious side of life. It is this for which we must prepare them. We are ready and anxious to help them, but it takes time to win some of them. Often and often have I taken a dear, mistaken girl to my heart and talked and reasoned with her until she saw things differently. I am here to look especially after the home life of the girls, and my mother-heart is large enough for all of them."

"Yes," continued Mr. Gregory, the principal, "although we have a strong academic course—splendid teachers, music, art and physical culture—and are constantly aiming to make it even stronger, we realise that this course must play but a small part in a girl's future life. It is to make our girls into strong women, intellectually, physically, morally and spiritually, that we are working, and for this the home life of the college must answer."

"There is one type of girl," Mrs. Gregory said, "that is better away from the co-education of the high schools and universities, while others are benefited by the stronger element one gets in co-education. But we are prepared to carry those who wish it on into the university work."

St. Joseph's Convent, with two hundred and fifty-two girls in attendance; Loretto Abbey, with two hundred and fifty; Glen Mawr, with a hundred and twenty-five; Westbourne, with one hundred; St. Monica's with eighty;

and Parkdale Church School, which we include because it is on the eve of becoming a residential school, with its eighty-eight pupils, are all excellent, with fine courses and very select. Much that has been said of the schools enlarged upon applies also to others of these, but all are one in their high ideals, noble aspirations and good spiritual life.

Toronto may well be proud of its girls' resident schools. *B. J. T.*

#### WOMEN WRITERS

ARE Canadian women being just to Canadian women writers?

Here is a question of some importance. If what Canadian women write is Canadian literature—there are those who deny it—then it should receive as much consideration as that written by men. At present this is hardly the position of affairs. What the men write appeals to everybody; what the women write, being mostly of a lighter vein, may have less reason for general recognition. Hence the women of leisure, the women of breeding and education should see the literary work of their sisters is not overlooked.

I venture the assertion, and I do it with considerable knowledge of Canadian book-selling, that there are not 1,000 women in the whole of this broad country able to give the names of two Canadian women who have written a volume. Not long ago, two young women who were attending the Normal School in Toronto were taking tea with me. I asked them the name of their favourite Canadian author—and they hesitated. At first they confessed they didn't have any. Finally, one of them fancied she liked Gilbert Parker—the only Canadian author she could name. They knew Tennyson, Shakespeare, George Eliot, Pansy, Annie S. Swan and Marie Cor-elli; but of Canadian writers they were absolutely ignorant. Yet within two months, those two young women were licensed to teach in the public schools.



On my shelves I find the following novels by Canadian women:

By the Queen's Grace, Virna Sheard.

A Maid of Many Moods, Virna Sheard.

Trevelyan's Little Daughters, Virna Sheard.

Little Lords of Creation, H. A. Keays.

The Mormon Prophet, Lily Dougall.

The Story of Sonny Sahib, Mrs. Cotes.

The Path of a Star, Mrs. Cotes.

The Imperialist, Mrs. Cotes.

Diane of Ville Marie, Blanche L. Macdonell.

Cot and Cradle Stories, Mrs. Traill.

Crowned at Elim, Stella E. Asling.

Where the Sugar Maple Grows, Adeline M. Teskey.

Gabriel Præd's Castle, Alice Jones.

Bubbles We Buy, Alice Jones.

The Night-Hawk, Alice Jones.

The Untempered Wind, Joanna E. Wood.

A Daughter of Witches, Joanna E. Wood.

Judith Moore, Joanna E. Wood.

Farden Ha', Joanna E. Wood.

Tilda Jane, Marshall Saunders.

Rose à Charlitte, Marshall Saunders.

Committed to His Charge, R. and K. M. Lizars.

Heralds of Empire, Agnes C. Laut.

A Detached Pirate, Helen Milecete.

In addition, there are a few volumes of poetry and one or two more serious books.

This is an inadequate collection, but I hope to enlarge it in the future. I buy only as I am able to read. Each of the above has received some attention, and there is not one that I care to part with. I want them for my children, and I hope that they will treasure them with pride as "Mother's Canadian books." It seems as if it would be more genuine, more meaningful than "Mother's United States books."

Perhaps I am not setting a very high standard before me, but it seems impossible to understand the life of the country, if one does not examine it

through the eyes of our cleverest women.

Mary Emerson.

#### THE THEATRE

THE women of Toronto and of Montreal will tolerate almost anything on the stage. They seem to forget that the one privilege remaining to them is that of discountenancing actresses who bring disgraceful plays. Instead they consent to go to hear the vilest of conversation and the most suggestive kind of acting.

Montreal has recently been visited by a lady whom the *Gazette* describes in the words:

"MADAME REJANE'S ART IS  
SIZZLING"

The lady played "Ma Cousine" at "His Majesty's" and charged extra prices. The play itself is not so bad, but it would hardly be allowed into Sunday-schools. It deals with the love-problem of married people—as it is in Paris, not in Canada. As for the actress herself, the following paragraph from the *Gazette* is both clever and to the point:

"This Rejane sense of humour, which in reality amounts to mischief, was constantly called in play in her character last night. In "Ma Cousine" it illumined her work until the role of Riquette, actress of the Theatre des Fantaises-Amoureuses, became a brilliant, sparkling, and as many thought last night, extremely naughty creature. Her sense of fun may almost be said to be unique, so different is it from the brand handed out by English and American "funny people," to evoke a laugh. In her light moods (and she was nothing else last night), the actress reminded you of nothing so much as of a mischievous child who delights in doing those little risqué things it knows it really ought not to do. And so it came to pass that the audience found Rejane doing things that must have shocked many or, at least, made them sit up. To witness her pantomimic dance in Act II, when madame, in afternoon reception dress, literally girded up her loins and proceeded to execute something in the way of a Parisian dance. It was a touch of realism which, to say the least, bordered on the vulgar, nor was it lessened by the devilish wink in madame's eye. True, she was endeavouring to allure a man by the dance. She succeeded, but incidentally shocked a large audience."



# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## INDEPENDENCE



HERE is a cry just now for more independence among journalists, members of parliament and publicists. The cry in its present form is misdirected. Independence can arise in this country only by being born in the heart and mind of the average citizen. If party government has become partisan government, the blame is on the average citizen. It is his fault if politicians and publicists have become demagogues and manipulators; if the press is partisan in every fibre of its being. If he places party above conscience, above good government, he cannot expect the men whom he elects to have a different standard.

When audiences learn to refrain from applauding the blustering utterances of partisans and acquire the habit of cheering the man who is dignified, fair and free from frenzy, the public men of the day will infuse a higher tone into their speeches and discussions. When the supporters of a particular party learn to protest against a resorting to underhand and unfair methods of party warfare, these methods will become unpopular. When the people cease to cry "demagogue," "manipulator," and "corruptionist" at every public man on the other side of politics, these terms will be of some service to describe a few isolated individuals who deserve them. When the people in the constituencies learn to vote for independent candidates—Independent Conservatives and Independent Liberals—there will be more independence in the Legislatures and in the House of Commons. At present there are not ten constituencies in Canada where a candidate not owning

allegiance to one or other of the parties could get votes enough to save his deposit. The independent candidate is the mutual enemy of the party worker and party voter.

When the people who buy newspapers learn to protest against misleading statements and slanderous insinuations in the editorials of their favourite journal, the editors will cease to write them. At present if there is a particularly slanderous editorial in a daily paper there is likely to be a considerable number of narrow-minded citizens call on the editor to offer him congratulations. An honest protest is likely to have a cool reception. Hence it is that there are many papers in Canada which exist only because of their partisanship, though they serve no useful public purpose, and do but absorb a portion of the revenue which should go to journals that at least make some attempt to be honest and fair.

The voter who boasts that he never cast a Liberal vote in his life, or the man who swells his chest over never having cast a Conservative ballot in his twenty-five years of suffrage-using, is a man to be pitied. Personally, I do not believe in a Third Party, an Independent Party, a Labour Party, or a Socialist Party, but I do sincerely believe in such independence among Liberals and Conservatives as will tend to uphold the right and to suppress the wrong. I have met a great many members of Parliament and I have to acknowledge that I believe that the percentage of genuine independence, broad-based patriotism and intelligent citizenship is higher in these men than in the great body of the electors. I believe that most of them use their partisanship only when it is necessary for the pur-



pose of maintaining their position in the party, and that this unavoidable use of it is extremely distasteful to them.

The people who ask the politicians, publicists and editorial writers to be independent must first be independent themselves, and all these things will be added unto them.



#### THE NOMINATING CONVENTION

THE absence of interest on the part of business men in the working of the Nominating Convention is one of the weakest points in our political life.

The Ward Association meets to choose delegates to the Nominating Convention of the Riding. This is the first step. In this Ward Association meeting one finds a few young mechanics, a dozen lawyers, two or three business men, and a large number of party hacks. The party hacks outnumber the respectable element. At such a meeting in Toronto recently, a fireman, who, I believe, did not even live in the ward, was in command of a band of fifty young men and old who voted yea and nay as he, standing in front of them, directed. If a man was nominated whom he did not know his fifty votes went solid against that particular nominee. This is but one example of how ignorance, prejudice and self-interest predominate at such gatherings of free and intelligent electors.

Because the Ward Association meetings are not attended by the educated men—who sit in their cosy libraries and read editorials on political corruption—the result is a packed Nominating Convention. That is, it is packed with the friends of the candidate who took most interest in the proceedings, the candidate with the greatest desire to be elected or with the most money to spend. The Convention is called to order, and the rest of the proceedings are farcical. Amid greet cheering, the candidate who has spent his time and money in having the Convention packed, is chosen as the standard-

bearer of the party. He feels the weight of the responsibility thus so suddenly and so unexpectedly thrust upon him. He promises to do everything he can to be elected and to get offices and contracts for those who are most faithful and most persistent. He paints the errors and weaknesses of the other party in lurid colours, and does all he can to arouse the worst instincts of those whom he addresses. In a short time, if he be clever, they are a crowd of snarling beasts, longing for the blood of their opponents.

And all this time the university professor, the immaculate doctor, the white-tied editor, the kid-gloved merchant, the fashion-plate broker and the high-browed financier are about their own business. "Politics are rotten," they say, "we wouldn't touch them." And so the governing of the country is in the hands of the working classes and the lawyers. The working classes must be manipulated, cajoled, driven, deceived and convinced. The lawyers, the younger lawyers, do the work. This, by the way, is the first step in the training of a judge. As soon as a lawyer has manipulated half a dozen nominating conventions he is made a county-court judge.

But it would be unwise to do away with nominating conventions. They are necessary to give us members of Parliament—and they are necessary to the selection of our future justices.



#### SALARIES AND REPUTATION

THE time has arrived when the salaries of the Dominion Cabinet Ministers and the Supreme Court Judges should be materially increased. The pay of the members of Parliament has recently had a reasonable increase from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a session, and that is sufficient for them at present. The salaries of the Executive and the Chief Judiciary are, however, still inadequate.

In the United States the President gets \$50,000 a year, and it is proposed to increase this to \$100,000, while the



Vice-President gets \$8,000, which may be increased to \$20,000. The Premier of Canada has not all the duties of the President and Vice-President because the Governor-General relieves him of much of the costly entertaining which is required at Ottawa. On the other hand, he has some duties in connection with his seat in the House of Commons which the President has not. His present salary of \$9,500 is quite inadequate and should be increased to \$15,000 at least. The Cabinet Ministers with portfolios, if generously treated, should receive \$12,500 each instead of \$8,500, though as compared with the Cabinet officers of the United States they are already fairly well remunerated.

The pay of the Supreme Court judges should be increased from \$5,600 to \$10,000 a year. The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States receive \$12,500, and it is proposed to increase this to \$20,000. A prominent lawyer may earn \$15,000 to \$20,000 in the practice of the profession. The very best men should be chosen for our Supreme Court, and there is quite enough sacrifice when a lawyer surrenders \$5,000 or \$10,000 a year to serve his country in its chief court. Besides, these judges have social obligations which must not be overlooked.

Just at this stage in the country's development, the most honoured and most distinguished citizens should be found in the Cabinet and the Supreme Court. On these two bodies depends our future success. The Cabinet decides the administrative and legislative policy, the Supreme Court the judicial policy. The majority of the House of Commons may be men of mediocre ability, men who know little beyond the mere routine of manipulating a riding, but that body cannot go far wrong if the Cabinet of the day be strong, virile and intellectual. The judges in the provinces may be weak,

or may be swayed by different sets of prejudices, ideals or ideas, but the judicial theories of the constitution will be upheld if there is a strong Supreme Court.

There has never been a whisper of reproach against any member, past or present, of the Supreme Court of Canada. They have been honourable and upright men. The families of the present and future members should be provided for, their financial burdens should be lightened, and then their best efforts will be always at the service of the State.

The Cabinet Ministers since 1867—to go no farther back—have been honourable men with one or two exceptions. Most of them have given more than they received; few having increased their worldly possessions during their term of office. To be sure, it is presumed that the honour of being a member of His Majesty's Privy Council in Canada is supposed to be an honour quite adequate as a reward for the sacrifice required. Perhaps it would be were it not that there has grown up in this country a practice of sneering at public men. Every move they make is regarded with suspicion. Every motive is dissected for alien elements. The party press teems at times with unpatriotic, unjustifiable and irresponsible insinuations concerning the leading publicists and parliamentarians of the day. Indeed, the growth of intelligence in the press seems to be confined mainly to the advertising and circulation departments. Where there is wrong to be exposed and condemned, the newspaper editors are justified in speaking plainly and frankly, but instead of reserving their thunder for great occasions they dissipate it in creating a series of small shocks which are decidedly infantile in character. If this could be changed, a Cabinet Minister's position might be made as desirable an honour here as it is in Great Britain.

*John A. Cooper*



# About New Books.



## THE ATTITUDE

IT is not the thing itself, it is our attitude towards it. Books are useless until examined and read; and even then the reading is barren effort unless one reads with a purpose.

When you buy books do not decide on the book to buy by the size of the advertisement you read. If you hear that a book is equal to anything Scott or Dickens, or Kingsley or Hawthorne ever wrote, beware of it. Exaggeration is the bane of modern publishing. Remember that you went crazy over "David Harum" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and that these books are already forgotten. You loved dear old "Mrs. Wiggs," but she will be gone in a day or two. Do not let the money-making publisher excite you. There are a lot of fine people in the world who have not yet read any one of these three volumes. That now much-tooted book "The Masquerader" will be forgotten in a day or two—just wait.

What do you want from books? Is your demand merely for something to kill time, give you chills and "creeps" and keep you awake an hour longer in the evening? Then buy dime novels, they are so much cheaper. Is it to be able to say that you have read the current books? If so, you are lacking in judgment and taste. You are in the five-o'clock-tea, most-delightful-don't-you-know-oh-rather class. Get out of it. Shake the dust of it off your feet, and go up higher.

What should books give you? A knowledge of things unknown, a better grip on life by a greater knowledge of what is real and true, a wider human sympathy, a greater knowledge of the ethical issues of life. They should give you a profounder, broader

view of civilisation; teaching you how to become greater in moral power, in ethical balance, and in mental equipment.

There are men and women in Canada to-day who are drunken and besotted with trashy novels. There are public and Sunday-school libraries in this country that do not circulate a hundred good books a year. There are bookstores in Canada and book-departments of large stores that do more to destroy the human intellect than any half-dozen cigarette stores in the same town or city. The stalls of these stores are filled with the scourgings, the filth, the leavings of the United States market—bought at a bargain, sold at a bargain plus a percentage. Better one volume of Scott, Dickens or George Eliot than a hundred bargain volumes, written, printed and bound in the slums of New York.



## THE SEA-WOLF

JACK LONDON should have called his book "Wolf Larsen," not "The Sea-Wolf."\* The title chosen makes one think of an animal book, whereas the former title would have clearly indicated that it was the story of a Danish sea-captain, a man with a wolfish nature. Mr. London might reply that Wolf Larsen was an animal, and hence the title was not inappropriate. True, indeed, but animals do not read Spenser and Browning, do not delight in Omar Khayyam, do not command a sailing schooner in the sealing business. In so far as Wolf Larsen believed in brute strength he was an animal. Besides, he believed in neither right nor wrong:

\*The Sea Wolf, by Jack London. Toronto: Morang & Co. Illustrated.



"Might is right, and that is all there is to it. Weakness is wrong. Which is a very poor way of saying that it is good for one's self to be strong, and evil for one's self to be weak—or better yet, it is pleasurable to be strong because of the profits; painful to be weak because of the penalties."

Larsen believed in strength as the arbiter of destiny; and, therefore, when he picked up "Sissy" Van Weyden, author and critic, in the open sea, and pulled him on board, he made him cabin boy, so that he might gain strength of body to assist his strength of intellect. Van Weyden objected, but his objections were overruled, and he was practically a slave along with all others who served on the *Ghost* under the most terrible tyrant in the North Pacific.

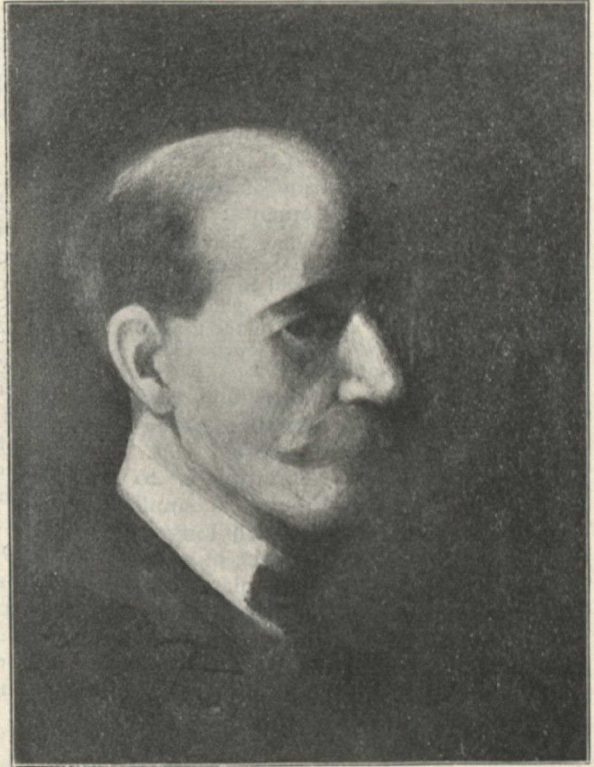
This Scandinavian Lucifer is a character; whether he was worth creating is another question. He is a white-skinned, fair-haired savage born a few centuries too late.

"The frivolity of the laughter-loving Latins is no part of him. When he laughs it is from humour that is nothing else than ferocious. But he laughs rarely; he is too often sad, and it is sadness as deep-reaching as the roots of the race. It is the race heritage, the sadness which has made the race sober-minded, clean-lived and fanatically moral, and which, in this latter connection, has culminated among the English in the Reformed Church and Mrs. Grundy."

On this hell-ship Van Weyden had some startling experiences.

"Brutality had followed brutality, and flaming passions and cold-blooded cruelty had driven men to seek one another's lives and to strive to hurt, maim and destroy. My nerves were shocked. My mind itself was shocked. All my days had been passed in comparative ignorance of the animality of man. In fact, I had known life only in its intellectual phases."

How Van Weyden rose to be mate; how Miss Brewster, another waif of the sea, a poetess bound on a pleasure-trip to Japan, was picked up and



W. A. FRASER  
Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.  
*From a Painting by himself*

kept a prisoner among these brutal men; how these two fell in love with each other, and strove to avoid a common fate; how they escaped in an open boat, and were shipwrecked on a small island, where two hundred thousand seals were the only inhabitants; how they finally escaped—this makes up a thrilling story.

MR. HOWELLS SLIPS

**WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS** should hire an editor to go over his proofs, or his publishers should do it for him. Here are two sentences from his latest story, "The Son of Royal Langbrith:"\*

"Her backyard, between this porch and the stable, was as clear as the front yard,

\*New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: The Poole Pub. Co.



which dropped from the terrace where the house stood, and sloped three yards and no more to the white paling fence, in the gloom of four funereal firs, cropped upward as their boughs died of their own denseness, till their trunks showed as high as the chamber windows."

The second is like unto this, though not such a conglomeration of more or less loosely related statements:

"She was constantly finding him in the house of affliction, which she visited in her own quality of good angel, and it was without surprise or any feeling of coincidence that she now met him coming to the gate of a common patient, which she opened next after closing Mrs. Langbrith's."

The separation of "gate" and "which" makes the sentence ridiculous. At best it is too "loose."

If Mr. Howell's reputation is to depend on this book, in even a small measure, it will not last much longer. As a story it is flat; as a piece of writing it is execrable in many places; as a literary production it sorely lacks the fire of genius. It seems too bad that the Dean of United States literature should have fallen upon such weak days.

#### MR. CARMAN'S ESSAYS

**B**LISS CARMAN'S two volumes of Essays show his genius in a new light. In the first, "The Kinship of Nature,"\* he discourses on the art life, strenuousness, beauty, ugliness, the luxury of being poor, and varying phases of nature. Each little essay is a literary gem, redundant in thought-producing power and suggestive phrases. In his second, "The Friendship of Art," he follows up his work in the first volume, laying stress on the artistic phases of life in opposition to the material. In other words, the first volume deals mainly with the objective side of life; the second with the subjective. Here are some of the headings from the latter: The Burden of Joy, The Tides of the Mind, The Training of Instinct, Speech-culture and Literature, The Secret of Art, Sanity and Art, The Creative Spirit, The Critical Spirit and Vanitas Vanitatum.

\*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$2.00.

Both volumes may safely be highly recommended and, being by a Canadian, have a special significance for the people of the country.

#### NOTES

Who has not heard of the Paisley shawl, once so important a part of a lady's trousseau? Matthew Blair is the author of a volume entitled "The Paisley Shawl and the Men Who Produced It."\* This is beautifully illustrated with coloured plates showing the chief patterns used. It is especially interesting and valuable to all those interested in the application of art to industry. The men who made these fabrics were full of love for their artistic trade, and the lesson of their lives should never be forgotten.

The British War Office has issued a "Report of the Survey of Canada" by Major C. H. Hills, C.M.G. The idea in its preparation was to find, first, the value of the present maps of Canada; second, the adequacy of the existing survey; and third, the lines along which future surveys should proceed. The author makes important recommendations.

A very dainty volume of quotations is issued by T. N. Foulis, 3 Frederick Street, London, Eng. It is entitled "Seeds from the Garden of the World," and is by Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea).

Among recent minor publications are: "British Columbia's Claim for Better Terms," by George H. Cowan, Independent Ptg. Co., Vancouver, pp. 31. "Canadian Banking," by Duncan M. Stewart, Gen. Man. Sovereign Bank of Canada. Privately printed, Montreal, pp. 43. "Report of the Fifth Annual Meeting of The Canadian Forestry Association," Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa, pp. 127. "The Trust Company Idea and its Development," by Ernest Heaton, B.A., Oxon. Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co., pp. 45.

\*Paisley: Alexander Gardner. Cloth, quarto, 84 pp.





# Idle Moments.

A LA MEREDITH

## CHAPTER I

"Will you be mine, Felicia?"

"For how long, Albert?"

"For fifteen years, dearest."

"No; but I will for ten years."

"Can't you make it twelve?"

"No; ten is the limit."

"All right. Here's the ring. Take good care of it, for I may need it again."

## CHAPTER II

"Do you promise to take this woman for better or for worse for ten years?"

"Yes—subject, of course, to renewal of contract."

"Do you promise to love, honour and obey?"

"Yes; up to September 20, 1914."

"I pronounce you man and wife. Let no man put asunder in the meantime."

## CHAPTER III

(Ten years later)

"Well, Albert, your ten years are up to-day. Do you want an extension of the contract?"

"No, thanks, dearest. I'm booked for the next ten years with Fanny Bishop. Her contract with Charley Bishop expires soon, you know."

"Why, of course. How stupid of me to forget. In that case I'll accept Arthur Bridgeport for five years. His contract with Adelaide is up next Friday noon."

## CHAPTER IV

(Five years later)

"Whose little boy are you?"

"I'm Uncle Sam's little boy."

"Where are your parents, my lad?"

"Papa's doing six years with the

late Mrs. Bishop, and mamma, I understand, is married at present to Mr. Bridgeport. Her contract expires some time next month, though, she having failed to get a renewal. Mamma's getting old, you know."—*Chicago Tribune.*

■

## A GLADSTONE STORY

Mr. Chauncey Depew was breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone on a certain occasion; a number of other distinguished people were present, and the conversation turned on wealth.

"I understand, Mr. Depew," said Mr. Gladstone, 'you have a man in your country worth 200,000,000 dollars.'

"We have," said Mr. Depew.

"And this money is represented by securities in railroads, Government stock and other first-class investments which could be dealt in at any moment?"

"That is so."

"The owner of this wealth has power to provoke a panic and paralyse the trade of several countries!"

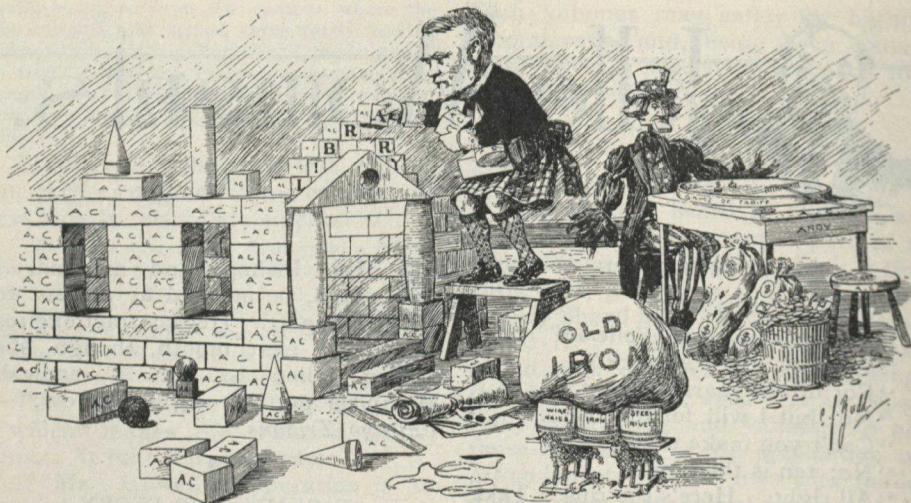
"He could," said Mr. Depew. 'But Mr. Vanderbilt is not the kind of man to do that.'

"Still," said Mr. Gladstone, 'it is dangerous for one man to possess so much wealth. It ought to be taken from him.'

"Mr. Depew pointed out that there was a man in England—the Duke of Westminster—who was also worth 200,000,000 dollars, and wished to know if Mr. Gladstone would desire that he should be dispossessed of his wealth in the same manner for the same reason.

"No," said Mr. Gladstone, 'be-





ANDY CARNEGIE AT PLAY

cause the Duke of Westminster is unable to part with his wealth—it is entailed.’”—*Selected*.

#### ANDY CARNEGIE

UNDER the title of “Our Boys,” *New York Life* is running a series of articles. Here is what it says about the man who is injuring Canada by presenting her with money which destroys her self-respect:

“This is Andy playing with his gilt blocks. He loves to make libraries out of them, though Uncle Sam says sometimes when he comes in and watches Andy playing with them, that Andy is a perfect nuisance. Andy always has his name printed on every block so they will not be lost in the shuffle, and Uncle Sam is afraid that this is because Andy is too forward, but then Uncle Sam doesn’t know everything.

“Andy loves to play all kinds of games, and when all the other little boys are around he loves to play horse with them. Andy is also very skilful at the game *Tariff* and he has beaten his Uncle Sam at it several times. Some Uncles would have gotten mad at this, but Andy’s Uncle Sam didn’t mind a bit, and only patted Andy on the back. Some of the poor little boys and girls

who live near Andy have thought he was a little snob, but that is only because they were jealous. If they would only read some of Andy’s compositions, they would know that he is all right.”

#### HIS RETURN

He was ten years old, and when he slipped out of the house at daylight he left a note for his mother saying he was going West to fight Indians. A discouraging combination of circumstances, in which hunger, weariness and fear all played a part, made him think better of it, and he returned to the parental roof at 9.30 p.m. He was not received with open arms. Indeed, the family met him with coldness. The clock ticked, his father’s newspaper rattled, his big sister studied obtrusively; even his mother didn’t seem to care whether he came back or not. Nicodemus, the cat, not being in the secret, rose and rubbed his soft side caressingly against the culprit’s leg. He stooped to pet him, and then, with a last desperate attempt to start the ball of conversation, he demanded, homesickly: “Is this the same old cat you had when I went away?”—*Argonaut*.



# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## THE CARIBOU

**T**HROUGHOUT Mr. Hanbury's book on the Northland of Canada, there is much information about the caribou, the number of which will probably run into millions, incredible as this may seem. There is, however, difficulty in estimating accurately their habits. The author says (p. 120):

"There is no doubt that caribou migrate. They go south in large herds in the autumn, and north in the spring. They cross the country east of Great Slave Lake, around Artillery Lake, and some distance east of it. They do not appear on the main Ark-i-linik River, but between Aberdeen

and Schultz Lakes they pass with some regularity. The migration takes place on such a large scale, and over such a wide tract of country, that it has been assumed that all caribou migrate. The fact seems to be that the majority of the animals remain in the north throughout the year. I have myself shot caribou in winter along the west coast of Hudson Bay, and inland from the Bay; along the north and south coasts of Chesterfield Inlet; in the country north of the head of the Inlet as far as Garry Lake on Back's River. I have also killed them to the north and south of Baker, Aberdeen, and Schultz Lakes in winter, and I know



A DEER PITFALL AS MADE BY THE ESKIMO

They dig a hole six feet deep, and about it a wall four feet high. The deer walk up an easy slope, along which has been laid snow saturated with dogs' urine, of which the deer is fond. The thin roof gives way and the deer is trapped.

From "Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada"



others who have killed them in winter in the country about Wager River and Repulse Bay. On the Arctic coast, at White Bear Point, and on Kent Peninsula and at other places which will be mentioned later, caribou are always to be found during the winter. Thus, I think it may be held as proved that very great numbers of caribou do not migrate. In fact, if deer left the north in winter, the Eskimo on Back's River and southwards would have to leave it also, for their food is mostly deer's meat, the little musk-ox meat, seal, and fish they eat being scarcely worth considering. It is quite true that the animals which remain in the north frequently change their ground. They wander about, but their movements are not migratory.

"The third point to be noticed is, that, while many deer migrate, the course they will take cannot be predicted. The Yellow Knife and Dog Rib Indians and the Eskimo are careful observers of their movements, since their living mostly depends on the passing herds. They often state with confidence beforehand when and where deer will be found, but the information they give turns out wrong as frequently as right, and when they are shown to have been mistaken, they can only say they have never known it so before. The fact that famine befalls both Indians and Eskimo through failure of deer shows that they do not know the habits of these animals."

Their lack of fear is thus described:

"With long swinging trot a band of deer would approach to within three hundred yards or so, and would then stand stupidly staring at us as we passed. Then with an impudent snort, toss of the head, and jump in the air, they would be off. But their curiosity had been aroused, not satisfied, and with a dancing trot they would now advance to within a hundred yards of the sleighs, and then commence to cross our front, backwards and forwards, until their tongues lolled out, and they appeared to have enough of the game. The Huskies showed a

laudable amount of self-restraint on these occasions."

The caribou are found as far north as Kent Peninsula, which is almost an Island. On June 1st, in that region, the author's party shot seven bulls in the morning.

#### THE APPLE PROBLEM

A LARGE number of answers to the apple problem of last month have been received. The problem was as follows:

"Two women are accustomed to sell apples on the streets, the one giving three apples for a cent and the other two for a cent. It chanced one day that one woman fell ill, and handed over thirty apples to the other to sell for her. The latter had thirty apples to start with, and sold the sixty apples at five for two cents, receiving 24 cents in all. If each woman had sold her thirty apples separately, the price received would have been 25 cents. How was the one cent lost?"

Christina H. Hadcock, Woodstock:

"Each woman has 30 apples to sell. By the time 2nd woman sells '5 apples for 2 cents' 10 times, she has sold all of sick woman's apples at '3 for 1 ct.' and only 20 of her own at '2 for 1 ct.' If she sells the remaining 10 of her own apples at '5 for 2 cts.' she will only get 4 cts.; but if she had sold them at her own price, '2 for 1 ct.,' she would have got 5 cts. Hence difference of 1 ct."

W. B. Allison, Edmonton, N. W. T.;  
Annie Thompson, Queensboro, Ont.,  
and E. S. Stuart, Riverside, N. B.:

60 apples sold at 5 for 2c., or  $\frac{2}{3}$ c. per apple.

If 30 apples had been sold at 3 for 1c., or  $\frac{1}{3}$ c. each, and 30 apples had been sold at 2 for 1c., or  $\frac{1}{2}$ c. each, then the average price would be 2 apples for  $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3}$ , or  $\frac{5}{6}$ c.; or  $\frac{5}{12}$ c. each.

Difference  $\frac{5}{6} - \frac{5}{12} = \frac{5}{12}$ c. per apple, or 1c. on 60 apples.

Rossland subscriber, Rossland, B. C.:

The 3 for 1 cent apples would be at the rate of  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a cent per apple, the 2 for 1 cent at the rate of  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent per apple, therefore 5 apples (one-half from each woman's stock) would cost 2-12 cents, whereas the woman sold them for 2 cents, thereby entailing a loss of 1-12 of a cent on each parcel of 5 apples, or 1 cent on the whole 60 apples (12 parcels of 5 each).

These are the simplest solutions. Many of those received were unnecessarily long and complex. A year's subscription will be given for any such curious problem suitable for this column.



# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —  
Business Men.

## SPECIALISATION

“**O**f the artist, the scientist, the man of action, the danger lies in specialisation: the man has become absorbed in his trade; he is no longer a man, but a tradesman, whether his trade be commerce or art or philosophy. He can never be happy until he tries to be a man first of all, and wears his profession as lightly as he would wear a flower in his button-hole.”—From “Contentment,” by Bliss Carman.

## ANOTHER BOUNTY DESIRED

**O**F course, the habit of giving bounties must grow. If you give bounties on the production of steel rails, steel wires and lead matte, why not on everything?

This is the question the producers of copper ask. They met in Rossland on Dec. 9, and passed the following resolution:

“Resolved that in view of the great disadvantages under which gold and copper mining is labouring in this province, and the vast revenue derived from it by the Dominion Government, the Rossland Board of Trade do take steps to petition the Dominion Government to grant a bonus on copper as they have done on lead and iron, and that this board shall, as a preliminary step, invite the co-operation of the various boards of trade in the province with a view to presenting a unanimous memorial through our representatives in the Dominion Parliament.”

Why not a bounty on the production of gold also; then a bounty on the production of potatoes, cheese, petticoats, white mice and scarlet geraniums? Quebec Province gives a bounty on babies, and there is some talk that Mr. Sifton is preparing a bill to give a bounty on children born in the Ter-

ritories, the father of ten good, strong boys to be made a Dominion Senator or an agent of the Department of the Interior.

A Government that gives bounties ought to give them fairly, and only when there is some special, overwhelming reason. No such reason exists in the case of the present iron, steel and lead bounties, and the sooner the Government abandons them the more trouble it will avoid.

The Government might bonus magazines, of course, but they don't. Instead they allow United States magazines to come in free and charge Canadian printers twenty-five per cent. duty on any United States paper they may import. This works out as a tax of twenty-five per cent. on Canadian periodicals. A bounty of twenty-five per cent. instead of a tax of twenty-five per cent. would make the publishers very wealthy. But is not that the design of all bonuses?

## STREET RAILWAY PROFITS

**T**ORONTO is a large city and gets over \$500 a day from its street railway.

Ottawa is a small city and it would like to have a similar percentage of profit, but its early rulers were not so wise as were those of Toronto. The profits of the Ottawa railway were \$94,500 in 1903, and about \$100,000 in 1904. The capital of the company (including probably a little water) is one million dollars. If Ottawa could buy the system for that amount, and borrow the money at 4 per cent., the annual net profit to the city would be \$60,000. But Ottawa does not want to buy the railway just now, for the



simple reason that Ottawa distrusts its civic rulers.

#### THE NEW LONDON

[The majority of names in the new London Directory begin with Mac.]

I WEEP for London's vanished pride,  
I weep for London Scotified,  
Tear hair, wring hands and knock  
knees;  
Dim are my eyes, yet I can see  
My fellow-citizens will be  
Soon nothing but MacCockneys.

Our native tongue we'll mend or end  
And speak a Gaelic-Cockney blend,  
Kail-brose serve for our feeding,  
And we will don plaid, kilt, etcet—  
No, no! unless I quite forget,  
"Etcetera" were misleading.

Our sport shall be hop-scotch alone,  
Bagpipes in every street shall drone  
(This chief cause of my groans is),  
And we shall hold as idle myths  
That this was erst the home of Smiths  
And Robinsons and Joneses.

M. S. in *London Chronicle*.

#### RECIPROCITY

CAMPBELL SHAW, of Buffalo, formerly chairman of the National Committee on Reciprocity with Canada, proposes a new policy, which is as follows:

##### PROPOSED NEW POLICY

1. That a joint commission be established for the purpose of instituting and developing a community-of-interests policy for that portion of the continent embracing the United States and Canada.
2. That the measures agreed upon by the joint commission be carried out by concurrent legislation.
3. That the joint commission be empowered to arrange for a gradual reduction each succeeding year of duties upon natural products, until all natural products are on the free list.
4. That the joint commission arrange for an agreement upon the following matters:

The bonding privilege to be assured, and simplified to prevent delays.

Protection of fisheries on Atlantic and Pacific coasts and in waters of common frontiers.

Protection of sealing industry in Pacific waters.

Abolition of Alien Labour Law.

Mining rights to aliens.

Right to construct naval vessels on the Great Lakes for use on the seas.

Maintenance of deep water in the Great Lakes' route to the seaboard.

Wrecking and salvage rights in common.  
Conveying prisoners across over-border territory.

Better marking of border where insufficiently defined.

Readers will please notice that the pill is sugared.

#### A SCHOOL OF COLONIAL HISTORY

ONE piece of munificence often begets another, and the institution of "Rhodes scholars" at Oxford has now led to the endowment of a school of Colonial History there by Mr. Beit, says the *London Chronicle*. The endowment, which is to cost £1,310 a year, provides for a resident professor, assistant lecturers, a prize for an annual essay, and the purchase of books. Wisely administered, it will be the means of establishing a most valuable School of Colonial History. It is badly needed. Mr. Beit, in his letter to the Vice-Chancellor, speaks of the need being especially great "amongst those who, under the provisions of Mr. Rhodes's will, come to Oxford from all parts of the Empire." Certainly it is only proper that Colonial students coming to a British University should have the means of studying Colonial history. But this is a branch of knowledge which might be extended, even more usefully, among English students. The average Englishman's ignorance of Colonial history is, we fear, extensive and peculiar; it is probably surpassed only by his ignorance of Colonial geography.

#### NEW COMMERCIAL COURSE

THE University Council of Manitoba University has decided to add a commercial department as a regular course of study. A special committee had been appointed to investigate, and recommended this course of action. The scheme is to have a two years' course in commercial law, banking, political economy, and to grant diplomas to successful students. Winnipeg believes in education, practical, varied and adequate.



# BOVRIL

Is the best "NIGHT-CAP"

A cup of **hot Bovril** taken just before retiring will induce sound and refreshing sleep, and nourish and invigorate the entire system.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR



## The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

# Labatt's

(LONDON)

## Will make you STRONG

As a strengthening tonic in declining health, or during recovery after exhausting illness, the effect of Horsford's Acid Phosphate is wonderful. It nourishes and strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and digestion, and gives restful sleep.

It restores to the body nature's strength-giving phosphates, a deficiency of which means general physical weakness, dyspepsia, headache and nervousness.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

If your druggist can't supply you, send 25 cents to RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I., for sample bottle, postage paid.





## PRETTY CHEEKS

### A Food that Makes Girls Sweet to Look Upon.

**T**HE right food for young ladies is of the greatest importance to their looks, to say nothing of the health. You may be absolutely certain thin, sallow girls don't get the right food. A Brooklyn girl says:—"For a long time in spite of all I could do I was thin, skinny and nervous. My cheeks were so sunken my friends used to remark on how bad I looked. I couldn't seem to get strength from my food—meat, potatoes, bread, etc. So I tried various medicines without help.

"I often read about Grape-Nuts, but never tried the food until one day something impressed me that perhaps if I would eat Grape-Nuts for my nerves and brain I could digest and get the good of my food. So I started in. The food with cream was fascinating to my taste, and I went in for it regularly twice a day.

"Well, I began to improve, and now while on my third package I have changed so my friends congratulate me warmly, ask me what in the world I have taken, etc., etc. My cheeks are plump and rosy, and I feel so strong and well. I sleep sound and it seems as though I couldn't get enough to eat. Thank you sincerely for making Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

# Grape-Nuts



**WOOLENS**

FLANNELS, YARNS  
WORSTEDS, and all  
materials containing  
ANIMAL WOOL  
must be carefully  
washed to keep them  
SOFT & PREVENT  
SHRINKING. Don't  
send them to the  
cleaners—but use

**PEARLINE**  
MODERN SOAP

**DIRECTIONS**

“Wash woollens and  
flannels by hand in  
luke-warm  
**PEARLINE**  
suds; rinse thoroughly  
in WARM water;  
wring dry; pull and  
shake well, and they  
will keep soft with-  
out shrinking.

**DRY IN WARM  
TEMPERATURE.”**

**Pearline Keeps Woolens Soft**

**How About Baby?**

BUILD UP YOUR OWN AND YOUR  
CHILDREN'S CONSTITUTIONS!



**WILSON'S  
INVALIDS' PORT**

which contains only health-giving and muscle-forming  
ingredients, constituting an invaluable tonic for all  
who are afflicted with poor digestion.

One Case, \$10.00;      Half Case, \$5.00;      One Bottle, \$1.00

**FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS**

Booklet Free on Request to L. A. WILSON CO., Limited, Advertising Dept., 87 St. James St.,  
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**MOGUL**  
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**Cigarettes**

ARE MADE FROM

**THE CHOICEST**

SELECTIONS OF

**TURKISH TOBACCO**

Cork Tips.

15 cts. per package.





# One \$ Free-Just to Prove

I ask no deposit—no promise. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. The dollar bottle is free.

I want no reference—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. The very sick, the slightly ill, invalids of years, and men and women whose only trouble is an occasional "dull day"—to one and all I say "Merely write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you free, the full dollar package.

My offer is as broad as humanity itself. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hovel.

I want EVERYone, EVERYwhere to test my remedy.

There is no mystery—no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain. The paragraphs below will show you the reason why.

## Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

## Many Ailments—One Cure

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because each is in close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired, the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads into another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is it not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed?

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not UNIFORMLY helpful? Could I AFFORD to do this if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

In eighty thousand communities—in more than a million homes—Dr. Shoop's Restorative is known. There are those all around you—your friends and neighbors, perhaps—whose suffering it has relieved. There is not a physician anywhere who dares tell you I am wrong in the new medical principles which I apply. And for six solid years my remedy has stood the severest test a medicine was ever put to—I have said "If it fails it is free"—and it has never failed where there was a possible chance for it to succeed.

But this mountain of evidence is of no avail to those who shut their eyes and doze away in doubt. For doubt is harder to overcome than disease. I cannot cure those who lack the faith to try.

So now I have made this offer. I disregard the evidence. I lay aside the fact that mine is the largest medical practice in the world, and come to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not one word that I say till you have proven it for yourself. I offer to give you outright a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. No one else has ever tried so hard to remove every possible excuse for doubt. It is the utmost my unbounded confidence can suggest. It is open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief.

## Simply Write Me

The first free bottle may be enough to effect a cure—but I do not promise that. Nor do I fear a loss of possible profit if it does. For such a test will surely convince the cured one beyond doubt, or disbelief, that every word I say is true.

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar laid before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

For a free order for a full dollar bottle address Dr. Shoop, Box 25, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.  
Book 2 on the Heart.  
Book 3 on the Kidneys  
Book 4 for Women.  
Book 5 for Men.  
Book 6 on Rheumatism

Mild cases are often cured with one or two bottles. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

# Dr. Shoop's Restorative





## Men of Brains.

Men of great intellect are usually great coffee drinkers, hence it is called the "intellectual beverage."

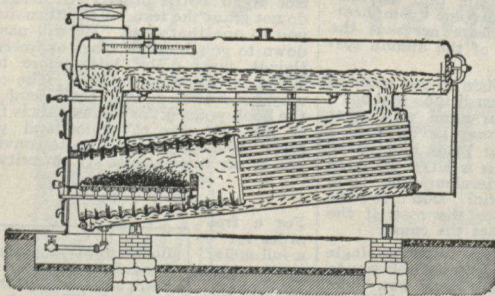
## "Seal Brand" Coffee

has that wholesome quality as a morning beverage only found in pure coffee of the highest grade.

In 1 and 2 lb. sealed tins, at grocers.

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# Reduce Your Coal Bill



Your coal bill is a large item in your expense account, and if it could be reduced ten per cent. it would mean a large addition to your net profit.

The Robb-Mumford internally fired boiler will make a saving of ten per cent. over an externally fired boiler, and in some cases considerably more.

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Quality and Finish stamp them at once as favorites.

# Priestley's Panneau (Regd.) Cloth



This cloth is  
Priestley's latest  
creation, and up to  
their usual high  
standard.



SEE THE GOODS AT  
ALL THE BEST DRY  
GOODS STORES.

A Tailor-made Costume in "Panneau"  
Face-cloth.





*"Master thinks I'm a dandy  
at mixing cocktails."*

**CLUB  
COCKTAILS**

**YOU** can do it  
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

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When Requiring "ALCOHOL" Ask For

## COLUMNIAN SPIRITS

IT IS AN ODORLESS ALCOHOL  
AND CAN BE USED FOR ALL  
EXTERNAL PURPOSES

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

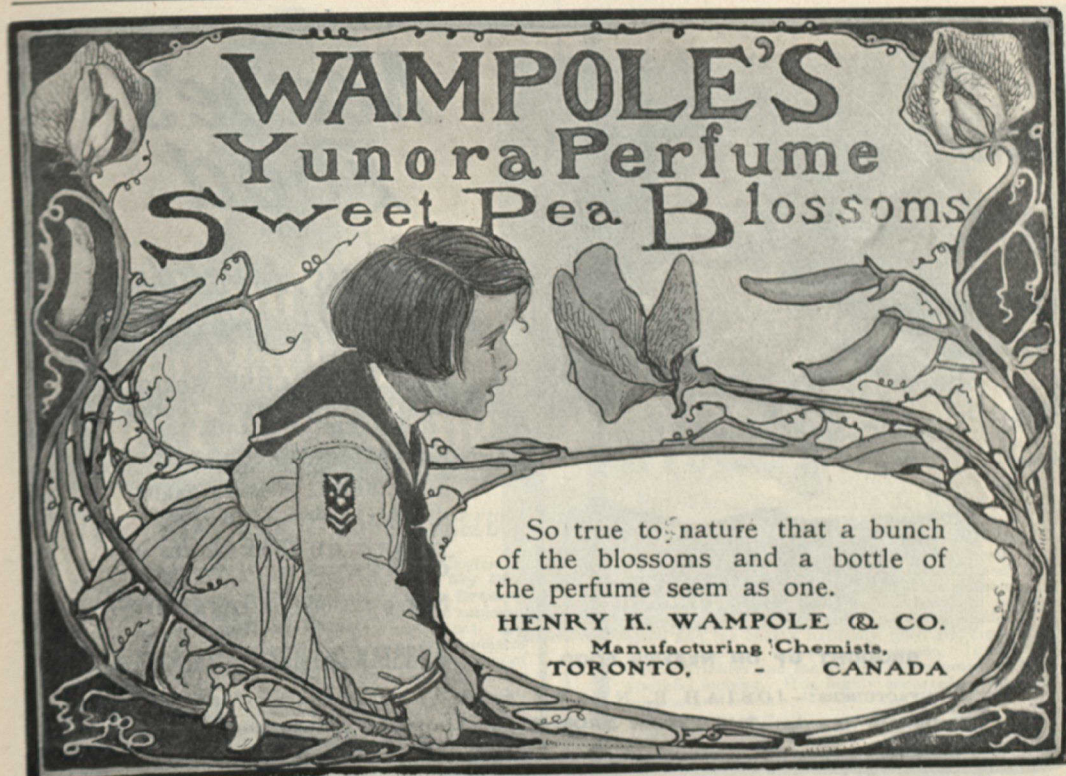
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**Yunora Perfume**  
**Sweet Pea Blossoms**

So true to nature that a bunch of the blossoms and a bottle of the perfume seem as one.

**HENRY K. WAMPOLE & CO.**  
 Manufacturing Chemists,  
 TORONTO, - CANADA



## The Ease of Smartness

The clothes may not make the man, but very frequently they have much to do with his success in life.

A well-dressed man has a confident bearing begotten of the knowledge that he looks prosperous. And a brave front is half the battle.

If last season's suit or overcoat looks a bit rusty, send it to us. When the garment has been properly cleaned, dyed and pressed, it will be difficult for you to believe that it is not entirely new.

You can be smart without being extravagant if you will let us help. Shall we send our Pamphlet?

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# Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids  
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,  
admirably adapted to the  
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-  
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THREE-QUARTERS OF A  
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly  
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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

## Everybody Says

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THEY ARE CORRECT



THE  
LITTLE  
BEAUTY  
HAMMOCK COT.

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**THE GEO. B. MEADOWS, Toronto**  
Wire, Iron and Brass Works Company, Limited  
TORONTO, CANADA

Send for booklet, "Sleep Baby, Sleep."



## Frau Ampt's Testimony

How she was  
cured of

# CANCER

Aurora, Ind., June 29, 1904.

Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Indianapolis, Ind.  
 DEAR SIRS,—I am glad to be able to testify as  
 to the merits of your Cancer Cure, for to-day I am  
 entirely well of my cancer of the breast, thanks  
 to your Combination Oil Cure. Any one wishing  
 to hear from me will be promptly answered.  
 Yours respectfully,

MRS. GEORGE AMPT, Aurora, Ind.

Dr. D. M. Bye has discovered a combination of  
 oils that readily cure cancer, catarrh, tumors and  
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 of persons within the last ten years, over one  
 hundred of whom were physicians. Readers hav-  
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I am  
**John Mackintosh**  
the Toffee King

### The Toffee King's Royal Decree.

I am John Mackintosh, the Toffee King of England—Sovereign of Pleasure—Emperor of Joy. **My Old English Candy—Mackintosh's Extra Cream Toffee**—tickles the palates of my millions of subjects. I was crowned by the lovers of good things to eat. My Court Jester's name is Appetite. My most loyal subjects are the dear little children. I rule over the Kingdom of Health and Happiness. There is no oppression in my domain. My regime is one of enjoyment and delight. My throne is guarded by an Imperial Unarmed Army of Candy Makers. My coronation took place some fifty years ago. I am an unusual monarch—all my subjects are knighted. Those who become members of my Royal Court must eat **Mackintosh's Toffee** at least once each day in the year.

It has been two years since I introduced Mackintosh's Toffee to the American public. I was told that Americans would not take kindly to a plain, old-fashioned candy—that they demanded something fancy. I thought the man who told me that was wrong—now I know it. Although you Yankees are busy piling up your dollars, you still have time to appreciate an honest product. I take this opportunity of thanking my American subjects for their generous patronage. You Americans like sweetmeats—I have proven it to my own satisfaction.

I hear a great deal, these days, of the commercial invasion of the Yankees. If your modern, progressive concerns come to England after business, why should I not retaliate by going over for the same purpose? "Turn about is fair play." I took the bull by the horns and tried it. I find this "Commercial expansion business" to work both ways. I was the first Englishman to advertise English candy in the United States. I must say that I have been treated with the greatest consideration. Old Mother England taught her children well—they believe in fair play.

The American people know that **Mackintosh's Toffee** is the most delicious and popular candy in the world. **Mackintosh's Toffee** is a food that is not only wholesome, but nutritious. My Toffee will be found on the tables of the best inns and taverns of "Merrie England." Eating Toffee is not a fad. The English eat it because they know it is healthful. None can deny that the English are a healthy race.

I have a Legation in all parts of North America. Ask your dealer for **Mackintosh's Toffee**. If he does not sell it, ask him to get it for you. Show him this Decree. If you will do this for me, I will confer upon you the Order of the Milk of Human Kindness.

Trial package by mail for 10c. in stamps—4 lb. family tin for \$1.60.—Before you order by mail, try your dealer.

**JOHN MACKINTOSH**  
Dept. 50

78 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.

## What Is Your Face's Value

to you? Every complexion can be improved; none are perfect. We have treatments and remedies for all complexional troubles. One of the best articles we have is the



**GRAHAM**  
**HYDRO-VACU**

For Face Treatments at Home.

The results from this wonderful invention are simply marvellous, and every woman who values good looks should have one. It is pleasant and easy to use, will last a lifetime, and the woman who uses it cannot possibly be unattractive. It makes the skin transparently clear and wholesome and the cheeks naturally rosy, and frees the pores of all unhealthy secretions. It removes wrinkles and makes the face plump and youthful looking. It is highly endorsed by the medical profession.

Reduced to \$5 (former price \$10). During February we are giving free to each purchaser a box of either the Skin Food, Acne and Pimple Cure, Cinderella Cream or Princess Powder. By express prepaid. Write for particulars; book, "A Study of Your Face and Figure" and circular "C."



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permanently destroyed by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. We invite correspondence regarding any skin, scalp, hair or complexional trouble. Expert chiropody, manicuring, face massage, etc.

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Navigation  
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Habits  
Wreck Teeth

Insure against the  
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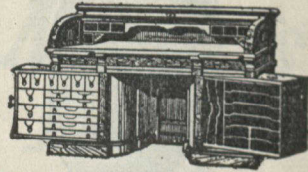
Antiseptic in  
action and  
Delicious  
in Flavor

The toilet equip-  
ment of ladies or  
gentlemen is not  
complete without  
some of it.

Put up in Collapsible Tubes, which are on  
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Price, Twenty-five cents (25c.) each

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



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Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable,  
labor saving, economical, is found  
in those we manufacture. In ma-  
terial and construction, in finish  
and utility, in durability and design  
they lead all other makes. They  
make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail.  
**Canadian Office & School  
Furniture Co., Limited.**

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.  
Office, School, Church and Lodge  
Furniture.



**Clark's**  
DELICIOUS  
**Pork & Beans**

A relish for young or  
old, and a most whole-  
some dish for all.

Sold plain or with Chili or To-  
mato Sauce, in tins, and ready to  
serve.

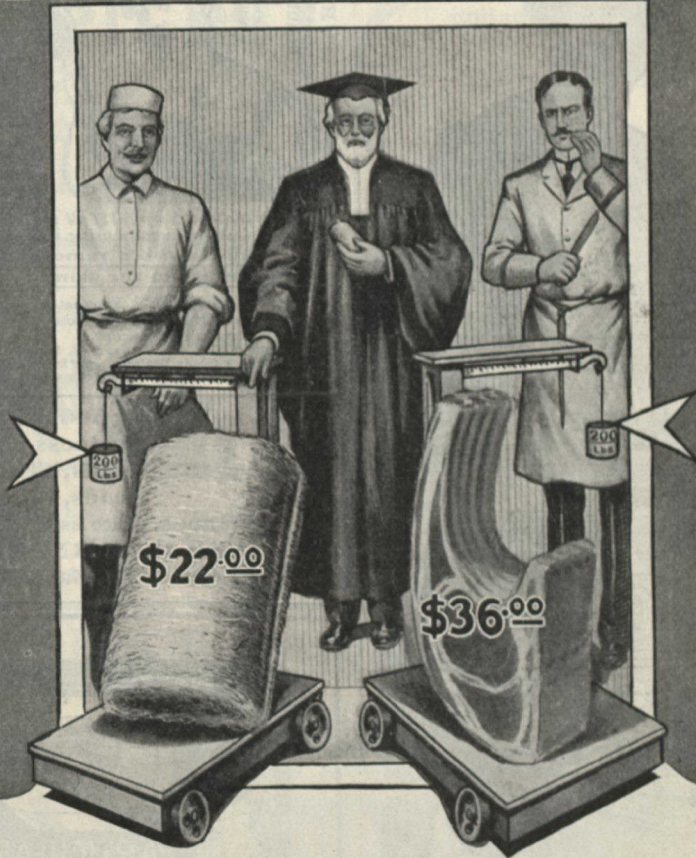
5 and 10c. All Dealers.

**W. CLARK, Mfr., Montreal**

2-9-04



# SHREDDED WHEAT WHOLE



## Shredded Wheat vs. Beef

The illustration shows the comparative cost of beef and shredded wheat—pound for pound. **¶** This is not the entire lesson—the Michigan State Agricultural College Report upon the comparative nutritive values of various foods shows that *ten cents' worth of*

## Shredded Wheat Biscuit

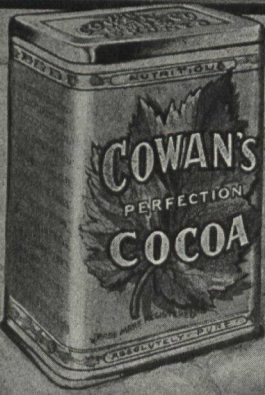
*contains 2½ times more nutrition than ten cents' worth of sirloin steak.* This is a double lesson in economy. Shredded Wheat Biscuit *are cheap* because they contain this remarkable amount of nutrition—every element needed for the perfect sustenance of the human body and in the exact proportion required. Shredded Wheat Biscuit may be served in many ways and are particularly good with milk, cream, fruits or vegetables. **¶** Try **Triscuit**, the Shredded Wheat Cracker, delicious with butter, cheese or preserves. Used as bread or toast in its many forms. Try Toasted Triscuit and Cheese. **¶** *"The Vital Question Cook Book," free.*

**THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY**  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.





**COWAN'S**



Such dainty and delicate  
Confections are

**COWAN'S**

**SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,  
CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,  
CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.**

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**

**ORIENTAL CREAM, OF MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

**PURIFIES  
AS WELL AS  
Beautifies  
the Skin  
No other cosmetic  
will do it.**



**REMOVES Tan,  
Pimples, Freckles,  
Moth-Patches, Rash and  
Skin diseases, and every  
blemish on beauty, and  
defies detection. On its  
virtues it has stood the  
test of 35 years; no other  
has, and is so harmless  
we taste it to be sure it is  
properly made. Accept  
no counterfeit of similar  
name. The distinguished  
Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a  
lady of the *haut-ton* (a  
patient):— "As you  
ladies will use them, I  
recommend *Gouraud's***

*Cream* as the least harmful of all the *Skin preparations.*" One  
bottle will last six months, using it every day.

**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair  
without injury to the skin.**

**FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37, Great Jones St., N.Y.**  
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout  
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Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stearn's, Ehrich's, Ridley's,  
and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00  
reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

**\$1.00** for 500 neatly printed  
Business Cards, Note  
Heads, Tickets, Bill  
Heads, Statements or

Envelopes. Price list and samples free.

**FRANK H. BARNARD, Printer**

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PEOPLE**

**BABY'S OWN  
SOAP**

used by particular people  
both young and old.  
Keeps the skin soft, clear  
and white.

No other Soap is just as Good. 034  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.



GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

# BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

The late Sir Samuel Baker said: Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service."

Mr. R. McClelland, Queensland, writes: "Once people try your Pills they will take no other medicine for Rheumatism. I consider they are worth a pound a box."

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Montreal and Toronto.  
All Druggists and Stores, 40c. and \$1.00 a box.

Ask your Grocer for

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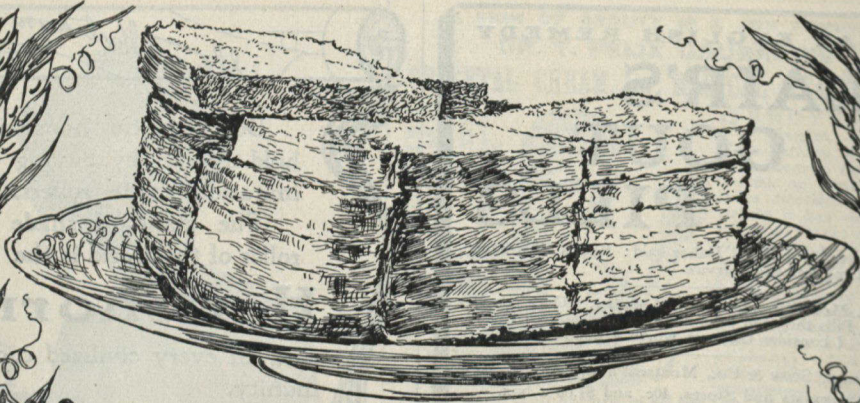
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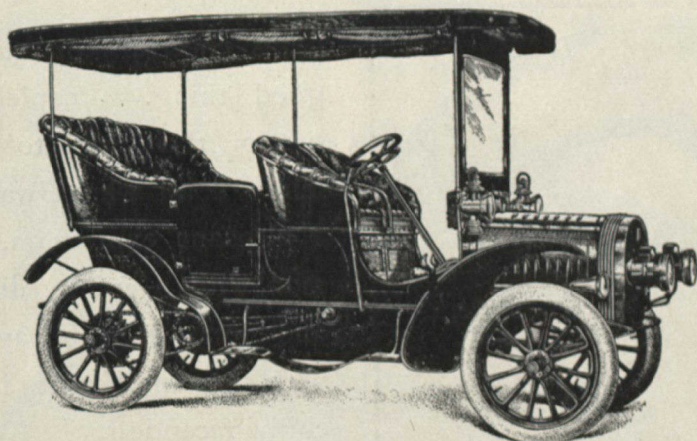
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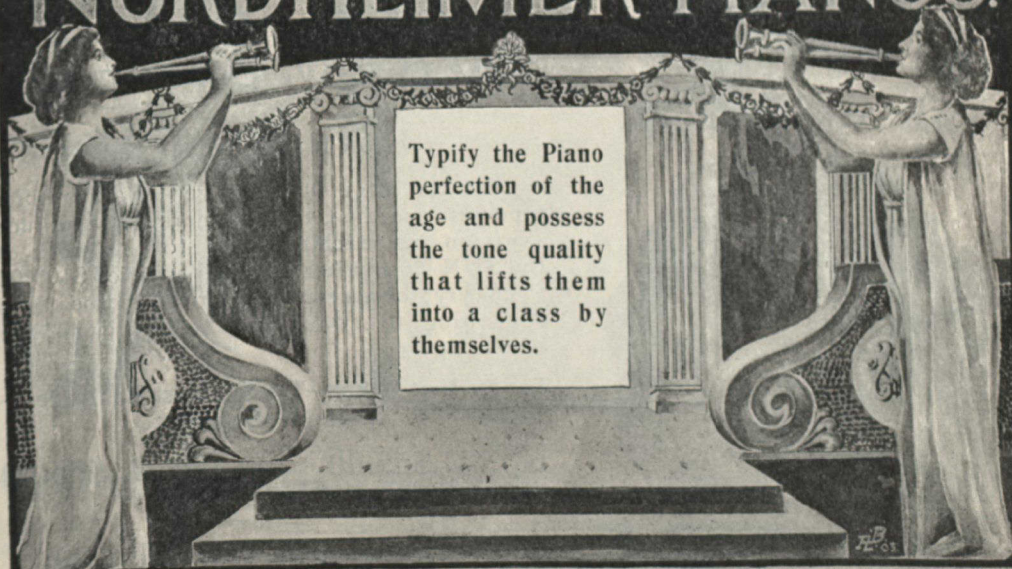
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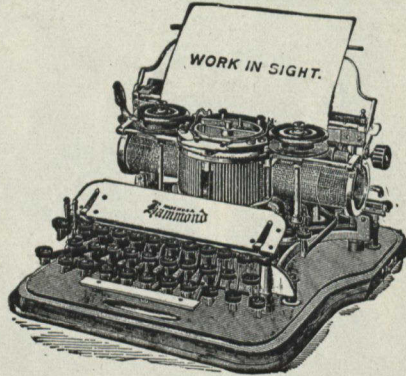


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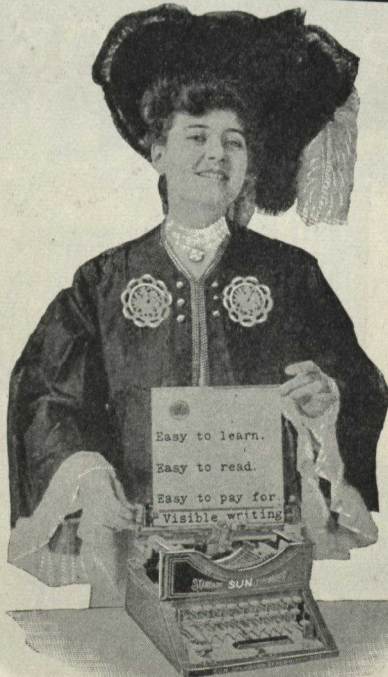


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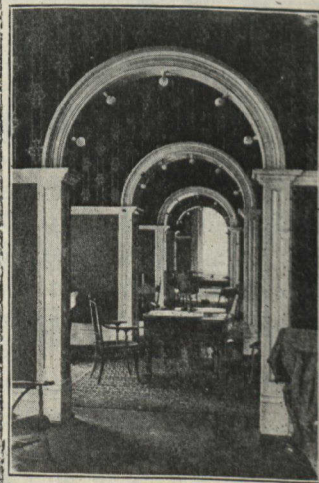
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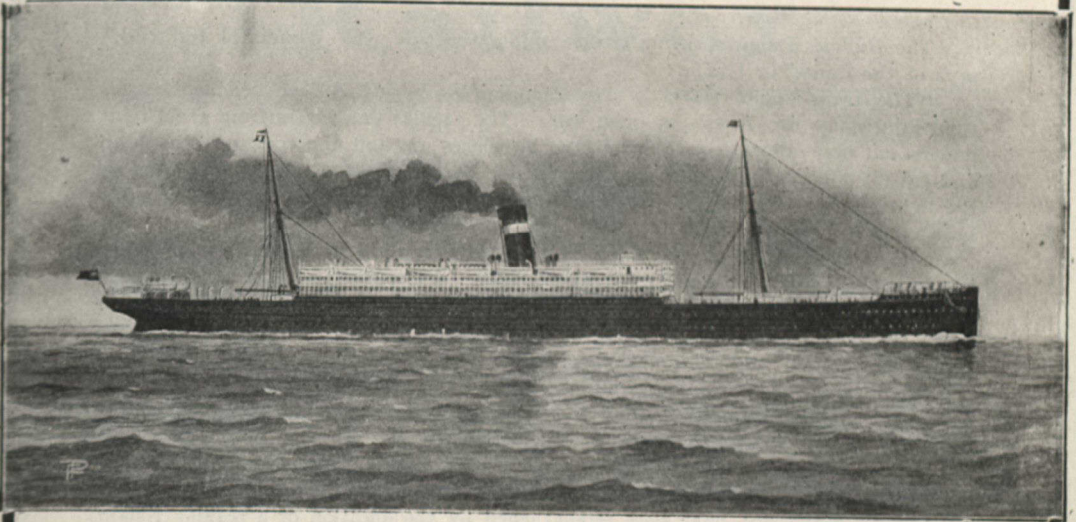


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9 "	PARISIAN	" 25 "		" 27 "	
16 "	SICILIAN	" 4 Mar.		" 6 Mar.	
23 "	BAVARIAN	" 11 "		" 13 "	
2 Mar.,	IONIAN	" 18 "		" 20 "	
9 "	TUNISIAN	" 25 "		" 27 "	

**TUNISIAN** embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

**BAVARIAN** is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage. Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 3 hours, 12 minutes, the fastest on record over this course.

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**PARISIAN** sailed from Rimouski Sunday, October 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, October 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 12 hours, 50 minutes.

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"The convenience of travelling half round the world under one management is, moreover, gaining recognition in many lands. Passengers put themselves under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Liverpool, and are conveyed 12,000 miles to Hong Kong. They have no difficulties in making connections; arrangements are settled and information obtained from one office; heavy baggage is checked at one end of the world and claimed at the other, and ladies and children find their comfort attended to and their perplexities solved with uniform courtesy by agents of the company thousands of miles apart.

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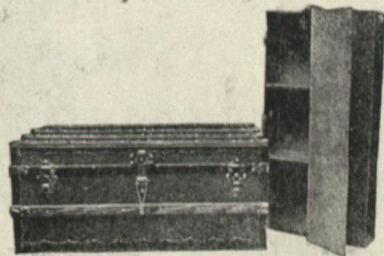




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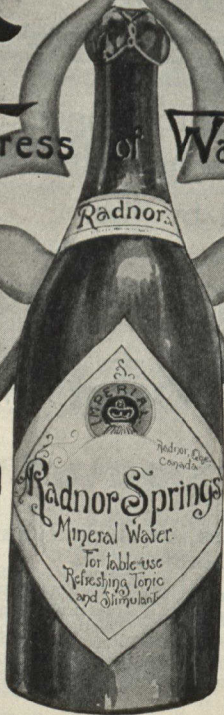
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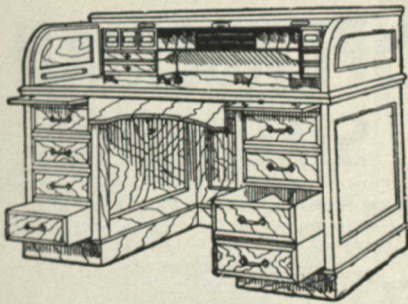
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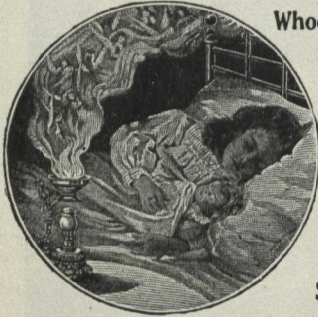
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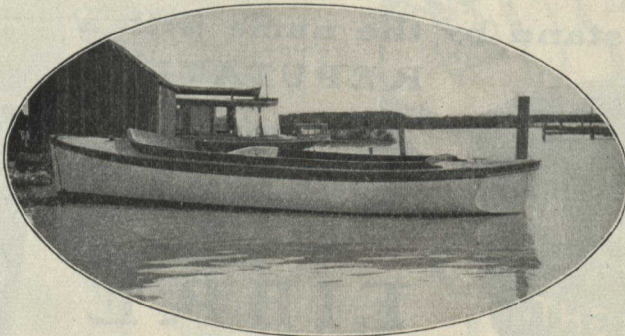
The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years.  
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND  
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING

Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.  
For Samples apply to the Proprietors,

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City



## NEW TYPE

FAST CRUISER, 25 FEET, 7½ H.P.—9 MILES

# CANADA LAUNCH WORKS, Limited

TORONTO, ONTARIO

MANUFACTURERS UNDER LICENSE FROM LAKE SHORE ENGINE WORKS OF  
NEW SUPERIOR MARINE MOTORS

2 CYCLES, 2—8 H.P. 4 CYCLE, 6—40 H.P.

SOLE BUILDERS OF COMPLETE MOTOR BOATS IN CANADA





Soft, rich color effects are produced on shingles by the use of Shingletint.

There are many brands of Shingle Stains in the market, but only one *Shingletint*, which means much to the consumer, who may call for it by name and know he is getting the best Shingle Stain made.

Shingletint is a scientific combination of linseed oil, coloring matter, creosote and the necessary drying agents; its use not only beautifies but prolongs the life of the shingles.

Finished woods and descriptive literature sent free upon application.

**BERRY BROTHERS, Limited**

Varnish Manufacturers WALKERVILLE, ONT.



**Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.** Always restores color to gray hair. The hair grows rapidly, stops coming out, does not split at the ends, keeps soft and smooth.

For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black. R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

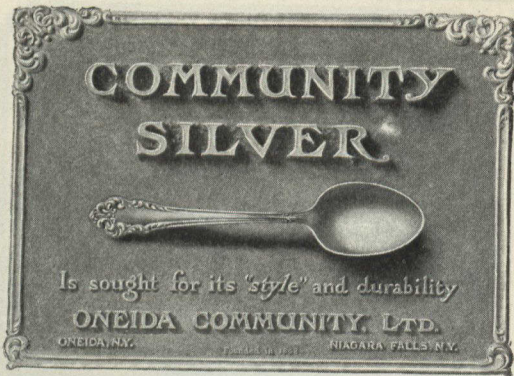


Upton's home-made Orange Marmalade on toast makes a dainty breakfast.

Healthful and Appetizing.







## SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English..... Skin Fluid

**ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES**  
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to **SULPHOLINE** in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, **SULPHOLINE** successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of **SULPHOLINE** sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., Toronto**

THE

## London Directory

**C**ONTAINING over 2,000 pages of condensed commercial matter, enables enterprising traders throughout the Empire to keep in close touch with the trade of the Motherland. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its Suburbs, the London Directory contains lists of:—

### EXPORT MERCHANTS

with the Goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign markets they supply;

### STEAMSHIP LINES

arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings;

### PROVINCIAL APPENDIX

of Trade Notices of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the 1905 edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Post Office Order for £1.

**THE LONDON DIRECTORY CO., Ltd.**

25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C., England

## LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

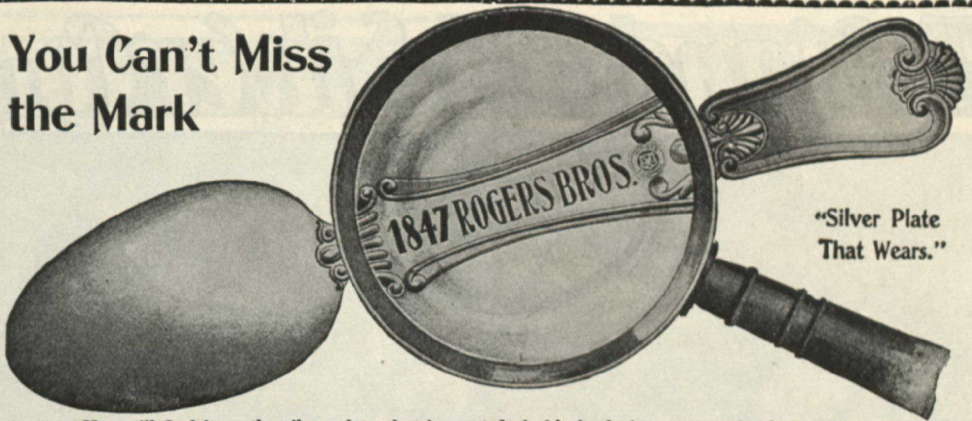
THE  
GREATEST  
GLOBE TROTTER  
OF THE  
CENTURY



WELL  
KNOWN AND  
APPRECIATED  
THROUGHOUT  
THE WORLD



**You Can't Miss  
the Mark**



**"Silver Plate  
That Wears."**

You will find it on the silver plate that is most desirable in design, most suitable in style. This stamp is a sign of old-fashioned, enduring honesty in the materials and making—new-fashioned energy and good taste in the finish. In selecting Spoons, Knives, Forks, etc., make sure each piece is stamped.

**"1847 Rogers Bros."**

The first question from the lips of a person wise in silver handicraft will invariably be—"Is it 1847 ware?" If it is, it is all right. *Send for Catalogue No. 61*

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY,

Meriden, Conn.      New York.      Chicago.      San Francisco.      Hamilton, Ont.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

**WHY NOT IN CANADA?**

STEVENS' OINTMENT has had over half a century's success with horses in England and other parts of the world.

As used in the  
Royal Stables.



No  
Blemish.

Directions  
with  
every Box.

AUSTRALIA alone uses over 6,000 boxes a year. CURES: Splint, Spavin, Curb and all enlargements. Retailed by chemists at a low price, 75c. small, \$1.50 large box. A little goes a long way. Get a box now. If your local chemist cannot supply you, write direct to

**EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal**  
AGENTS FOR CANADA

**FORM THE HABIT**

*of using regularly, every  
morning and evening,*

**CALVERT'S**

**CARBOLIC**

**TOOTH POWDER**

*so pleasantly perfumed  
and agreeable to use.*

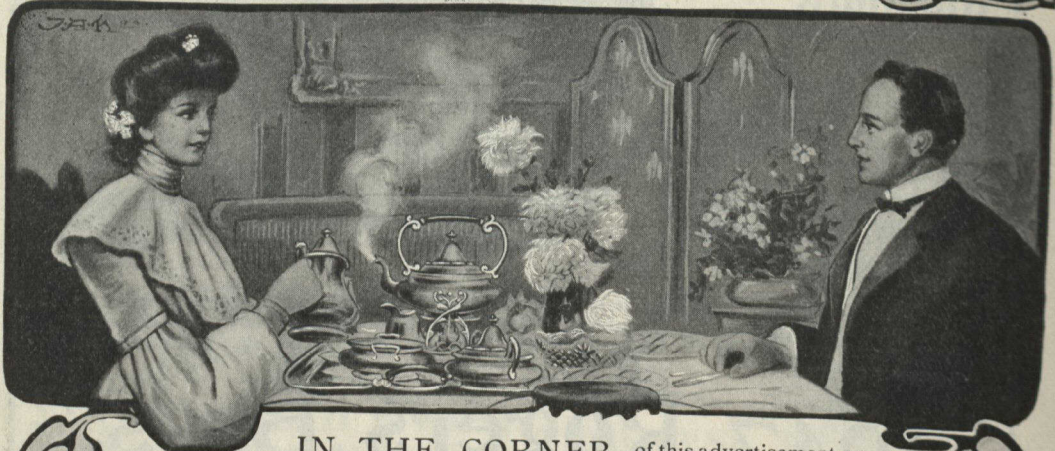
It fulfils the first requirement of a satisfactory dentrifice by thoroughly cleaning the teeth and removing tartar or other injurious matter, and also possesses the advantage of definite antiseptic properties.

15, 30 and 45 cents a Tin.

**F. C. CALVERT & CO.**  
807 Dorchester St. MONTREAL



# The Standard Silver Co. Ltd



IN THE CORNER of this advertisement appears a fac-simile of our TRADE MARK. Every piece of Silverware bearing this stamp carries with it our absolute Guarantee as to quality. The designs are always correct.

**The Standard Silver Co., Limited**  
Toronto, Canada



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## Beautiful Pictures

are produced only by pure rich colors.

### Winsor & Newton

are artists' colormen to the Royal Family and their

### Oil and Water Colors

are the world's standard. Not dear. For sale at all Art Stores.

**A. RAMSAY & SON,**  
MONTREAL.  
Wholesale Agents for Canada.



Many years of careful study among birds produced patent

## Bird Bread

That is why it can be relied upon and why there is such an enormous demand for it. 10c. the pkge., 2 large cakes.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and get free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (2)

## Cottam Bird Seed

Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

**Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.**

## Multiply This in Your Head

Wouldn't you like to be able to figure this and hundreds of other similar problems in your head? Wouldn't you like to be able to add, subtract, multiply, and divide any problem almost instantly without writing any partial product - to be able to simply write the answer?

## Our Free Book, "Rapid Calculation"

tells you all about a method which will make you a master of figures. It tells of a system by which you can figure instantly the most intricate sums in your head; handle groups of figures and fractions as easily as single whole figures; in fact, cut the work of figuring in two.

A better position and a large salary have come to hundreds who have read this book. If you want to better your position, to increase your salary, to make yourself worth more to yourself and your employer, to hold the whip-hand in financial transactions, to make your work easy and interesting instead of tiresome, you should write for this book at once. It will cost you nothing but the trouble of asking for it. A postal will bring it to your very door. It may cost you a good position or a valuable promotion to neglect this opportunity. Write for it to-day before you forget it. Address

**COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 154 S. COM'L BUILDING, ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

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NOTHING IS BETTER FOR "SMOKERS' THROAT" THAN ONE OF THESE PASTILLES. TRY ONE AFTER YOUR NEXT SMOKE.

FROM ALL DRUGGISTS

**EVANS & SONS, Limited**  
Montreal New York

## A Parquet Floor

is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, for it lasts as long as a house lasts, and if properly attended to improves with age. Let us send you a catalogue, or better still, let us estimate on any room you think of doing. We are manufacturers and sell direct to the consumer.

**The Elliott & Son Co.,**  
Limited,  
79 King Street West.

# The "Rodgers"

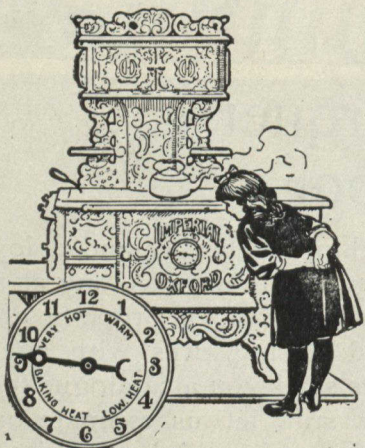


Trade Mark on any piece of cutlery is a guarantee that its quality is the best.

For over two hundred years we have been recognized as the makers of the best cutlery in the world—and every blade is tested to see that it comes up to our standard.

**JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited,** CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY  
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND





A good baking oven is what every housewife requires in a range.

Other advantages add to the usefulness of the range, but an easily regulated, perfect baking and roasting oven is an indispensable feature.

It is the perfection in operation of the oven of the

# Imperial Oxford Range

that has made it such a striking success.

It is in the oven construction that the greatest difference found between the Imperial Oxford and any other range on the market. The diffusive oven flue draws the cold air from the floor, super-heats it, and distributes it throughout the oven, keeping it at an even temperature in all parts. This flue also makes it easy to regulate the heat of the oven and secures a marked saving in fuel. If your dealer doesn't handle the Imperial Oxford, write to us direct and we will send you our Catalogue and tell you where you can see the range.

## The Gurney Foundry Co.

LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA

MONTREAL

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER



TO COLOUR TRY ALEXANDRE'S  
**GREY HAIR SHADEINE**  
 LONDON MADE

Trial Bottle  
 12½c.



Trade Mark,  
 Copyright

SHADEINE colors grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN and GOLDEN. Contains no lead, silver, mercury or sulphur. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed not to burn or produce an unforgivable tint; is permanent, washable and free from grease. Medical certificate enclosed. Large bottle, 85c. Trial bottle, 12 1/2c. Of all chemists, and Messrs. T. EATON CO., Limited, Yonge St., Toronto. L. ALEXANDRE, 58 Westbourne Grove, London W., England.

**LADIES** to do piecework at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO., Desk C. M., 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE **K.D.C.**  
**FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA**  
 HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.  
 FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.  
 K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.



IF  
 I WERE  
 A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,  
 And I'd order it home  
 by the car lot,  
 By the Cross of St.  
 George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
 Of the kind that they call

**"LADY CHARLOTTE"**

**Teaberry**

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years standing—if you once try it you will use no other.  
 At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

**FOR THE TEETH.**



FEARMAN'S FAMOUS  
**STAR BRAND HAM**



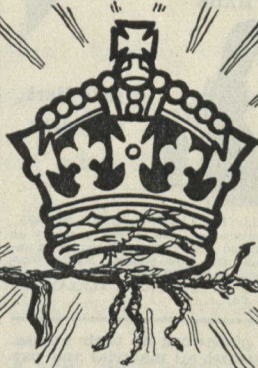
THE STANDARD OF  
 EPICUREAN TASTE

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

For Sale by all Leading Grocers.

**F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited**  
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO





# CROWN BRAND - CORN SYRUP


**"A Wholesome Food and  
Table Delicacy."**

All the food qualities of the rich  
golden corn, combined with the  
most delicate of flavor, belong to

## CROWN BRAND SYRUP

Children and adults enjoy it.  
To both it gives health and strength.

**The Edwardsburg Starch Co.**

Office : LIMITED Works:  
MONTREAL AND TORONTO  CARDINAL, ONT.







## FREE INSURANCE

The man who takes an Endowment Policy in the Manufacturers Life is practically getting Free Insurance.

True, he has to pay a small annual premium for 10, 15, 20, or 25 years as he may choose, but at the end of that time he gets all his money back with good interest thereon, and his 10, 15, 20, or 25 years of insurance will have cost him nothing.

Write for rates to

**The Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.**

Head Office, Toronto, Canada

THERE IS NO EASIER OR BETTER WAY TO  
"CLEAN UP" THAN WITH

# Boeckh's Household Brushes

They are well made, well finished and work well—in fact are superior to any other line on the market.

**"The Standard Goods  
of Canada."**

All reliable  
dealers  
handle them.





"HIGH-PRICED—BUT WORTH THE PRICE"

# GOURLAY PIANOS

Are Not Merely First-Class, They Are  
[Something] Better

There are pianos, first-class in material or workmanship, whose construction and design, inside and out, present but few improvements over what they did years ago. We offer something more in the GOURLAY. We offer improved pianos, embodying not only first-class materials and workmanship, but also that certain fine quality of excellence which results from their being constructed in an atmosphere of progress.

Our Catalogue, with photographic reproductions of the various styles, tells more about this superiority.

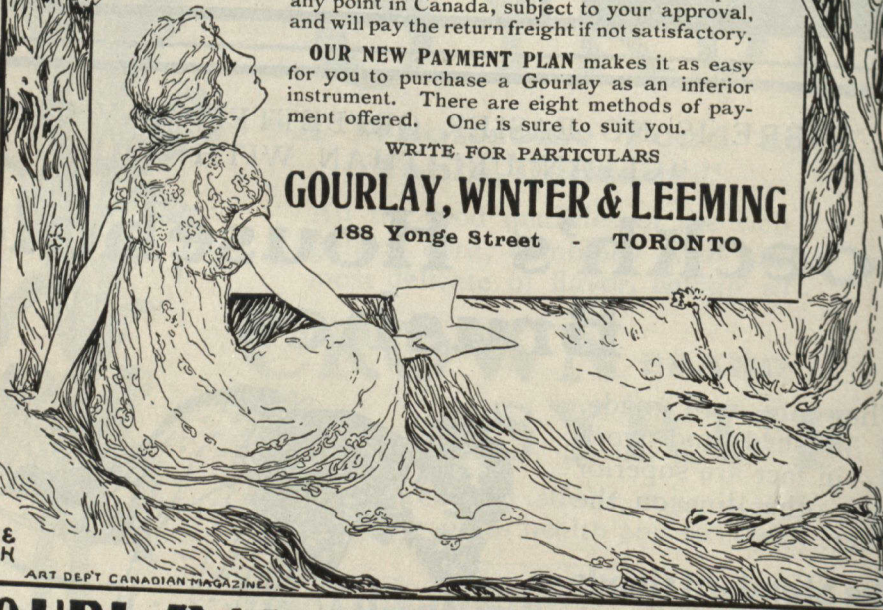
**BUT THE PIANO ITSELF TELLS ALL**, so we offer to ship to any point in Canada, subject to your approval, and will pay the return freight if not satisfactory.

**OUR NEW PAYMENT PLAN** makes it as easy for you to purchase a Gourelay as an inferior instrument. There are eight methods of payment offered. One is sure to suit you.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

## GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 Yonge Street - TORONTO



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ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

TORONTO-188 YONGE ST.

HAMILTON-66 KING ST.-W.

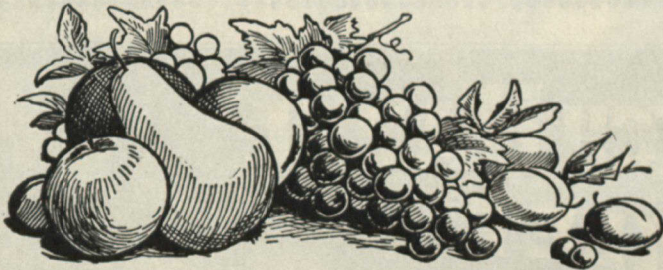


# *Fruit-a-tives*

or Fruit Liver Tablets

## Instead of Fruit.

Fruit is a splendid tonic for stomach and liver. The active principles give fruit its medicinal value. But they occur in such minute quantities, that when fruit is taken with other food, and goes through the process of digestion, their action is lost.



"Fruit-a-tives" are the active principles of apples, oranges, figs and prunes—extracted from fruit juices, combined by our own secret process, and compressed into tablets. They are the concentrated medicinal virtues of fruits and act much more effectively than any other known treatment in curing Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Bilioussness and Kidney troubles. At all druggists. 50c. a box.

Manufactured by

**FRUITATIVES Limited, OTTAWA.**

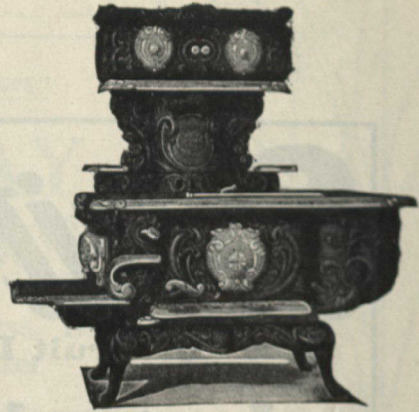


THE ACCOMPANYING CUT  
SHOWS THE

# "SOUVENIR" RANGE

Which is the very best in stove manufacture, fitted with the celebrated Aerated Oven, thereby ensuring properly cooked and palatable food.

In buying a new Stove or Range bear in mind "That the remembrance of quality remains long after the price has been forgotten."



**SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE**

MANUFACTURED BY

**THE GURNEY, TILDEN COMPANY, Limited**

Hamilton Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

# WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

REGISTERED BRAND



FOR BABY'S BATH

THE ROYAL CROWN LIMITED. WINNIPEG. CANADA.





## Concentrated Soups

### Let Libby Serve Your Soup

Tomato, Julien, Consomme, Chicken, Mulligatawny, Oxtail will please the most fastidious. They are quickly prepared—delicious to eat—satisfactory to all.

### Libby's <sup>Natural</sup> Flavor Food Products

such as Potted Tongue, Melrose Paté, Veal Loaf, Corn Beef Hash, Cottage Loaf, etc., are prepared from the choicest material by expert chefs and trained assistants in the renowned Libby kitchens. All grocers have them. Ask for Libby's.

Our booklet, "Good Things to Eat," sent free on request.  
Send five 2c stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby**  
Chicago

IDA





# WILLIAMS PIANO

Castle, the highest endorsement ever conferred on any piano. Write us for Queen Victoria Booklet, explaining. The Williams Piano will be found in the homes of the cultured and the leading musical colleges throughout Canada.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited  
Oshawa, Ont.

THE BEST



## Chocolates

are sold by confectioners and druggists from Sydney to Victoria. They are put up in sealed packages, all sizes, all prices, quality and weight guaranteed.

They are made for people who want the best.

**THE HARRY WEBB CO.,**  
TORONTO Limited

## Used Round the World Walter Baker & Co's Chocolate AND Cocoa



LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADE-MARK

The leader for  
124 Years

Grand Prize } World's Fair  
St. Louis

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.  
Branch House: 12 and 14 St. John St., Montreal, P. Q.

**45** HIGHEST AWARDS IN  
EUROPE AND AMERICA

ENVELOPPES

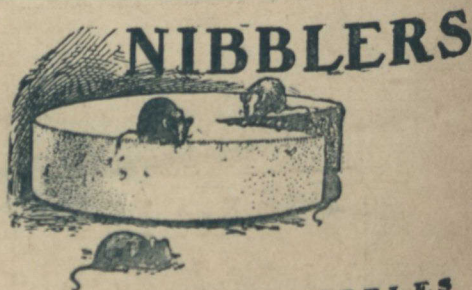
THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Toronto, O  
ARE HEADQUARTERS

F. H. BRIGDEN, PROP.    GEO. BRIGDEN, MANGR.    F. H. BRIGDEN, O.S.A.

**THE  
TORONTO  
ENGRAVING  
Co.**

92 BAY ST.  
PHONE 2893

DESIGNERS &  
ENGRAVERS  
BY ALL  
PROCESSES



## NIBBLERS

day by day at one's nerves and health.  
When you feel bad and the condition of incipient disease shows forth you take coffee to stimulate and HIDE OR COVER UP the trouble. That kind of work brings a fearful pay day, when the disease has grown so fixed that nothing will cover it.

If you are one of the kind that coffee affects adversely—stomach, heart, bowels, eyes or kidneys. (It affects some in one organ, some in another, and with some the entire nervous system), suppose you quit in time. It's a lot of fun to be entirely well. And it's a surprise to see how quickly the old bad feelings leave when the coffee has been "let out" for a few days.  
Then there's the daily help, of the strong re-builder with its smooth, delicious flavor.

## POSTUM

There's a reason.

BOTTLE.

# Melanvl

Indelible and Harmless  
On any Fabric.  
Try it once and you will