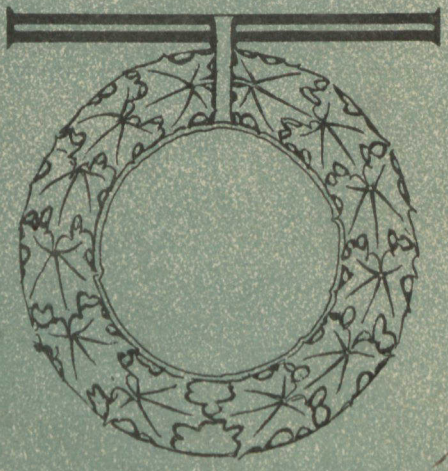
APRIL
1909

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. 32 No. 6



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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXII. No. 6

CONTENTS, APRIL, 1909

$2.50 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and shou'd be addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Office, 106 Strand, London, W.C.

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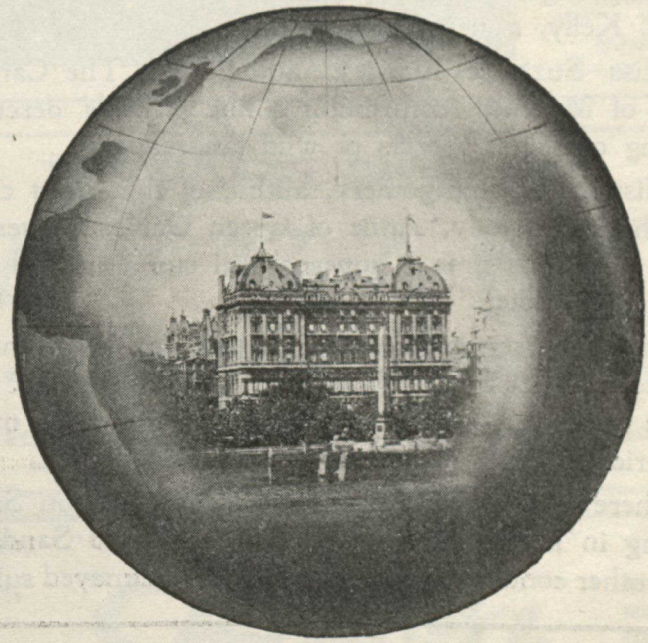

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The May number of The Canadian Magazine will be redolent of Spring, and some of the contributions are so full of Nature and the feeling of the Great Out of-Doors, that in reading them one unconsciously fancies oneself in The Open, on the sunny hillside, or amongst bursting buds.

"By a Vancouver Island River" will be found to be a most delightful nature sketch. It is written by Mr. F. M. Kelly, a new contributor.

Miss Suzanne Marney, author of "The Canadian Book of Months," contributes a fine piece of descriptive writing on some aspects of wild landscape.

Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of that most charming character study "Anne of Green Gables," gives us a short story this time ,a supernatural story, entitled "The Return of Hester."

Of a more serious turn is an article entitled "Ontario's Outworn Police System," by John Verver McAree. This article gives us an idea of why some of the murder mysteries in Ontario are never solved.

There will be also a well illustrated article on Salmon Fishing in British Columbia, by Mr. Harold Sands, and many other contributions on new and unhackneyed subjects.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

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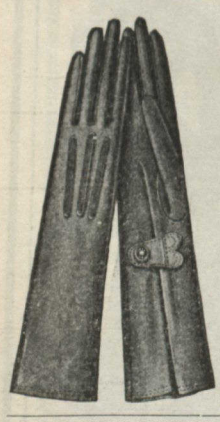

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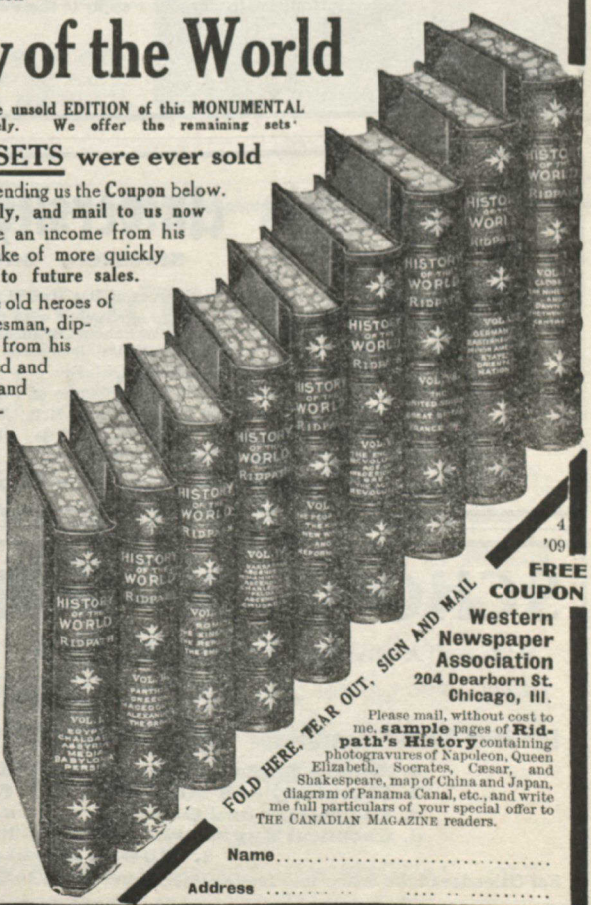

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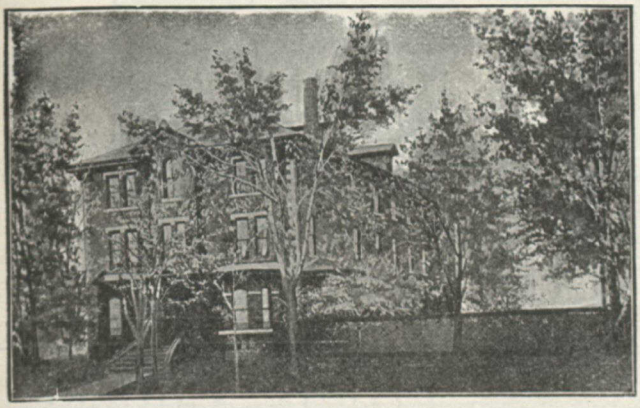


THE FEDERAL LIFE Assurance Co.

OF CANADA

Twenty-Seventh Annual Statement

DIRECTORS' REPORT

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the Company's Home Office in Hamilton, Tuesday, 16th February, 1909 at 2 p.m., Mr. David Dexter in the chair, Mr. W. H. Davis, Acting Secretary.

The Annual Report, as follows, was read and adopted, on motion of the President, Mr. Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. Kerns:

Your Directors have the honour to present the Report and Financial Statement of the Company for the year which closed 31st December, 1908, duly vouched for by the Auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand, six hundred and thirty-one applications for insurance, aggregating $3,713,609.36, of which two thousand, four hundred and twenty-three applications for $3,377,723.33 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the Company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the Company have been increased by $314,383.91, and have now reached $3,314,856.65, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for Policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to $4,184,856.65, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, $3,045,786.00, showing a surplus of $1,140,070.65. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to Policyholders was $270,070.65.

Policies on ninety-seven lives became claims through death, to the amount of $162,160.56.

Including Cash Dividends and Dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, with annuities, the total payment to Policyholders amounted to $303,743.23.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the Company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the Company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business. The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the Directors for your approval show an advance of nearly ten and one-half per cent. in assets.

The assurances carried by the Company now amount to $20,186,400.61, upon which the Company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

You are to be congratulated on the fact that the surplus over Capital and all Liabilities increased $56,154.65, or nearly seventy per cent., during the past year.

The field officers and agents of the Company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the Company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the Company's service.

Your Directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the Company for the past two months of the current year has been of a most satisfactory character, and that the outlook for the future is most encouraging.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen: We have carefully audited the books and records of your Company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The Cash and Journal Vouchers have been closely examined and agree with the entries recorded.

The Debentures, Bonds, etc., in the possession of the Company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government or Banks have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the Statement of Assets.

The accompanying Statements, viz., Revenue and Expenditure, Assets and Liabilities, show the result of the year's operations and also the financial position of the Company.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS
CHARLES STIFF } Auditors

Hamilton, 1st February, 1909.

Financial Statement for 1908

RECEIPTS

Premium and Annuity Income	$ 675,004.85	
Interest, Rents and Profits	151,853.96	
		$ 826,858.81

DISBURSEMENTS

Paid to Policyholders	$ 303,743.23	
All other Payments	226,110.93	
Balance	297,004.65	
		$ 826,858.81

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31st, 1908

Debentures and Bonds	$ 1,071,735.71	
Mortgages	863,262.51	
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.	626,104.10	
All other Assets	753,754.33	
		$3,314,856.65

LIABILITIES

Reserve Fund	$ 2,993,478.00	
Death Losses awaiting Proofs	36,675.00	
Other Liabilities	14,633.00	
Surplus on Policyholders' Account	270,070.65	
		$3,314,856.65
Assets	$ 3,314,856.65	
Guarantee Capital	870,000.00	
Total Security	$ 4,184,856.65	
Policies were Issued Assuring	$ 3,377,733.33	
Total Insurance in Force	$20,128,400.61	

After the adoption of the Report the retiring Directors were re-elected for the ensuing year. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors the retiring officers and the executive committee were re-elected.

Mr. Ralph C. Ripley is the General Agent for the Home Office District.

39th FINANCIAL STATEMENT

of the

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1908

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

CASH ACCOUNT

INCOME

NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31, 1907	$11,069,846.22
PREMIUMS (Net)	1,917,334.15
INTEREST	628,807.23
	$13,615,987.60

DISBURSEMENTS

TO POLICYHOLDERS:		
Death Claims	$ 352,217.23	
Matured Endowments	271,116.00	
Surrendered Policies	107,608.23	
Surplus	85,586.46	
Annuities	11,221.34	
		$ 827,749.26
EXPENSES, TAXES, &C.		425,181.69
BALANCE NET LEDGER ASSETS December 31st, 1908		12,363,056.65
		$13,615,987.60

BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS

Mortgages	$6,244,701.78
Debentures and Bonds	4,127,103.29
Loans on Policies, &c	1,670,826.67
Real Estate (Company's Head Office)	32,883 39
Cash in Banks	309,216.10
Cash at Head Office	2,222.45
Due and deferred premiums, (net)	336,944.17
Interest due and accrued	259,776,52
	$12,983,674.37

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 4%, 3½% and 3% standard	$10.967,831.69
Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable	11,237.27
Death claims unadjusted	55,256.00
Present value of death claims payable in instalments	44,907.81
Matured endowments, unadjusted	4,400.00
Premiums paid in advance	14,305.25
Due for medical fees and sundry accounts	9,822.78
Credit Ledger Balances	23,897.03
Surplus, December 31st, 1908	1,852,016.54
(Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation $2,291,034.93)	
	$12,983,674.37

Audited and found correct,

J. M. SCULLY, F. C. A.,
Auditor

GEO. WEGENAST,
Managing Director

Waterloo, January 25th, 1909.

Booklets containing full report of the Annual Meeting, held March 4th, 1909, are being published and will be distributed among Policyholders and others in due course.

Saving Money

Most men intend to save money, but with the average man this intention is never realized. One of the surest and best methods of saving money is presented by means of Life Insurance, as the amount regularly paid by way of premium on a policy is actually saved, while the additional benefit of protection for the family or dependent ones is afforded by the policy.

It will be greatly to your own advantage to begin saving money at once by procuring a policy from the

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE——————TORONTO

ASSETS
$ 8·143·485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) $2·500·000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) $1·500·000
RESERVE FUND $1·150·000

CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

Where Shall I Place My Life Insurance?

You OUGHT to place it

Safely, Sanely, Profitably

To Take a Policy in the

London Life
Insurance Company

A PURELY CANADIAN COMPANY

IS SAFE—For speculation in no form enters into the investment of the funds.

IS SANE—For the policy conditions are simple and the complications of International Law are entirely avoided.

IS PROFITABLE—For the Actual Profit Results of the Company are unexcelled and Estimates on present rates have been fully realized.

Ask for particulars from any Agent of the Company or write direct to

HEAD OFFICE, - LONDON, CANADA

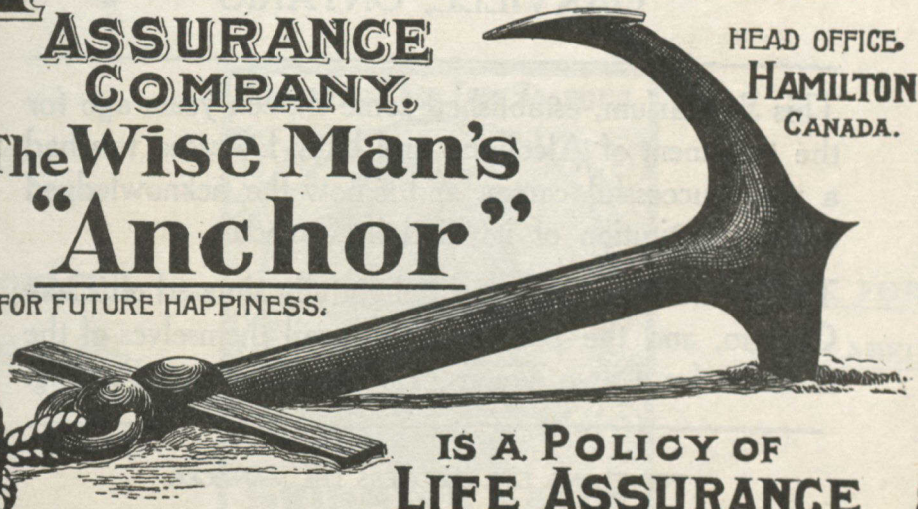
FEDERAL LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE. HAMILTON CANADA.

The Wise Man's "Anchor"

FOR FUTURE HAPPINESS.



IS A POLICY OF LIFE ASSURANCE

IN A STRONG AND CAREFULLY MANAGED COMPANY.

THE EXCELSIOR
Life Insurance Company

Head Office, Excelsior Life Building, TORONTO

BUSINESS FOR 1908 MOST SATISFACTORY EVER EXPERIENCED

INSURANCE IN FORCE - - - - **$12,236,064.10**
Increase $1,079,435,00

NEW INSURANCE WRITTEN - - - **2,483,906.00**
Increase $359,728.00

ASSETS FOR SECURITY OF POLICY HOLDERS - - - - - - **2,020,102.72**
Increase $227,428.71

CASH INCOME - - - - - - - - **454,790.94**
Increase $65,235.04

RESERVE FUNDS - - - **1,465,664.03**
Including special reserve $39,997.86

SURPLUS ON POLICYHOLDERS' ACCOUNT - - - **169,436.55**

INCREASES—Insurance in force 10 per cent. Assets 16 per cent. Income, 17 per cent. Reserves, 15 per cent Net surplus 93 per cent.

DECREASES—Death Rate 44 per cent. less than expected, 9 per cent. less than preceding year; expense ratio 6.5 per cent.

INTEREST INCOME more than sufficient to pay Death losses and all expenses of the company excepting Agents' salary expenses. Interest earned on mean Net Assets 6.72 per cent. A good company to insure with, consequently a good company for agents to represent.

The Northern Life
Assurance Company

REPORT FOR 1908 SHOWS

Premium and Interest Income	$ 234,275.60
Being an Increase of	**20,778.43**
Total Assets	$1,018,288.99
Being an Increase of	**128,831.03**
Government Reserve for Security of Policyholders	698,678.83
Being an Increase of	**111,459.26**
Surplus for Security of Policyholders	$ 714,671.66
Adding unpaid Subscribed Stock	**613,382.67**
Total Security for Policyholders	$1,328,054.33
Insurance in Force	**$6,086,871.00**

Good openings for reliable producing agents.

W. M. GOVENLOCK, Secretary

JOHN MILNE, Managing Director

Head Office, - - London, Ont.

Skinner's Satin

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Guaranteed to Wear Two Seasons

The above label is on the wrapper of the best satin lining for ladies' furs, suits and coats. Skinner's Satin is for sale at leading dry goods stores. Look for the name "SKINNER'S SATIN" woven in every inch of the selvage.

A postal will bring you our Booklet "A Story of Silks and Satins." Address Dept. J, 107-109 Bleecker Street, New York City

ESTABLISHED 1848.

William Skinner Manufacturing Co.

The Last Best West

Health, Liberty and Prosperity

Awaits the Settler in the Prairie Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

From eastern Canada, the United States, the British Isles and continental Europe farmers in thousands are yearly flocking to secure

A Free Homestead

of

160 Acres

which the Canadian Government offers to every man over 18 years of age able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The Construction of hundreds of miles of new railways has brought millions of acres within easy access of transportation facilities and provided employment at remunerative wages for those desirous of engaging in such labour while waiting for returns from their first crop. Thousands of free homesteads yet available. First comers have first choice.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE

may be freely obtained from

W. D. SCOTT, SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

J. BRUCE WALKER, COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, or

J. OBED SMITH, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF EMIGRATION
11-12, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENGLAND

Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

THE DEATH OF BROCK

FROM "THE STORY OF ISAAC BROCK," BY WALTER R. NURSEY

By special arrangement with the publisher, William Briggs

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII TORONTO, APRIL, 1909 No. 6

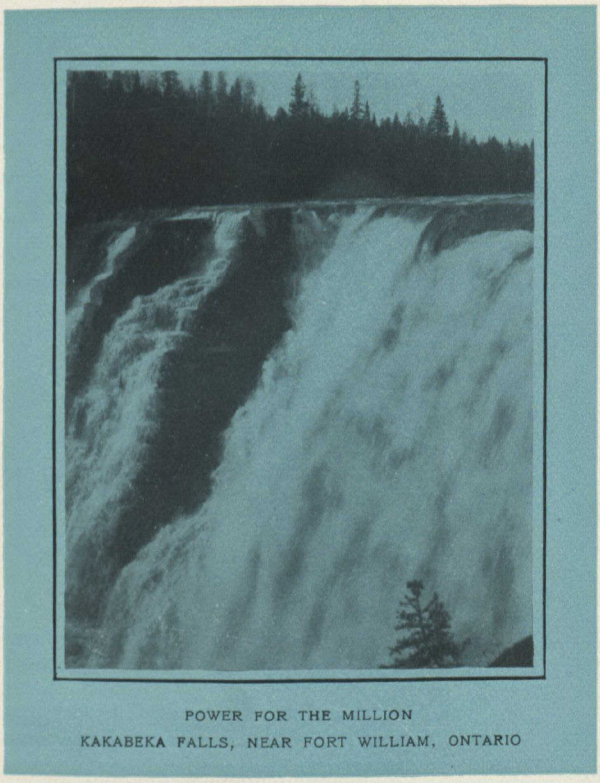
POWER: WIZARD OF SETTLEMENT

BY CLAYTON M. JONES

RECENT reports that the British Government is going to expend $1,500,000 for the relief of the destitute in the United Kingdom and to hasten the naval construction programme in order that the unemployed may have work, serves to call the attention of us on this North American continent that in Europe the population is pressing harder and harder on the means of subsistence. Because of the great demands for relief from the lack of work and over-population it is estimated that this country will witness a migratory movement of Europeans such as has never been seen in modern times. In 1800 the population of Europe was approximately 200,000,000. In one hundred years it had increased to 400,000,000 during a time in which the population of all the rest of the world had increased by only 100,000,000 souls. From 1900 up to the present time, it is said, the increase in the population of Europe has been much more rapid even than in the ten years immediately preceding that date.

The inherited land hunger of the Anglo-Saxon does not need the additional incentive of much body hunger and overpopulation, as in the migration of Europe, but may be traced to the land hunger of a people alert to grasp the opportunities which come with the settling of a Last West. The ebb and flow of the alien tide across the Atlantic has borne a very close relation to the labour market, but the last great trek of the sons of men—across the international boundary, from the United States into Canada—is the result of the desire of owners of land to become the owners of more and better land. The inrush of 80,000 settlers last year from the United States, to form part of those who now occupy 5,000,000 of the 175,000,000 acres of virgin soil that is to be cultivated, backed by the most modern farm machinery for subduing the soil, led by three transcontinental railroads and followed by the telephone, the telegraph and the newspaper, is one of the most dramatic and spectacular events in the history of modern times.

For the settlement of the Last West is being carried on under different conditions and by different methods than was the opening up of the great American West by the fa-



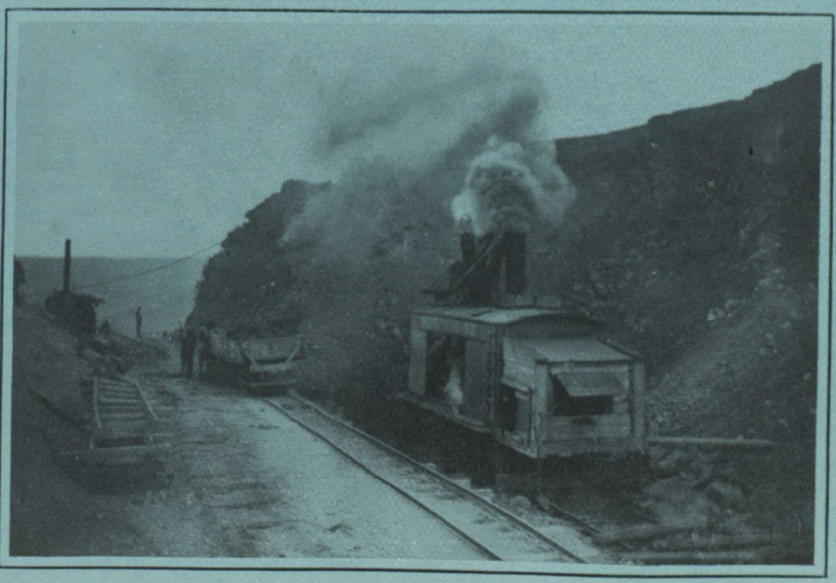
POWER FOR THE MILLION
KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

thers of the pioneers of to-day. How different it is one may judge from the description of Quartermaster Inman of the United States Army, who passed a greater portion of his life on the frontiers, in a book called "The Old Santa Fé Trail." One evening, only about thirty years ago, he was standing upon a hill-top, and there saw before him the newly laid rails of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad, which closely parallels the old trading route between Leavenworth and Santa Fé.

Far to the westward just visible in the sunset he saw the dust of a train of waggons on their way to some army post still more remote from civilisation; while to the eastward there was just visible the headlight of an approaching train. In the valley below, alongside of the little river, were grazing herds of buffalo and antelope, some of the last ever seen in that district, and not far from them was an Indian encampment with fires lighted for the evening meal. The Indians were on their way from their former hunting-grounds to the reservation to which the Government had assigned them. As a final contrast, less than a mile away, alongside the railroad, was the rough cabin of a settler, surrounded by a field of freshly turned prairie sod which was being prepared for cultivation. The rude cabins of the settlers, thirty years ago, often miles apart, were built of prairie sod for lack of better material. The Indians frequently made raids and robbed and murdered all within their reach.

In the Last West to-day the sod cabin has been replaced by a comfortable home. Instead of the mail being delivered once a week or once a month bringing belated news, it has its daily delivery bringing the news of yesterday from the far corners of the earth; the former solitude has been dispelled by the telephone and telegraph and the growing traction lines radiating from the cities of the Last West. For instance, six years ago, three trains a week came up from Calgary to Strathcona and the primitive method was pursued by the passengers of getting off the train at Red Deer to lunch while the train waited for them. Now there are two crowded C.P.R. trains each way daily, each equipped with a dining car, while to the east there is the daily train to Winnipeg over the Canadian Northern Railway and from Calgary two daily Canadian Pacific Railway trains across the continent both ways. The three transcontinentals are

POWER FOR THE SETTLER
THRESHING OUTFIT "BETWEEN JOBS" IN THE WEST



POWER MAKING THE WAY
STEAM SHOVEL ON G.T.P. MAIN LINE

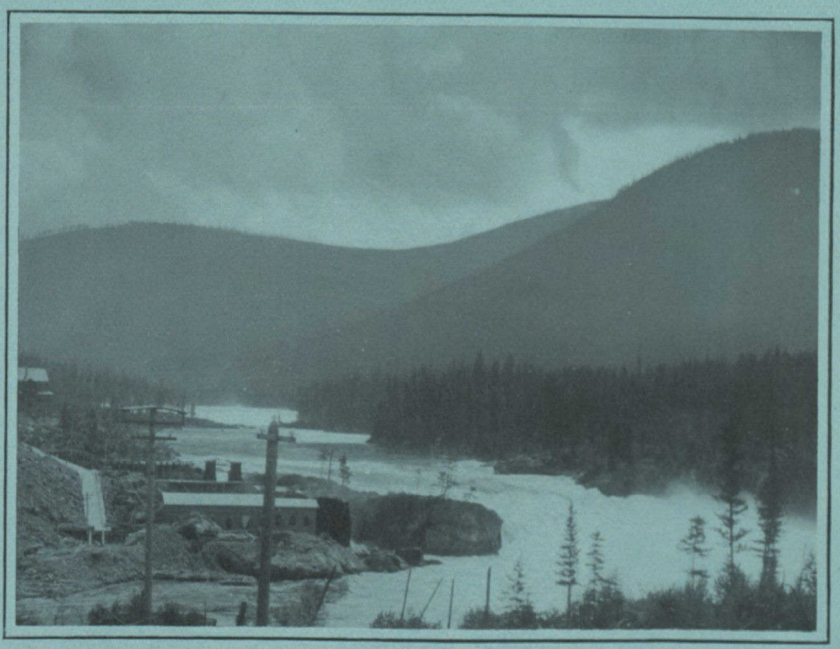
POWER IN THE WEST

KANANASKIS FALLS, NEAR BANFF, ALTA.

all pushing north and east from Edmonton so that this city will in the future become the centre of a network of railroads. Fort Vermilion, by the way, is the most northerly agricultural settlement of the Last West. One man up there is producing a yearly crop of 20,000 bushels of wheat on something less than a thousand acres. That is in the Peace River country, a vast stretch six hundred miles long and from fifty to two hundred miles in width. It is there that the Mackenzie drains its 450,000 square miles — tracts almost as large as any state in the Union that have not even been explored.

At Regina, in the Saskatchewan country, a syndicate proposes to build a street car system around Regina and out on the adjacent prairies connecting the various towns. At Calgary, the City Council has been asked for an appropriation for preliminary surveys and expert opinion on the feasibility of municipal power development. These are but random illustrations of the daily push of the people in every mushroom town of the Last West. The cities which have sprung up during the night, appropriating the Indian Trail for their Main street, insist on broad pavements, pure water supply and scientific sanitary methods of sewage disposal. The telephone and telegraph are almost at once in evidence, and the quick production of electric lights and electric transportation is the striking feature of the settlement today.

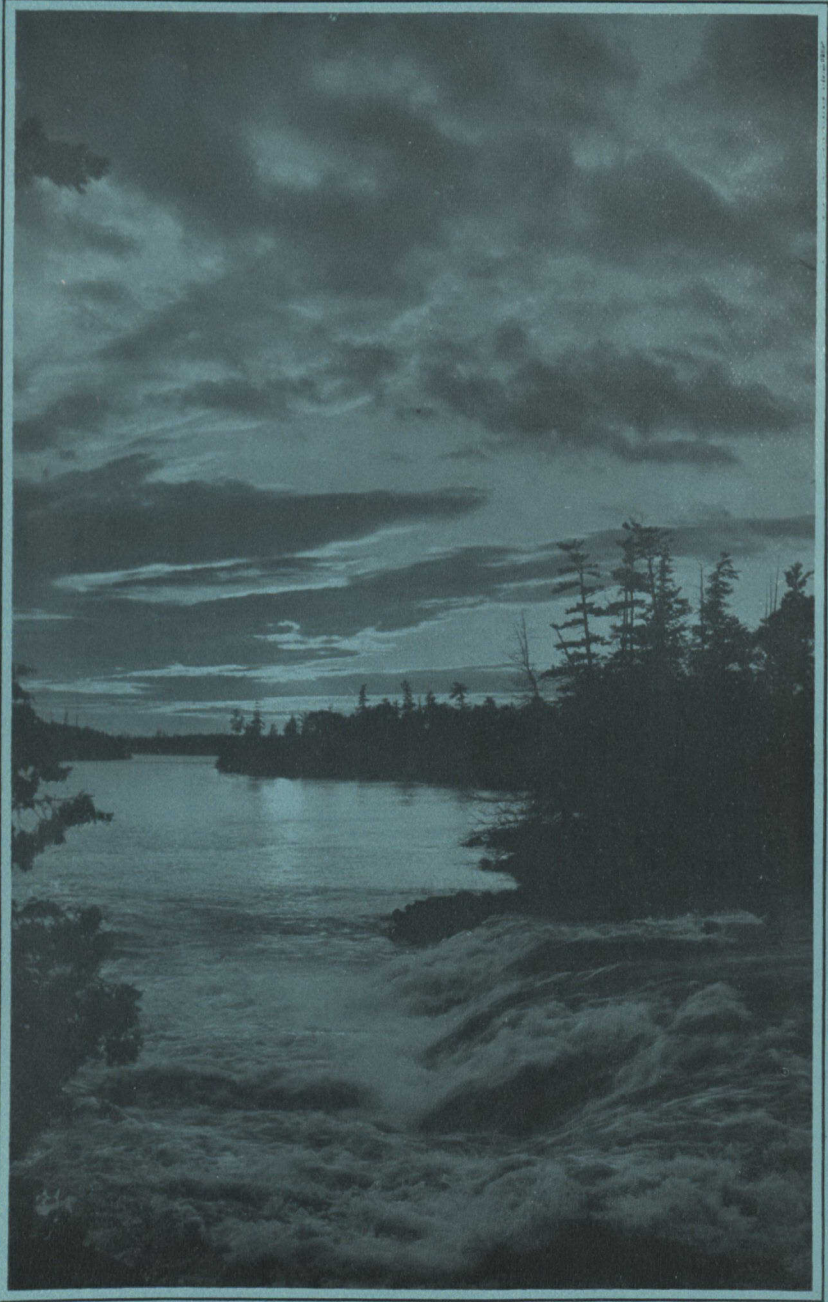
The settlement of the American West was hampered by the lack of development of electric power, for it was not until the Chicago exhibition



A PIONEER POWER HOUSE
ON THE KOOTENAY RIVER AT SLOCAN JUNCTION, B.C.

of 1893 that people woke up to the tremendous possibilities of the production and transmission of power by means of electricity and the electrical system of distribution. So out in the new towns of the American West, the gas lamp and the horse car were in evidence for want of something better, and many times the water supply and sewage disposal systems were poor because of the lack of engineering information and modern pumping stations.

Then again the imperfect locomotives of the struggling transcontinental lines were hindered by grades that are unknown across the hundreds of miles of Canadian prairie. It must be remembered that the beginning of our great systems of railroads was as late as 1825. The first steam road was put into operation when a train of twenty-two waggons for passengers and twelve for coal was hauled by a steam engine from Stockton to Darlington, England, a distance of twenty-five miles at the rate of five miles an hour. The engine was for the time abandoned because it could not compete with horses, and its builder, George Stephenson, was called "the craziest man in England." The first attempt to use engines in the United States for any other than experimental purposes was in 1829, by the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company, from Carbondale to Honesdale, Pa., a distance of sixteen miles. The engines were made in England. In the following year Peter Cooper built the first locomotive in the United States. It weighed less than a ton; its boiler was about the size of a flour barrel, and its flues were made of gun barrels. Mr. Cooper was highly elated because his engine made better time than the horses of other railroads, and it therefore created competition with



Photograph by Micklethwaite

A MUSKOKA WATERFALL

the "prairie schooners" and the stage coach of the American West.

In striking contrast with the above, we note that the Canadian Last West invasion is being aided by six-cylindered balanced compound locomotives of 2,000 horse-power capacity, rolling on 100-pound "open hearth" steel rails with six or seven hundred tons of coaches, sleepers and baggage cars stringing along behind at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and that soon three bands of steel instead of two will securely bind together the political and business interests of Eastern and Western Canada. Of course, in the settling of the American West the luxuries of electric transportation and the electric light and telephone were entirely unknown, so that the farmer was entirely cut off from the rest of the world.

In the settling of the American West the railroads were hindered by lack of bridge building knowledge in the fording of the mighty rivers of the States. Squire Whipple, of Utica, N.Y., made the first study and analysis of bridge stresses in 1847, so that in 1863 the first long span truss bridge, 320 feet long, was built over the Ohio river at Stubenville. This was followed by the most important advance in the science of bridge building, when the Kentucky cantilever bridge was constructed by C. Shaler Smith in 1877. This structure, with its spans of 375 feet each, marked the beginning of the modern cantilever. In 1801 James Finley built the first roadway suspended by steel cables near Greensburg, Pa. It was called a suspension bridge and had a span of seventy feet, but the suspension bridge did not have its triumph until 1883 when the marvellous Brooklyn bridge was completed.

In those days considerable difficulty was experienced with the water supply of cities. In 1801 pumps for the water works of Philadelphia were installed. They were double acting force pumps lined with sheet copper to prevent leaking and made of wood. Their steam boilers, lever beams, shafts and fly wheels were also of wood. The boilers consisted of boxes nine by nine by fifteen feet, each containing a wrought iron flue box with vertical cast iron flues. In the cities of the Last West to-day, high duty triple expansion engines may be used to do the pumping as they need them. They are being built now for the great settled cities of the American West, as for instance Chicago, with the capacity of lifting forty million gallons 140 feet in twenty-four hours. The quantity of water supplied by this one pump would meet the needs of a city of four or five hundred thousand inhabitants.

But these cars and that farm machinery, these engines and those lights must have something to make them go and that "something" is Power in the form of coal or falling water. The development of the Last West would be greatly retarded, as was the settlement of the American West, if, with all the modern uses of Power, the country did not have the means to produce it. Because, after all is said, it is the application of steam and of electricity to the machinery of production and transportation and public utilities that has made possible the transportation and sale of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat grown in one year from the occupation of 5,000,000 acres of land in a new country. The former ignorance of men as to how to use the forces of nature and turn them into Power for their own use contributed as much to the delay in the opening up of the Last West as the misleading reports regarding the uninhabitableness and barrenness of the country sent out by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Out there on the Pacific rim of the Last West, great manufacturing cities are springing up, due to the plentifulness of coal and water power. British Columbia, the most westerly province of the Confederation, contains 300,000 square miles of country known to be

extensively mineralised and still a virgin field for the prospector and investor. As early as 1835, coal was discovered at Fort Rupert by the Hudson's Bay Company. During 1907 the Province produced 1,384,312 tons of coal and 271,785 tons of coke. The distribution of coal seems to be general, for it is known to exist along the whole western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Vancouver has produced to date 25,000,000 tons of coal, and there also are some very large water powers developed under high heads which supply Vancouver and the surrounding district. One company alone has some 350,000 horse-power of electric energy available for distribution.

In considering the development of water-power in British Columbia, it is worthy of note that every river of importance on the Pacific coast, except the Colorado, rises on the watershed of British Columbia. The electrical energy that may be derived from the drainage of its extensive area of highlands and mountains is so great as to be beyond human comprehension or estimation at present. The Columbia, Skeena, Frazer, Stikine, Liard and Peace rivers range in length from four hundred to a thousand miles and are of great size and volume, the first four being sufficiently navigable to steamers to also form valuable waterways for the development of the country and lend an additional impetus to the trade with the Orient.

Coming eastward into the Province of Alberta we find Fdmonton in the central part with its coal fields and gas wells. Five hundred miles to the northward the Peace River is harnessed to the two most northerly flour mills of the Last West. Two hundred miles farther north one can still grow wheat. Edmonton is destined to become a large manufacturing city, because of the coal beds which are located on both banks of the Saskatchewan. Two mills are cutting 100,000 feet of lumber daily for the farmers locating on the large and fertile wheat-fields to the east.

Of course, the Rockies are the land of the water-power. At Bennington Falls there is 15,000 horse-power developed and transmitted eighty miles, where it is used for smelting, mining and transportation. Coming farther eastward across the prairies for a thousand miles, we find no water-power because the land is nearly level. Then we come to the city of Winnipeg and the great Winnipeg River starting from Minnesota and Ontario and flowing into Lake Winnipeg. On the river, within easy transmission distance of the city, there is a half-million horse-power to be developed. Eighty thousand horse-power is already produced, for the citizens of Winnipeg have expended recently $3,250,000 in building themselves a municipal power plant with a capacity of 60,000 horse-power to draw industries to their city. Free grants of land of 160 acres can still be obtained by *bona fide* settlers in the northern part of this region, and the yield on some farms has been as high as thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre.

Thirty miles from Fort William, the chief grain port with its three great elevators of 6,000,000 bushels capacity, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is Kakabeka Falls on the Kaministikwia River. This water has a drop of over a hundred feet and is one hundred and thirty feet wide. When it is developed it will furnish all the power needed within a radius of a hundred miles for many years to come. A few miles farther east, on Thunder Bay, is Port Arthur, which divides honours with Fort William as the receiving point for the wheat of Manitoba and the Northwest territory by way of the Canadian Northern Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway. Since ocean-going vessels now enter Lake Superior, these strategic commercial points for the convergence and transportation of this great Canadian granary of the Last West to Europe, combined with the

cheap electric-power derived from the Kakabeka, foretells the growth of a large city, for Lord Strathcona asserts that in ten years the Canadian West will produce all the grain needed by Great Britain.

That Eastern Canada will be amply able to do her share in the providing of manufactured articles for that nation-to-be which is springing from the soil of the Last West is evidenced by the recent great development of water-powers and the transmission of electric energy which is taking place in the Province of Ontario alone. There is development all over the Province of more or less importance. At Peterboro' there is 10,000 horse-power, and in the south-western part of the Province, near the city of Hamilton, we find the falling water creating 40,000 horse-power. At familiar Niagara Falls there is 150,000 horse-power making soda, potash, carborundum, aluminum, carbide, etc. This power is also transmitted to various cities and towns for lighting, manufacturing and transportation.

When the manufactures of England become crippled because of lack of coal and the absence of waterfalls and the demand becomes greater for manufactured articles and machinery from the fertile acres of the Last West, then a dam will be constructed across the Long Sault. A highway will be provided for sea-going vessels by means of canals, and as no limit will be set upon the amount of water that may be used as at Niagara, there will be developed at this point 700,000 horse-power. From here the power will be distributed which will operate factories, run cars and light cities miles away.

These then are the great forces which surround and project into the Last West; these are the forces without which the settling of the American West was undertaken. The conversion of them into Power to be used on the broad acres or in the factories is as romantic as the settling of the Last West itself and the scenes of life and death attending the harnessing of a tremendous volume of water and the building of the power plant are as dramatic in their own way as is the rush of 70,000 American farmers across an international boundary line in the course of a twelvemonth. With its thousand miles of fertile prairie invaded by the water-power of Winnipeg on the one hand and the coal and gas fields of Edmonton on the other; the cheapness of operation of the new single phase electric traction lines and the ability to transmit power economically up to two hundred miles, guarantee that the towns in the wheat-fields will be connected by electric transportation as well as the great transcontinental roads. Denatured alcohol and coal will run the intricate farm machinery and the mineral wealth is being attacked by the powerful machinery of to-day.

The discoveries in science have been so marvellous in recent years that only application of them to an entirely new country drives home to the layman their practical uses. The wireless telegraph sending a message pregnant with human thought, thousands of miles through storms and fogs over land and sea; the remote control of mechanisms with no tangible connection between them and the operator; the conversion of a cubic foot of water a second, falling ten feet into an electrical horse-power transmitted a hundred miles, and the digging of a carbonised vegetation of an unknown era to be converted into Power and thus take the place of the brawn of men and relieve them from the drudgery of the world, while increasing infinitely their productive capacity, do not hit one's imagination so hard until one sees them backing the whole panorama of human progress in a raw country and becoming the first aid to a new nation springing from a new soil.

LABOUR AND SOCIALISM

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, and not unconnected with the disturbance of religion, as well as with political conflict, comes a paroxysm of industrial and social agitation under two phases, more or less blending with each other: that of Socialism, and that of "Labour." The "Labour" agitation, which prevails mainly among the artisans, especially in the great factory centres, seeks an increased share of the profits. It once put forth a claim to the whole on the principle taught by extreme theorists that, everything being the product of labour, to labour everything ought by right to belong; an assumption which, supposing the labour meant to be manual, as the claim proceeds from that quarter, would have shut out everything not manual, including invention, even mechanical invention, from a claim to remuneration. The conflict between Labour and Capital has brought on strikes very costly to both parties and to the community at large, including the strikers themselves as general purchasers of goods. This is in face of the rising industries and probably impending competition of China and Japan.

The remedy proposed for Labour-war and strikes is profit-sharing. This seems to present difficulties, as Labour might demur to delay of payment, while the employer might not like interference with his policy or inspection of his books. Profit-sharing, however, is declared to be practicable by so high an authority as Mr. Carnegie, who, if he can bring it about, will add to his many benefactions the greatest of them all.

It would be well that Labour should have a voice in Parliament to bring its wants and grievances authoritatively and peacefully before the people. In England it has, and there is a Labour man in the present Cabinet. In Toronto at the last election a good Labour candidate offered himself in the person of Mr. O'Donoghue. It is a pity he was not elected. But by party and very senseless party, party without an intelligible issue, our elections are controlled.

"The best form of government is that which doth actuate and inspire every part and member of a state to the common good."

That has been the writer's motto; it is the motto of the old Radical party, the principles of which he has been said to preserve. I believe I never failed in England or here to support a good Labour candidate, one who I thought would be loyal to the community as well as to his class.

Some think that we should dispense altogether with the capital ist. As it is evident that nothing furnishing employment to labour could be set on foot without capital, such a proposition would be insensate What is really meant must be that the capital should be transferred from the present possessors to the labouring class.

The writer is better acquainted with the history of Labour in England than with its history in Canada. While the great Napoleonic war was going

on, little could be done in the way of social, industrial, or political improvement. But not many years elapsed after the end of the war, before peaceful progress resumed its course, especially in the interest of the labouring class. A series of Acts for the protection of Labour, such as the Factory Acts and Mining Acts, was passed. The unions were legalised, though they were somewhat discredited by the Sheffield affair, and some of us who then stood up for them got hard blows. The Poor Law was amended, sanitary workhouses were erected, and at the same time a great impulse was given to charitable works of all kinds—hospitals, homes, and places of recreation. A system of public education was introduced, and this, it must be borne in mind, was an act of beneficence on the part of the State, that is of the taxpayer; the education of children, as well as the feeding and clothing of them, being naturally a part of parental duty. The general reform of the law has enured mainly to the benefit of the poorer class. Much more no doubt still remains to be done, but it cannot possibly be said that the conduct of the property-holding and ruling classes in England has been such as to provoke the hatred of them which glows in extreme Socialist manifestoes.

A succession of Reform Bills has extended political power to the masses, and made them in fact almost masters of the State. Their influence is plainly visible in the action of the British Parliament and Government. It surely is not reasonable to arraign the authors and supporters of these measures as enemies of the people.

The death-rate in England has decreased, crime has decreased, the expenditure on poor-law has decreased, saving has become more general. In England old age is now, wisely or not, to be pensioned.

Rail and steam have brought within the English labourer's reach the productions of different countries, besides giving him access to new markets. This could not have been done without the accumulation of capital in the hands of private enterprise which is now denounced as tyranny and oppression.

It is asserted, and seems to be proved, that the rate of money wages in England has increased during the last generation, and not only the money rate but the purchasing power.

In striking the balance of credit and blame between the employer class and itself, the labouring class in England and elsewhere is bound to make allowance for a certain amount of indolence, of which, if the Prohibitionists are to be believed, the source is largely drink, and for the total disregard of Malthus's rigorous but incontrovertible law of population. Had not offspring been blindly multiplied, competition would be less severe.

Nor, in the exercise of their political power have the masses been entirely true to their own interest. They have shouted and voted for war, regarding it apparently as a spree. For opposing war, and war most causeless and iniquitous, John Bright was burned in effigy, and he, Cobden, and other Liberals and friends of the people were thrown out of their seats. We are told that numbers are now wandering unfed in the streets of London. Those same streets saw the hideous orgy of the war spirit on the Mafeking night.

The large landed estates of Great Britain are economically much open to question. They are largely an inheritance from feudal or early times. Where the landlord is non-resident, there are likely to be evils. Where he is resident and does his duty, he earns a part of the rent; Coke, of Norfolk, a great improver of agriculture, unquestionably did. The old Duke of Wellington went down when business permitted to his country estate, Strathfieldsaye, and did a landlord's duty there. Everything is now so fitted to the system of manorial ownership that a radical change would

be very difficult. But there has been legislation to facilitate the acquisition of small holdings. On this continent, colonised when the feudal and manorial system had been long in its grave, the question can hardly arise.

Did not the investigations preliminary to legislation on employment in the English factories and mines disclose great rapacity and inhumanity on the part of some capitalist employers? Unquestionably they did. Nor can it be denied that such tendencies generally exist and call for condemnation and repression. But let it be observed that capitalists are not a social oligarchy; in any list of them, especially on this continent, will be found the names of many who have risen from the ranks and in whom probably the appetite for gain and the tendency to grind the labourer are not less marked than they are in the rest. Let it also be ever borne in mind that a too rapid increase of population in any country must tend, by overstocking the labour-market, to put the labourer at the mercy of the employer, especially when mechanical invention is superseding hands.

In the course of the eighty-six years of the writer's life there has, in the countries in which he has lived, been, if not the increase to be desired, certainly a marked increase of the sense of social responsibility and of active beneficence. The monuments of it in fact in the shape of charitable foundations, charitable associations, and benefactions of all kinds are everywhere to be seen. There is still unhappily a great deal of selfish and wasteful luxury, such as provokes class-hatred and is dangerous to society. This world of ours is still a good deal out of joint, though not quite so much so as it was eighty years ago. We may hope that happiness is more equally divided than wealth. Thackeray's *Marquis of Steyne* rolls in wealth and riots in debauchery. But happy he is not; a day-labourer on the *Steyne* estates, with a kind wife, a good cottage, and regular pay, is happy.

In one respect there may have been a change for the worse. The social severance of employer from employed has probably increased. Old men may remember the time when the habitations of the two classes were less apart, and there was more intercourse between them. They now live entirely apart; the workingmen in their cottages near the works; the employer in his villa in the outskirts. In a great number of cases too the employer is a Company. Employers should do what they can to improve the social relation.

Distinct from the movement the object of which is bounded by improvement of the lot of Labour, though more or less allied with it, is Socialism, which seeks to transform and regenerate society. Seeing how great and too often how cruel are the imperfections of man's present estate, it is not wonderful that there should have been dreams of a better. The author of the "Utopia," Sir Thomas More, was set dreaming by the cruelty of landowners who ejected peasant farmers from their holdings to turn the land into sheep-pasture for the production of wool. "Utopia" is a lovely vision and though severe, no doubt justly, upon the greedy landowner, thoroughly benevolent in its general spirit and free from the odious and criminal appeals to careless enmity of the property-holding class with which the harangues of some Socialists at present teem. The dreamer in this case made no attempt to realise his dream. In more recent times we have had serious projects of social regeneration, notably those of Saint-Simon and Fourier, which, particularly that of Fourier, Mill handles with respect and sympathy, claiming for them a right to fair trial, though at private expense; ending, however, with indefinite adjournment.

"It is for experience to determine how far or how soon any one or more of the possible systems of community of property will be fitted to substitute itself

for the 'organisation of industry' based on private ownership of land and capital. In the meantime we may, without attempting to limit the ultimate capabilities of human nature, affirm, that the political economist, for a considerable time to come, will be chiefly concerned with the conditions of existence and progress belonging to a society founded on private property and individual competition; and that the object to be principally aimed at in the present stage of human improvement, is not the subversion of the system of individual property, but the improvement of it, and the full participation of every member of the community in its benefits."—Political Economy, Book II., chap. i., sec. 4.

A trial at private expense under good auspices, Communism, or something like it, was given by the Owens at New Harmony with unfavourable results. The success of such an association as the Oneida Community, celibate and under a prophet, evidently proves nothing. The Oneida in the end grew rich and owned factories, where it employed workmen on the usual footing..

Equality and Fraternity are the watchwords of Socialism. Of Fraternity, or something like it, a measure may be said to be attained in any well-ordered and contented commonwealth. It is manifested by community of interest in the national welfare, common joy at national success, common sorrow at national defeat. Equality will hardly be attained without a radical change in the providential government of the world. That all men are created equal the authors of the American Declaration of Independence hold to be a "self-evident truth." With deference to their illustrious authority, it would be difficult to frame a more self-evident fallacy. Men are created and sent into the world with every conceivable variety of endowment, physical, moral, and mental, with infinite variety of circumstance, and not less various openings and chances in life. If all could be rolled flat to-day, to-morrow the differences would re-appear. This may offend our sense of equity, but the responsibility must rest on the government of the world. An equal right to justice all men unquestionably have, but there the natural equality ends.

What we now want most urgently and must have before us if we are to do justice to the Socialist's scheme is his plan both for the settlement and the transition. What is the organisation of the regenerated community to be? How and by whom is it to be governed? Who is to make the laws? Who is to regulate industry? Who is to distribute the parts and determine the remunerations of all workers? How, without private capital, can undertakings be set on foot? How without the prospect of private gain can private enterprise be called into play? Will there not have to be, besides a complete change of organisation, a change of human nature almost as complete? There may be answers to all these questions, but at present they are not before us.

How the transition is to be effected is a question hardly less vital. Suppose a part of the community resists, clinging to private property and individual enterprise, what is to be done? Is recourse to be had to the methods of the French Jacobin and the Russian Anarchist? Enough of that spirit has been shown in the writings and speeches of extreme Socialists to make the class which is threatened look to its military training.

At present the Socialist movement, in England at least, seems to be rather taking the form of the use of the powers of taxation for a general transfer of property. The ultimate consequence of this or of any sweeping policy of confiscation would probably be political convulsion, with industrial disorganisation in its train.

MY SISTER'S CHILDREN

BY LOIS E. LONGLEY

I NEVER posed as being fond of children. The truth is I do not understand them, and therefore it was with something of a shock that I read the following letter from my sister:

"Dear Rosie,

Am too excited to write. Jack has to start for New York on Tuesday and is bound to take me with him. Won't you come and take care of Buffy and Midget for me, as I can't trust them with the maid I have at present. They are dear little souls and won't be a speck of trouble to you. Wire, like an angel, saying you will come.

Yours ever,

Evelyn.

P.S.—We shall only be gone a fortnight."

My first impulse was to send an uncompromising refusal, but in the end my better nature prevailed, and in the course of a few days I found myself in Halifax ready to take charge of my sister's house. After all, perhaps I should confess that the prospect of being near Professor Hadley might have influenced me slightly.

I had never seen the children, and I felt ill at ease when the cab drew up in front of a pleasant red brick house.

I was received by a neat but rather aggressive maid, who informed me that the children were in the nursery and that they had been very troublesome since their mother left.

I opened the nursery door rather timidly.

"Here is Aunt Rosie, baby," a shrill little voice cried.

"I'm not a baby, I'm a Boston bull," replied a child in angry tones.

The next moment two small figures, on their hands and knees, came over in my direction.

"Are you Buffy?" I asked, taking the hand of the elder, a fair-haired child of five, with a sweet sensitive little face.

"I shall be to-morrow, but to-day I'm a raging lion, and baby's a Boston bull dog."

The Boston bull, a rollicking three-year-old, with the wickedest, merriest little face in the world, gave a bark or two and returned to his play.

"Are you going to live with us while dada and mother are away?" asked Buffy.

"Yes, dear. Do you think you will like to have me stay and take care of you?"

A pair of earnest blue eyes gazed at me for a long minute, and the owner of them replied: "I don't know. You don't look cross or disagreeable, but we can never tell, can we? My dada says most people are fools, and I suppose you are one."

I felt embarrassed, and turned the conversation by asking if Midget was very lonely without mamma.

"He's lonely sometimes, but I take care of him. Mamma depends on me to keep him happy. He cried a lot last night, but I took him into my bed and told him stories about wild beasts tearing little boys to pieces, and that comforted him."

"Would you like to see our bunnies?" he continued. "They are alive. Midget's is 'Polly' and mine is 'Snowflake.' Come, baby — Boston bull, I mean."

Two friendly little hands were thrust into mine, and I was taken out into the garden to a hutch containing a pair of rabbits.

"Mamma bought them for us," I was told. "When we showed them to dada, he said mamma was foolish and that the bunnies would die. Midget and I dug big graves for them, but they didn't die. Midget filled up his grave, but I just made mine bigger so that it would do for me in case I died. It would be handy for mamma to have it all ready."

At this moment the maid came to say that tea was served, and the three of us sat down together.

"Maud is our nurse," Buffy informed me.

"Is she kind to you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, pretty kind, but she breaks the law."

"Breaks the law?" I asked.

"Yes, she says things that are not true. The other night she told me that I should be cast out when I died and put in a great pit of fire if I didn't go to bed nicely. Wasn't she foolish? We know God better than that, don't we?"

Here Midget piped up and asked for a butterfly sandwich.

I stared helplessly.

"He just means bread and butter with marmalade on folded together and cut in little squares."

After tea, the children said goodnight and went off to bed quite happily. I settled down for a quiet evening. I felt thankful to find they were not shy children, and I began to think it would not be such a tiresome task to look after them.

My sister had left a note urging me to let Midget share my bed as he was likely to get nervous in the night. "You will enjoy having him," she said. "He's such a soft warm little bunch to have cuddled up beside you."

I retired early, feeling the need of a good night's rest after my journey. I slipped gently into bed for fear of disturbing the small boy, and closed my eyes in delightful anticipation of a peaceful night. I was suddenly roused by a vigorous kick in my back. I silently edged away and remained rigid for a few moments. I was beginning to breathe freely again, when a warm arm was flung round my neck and a sleepy voice murmured, "I'm still a Boston bull, Auntie."

Again I settled myself, but on the brink of losing consciousness a plaintive voice reached my ears:

"The Boston bull wants a link."

I sighed, but lit a candle and waddled out in my bare feet to the bathroom. I found a glass and took it in full of water.

"Here you are," I said in a voice which I flattered myself sounded quite patient.

"That won't do. I can't dink out of that glass."

"Don't be silly. Take your drink," I urged.

"That glass won't do," he began to sob.

"What glass do you want?" I asked with a distinct diminution of patience.

"I don't want a glass at all; I want dada's shaving mug."

Again I crossed the chilly hardwood floor to the bathroom, and, seeing a mug, I seized it and filled it with water.

"Here you are," I said, "drink it quickly, Auntie is getting cold."

The only response was a burst of rage.

"That's Buffy's mug."

"I don't care whose it is—take your drink, if you want it, and, if not, go to sleep."

A prolonged wail arose. "I can't dink out of Buffy's mug. I want dada's shaving mug."

I was almost decided not to give in, but a thought of the Professor softened me. Then, with tightened lips, I flung off and found the shaving mug and handed it to him.

"Now I can dink," I was told, with a winning smile.

It took some time to compose myself for sleep after this, but eventually

I did drop off into happy unconsciousness, but not for long. I was awakened by a sleepy little voice saying:

"Tickle my back, Auntie."

Compliance is cheapest in the end, I thought, and ran my fingers over the child's back.

"Say about the railroad," he commanded.

"I don't know what you mean. You must go to sleep," I said firmly.

"Mamma would say it. Oh, oh, I want my mamma! I want my mamma!"

Louder and more piteous rose the cries.

"Tell me about the railroad, dear, and then I will say it just like mamma," I coaxed.

The cries ceased. "You must tickle me very softly and say:

"Tickley, tickley on the back,
Run right up like a railway track.
Tickley, tickley, down we go,
And here we come to his little toe."

I obediently repeated it, and he snuggled up closer.

"Now say the knee one."

"What is that one?" I asked pathetically.

"Tickley, tickley on the knee,
What a brave boy this must be,
For he doesn't laugh and he doesn't smile,
While mamma tickles him all the while."

I confess that my thoughts of my sister were not gentle ones. But my nephew gave a sigh of ineffable content and murmured: "Now the feet one," and I repeated after him:

"Tickle, tickle his little feet,
While he sits on a nice, soft seat.
Tickle, tickle his little toes,
And then come up and tweak his nose."
Run right up like a railway track.
Tickley, tickley, down we go,
And here we come to his little toe."

I wondered savagely which would be the next place of anatomy I should be called upon to repeat idiotic nonsense over. However, his soft, regular breathing told me that my little nephew at last slept.

If there is one time of the day when I like to luxuriate, it is when I wake up in the morning. It is so pleasant to feel the gradual dawn of consciousness; then to lapse back for another doze; finally to stretch, take up a favourite book and read for a little while before dressing. I had placed "Idylls of the King" within reach on going to bed. This morning I was rudely awakened by my small nephew bounding about the bed as the clock struck six.

"I am a white horse named Minnie to-day," I was informed, "and I'm running away. Now you telephone for the stableman to come and catch me and put me back in the barn."

I obediently telephoned to an imaginary stableman, and the white horse plunged frantically about trying to escape.

"Now naughty people are driving poor Minnie and making her gallop and gallop up the big hills. You telephone for the policeman to come and take them to jail.

After half an hour, this amusement palled upon me, but there was no sign of weariness in my companion.

The door opened, and another small white-gowned figure entered the room and climbed into bed. Giving me a sweet kiss, he nestled up to me.

"Isn't it sad for you, Auntie' that you have no little boys of your own?"

I felt I was justified in perjuring myself as I looked at his trusting friendly little face.

"Why don't you ask God to born you a baby?" he continued.

I evaded the question by telling him that Midget was a white horse named Minnie. A moment later I realised my mistake. With one wild bound Buffy was up shouting: "And I'm a brown horse, Prince. Telephone for the stableman to bring Prince over to take you and mamma and dada and Buffy and Midget for a drive."

"I'm dead," said Midget.

"What does he mean?" I asked.

"Oh, he just means that he doesn't want to play at being in the carriage.

So you and dada and mamma and Buffy are in the carriage. He's dead."

Then began a long exciting series of adventures. But at last their nurse took them off to be dressed and I, feeling more exhausted than if I had done a hard day's work, proceeded with my own toilet.

During breakfast Buffy gazed so long and earnestly at me that I asked him what he was thinking of.

"You have a pretty face, Aunt Rosie," he remarked, "but I don't think it's such a *good* face as my mamma's. But I quite like you," he added, consolingly.

"I think I will call you 'Green Leaves' to-day. Sometimes I call mamma 'Green Leaves.' She likes that for a name. It makes us think of pretty leaves and flowers, and I like to think of mamma and pretty things."

After breakfast Buffy told me he thought he would take Midget for a walk. On being assured that his mother often let him take Midget out, I gladly agreed, and, after cautioning him not to let baby get his feet wet and to go down towards the park, I settled down to write letters and soon was oblivious to all worldly cares.

As I was nearing the end of my correspondence, the door opened and Maud asked me if I could tell her where the children were, as she wanted to get them ready for luncheon.

The children! With a guilty start I looked at the clock. Nearly three hours had gone by since they had started for their walk. Horrible misgivings flashed across my mind as I hurried for my hat and started off for the park. I was the prey of most distressing forebodings. I tried to comfort myself by recalling their fond mother's words: "Buffy is so reliable. I can trust him with baby anywhere." Visions of straw hats floating on the water and submerged childish forms arose before me. What should I say to my sister? How could I face her on returning to her desolate home?

I asked several people if they had seen two very small boys, but no one could help me, and half running, half walking, I hurried on. It was growing chilly, and I remembered that they had only recently recovered from whooping cough. As I neared the park, I saw several small objects lying on the road. As I drew nearer ,they resolved themselves into four little brown shoes, and four rubbers half full of water. With a sinking heart, I ran on. Soon childish voices reached me, and no music ever sounded sweeter. Peering through the trees, I saw my small nephews. They had scooped out two hollows in the wet soil beneath the trees, taken off their hats and coats and were resting peacefully in their clammy beds. I then saw that they were drenching wet. Their clothes were clinging to them, while the water oozed down their legs in muddy streams.

"Children!" I cried, and I never knew before how much could be expressed in one word.

"Why here's 'Green Leaves'," a happy little voice cried.

"O, Auntie, see our beds! We are going to sleep here all night. Haven't we been busy?"

"Children, how did you get so wet?" I gasped.

"Oh, we were just Peter walking on the water."

I didn't speak, but hurried them into their coats and shoes and started for home on the run.

One reproach I did utter: "Buffy, how could you let Midget get so wet when I told you to be careful of him and not let him get his feet damp?"

"I feegot. It was so beciting being Peter."

After putting them in a hot bath and toasting their toes at the fire, I watched nervously for signs of croup or the return of the whooping cough. But on that occasion fate was kind, and they took no harm.

*

Later in the week some of Evelyn's

friends came in to see how I was getting along.

"Aren't the children too sweet for words?" one gushing lady asked. I politely agreed, with certain mental reservations.

"Isn't the elder an old-fashioned little soul?" she continued. "Whenever I see him I feel as if I must take him right up in my arms and love him."

"Aunt Rosie, Aunt Rosie, where are you? You will be so s'prised," cried Buffy's voice at this moment.

"We look so beaut-i-ful," continued Midget's voice.

The next moment the door flew open and the children entered. Their faces were heavily coated with brilliant red and green paint; their right hands were painted red, their left hands green; their legs between their knickers and white socks corresponded.

I gasped, and as I did so they laid their wet hands confidingly on the knee of the gushing lady.

"Don't we look lovely, Miss Anderson?" asked Buffy.

"Look lovely," echoed Midget.

"There's such a nice man painting the verandah next door. He let us put sticks in his tins, and then we were able to dec'rate ourselves."

Eventually, we got the paint out of Miss Anderson's dress, and she left, with a halo of turpentine and dampened enthusiasm.

"What do you think mamma would say if she could see you?" I said, in a reproving tone, to Midget, as I scoured the paint from his face.

"*Darling!*" he replied with a world of tender emphasis.

If there is one thing Evelyn prides herself on, it's the behaviour of the children when she has visitors. I had always thought it was rather out of place having them in the room when she received callers, but when I saw how prettily they shook hands, and how perfectly quiet they kept, only answering when spoken to, I could readily understand that Evelyn found it pleasant to have them with her. Hence it was that when I received a telephone message from Professor Hadley saying he would call in the afternoon, I told the children that they should have five o'clock tea with me in the drawing-room.

I may as well frankly confess that I admire Professor Hadley; in fact, in my secret heart I had been cherishing hopes and dreaming dreams in which he took a leading part.

Immediately on putting up the receiver, I hurried to the drawing-room to see that everything was all right. It was a pretty room. Evelyn has a fad for old china and water-colours, and her room is really a gem. All it needed was a few flowers and these I quickly procured from a near-by hot-house.

After luncheon, I gave a last look into the room, and, smiling with satisfaction, I went upstairs.

"Now, chickabiddies, Auntie is going to get her pretty dress on," I said; "and then you shall have your nice white suits on, and we shall look ever so grand."

"All right, Auntie," said Buffy. "We will play down here till you tell us that it's time to be dressed."

"Dear little souls," I thought as I ran upstairs, and, I blush to say it, I did think that the three of us would make a rather attractive picture in the drawing-room when Professor Hadley came a little later.

I did not hurry with my dressing. In the first place, I had never found my hair so troublesome to do. I had to take it down three times, and then, after I had got all dressed in my pale blue *crepe de chine*, I decided that, perhaps, my flowered muslin would look better, and it took a little while to unpack it and change my dress.

Meantime, I heard the children making a tremendous noise, shouting, laughing and running.

"They never tire of playing horse," I said to myself, with a smile, as I fastened the last hook and took a final survey of myself in the glass.

I met two flushed excited children on the stairs:

"O, Auntie, do come and see what we've done! We are playing firemen, and we pretended the house was on fire. Did you hear us calling out 'My child! save my child!' Then we were the firemen and saved everything." Buffy paused out of breath.

"Do come quick, Auntie."

"Yes, dear, let me have one look in the drawing-room, and then I will come," I said.

"That's just where we want you to go," and I was triumphantly led to the room.

Even now I shudder when I think of the sight that met my eyes. At first glance it seemed that everything in the house was heaped up in one conglomerate mass. The sitting-room, the study, and the dining-room had all been denuded and their contents heaped into the drawing-room. Chairs were upside down—boots, coats, hats, books, endless magazines, china, glass, cushions, rugs, every movable article from the downstairs rooms was there. A stream of water from my overturned flowers slowly meandered across the carpet.

At that moment the bell rang, and Professor Hadley was announced. Tears of mortification sprang to my eyes, and, if bitter angry wishes could have had any effect, Evelyn would have been a childless woman. To add to my chagrin, I was almost certain that I detected a gleam of suppressed amusement on the Professor's face as he extricated two chairs from the wreck, and we sat down in a most dejected humour.

Things were not going very well. I was too disappointed to be a very lively companion, when Buffy walked over to the Professor and said in his most engaging manner:

"It is not auntie's fault that the room is so untidy. When she knew you were coming she made it so pretty, and bought beautiful flowers, and little cakes with pink and white frosting on, and took ever and ever so long to put her party dress on, so that you would think she looked grand."

And then, I don't know how it happened, but Buffy and Midget went off to get the cakes, and, the next thing I knew, I was the happiest girl in the world.

A few days later Evelyn returned, and has remarked on more than one occasion that it is perfectly foolish the way in which I make a slave of myself to the children, especially to Buffy.

A CANADIAN LITERATURE

(ONCE MORE)

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

I HAVE said that I really did not know whether or not there was, now existing, a real and national Canadian Literature. That is simply true: I do not know. If almost in in the same breath I quoted what I thought was a very beautiful Canadian poem, and quoted it (as *an example of poetry* as distinct from prose) alongside of one from Milton and one from Swinburne, that, I think does not stultify my first assertion, though I hope it does prove my hope in the possibilities of a Canadian literature. One swallow does not make a summer; and a dozen beautiful Canadian poems do not make a Canadian Literature.

I sometimes think that we in Ontario somewhat restrict the meaning of the phrase—worn far too thin already—of a "Canadian Literature." There is Quebec to be heard from; for surely Drummond has not exhausted the Habitant, nor does the Habitant compose the whole of Quebec. There is the extreme West to be heard from. Who has yet struck the true note of British Columbia? The Yukon has given us a voice or two, but nothing more. The great prairies of the Northwest are surely still unsung, and what of the lands stretching to the north of them? Has any one depicted these regions as, let us say, Richard Jefferies has depicted the south of England? If any one region of Canada has contributed more than its share towards a Canadian Literature, I take it it is Nova Scotia, of whose writers others can speak with more knowledge than can I. And what of the other Provinces and (I suppose I may include) Newfoundland? Have these given us more than one artistic exponent, though that exponent, I am told, is a mighty one?

And what of the varied life of Canada—the life of its forests, its ranches, its lakes, its wide-stretching fields, its orchards, its peaks, its glaciers, its portages, its woods and islands, its gigantic industries each with a strenuous life of its own, its long, long lines of railroads, its unequalled waterways, its humble farm-life, its quiet nooks, its lumbering, mining, fishing, trapping, and shooting . . . .Dear me! when I think of what a national Canadian Literature might be, ought to be, will some day be, truly I do not know whether to-day there is really any such thing truly existing or not, for my reading has not covered all this ground. But I also *do* think that the recitation or the reproduction of a few isolated Canadian poems does not go far towards proving its existence.

Every country, in its own good time, creats its own Literature—its own Music — its own Art. In its own good time Canada will do this. But I do not think that that time will be hastened by a too frequent asking of the question, "Have we a Canadian Literature?" To me there is something in this question

smacking of self-consciousness; and than self-consciousness there is no more deadly foe to a national Literature.

Two things are absolutely essential to every artist, whether he works in pigment or in marble or in pen and ink, and these things are, first, spontaneous inspiration (which gives him his matter); and, second, perfect mastery over his tools (which gives him form). Well, will not this reiteration of the interrogation, "Have we a Canadian Literature?" tend to destroy that spontaneity? This I do know, that no Canadian Literature will ever be created by going about begging people to produce it.

And so, let us have done with the question. Let us, each of us, go about his business, quietly, humbly, doing the best he can—the very best, unmindful of whether there is or is not a Canadian Literature, and especially unmindful of whether he is adding to it or not. Milton may have dimly thought that, in his "Lycidas" he had written a thing which perhaps some day would be included in any estimate of an English Literature—so may Algernon Charles Swinburne when he penned his Prelude to the "Songs Before Sunrise"—so may Virna Sheard when she put on paper her beautiful and simply-pathetic "Midnight"; but, if so, surely, this was *after these were written.* To write—or to paint—or to carve—with the avowed intention of adding to a national Literature—for this surely is what the reiterated question implies . . . . well, all I can say is that the idea ought to be, if it actually is not, repugnant to every artist. It *is* repugnant.

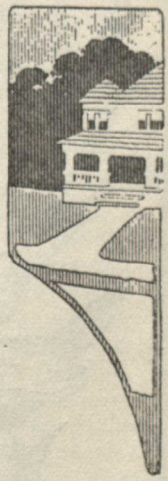
Of course Canada will create a national Literature—a magnificent national Literature—for she has in her the makings of a magnificent nation. She is creating it even now. Let us keep quiet about it and—"touch wood."

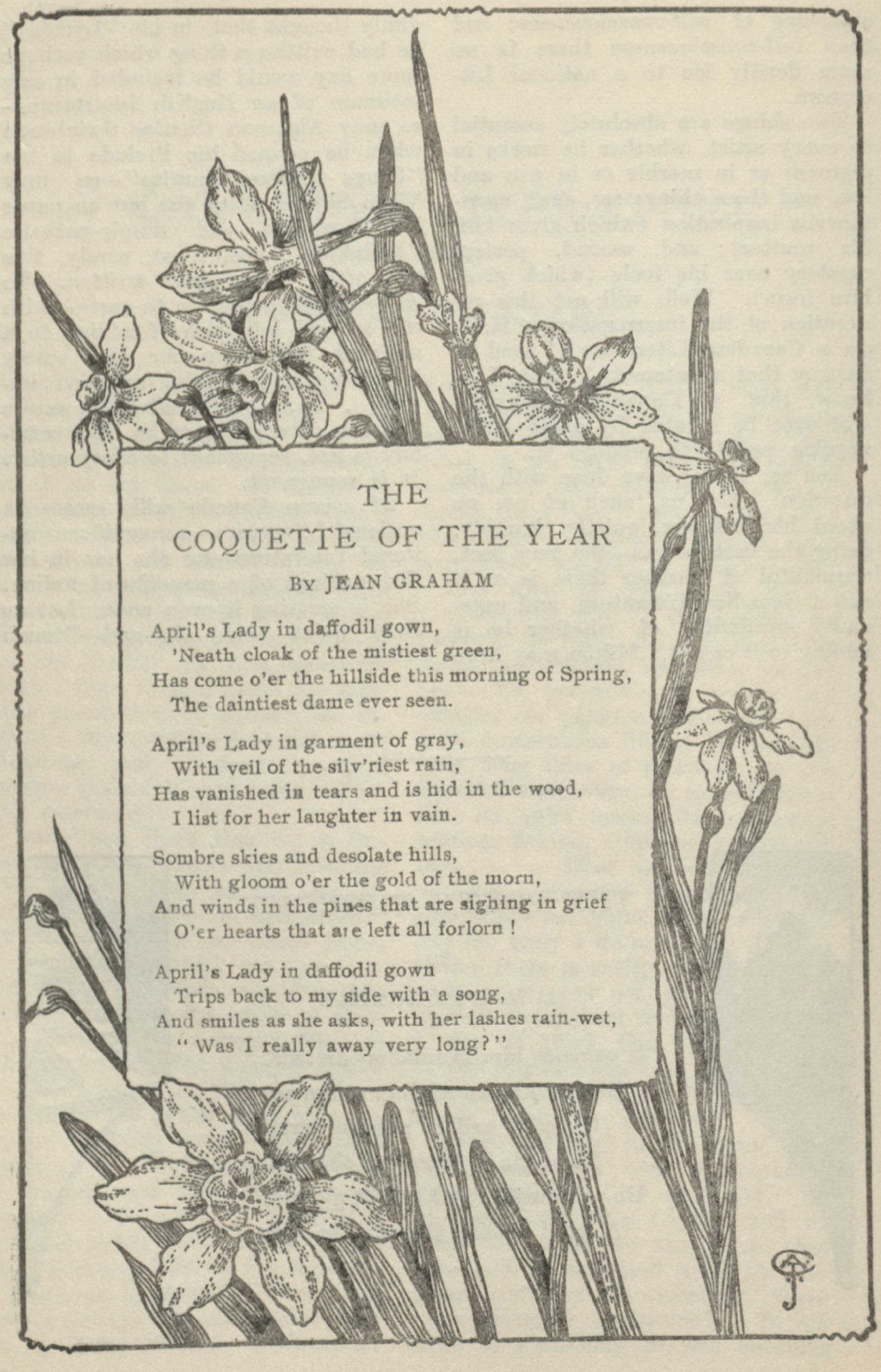
THE POET'S THOUGHT

By

L. M. MONTGOMERY

It came to him in rainbow dreams,
Blent with the wisdom of the sages,
Of spirit and of passion born;
In words as lucent as the morn
He prisoned it, and now it gleams,
A jewel shining through the ages.





THE COQUETTE OF THE YEAR

By JEAN GRAHAM

April's Lady in daffodil gown,
'Neath cloak of the mistiest green,
Has come o'er the hillside this morning of Spring,
The daintiest dame ever seen.

April's Lady in garment of gray,
With veil of the silv'riest rain,
Has vanished in tears and is hid in the wood,
I list for her laughter in vain.

Sombre skies and desolate hills,
With gloom o'er the gold of the morn,
And winds in the pines that are sighing in grief
O'er hearts that are left all forlorn!

April's Lady in daffodil gown
Trips back to my side with a song,
And smiles as she asks, with her lashes rain-wet,
"Was I really away very long?"

DIGBY: AN IMPRESSION

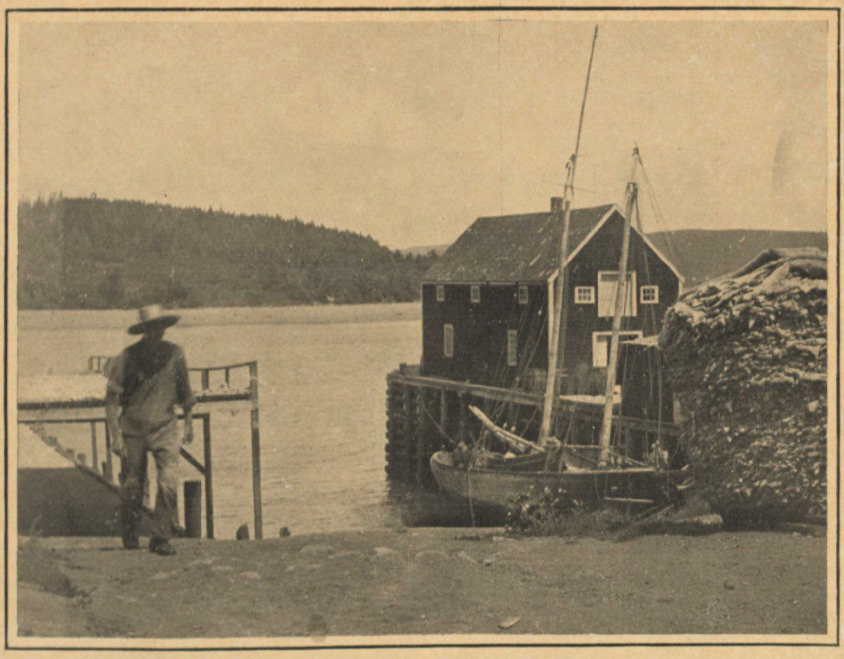
BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

WITH good old Presbyterian foreordination, Digby was doomed from the beginning to work out its own salvation by the sweat of its brow. And it has worked it out well, for it has the distinction of being able to stand on its own merits. This distinction is unique in the vicinity, simply because the other places of interest or importance are important or interesting almost entirely from the standpoint of history.

Coming in by water from the Bay of Fundy or by rail from Yarmouth, this quaint Nova Scotian town assumes dignity in being the gateway to the Annapolis Valley. But it is merely the gateway, and therefore the great throng of pilgrims who annually visit the shrine of Evangeline or the site of the old French fort at Annapolis Royal regard it as such, passing through in pardonable ignorance of its own peculiar attractions and distractions, its ancient and honourable smells of dry and drying fish, the sweeter, daintier odours of cherry blossoms in the season of full bloom, a fleet of fishing boats, a magnificent harbour, enthralling sunsets, arousing scenery and, perhaps above all else, consoling breezes during the season when city folk seek relief from heat and stuffiness in congested centres.

But Digby has another distinction, the distinction of being for nearly three hundred years in the way of the makers of great destinies and yet never honoured with more than passing notice. Real greatness is sometimes achieved, but oftener it is a result of accident. Ecclefechan is not naturally above hundreds of other Scottish hamlets: but it gave birth to Carlyle. The outward aspects of Waterloo are not especially arresting: but on that field the great Napoleon met defeat. Coming near to Digby, Grand Pré presents nothing that is amazingly unique: but it was the scene of a great expulsion, and to its records can be traced the suggestion of Longfellow's romance of "Evangeline." Had Champlain decided to erect a fortress at Digby, history would serve to greater advantage in this impression. And indeed Digby would have been a most likely spot, for its location is admirable for purposes of defence, and even to-day the cannon that rust there amid drying hake and haddock look as if they could well bid defiance to any foe that might dare to come through the Neck from the Bay of Fundy and enter the spacious harbour. Had de Monts thought to establish a settlement there, or had even Poutrincourt happened to smile on it instead of on Port Royal, Digby would have been embraced by the muse of history, and many of the events that followed so close at hand would have given her rank with greatness, the greatness, such as it is, that magnifies Annapolis Royal, Grand Pré, and other places where first settlement was made and early battles fought.

But Digby seems to be immune to the seal of great destiny. Fortune, accidental fortune, has not especially favoured her. Champlain came with



ALONG THE DIGBY WATER-FRONT

scrutinising eye along those shores, but he could scarcely have seen Digby. De Monts came in through the Neck, but distance was his obsession, causing him to follow the water towards its source. Little knew he of Digby or of what Digby might be. And Poutrincourt, poor unobservant Poutrincourt, seeking some favoured spot whereon to found his colony, actually sailed into that harbour and hurriedly passed Digby by, little recking that some day that very spot would rise on its own merits to the height of respectability with no dependence whatever on history or the makers of history. Regarding the incident in our day, no reason can be urged why he should have hurried. Haste is distasteful, especially when history is in the making. But, who knows? Poutrincourt might have been asleep when his vessel passed in through the Neck, and if so he could not see Digby. Or there might have been a stiff breeze off shore. Perhaps the distant hills looked greener, and so he sailed on up the basin and settled near Annapolis. A statue to the memory of de Monts cuts the horizon line at Annapolis Royal. Tourists go there and look at it and read the inscription and photograph it, but there is no such monument down the basin at Digby. For some unknown reason, de Monts did not rise to the possibilities of Digby. After all, de Monts was no more than human, and by what sense or mechanism could he have forecasted the ancient and honourable smells of dry fish or the breezy evening sauntering of American summer boarders on the promenade? Was it within the power of man then to know that coloured people would settle back at Bear River and come into

CUTTING OUT THE BACK-BONE

town with true racial enthusiasm and instinct on race-day? No. Champlain and de Monts and Poutrincourt can be pardoned on that count. But what about La Tour and Charnisay? Can the citizens of Digby perpetuate the memory of these two fighting men without a touch of malice? La Tour and Charnisay made history at St. John and, nearer, at Annapolis; but did they plot and intrigue and build forts at Digby? That was away back at the time of the early French settlements; still, Digby's immunity from accidental or incidental greatness has stood well, for when at last, not so very long ago, a railroad came that way, the headquarters were established at Kentville, and our town of the cherry blossoms and fishing fleet had to be content with the honour of transferring travellers from the trains to the steamboats running to St. John. So it looks as if Digby was doomed from the beginning — not doomed in any really unfortunate way, but doomed rather to make itself attractive and quaint and restful in its own good course and in its own good time, without the assistance that history gives or the glory that tradition lends.

To approach it by water from the Bay of Fundy is to receive at once an impression of its scenery and picturesqueness. Digby Neck is a narrow strip of water connecting the Bay of Fundy with the Annapolis Basin, and Digby itself rests serenely at the lower end of the Basin, across from the Neck. No one need wonder because the early explorers went in there, for only the man who has no curiosity or appreciation of natural attractiveness could pass it by. Doubtless the high seas of the Bay

"TO WORK IN THE DRYING-YARDS IS A FIRST-CLASS OLD MAN'S JOB"

of Fundy were just as high and the fogs just as thick in those days as they are now, and it is just possible that these men welcomed the Neck as a way of escape. But that need not remove the wonder of their failure to give Digby into the hands of the historians.

It is universally peculiar of humanity that the citizens of any place are least proud of the things that are of most interest to strangers. Digby is no exception to this rule, and therefore visitors are not assisted but merely tolerated in their quest for fishy smells and fishy sights. Of course, if it happen to be cherry season, there will be an exception to prove the rule, for the good folk of Digby are proud of their cherries. And well they might be. For the cherries are big and sweet and juicy, and they grow everywhere. Even the shade trees in the streets bear cherries instead of horse-chestnuts. The annual cherry carnival, besides being a time of much merriment, is a unique and colourful celebration.

But even the cherries or the negroes from Bear River cannot eradicate the many ancient and honourable smells of fish, and it is to these smells that one turns for the true Digby flavour and the true Digby colour. To be sure, there are many other fishing towns and hamlets within easy reach, but here one must come for fish that are celebrated by the name of "Digby Chickens."

Fishing and the work of drying fish give opportunity for philosophic culture and moral reflection. No one need hurry. All the hustle and bustle in the world will not make the sun shine

DRYING-YARDS AT DIGBY WHERE COD AND HADDOCK ARE CURED IN THE SUN

more brightly or the breezes blow more keenly. If the sun shines, it shines; and if it doesn't shine, well, it doesn't shine. That is all there is to it. By moving more quickly a few more hooks might be baited in an hour. But why? The boat can start in the morning with only so many hooks; then, what difference does it make so long as everything is ready by sundown? The fish on the drying racks go on drying just the same as if everybody went about in a fever heat. And the smell is just as frank and honest and penetrating.

That familiarity breeds contempt is a truism for which there should be profound respect in Digby, because the fishing fleet is at work almost the whole year round, and so the flavour of haddock and cod must be continuous. But some persons seem to actually enjoy it, and for them a walk along the water-front or among the drying-frames is a real dilation of nostrils. After all, it gives an exhilarating sensation of brine, a genuine whiff of the sea, and there may be truth in the remark that it is healthful and invigorating.

It is rather remarkable that Digby should have been repeatedly overlooked by the early explorers. One wonders most of all how de Monts failed. He was not satisfied either at St. Croix Island, farther up the Basin, or at Port Royal, near by. Several attempts were made to find a more suitable spot, but every time Digby was not appreciated. It might be regarded as an injustice to Providence to say that the sufferings that attended the first settlement at Port Royal were due to the neglect of Digby.

SHOVELLING FISH-HEADS

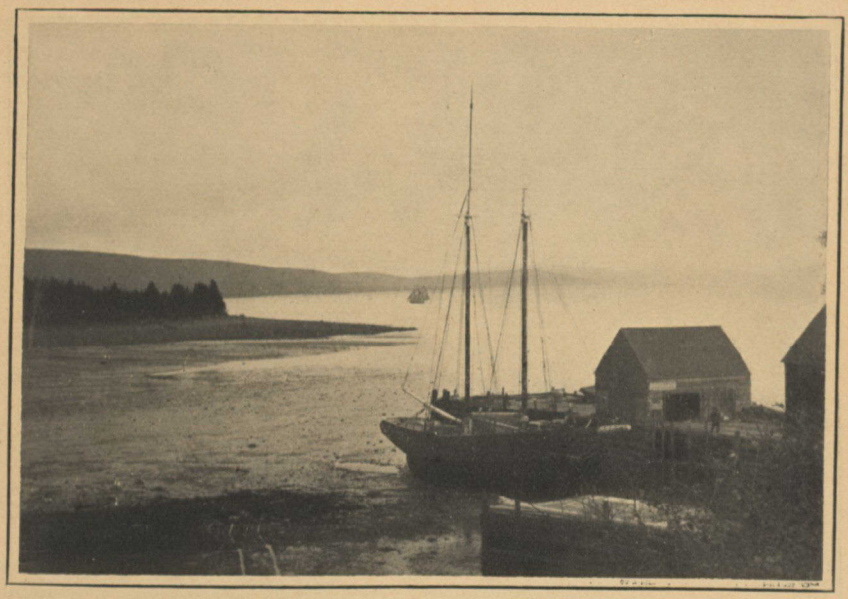
But, at any rate, the citizens of Digby, even to this day, have the satisfaction of knowing that the colony faced much hardship and that finally inducement came for a trial elsewhere. Here, then, Providence must have been giving de Monts once more a chance to acknowledge Digby. De Monts' followers had struggled throughout a very severe winter. Cold weather came on suddenly and the dreary and forbidding aspect of the outside world to them seemed awful. They were struck with terror, and when they looked upon the river, the same river that had rippled and danced and reflected the blue shades of an autumn sky, now looked gray even to the depth of blackness, and huge blocks of ice floated about on its congealing surface. To add to their terror, a band of Indians encamped at the foot of the island. But the worst was yet to come. In the midst of their struggles to bear up against adversities that they had previously little understood, a peculiarly fatal and unknown disease attacked them. No remedy could they discover to stay its ravages, and the Indians with whom they soon became acquainted, were unable to give them any relief. Of the seventy-nine members of the colony, thirty-five died, and those who survived were scarcely able to minister to their less fortunate companions and bury those who finally succumbed.

Hardship and suffering such as that could scarcely be associated with Digby, the place that de Monts absolutely slighted. Who dare say that if he had established his colony at Digby everything would not have gone well? But the citizens of Digby to-day will perhaps not hold this early slight too hard against the memory of de Monts, because this

BAITING HOOKS FOR THE MORROW'S CATCH

early explorer, in whose favour, undoubtedly, something can be said, thought that he was making a good choice. The average stranger walking along the streets of Digby to-day could not detect in the countenances of the citizens or in the countenance of the town itself any indication of ill-will towards de Monts or towards the island on which he and his followers spent that first terrible winter. The countenances might perhaps betray to an unusually discerning eye some trace of pity, but no emotion stronger than pity. That is something else to be said in favour of Digby: whether or not the people bear a grudge against de Monts, or Champlain, or Pontgravè, or Poutrincourt, or La Tour, or Charnisay they do not make a display of it. And that is the correct attitude for them to cultivate, for in the long run it will pay them never to admit that it has made for them a fig's worth of material difference. Of course, everyone must acknowledge that honour is honour, that glory is glory, and that old associations are old associations.

But, as has been intimated already, Digby has its own share of old associations, and no man can take them away. To Digby they belong as the inalienable rights of free citizenship. Fishing and the occupations that follow in its wake are in Digby much more than they appear to be on the surface. In most places fishing is simply fishing. But in Digby it is a good deal more than just fishing. There are subtleties and knacks that mean much more than the ordinary performance of baiting hooks and pulling fish over the sides of boats. In short, there is here engendered a strong faith in the wisdom of the old saying that "there are tricks in all trades." And, verily, fishing is a trade.



A VIEW AT DIGBY

What trick could there be in fishing at Digby? Well, it would be a pity to see a shortage in the supply of cod liver oil. And cod is not always an abundant fish. Thinking of codfish and cod liver oil, one is reminded of the old woman who could make excellent head-cheese out of shank. Then, why not squeeze cod liver oil out of haddock livers? Why not squeeze it out of hake livers? If the people must have more oil than the codfish can supply, is it not in keeping with the best traditions of human nature to seek other sources in order to meet the demand? Perhaps there is no difference between haddock livers and cod livers. It is to be hoped there is not. But there seems to be a great difference between these two kinds of fish, for the fisherman receives fifty per cent. more for cod than for haddock.

Cod is cod, and haddock is haddock. There is no getting around that. But haddock, after it has been dryed, cured and shipped away in cases, comes out as finnan haddie. That is a curious thing, isn't it? And is it not just as reasonable for haddock livers to become cod livers after they have stood by the barrelful in the sun?

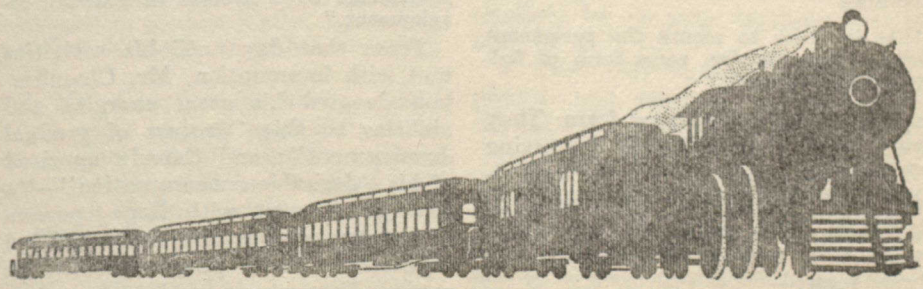
Fishing as it is practised at Digby is not all beer and skittles, but it affords a splendid lesson in economy. A use is found for every part of the fish, and if the heads and the insides cannot be made to do duty as livers they can at least be used by farmers and gardeners as a fertiliser. Even the back-bones of the fish are cut out and used in some way befitting their importance. Considerable skill is needed in order to cut out these bones deftly and with ease, but the one who works at this job should not have too much interest in the rising and falling of the tide. With the back-bone removed, the flesh of the fish can then be laid out flat so as to receive all possible sunshine while

on the drying-racks and be transformed into finnan haddie in due season.

To work in the drying-yards is a first-class old man's job. The fish are taken out on wheelbarrows from the fish-houses and laid flat on large racks built for the purpose. The haddock are still merely haddock. They dry while the sun shines, and then at the close of day they are placed in stacks as a precaution against dew or rain. It usually takes a week of this process before the haddock become finnan haddie ready for shipment. But it can be seen that there is enviable opportunity to stop and fill a pipe or moralise on the shortcomings of the neighbours. The sun goes on shining, or stops, according to its own regulator, and all that it is necessary for the man to do is to give it a chance. The situation is similar to that of the old Scotchman who said that when a man has nothing else to do he might just as well plant a tree: it grows while he sleeps.

It would be unjust to give the impression that Digby is merely a fishing town. The fish give it flavour, and that is what the stranger seeks. But it is perhaps more than anything else a summer resort. Visitors come there from the Eastern States, but mostly from Boston. These visitors find much entertainment in what might be regarded as the local colour of the place. Lumbering is carried on to some extent in the neighbourhood, and as a result there is frequently an interesting association of lumbermen and fishermen. A dance at which these men and their friends of the gentler sex participate is an occasion of more than ordinary interest. If the dancing-floor be built temporarily of undressed lumber, with sails for covering, in the event of rain, informality prevails, and the fiddler, at five cents a couple for each dance, makes more money than he would at sorting out livers down on the waterfront.

After all, one thing that can be said for Digby, as was said at the outset, is that it has stood on its own merits. If tourists or summer boarders go to Annapolis Royal, or Wolfville, or Windsor, they go largely because of the historic associations that distinguish these places, but those who go to Digby go because the place itself attracts them. They do not stop to think about the place's immunity from accidental greatness, nor do they worry about the early explorers who passed it by. They enjoy its own charms and its own ways, its fishing fleet of twenty-five or thirty sails, its cherry trees and its ancient and honourable smells.



LORD MILNER'S IMPERIALISM

BY JOHN S. EWART

LORD MILNER is the chief exponent of what is called the "new imperialism," and he has just finished a series of addresses in Canada upon the subject. Canadians owe to so capable and so earnest an advocate as well as to themselves, careful consideration of what he has said.

The oldest imperialism meant domination in Downing Street and subordination elsewhere — or rather as much of these as could be arranged for. All colonies, in which were men of British blood, struggled strongly against that sort of imperialism. Our friends to the south rebelled against it, and succeeded in ending it forever. We also had a couple of hyper-exasperations; and, lopping off large quantities of it, we put the rest in train of peaceful extinction. It is gone now—or so nearly gone that the taste of it almost alone remains.

The Imperialists who formed "The Imperial Federation League" in 1884 proposed a new imperialism. They declared

> "that in order to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, some form of federation is essential;"

but they could suggest no form. They spent more than a decade discussing "federation in the abstract"; and finally (1893) expired in the attempt to formulate some plan of it. Two points only seemed to be clear to these men:—

> "that no scheme of federation should interfere with the existing rights of local parliaments as regards local affairs; and that any scheme of Imperial Federation should combine, on an equitable basis, the resources of the Empire for the maintenance of common interests, and adequately provide for an organised defence of common rights."

But nobody would undertake a definition of "local affairs." To propose the reduction of the British Parliament to a state legislature; to cumber foreign negotiations with preliminary colonial conferences; to—well, nobody would attempt anything of a federation plan. Nobody has ever yet done so. Mr. Chamberlain said that it could not be done.

Mr. Chamberlain's was not a new imperialism. It was a new method, only, of attaining the object of the defeated League. In 1896 he said:—

> "To create a new government for the British Empire—a new government with large powers of taxation and legislation over countries separated by thousands of miles of sea, in conditions as various as those which prevail in our several dependencies and colonies—that, indeed, would be a duty from which the boldest statesman might shrink appalled. We may, however, approach the desirable consummation by a process of gradual development."

From that day until his activities met with interruption, Mr. Chamberlain devoted his great energies and abilities to this "process of gradual development"; and Canada apprised of his "desirable consummation"—"a new government with large powers of taxation and legislation"—resisted successfully every proposal which he made. It must always be taken as a most important qualification of Mr. Chamberlain's political sagacity that he should have imagined that Canada would do anything else.

Mr. Chamberlain's most insidious proposal was for the establishment of an "Imperial Council." What harm could there be in meeting together and talking over matters "of common interest" to "the British Empire as a whole"? We had, indeed, something of the sort already, namely, the Colonial Conferences; but Mr. Chamberlain wanted, not a Conference but a Council, for as he said:—

"It is perfectly evident that it might develop into something greater."

Indeed, he said:—

"the object would not be completely secured until there has been conferred upon such a Council executive functions and perhaps also legislative powers."

But the Dominions did not want such a "desirable consummation," and they declined to agree to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for a Council with its anticipated "process of gradual development" into a parliament.

Perhaps the principal lesson to be derived from the failure of all Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is that intelligent people will not be easily induced to enter upon a "process of gradual development," directed towards an end that nobody can define, and that, as far as anybody can understand, nobody wants.

The Imperial Federation League having failed to produce a plan of federation—although, as Mr. Chamberlain said:—

"during its career it was again and again challenged to produce a plan, and it was unwilling or unable to answer that challenge,"

and Mr. Chamberlain having failed to get us to embark upon a "process of gradual development" towards nothing that could be described, Sir Frederick Pollock and his Committee of Fifty considered and resolved and finally promulgated and preached (1905). They had a new imperialism —something very definite but something very crude. They put aside all idea of a federal parliament, for that, Sir Frederick said,

"assumes the consent of several independent legislatures, and involves a considerable modification of their existing authority. I am not aware of any reason for thinking that the Parliament of the United Kingdom would easily be persuaded to reduce itself by a solemn act to a mere state legislature, or that the colonial governments would be willing to surrender any substantial part of their autonomy to some federal state or council."

Colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament was also discussed and repudiated:

"No one, I believe, is now found to advocate a direct representation of the colonies in Parliament."

Another point seemed to be clear, namely:

"that we must distinctly renounce the invention of any new kind of executive or compulsory power."

What then? This only:

"We must, therefore, be content with a Council of Advice (an 'Imperial Council or Committee') which will have only what is called 'persuasive authority'."

Until 1905, then, these were the various "imperialisms": (1) Domination and subordination; (2) Imperial Federation without a plan; (3) A "process of gradual development" towards some unknown sort of imperial government; and (4) A Council with "persuasive authority." All were abandoned and were supposed to be dead. Let us now consider what Lord Milner has said to us, and more particularly let us note anything that is new in it.

1. First observe his sweeping, repeated ,and vigorous repudiation of the old domination-subordination idea:

"No sane man in Great Britain has the slightest idea of interfering with the affairs of Canada. Another misconception is that Great Britain regards the other self-governing portions of the Empire as so many satellites circling around the United Kingdom as a centre, and being compelled to dance to the tune of some Piper of Westminster. No Imperialist expects the people of the Dominion to take any such subordinate position."

There is nothing new, of course, about this idea (it is a very old one in Canada), and Lord Milner does not, as the present writer understands him, think that there is. But Canada may well be grateful to him for putting it so clearly. We should probably have been a little diffident about referring to our old master, the Colonial Secretary, as "some Piper of Westminster," but we recognise the happy aptness of the metaphor.

2. Let us be thankful, too, for Lord Milner's support of the Canadian refusal to send contributions to the British Navy. All the rubbish about the United Kingdom spending vast sums for the protection of the colonies; about Canadian meanness in taking protection and contributing nothing; and about the advantages of sending cheques to London instead of spending the money upon our own defences, meets with no support from Lord Milner. Read this, you Canadians who have sometimes unthinkingly traduced your own country:

"He did not like the way in which the case was sometimes put, as an appeal that the self-governing states should relieve the motherland of some portion of the burden. He thought there was something in the argument that the United Kingdom, even if the self-governing states were to separate, would require the same naval and military strength if India and the great dependencies were retained. 'I think,' he said, referring to the self-governing states, 'that even under present conditions their membership in the Empire adds more to its collective strength than liability for their protection adds to its responsibilities.' "

"The professional and technical, not to say strategic arguments for a single big navy are enormously strong. He felt the objections to that strongly. If the self-governing states merely contributed material or money, he did not think they would take the essential pride in the matter, but have too great a tendency to remain immersed in local affairs."

This, too, is not new imperialism, but old Canadianism established in the teeth of Chamberlain imperialism and without the assistance of a single sister Dominion.

3. Still, a third ground of gratitude to Lord Milner is his repudiation of the "Council" idea, at all events, as "the commencing point of Imperial Federation." An Advisory Council as an adjunct of elected parliaments was an absurd notion. Fancy the Dominion, or the Imperial Parliament delaying a debate until some council or committee had expressed an opinion on the matter in hand! And fancy the humble respect and profound deference that would be paid to any such opinion by any honourable member who did not agree with it! An executive council without a parliament at its back—an executive council without anything to execute—was, if possible, still more absurd. If ever there is an imperial council it will accompany, not precede, imperial federation. That is not new imperialism or Canadianism. It is merely common sense.

4. One last bit of common ground between Canada and Lord Milner relates to closer coöperation between various parts of the Empire. In his opinion, coöperation is all that can, at present, be attempted:

"My view is that if people, already friendly and closely related, are anxious of becoming more friendly and more closely related—to develop a greater intimacy and interdependence—the only way is for them to do something together."

A scheme of federation, he said,

"can only result from, and not precede, the practice of coöperation."

Coöperation is a pure bit of Canadian opinion and Canadian policy. It was Canada that initiated imperial preferences, after years of worrying at the Imperial Government to get them to denounce the treaties which stood in the way. It was Canada that secured the establishment of the imperial cables, after similar years of trouble with the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. It was Canada that reduced imperial postage and shamed the British Post-Office into similar action. And it is Canada that is struggling with the usual hesitation in

connection with the All-Red Route. Lord Milner suggests, as bits of coöperation, Canadian representation at certain British embassies; concurrent naturalisation laws, and interchange of field officers. I am not sure that British regiments would care for Canadian-trained officers; and I am afraid that the British Parliament will not for many years agree with us about naturalisation; but of the advisability of Canada attending to her own diplomatic affairs, there can be no question. Development in this line, and coöperation in many others, is not new imperialism. Once more, it is old Canadianism.

With regard, then, to these four items of Lord Milner's imperialism, we may say that Canada, as a whole, is heartily in agreement with him: (1) We shall dance no more to the "Piper of Westminster"; (2) We shall send no contributions to the British Navy; (3) We shall have no Imperial Council; (4) We shall cultivate coöperative relationships with the United Kingdom. And these are the only specific points which Lord Milner presents to us. We call them, not items in imperialism, but in nationalism. The Argentine Republic could subscribe to every one of them.

Lord Milner would probably say so too. He would remind us that these are his concessions to nationalism, and that his imperialism means a combination of nations. We agree. He has subscribed to our nationality; now let us pass on and consider the proposed combination.

But here we at once re-enter the old Imperial Federation League quagmire. We cannot consider the "proposed combination," for, as usual (as always), nothing is proposed. To Lord Milner, federation is what is was to the Imperial Federation League — "federation in the abstract." His speeches contain not a single definition, not even a clear suggestion of it. Voicing his own criticism at Winnipeg, he said:

> "Have we not heard enough of all these fine generalities about Empire and Imperial Union? Is it not time to come to something more definite and practical?"

That is precisely what Lord Salisbury said to the Imperial Federation League in 1891, and the League dissolved in the effort to answer it. What does Lord Milner say?:

> "Men are waiting for a sign, for some great scheme of imperial constitution which, as it seems to me, can only result from, and not precede, the practice of coöperation in the numerous matters in which it might be practised now, without new institutions."

Here, then, we have another and most convincing declaration that the production of any plan of federation is impossible. Mr. Chamberlain's curious suggestion that we should commence a "process of gradual development" towards an end that nobody understood—towards that which might turn out to be a good or a bad end—is not indeed repeated. But we have something still more curious, namely, an assertion that the best way—indeed the only way—to find an "imperial constitution" is to coöperate without one. If Lord Milner had said that the way *to obviate the necessity of an imperial constitution was to coöperate without one*, everybody would have agreed, but would have deemed the remark too obvious for emphatic assertion. No one would think of counselling a lame man to habituate himself to his crutches by learning to walk without them.

The "generalities" of Lord Milner's speeches were fortunately limited by his lack of sounding oratory, but they are none the less illusive and inexplicable. When he formulates the ideal as

> "all our common affairs, the subject of common management in peace as much as in war"

one does wish to ask for some specification of "our common affairs"; for it is precisely in connection with this suggestion that Lord Milner, while advocating Canadian nationalism with

one breath, destroys it with the next. He tells us that

"no sane man in Great Britain has the slightest idea of interfering with the affairs of Canada."

But he immediately adds that

"the absolute independence of every part of the British Empire in its internal and domestic affairs is the very foundation of imperialism, as I understand it."

Now, there is nothing new and nothing attractive in this proposed limitation of our self-government to our "internal and domestic affairs." It was the key-note of every tune that the "Piper of Westminster" ever played. Canada got very tired of it.

Lord Milner will reply that limitation of self-control is not his proposal—that what he suggests is "*common management*" of "all our common affairs." Yes, but if by "common management" Lord Milner means that the predominant partner may do as he pleases and that the others must be satisfied with grumbling, the phrase has in it nothing very pleasing to Canada. Lord Milner sees that himself, and admits the

"difficulties, owing to the great inequality of station between Great Britain and any of her over-seas dominions—an inequality not only in population but in accumulated resources, in wealth, in fighting power and in everything that goes to make the strength and influence of a nation."

And it is, of course, very easy for an Englishman to add:

"But I do not believe that this would result in any subordination of the younger nations."

We do not doubt Lord Milner's sincerity, but we are somewhat familiar with the history of the subordination of Ireland; and we know that human nature shows little sign of improvement. Self-interest blinds the eyes of all men. If Mr. Chamberlain blundered so conspicuously with his "process," what can Canada expect from the average British elector? We know, to some extent, what Lord Milner thinks of British treatment of South Africa. Is he in a position to assure us that the predominant partner's control of "our common affairs" would be any more satisfactory?

We know, too, Lord Milner's estimate of the amount of wisdom displayed by the British constituencies at the last election. Is he certain that upon questions relating to Canada they would be any more sane than in their opinions as to Chinese in the Transvaal? Lord Milner believes that the Irish members mean disruption of the kingdom. He dreads the portentous power of the labour vote. He shudders at the rising influence of the Socialists. He regards the great Liberal party itself, with its present huge majority in the House of Commons, as either stupid or dishonest—at the best, as terribly and alarmingly mistaken in its views upon all the great questions now under discussion. He would not trust the present House of Commons with anything of very much importance.

But, with pleasantest composure, Lord Milner counsels Canada to trust these same constituencies; to enter into partnership with dissatisfied and truculent Irish (Irish unangered, we like and welcome); to submit our tariff and other "common affairs" to the judgment of the purely selfish labour vote and the Victor Graysons. "I do not believe," he tells us, "that there would be any subordination of the younger nations." What else could there be? The highly protective quality of our tariff would disappear at the first session of the federal parliament. Lord Milner, himself, would imagine that he was doing us service by voting against it.

But we should have representation in an imperial parliament! Yes, of course; and no one is in better position than is Lord Milner, at the present moment, to tell us the value of representatives in a minority. The whole Unionist party has represented South Africa in the present Parliament, and have they, in Lord Milner's opinion, been able to save South

Africa? One billion five hundred million dollars spent upon the war there, and tens of thousands of lives lost or crippled—for what? For a South Africa united under Dutch control? One side of politics in England blames the other for the war; and the other blames the one for its sequel. Lord Milner would not think Canada safe if the Liberals were to remain in power. Can he be certain that they are upon the point of eternal disappearance? Is he positive that an imperial parliament would make a better tariff for Canada than Canada would make for herself? If the United Kingdom were going to send a small minority of representatives to the imperial parliament, would Lord Milner feel perfect confidence that there would not be "any subordination" of the United Kingdom? He knows perfectly well the vast difference between Englishman and Colonial, and he almost despairs of very many Englishmen (the whole Liberal party, for example) ever being sensible upon the tariff question. Is his conviction perfect that a flood of colonials would be any wiser?—that they would not rush off to the other extreme?

And now let me say, with all respect to Lord Milner, that he is doing serious injury to the cause that he has at heart. He believes that all that can be done at present is to encourage coöperation between the different parts of the Empire, and he believes that, by so doing a way will be found to imperial federation. His plan, then, should be to promote coöperation, and for that purpose to refrain from telling Canadians that the effect of it will be to produce something which Canadians object to. If he can convince us that his prediction is right, we shall soon change our attitude towards preferential tariffs, imperial cables, cheap postages and all-red routes. We want a great deal of British connection, but we have struggled too hard for self-government, and we glory in it too highly, to contemplate with patience the thought of again dancing to pipers at Westminster, even if we should elect a few of them ourselves.

Canada is kept distracted by these federation proposals. If anybody could suggest anything specific, some excuse for the recurrent appeals might be thought to exist. But, specifications being impossible, the only effect of the invocations is to cause division among us, and to retard, if not possibly prevent, the development of a true Canadian sentiment. For our Canadian imperialists shy at the idea of Canadian nationality. They fear its effect upon "British connection." Every step forward they regret. Return to past subordination they do not desire, for they soon become reconciled to every advance; but they always deprecate any further change, and they would keep intact every "link that binds us to the motherland"—every link that proves our subordination. Their attitude leads some of them to the adoption of arguments uncomplimentary to Canadians, extending occasionally even to actual misrepresentation of Canadian action. Laudation of Canadian conduct and aspiration they do not like, and, to it, they return injurious reflection and unfounded charge. Their "loyalty to the Empire" leads them to depreciation of that part of it in which they live. A short time ago when correcting a flagrant misrepresentation of Canadian attitude at the last Colonial Conference, I felt impelled to add:

> "I have never been quite able to understand why imperialists so frequently base their arguments upon misrepresentation and disparagement of their own country."

We have difficulties enough in our attempt at nation-building in Canada. Strung along a 3,000-mile line, with hugs gaps interspersed: the Bay of Fundy between two provinces; the State of Maine between two others; French Quebec between these and the next westerly; 700 miles of rock

and water before you come to the prairies; three ranges of mountains between them and the Pacific—there is our chief difficulty. Two-thirds English and one-third French—there is the next. Marked diversity of interest between the manufacturing East and the agricultural West, with the seven hundred uninhabitable miles between—there is the third. Large foreign immigration — there is the fourth. The largest number of immigrants from the republican United States—there is the fifth.

Nation-building is peculiarly difficult under such circumstances.

Shortly after our federation Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper, feeling the necessity for some cohering, rallying influence, obtained, with great difficulty, the assent of the Admiralty to the appearance of the Canadian coat-of-arms upon the fly of the flag of the merchant marine. At the same time, and without the assent of anybody, they hoisted that flag (with the coat-of-arms on it) upon the public buildings throughout the Dominion. The Governor-General (Lord Stanley) approved the action, and in a despatch to the Colonial Secretary (12th December, 1891) spoke of

> "The flag which has come to be considered as the recognised flag of the Dominion both afloat and ashore."

But there was far too much imperialism in Canada to justify altogether the Governor's words. Some of the provinces, in complete ignorance of "the recognised flag," have directed the Union Jack to be hoisted upon their school houses. British Columbia has ordered the Canadian flag to be taken down, and Imperialists and Canadians are there in sharp controversy upon the subject.

Anti-Canadianism is no new development. On the contrary it has always been a distinct factor in Canadian life, although now, fortunately, it is less obtrusive and objectionable than ever before. Many of Canada's very best men have, at every stage of Canadian history, opposed any advance in nationalism and have stood out stoutly for the maintenance of the "links" which subordinated us to the "Piper of Westminster."

In the old days this attitude was the cause of sharp dissension, bitter struggle, and even short rebellion. To-day it would die down, were it not that every now and then some prominent Englishman blows it into flame again. The purpose is pure, but every visit and every appeal only uncovers the sore, and causes resentment from those who otherwise might be sympathetic towards the country that many of us still call the motherland. My recent book, "The Kingdom of Canada and other Essays," has in it a tone of acerbity which, in quiet moments, I regret, but which, during every succeeding suggestion of piper-resurrection, I most heartily approve. It is impossible to be perfectly complacent while the political freedom of your country is assailed.

Canada, I most earnestly hope, will some day be a nation. Should she miscarry, history will point to the fell dividing influence of imperialism as the reason for the failure. If Lord Milner's visit has been of the slightest service to him, he now knows that Canada will never agree to imperial federation, and he knows that he has done not a little to make more difficult the realisation of his desire for stronger sympathy and completer coöperation. He has aroused, once again, the apprehensions which the Imperial Federation League and Mr. Chamberlain so strongly stirred. We admire Lord Milner's ability and strength, but we recognise in him a danger to that which we hold dearest.

THE POET PASSES

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

The Poet sings of God! And the sweet earth
  With night's soft tear-drops wet upon her face
Opens her sleep-cleared eyes and, wond'ring, finds
  God in a sun-filled place!

The Poet passes, and some cry "He dreams!
  This slow world rocks unto her destiny—
And days are sweet and nights are beautiful,
  Unrecking thee or me!

"See the faint, glancing shadow o'er the grass—
  Gone—and the grass still sways beneath the breeze!
See the bright drop down-falling to the brook—
  Lost in engulfing seas!

"So we, who stray awhile upon the sand,
  And send our calling out upon the deep,
And cry with wonder at a passing sail,
  And, tired, fall asleep!"

The Poet passes, and some quarrel of God,
  Making strange figures with a feverish hand
And saying "This is God—and this—and this!"
  Poor dolls made out of sand!

And one comes by who smiles and says "What now!
  Still busy with these old-time, babe's affairs?
If ye must play I'll give you truth for lies—
  Let Science show her wares!"

And still another, flame-eyed, crying, "Woe,
  Oh, woe and doom upon a wicked race!
Throw down these foolish idols ye have made
  And give *my* god a place."

"No. no!" we cry, "Our own dear god, or none!"
  And while we kneel before him, fain to pray,
A wave steals up from out the timeless deep
  And washes him away.

And still the Poet, passing down the sand,
  Sings God! God! God! and something in us, high
And sweet, thrills back a ringing echo "God!"
  And lo! Our tears are dry!

THE ADVENTURESS

BY J. J. BELL

"HALIBUT, my dear fellow, you are worried."

"I am, Bliss."

"There is something on your mind."

"There is." Mr. Halibut dropped back in his easy-chair and eyed his cigar dismally.

Mr. James Bliss leant forward and gazed anxiously at his old friend and guest. They had just dined, and the host had been puzzled by the other's dullness. Both were men of a little over fifty, and their friendship dated from boyhood. They were bachelors.

"If I can be of any assistance at all, Halibut, please say so," said Bliss gently. "Forgive my mentioning it, but for some time I have suspected that all was not well with you. Is—is it the case that you got badly hit by the Cosmopolitan Copper collapse?"

"A thousand thanks, Bliss; but it isn't money. I will tell you the truth—there is no one else I could trust, and I am sorry I did not tell you before." He paused and sighed.

"I am at your service always," said his friend.

"I believe you, Bliss, I believe you. Well—to come to the point—I am—er—entangled."

"Entangled?"

"In other words, I am engaged to be married."

"God bless us all! And you never told me! That was hardly friendly, Halibut. Come, was it now? But why——"

"I am engaged to Mrs. Ida Cornish, the — the adventuress." Mr. Halibut, having made this announcement, sucked savagely at his dead cigar.

"My dear fellow!" his friend exclaimed. "What is this you are telling me? I do not understand. I do not know Mrs. Ida Cornish, not even by name; but you tell me you are engaged to marry her, and then, before I can get out a word of congratulation, you describe her as an adven——"

"Congratulations, Bliss, would be out of place," said Halibut. "It is your commiseration I require, and—your assistance, if possible."

"My dear friend, you shall have anything I can give you. But I am still very much in the dark."

"The whole affair is simply explained. Three months ago, coming over on the *Caronia*, I met Mrs. Ida Cornish. To put it briefly, she attracted me, for she is beautiful, while I don't think she can be over five and thirty. She had been widowed ten years before I met her. Her manner, I am ready to admit, is excessively charming. We met frequently—very frequently—on board. On the journey from Liverpool to town I was able to be of some service to her, and obtained her address. She put up at the *Talbot*, a quiet hotel in Suffolk street. She seemed to have no friends in town. I called upon her at the hotel. Finally I asked her to marry

me. She agreed at once. It did not occur to me till afterwards that she had never mentioned her people. When I hinted at the subject she evaded it. I felt it my duty to myself to make—er—some private inquiries."

"That," said Mr. Bliss, looking very unhappy, "must have been most repugnant to you."

"It was," said Mr. Halibut grimly; "yet, not so repugnant as the result of the inquiries."

"Dear, dear!" murmured the host sympathetically. "Is it so very bad, my poor friend?"

"Bliss," said the other suddenly, "have you ever had any experience with women?"

"Never," replied Mr. Bliss. But he reddened, and a flush spread over his shaven countenance, extending to his bald head. "Not since I was very young, anyhow," he added. "I made rather a fool of myself when I was about eighteen——"

"Oh, that's nothing,' his friend interrupted. "You have had no experience with the mature article. In fact, I believe you have avoided ladies' society for many years."

"That is perhaps the truth."

"Then you don't know what it is to be deceived. The first result of my inquiries showed that I was not, after all, her only visitor. She was in the habit of receiving visits from a man who was not a gentleman. Secondly, she had a child, a boy, hidden—somewhere. Thirdly, she had no money, she was gradually pawning her jewellery."

"Poor thing!" muttered Mr. Bliss.

"Fourthly," continued Mr. Halibut, "she had been in the habit of coming over from Canada every year for nine years and putting up at the *Talbot*. Fifthly—but that is enough. What do you think of it all, Bliss?"

"It is truly dreadful! And what explanations did she give you?"

"None; I asked for none — they would have been futile. Besides, as you can see ,it would have been awkward to have admitted that I had had her watched.'

"Yes; still, you know, Halibut, she might have been able to give satisfactory explanations for her peculiar actions. You might give her the chance without actually letting her know that she had been — ahem!— watched. If I were you——"

"My good fellow," Halibut broke in impatiently, "I don't want explanations. I have done with her. I have been an infatuated idiot, but, thank God, that is over."

"You—you don't mean that you aren't going to—to marry the lady," stammered Bliss.

"That is exactly what I do mean."

"Oh!" murmured Bliss helplessly.

A silence fell between them.

Halibut spoke first. "I am not asking your pity," he said, with a hard laugh. "I am not suffering in the least from a broken heart. So you need not think of me in——"

"I was thinking of Mrs. Cornish," put in Bliss mildly. "It will be very hard for her."

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to pay her something. Now, Bliss, will you help me to get out of this stupid entanglement?" He looked across at his old friend.

Mr. Bliss shrunk a little in his chair, and his eyes sought the floor. "What do you wish me to do, Halibut?" he asked at last.

"Interview the lady for me," replied Halibut. He ignored his friend's exclamation and went on: "Of course, I don't want any publicity. That's what I'm afraid of with a woman of this sort. She'll threaten all kinds of things, and, of course, she has the power to make a case of it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bliss, feebly. "But are you quite sure she is so bad?"

"Don't get sentimental, Bliss! If you had had as much sentiment as I've had you would know better. However, let's keep to the point. I desire neither publicity nor ruinous expense. And I have been thinking

that, since she has had no hesitation in deceiving me, I would have some justification in practising a little deception upon her. So——"

"Excuse me, Halibut, but have you ever really cared for this lady?" The host's voice was a trifle cold.

Halibut laughed awkwardly. "Possibly not," he said. "There's no fool like a middle-aged fool. To tell you the truth, marriage would not suit me."

"In short, you are rather glad of this excuse for retaining your freedom?"

"Come, Bliss, you are getting severe. Apart from everything else, I have been shockingly badly treated. How would you feel in my position?"

"Dreadful! I beg your pardon, Halibut, for seeming to lack sympathy. I do not wonder that you have become somewhat embittered. But, would it not be a wiser course to instruct your lawyer to see the lady? I fear that I——"

"A lawyer would simply put the fat in the fire. Besides, I am anxious to spare the woman's feelings as far as possible. I want to give *her* an excuse for throwing *me* over. Do you see?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, suppose that you called on the lady, as an old friend of mine; suppose that you told her how I was unable to come myself, because I had been completely prostrated by an appalling discovery, to wit, that while making preparations for the marriage I had learned of—of the existence of insanity in my family. What then?"

"What a hideous subterfuge, Halibut!" cried Bliss in a shocked voice.

"Can you suggest anything better?"

"And what a mission for me to undertake! Are you really serious?" Mr. Bliss passed his hand over his bald head.

"Of course I am serious. The matter is not one for jesting upon. My dear fellow, I've thought the thing out; I've looked at it every way, and I really cannot see a better solution of the difficulty—for her as well as for myself. Not that she deserves much consideration," he added quickly.

"It is too much—I cannot undertake it," said Bliss dejectedly.

"For the sake of our friendship, Bliss."

"It might put an end to our friendship," was the reply.

"Nonsense, man! Perhaps you think me hard and mean, but, as I said before, put yourself in my place."

"Couldn't you tell her simply that you had lost all your money? Then you would prove at once whether or not she was a mere adventuress."

"My dear fellow, you are simple," said Halibut, with the unpleasant laugh that was new to his host, "the long and the short of the matter is this: If you can't, or won't, help me, there will be an amusing breach of promise case ending in heavy damages."

Bliss had an immediate vision of his friend's name in the newspapers, and it sickened him.

"One question, Halibut," he said, suddenly. "What would you do in the event of the lady's action being satisfactorily explained?"

"Allow her something extra," I suppose.

Mr. Bliss winced. Then he took a fresh cigar from the box, nipped off the end, and lit it. For a couple of minutes he smoked thoughtfully.

When he spoke his voice was quiet and steady.

"I will do what you ask, Halibut."

"Thank you, old man," cried the other, jumping up and holding out his hand. "I knew I might depend upon you."

Bliss shook the extended hand, but rather limply.

"Look here, Halibut," he said, with unusual sternness, "if you have misjudged this poor woman, I—I will never forgive you. Now I am ready to listen to your instructions."

It was late when the men parted, and for the first time in their long friendship Bliss was not sorry to see his friend's back. He felt ashamed of himself, arguing that Halibut's feelings ought to count for everything and the unknown woman's for nothing; yet he could not get rid of the knowledge of having seen his old friend's soul as he could never have dreamed to see it.

*

At three o'clock the following afternoon Mr. Bliss mounted the steps of the *Talbot Hotel*.

"How could Halibut do it?" he asked himself miserably.

His natural ruddy countenance was pale, and he looked as if he had been up all night. He went slowly to the office and tendered his card and inquiry.

"Mrs. Cornish will see you in the small upper drawing-room, sir," said the clerk, five minutes later, and Mr Bliss followed a boy upstairs, his mind in a turmoil.

He entered the drawing-room, which was empty. It was November, but the beads stood on his brow.

"Mr. Bliss?" said a womanly voice behind him, and he turned with a start.

"Mrs. Cornish?" he murmured, bowing.

"You wished to see me?"

"Yes, madam. I—I bring a message from my friend, Mr. William Halibut. Will you take a seat, madam? Over here, perhaps," he said, indicating a couple of chairs in a recess.

Mrs. Cornish accepted the seat which he placed for her.

"Will you not be seated?" she said. She looked up at Bliss, and he dropped his eyes, but not before hers had thrilled him. In a flash he understood how his friend had become infatuated. The woman was very beautiful.

"Thank you, madam," he returned, seating himself. His tongue failed him.

"You have a message, I think you said, from Mr. Halibut," she said quietly.

"Yes, madam," stammered Bliss. The business was a thousand times worse than he had imagined it in the long, sleepless night.

"I have been expecting a message from Mr. Halibut," she said gravely. "You are Mr. Halibut's lawyer?"

"No, no. God forbid, madam!" he exclaimed. "I am his oldest friend, and I am charged with a message, which—which——"

"Which is not quite pleasant for me to receive, nor for you to deliver." She spoke calmly.

Her visitor stared.

"You are right, madam," he said, controlling himself.

"Will you be good enough to deliver the message.

"Madam, it pains me deeply," he began.

"I am sure it does. But pray make an effort to proceed. Perhaps, to begin with, you can tell me why Mr. Halibut is not here himself. When last he honoured me with his presence he was kind enough to appoint this hour for calling upon me." Her voice was cool and level.

Mr. Bliss forced himself to speak.

"Mrs. Cornish — madam — Mr. Halibut is not here because he is prostrated by a—a frightful discovery."

"Several discoveries, surely?"

"The discovery concerns himself—his family, madam. While in the midst of preparing for the—the coming change in his affairs, he discovered a dreadful im-p-p-pediment."

"Dear me! And he gave it to his oldest friend?"

"Madam, for God's sake, do not jest," cried Bliss. "Mr. Halibut discovered that there was insanity in his family, confined to the male side. His father escaped, but——"

"Do you know, Mr. Bliss," interrupted the lady sweetly, "that for nearly a week I have strongly suspected this?"

"Madam!" he gasped.

"And so," she continued, "your friend Mr. Halibut is—not so fortunate as his father was."

"Madam! William Halibut is as sane as I am. But——"

"A marriage has been arranged, but will not take place on account of the insanity of the gentleman," reflectively murmured Mrs. Cornish. "Yes; I think that announcement, with names, of course, would do as well as any for the *Morning Post*. What do you think, Mr. Bliss? Is that what Mr. Halibut would like?"

Mr. Bliss fairly shuddered. What an adventuress the woman was, after all! And yet his middle-aged heart beat with admiration for something more than her audacity. He was wondering what to say next, when she spoke, her voice a little higher, a little keener than previously.

"Is that all your message from your friend?"

"Not at all, madam. He, of course, realises that you——"

"Want money."

Mr. Bliss went dumb.

"How much does he offer, sir?"

"He—he would rather you made a—a suggestion, madame."

"But he gave you a limit," she said sharply. "How much?"

A sickliness came over the man's soul. At that moment he hated Halibut.

"How much?" she repeated. "Quick, sir!"

"T—two hundred pounds," whispered Bliss. "He——"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Cornish, with a steely little laugh, "how highly he rates himself, to be sure!"

Her visitor writhed on his chair. He could make nothing of this woman. But how brave—how very brave she was!

"Is that all the message, sir?"

"I do not know, madam, I do not know," he said helplessly, losing his head.

"I fear you are but an indifferent messenger," she remarked, not unkindly, "though you are doubtless a good friend. But I will now give you a message for Mr. Halibut."

"Would you not consider the matter till to-morrow?" he said eagerly.

"I considered it yesterday," she returned, and he fell back in his chair: "My message is short. Kindly say to Mr. Halibut that I am perfectly satisfied that his money should perish with him, as I desire neither."

Into the pallid countenance of Mr. Bliss the blood flew. He rose weakly, and stood before her.

"Madam — Mrs. Cornish — forgive me!" he said hoarsely.

She did not appear to hear him. She seemed to be wholly intent upon her fingers, which were twisting together in her lap.

"It is a silly world," she murmured. "It is the stupidity that makes it so cruel. After all," she went on, raising her voice a trifle, "I think I may add to the message I have just given you, sir."

"Madam," he broke in, "I am feeling like a whipped cur. I pray you say you forgive me."

She gave him a brief glance.

"Have I said anything to justify myself?" she asked.

"It was not necessary. As long as I live I shall regret this day."

"Suppose I were proved to be wicked?"

"I should regret it all the more. But that is impossible. Mrs. Cornish, let me speak. I understand two things now. One is that you are alone and in some great difficulty; the other is that I would give all that I have to be allowed to help you."

"Ah! you are kind, Mr. Bliss; but you do not know much about women."

"I have known a few—good women. Let me help you."

"Oh, hush, I beg of you! How can you tell that I am trustworthy? Listen, please, while I add to my message for Mr. Halibut. It will tell you what I am."

"I will listen; but I know what

you are already. One moment, please."

There was a writing-table close by, and he pencilled some words on a sheet of paper, placed it in an envelope, and proffered it to her.

"This," said he, unsteadily, "is what I think of you now and always. Tell me your story, if you will, and afterwards open this."

She took the envelope unwillingly, curiously. "What strange ways you have, Mr. Bliss."

"They are strange to myself, Mrs. Cornish."

She glanced at him wondering. The whole man seemed to have changed since the beginning of the interview: he seemed to have grown stronger, straighter, even younger.

"My story will go into a few words," she began. "My marriage was a runaway one, and my husband's parents have never forgiven me, nor will they ever do so. My husband was of importance, I was a nobody, with one relative in the shape of a not very presentable brother. A year after our marriage my husband died suddenly. He had been unable to make any provision for my little boy and myself. My husband's people offered to take my little boy and bring him up—they are very rich—if I would agree to give him up entirely. I refused. They then offered to permit me to see him seven days in the year—not seven days running, lest so much of his mother should make him fond of her. In desperation, for the boy's sake, I consented. That was ten years ago. I went out to Canada to keep house for my brother, on condition that he would allow me sufficient money to come home once a year for a month. It was my tenth voyage home that I met Mr. Halibut. I accepted his offer of marriage — why, do you think, Mr. Bliss?"

"Halibut," said Bliss slowly, "always seemed to me a man that any woman would have been glad to marry. But now I know you were thinking of your little boy. Why did not you tell Halibut?"

Mrs. Cornish sighed. "I—I put off telling him. I was afraid he—he would change his mind. It was dreadfully wrong of me—it wasn't honest—I was really no better than a common adventuress."

Bliss started.

"But, Mr. Bliss, I—I wanted my little boy. I had wanted him all these terrible years, and when the chance of regaining him came at last I could not bear to risk anything. I was always waiting for a better opportunity to tell him about my little boy."

"If you had only told Halibut," Bliss began gently.

"No; I am not sorry now," she said, firmly. "Mr. Halibut never really cared for me; how could he be expected to care for my little boy?"

"But——"

"Mr. Bliss, it would have been misery to have married such a man. And now for the end of the message."

She gave a short, harsh laugh.

"Please tell Mr. Halibut to employ a better quality of private detective the next time he requires one. The individual who has been watching my movements of late was made of poor stuff. He was no match for my husband's old servant—the only friend I have in London—who gave him a sound thrashing last night on the country road leading from my little boy's present home. The miserable creature confessed everything."

"Then you knew?" gasped Bliss.

"Did I not say to you that I had suspected the existence of insanity in Mr. Halibut's family? I try to be charitable, you know."

Bliss hung his head.

"You might also tell Mr. Halibut that when I arrived in London I had money sufficient for a month. Three months have passed. He knows, of course, through his agent, that I have been disposing of my little bits of jewellery. My late husband's servant, who has always been ready to serve

me on my yearly visits, helped me there. It was necessary, you understand, for me to live respectably until Mr. Halibut was ready to marry me." She spoke quite calmly.

"Great God!" whispered Bliss.

"I shall return Mr. Halibut's presents within an hour. I think that is all, Mr. Bliss."

There was a silence between them. The traffic under the windows seemed unusually loud.

"And—and your little boy?" said Bliss very softly, leaning forward.

"Ah! my little boy, my little boy."

She fell to playing with her fingers.

Bliss rose and went to the window.

"Madam," he said, formal once more through sheer emotion and nervousness, "please open the letter."

She lifted it from her lap and took out the sheet of notepaper. On it were written the words:

"Mrs. Ida Cornish,—I should be honoured if you would marry me.—James Bliss."

It seemed a long time ere he found courage to look around.

The woman's head was bowed, and her tears were falling on the note.

Bliss went slowly towards her, but halted a little way off.

"Madam," he stammered, "will you forgive me?"

She dried her eyes and looked up with a tremulous smile.

"It is so long since I have cried," she said, shakily. "I don't cry even when I part from my little boy."

"Then you are too sad."

"Mr. Bliss," she said quickly, "what a big heart you have! It is, surely, equal to the combined hearts of all the men I ever met. I—I thank you for your beautiful pity."

"Pity!" he exclaimed, his face ruddy. "Before ever I saw you it was pity . . but now . . . . Ah, madam—Mrs. Cornish—I do but trouble you now, but will you permit this lonely old fellow to—to come again—soon. Not for your sake, not even for the little boy's sake, but for—for his own sake—permit him to come again—soon."

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Bliss, you must never see me again," she cried, hiding her face.

But how tender her voice was!

Mr. Bliss went to the door, and as he opened it he said softly but distinctly:

"Madam, dear madam, I will call to-morrow at three."

And he went out and closed the door as though it were upon something very delicate and very exquisite and very precious.

PHOTOGRAPHING WILD BIRDS

BY RONALD L. FORTT

YOUNG KING-BIRDS

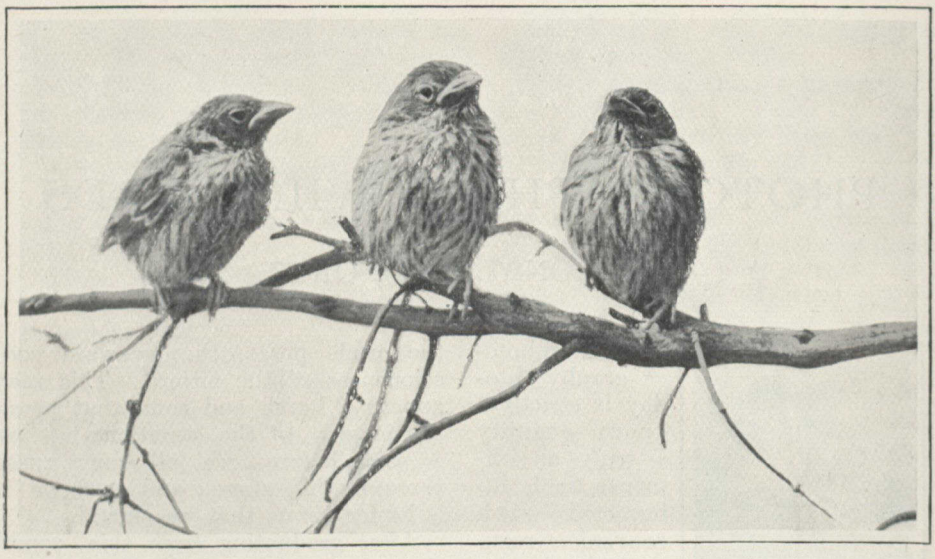
THE photography of today is strictly a known quantity — truly an immense field, intersected with convenient regularity by beaten trails, by tried ways. Such to a certain degree, is its mechanical simplicity that the merest novice can in a short time overcome the minor difficulties and soon learn to produce good, clear negatives with a fair amount of sureness and precision.

This stage we all reach in photography — the "snapshot" stage in which the kodak fiend roams wildly around, his finger always on the button, ready to "snap" on the slightest provocation. In due time the prints are turned out, to be pasted in tedious rows through uninteresting albums. Photographically correct and clear these prints may be but woefully wanting from an artistic point of view. To the owner himself and to a few of his friends these old prints may be very dear indeed: they portray and bring back old scenes and thoughts which otherwise might be entirely forgotten. But, as I say, from an artistic standpoint such work appears only as a failure. A critic looking over the book and being entirely uninterested in the faces and situations he finds there, sees nothing but the errors—the crude poses, the awkward consciousness of the sitters. This may appear a harsh and somewhat pessimistic view of the situation, but, as I said before, we all must pass through this stage, and perhaps it is better for us that we should.

After graduating from this condition the average amateur begins to take a broader interest in things photographic, and, usually deviating to one of the distinct branches, takes that one up in earnest. It may be anything from landscape to child portraiture, but by selecting one clearly defined path and following this up carefully the ultimate results are infinitely higher and more fruitful. A few amateurs, straying entirely from set rules and principles and exploring unknown ground, suddenly open up new fields to the camera world.

Much has been said and written about the necessaries for this work. The "best" camera, lens and other details have, many times, been discussed by much abler pens than mine. Instead, then, I will choose a few typical photographs of the commoner birds found in almost any locality, and, instead of speaking in a general way, will tell just how these negatives were made.

Picture me, then, bedraggled and perspiring, up to my knees in mud and water—the swampiest, I'm sure, of all swamps. My object was to photograph a bull-frog in all his native glory. For two melting, toilsome hours I had ploughed my way through the marsh, among black



YOUNG CHIPPING-SPARROWS, VERY INDIGNANT

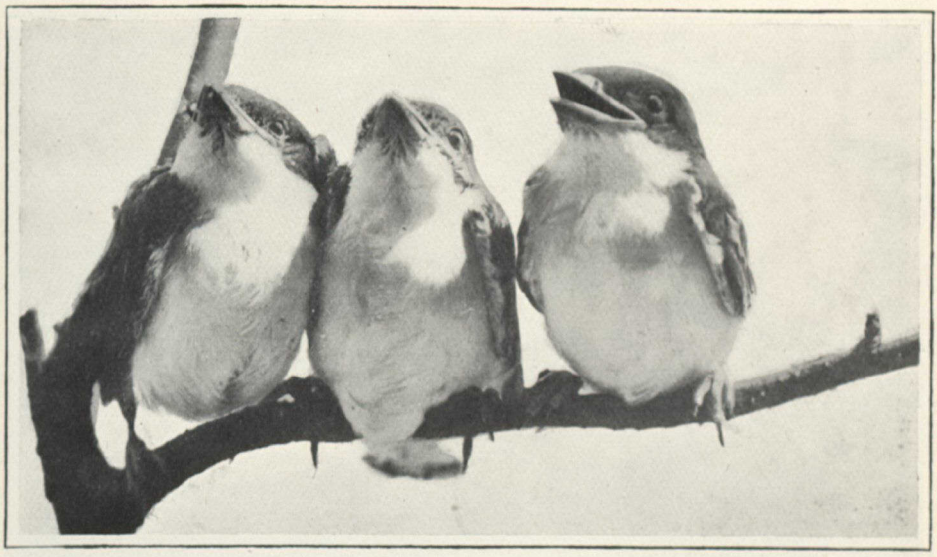
snakes and mud-turtles, among snails and leeches, in search of a subject in just the right position. In truth frogs there were in plenty and monsters, some of them. But the large ones, and it was one of the very large I wanted, persisted in sitting in the most absurd and "ungetatable" positions. It seemed to have a particular fondness for shaded spots in remote corners.

Photographs of frogs must almost invariably lack clearness and contrast, so closely do their motley coats fit into the nondescript background they choose. So I had also to consider the light. Early woodlore had deeply impressed me with the idea that a bull-frog without water-lilies and the accompanying rushes was an utter absurdity. Accordingly I stalked directly past two or three "chances" which did not furnish the desired background. After two hours of this rather uncertain mode of progression, half-swimming, half-walking, I was "about all in." Fatigued and perspiring is a very mild way of describing my condition. I had, incidentally, become firmly convinced that the "nature fakers" who had mixed frogs and water-lilies in sweet confusion were either dreaming or crazy.

Then it was that I discovered him —my frog—sitting bow-legged and quietly contented in a distorted heap among just the surroundings which a real bull-frog should always select. I could have shouted for joy, but instead I edged nervously closer, centering and focusing the mildly uninterested victim in the shaded hood. "Clinkety Cluck," sang the shutter as it glided home, while, almost at the same instant, the unconscious subject of so much admiring attention uttered a startled, disgusted but half-smothered gurgle and disappeared under the ever-widening circles on the water. Hardly a "bird photo," you say. But nevertheless it is a very interesting subject and a splendid one for beginners.

*

I stood up in the little cedar canoe and, clinging to the huge upturned stump leaned over to peer into the depths of a likely looking cavity in one of the larger roots. A startled little cry, a rush of hurried beating wings, and the mother bird brushed

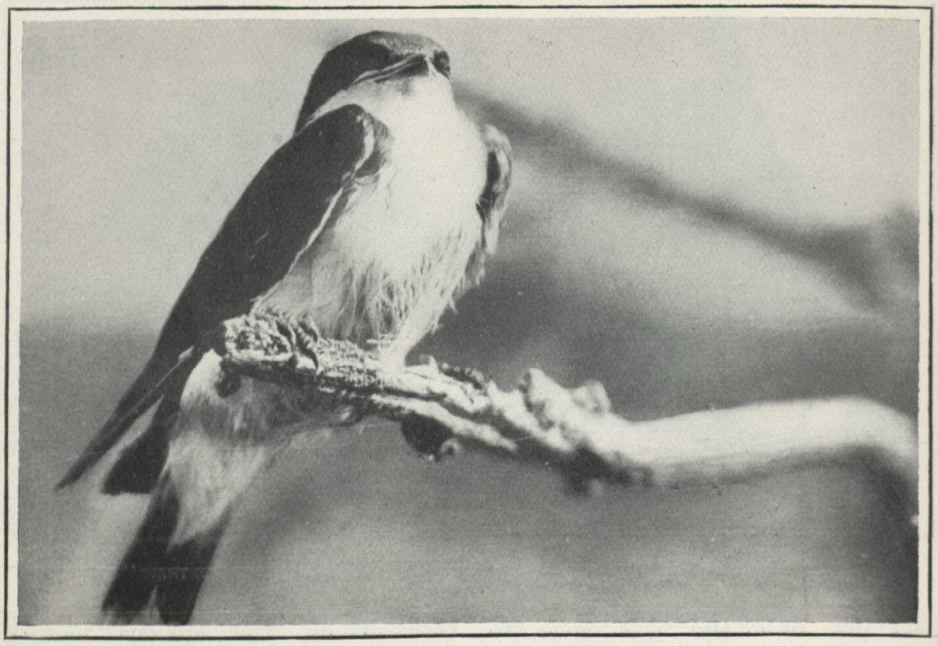


"IN EVERY LINE OF THEIR VISAGES THE EXCITEMENT OF A FIRST PORTRAIT"

past my face and was gone, to swerve in anxious, undulating circles around her home. It was a river swallow. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness of the hole, I made out five tiny, huddled forms at the bottom of the nest. My collection lacked a portrait of this dainty species, and here indeed was a chance not to be overlooked. Carefully I climbed out of the boat, and after some minutes of agonised balancing and manœuvring succeeded in setting up my camera among the tangled roots.

Then I reached down into the hole and brought out a twittering, astonished little inmate, which, a moment later, sat poised in blinking doubtfulness on a convenient twig. Five in a row, thought I, would be splendid, so I proceeded to "dive" for another. But when my posed friend on the twig saw my arm swing toward the hole which contained a handful of squirming, complaining brotherhood, he sidestepped uneasily to the tip of the branch and then flew—how he flew! He appeared to be perfectly at home in the air, and did not rest until he had put a long hundred yards between us, the anxious mother shrieking encouragement from the rear. The little birds were almost fully grown and apparently ready to leave the nest when my unexpected intrusion augmented their world-seeking efforts. No sooner had I placed number two in position than he, too, took it upon himself to leave me, and he did so without a pang.

I was disgusted. Evidently they could all fly, and they hadn't the common decency to wait even a minute or two before departing. To make a long story short I extricated my intended subjects one by one and one by one watched them leave with annoying regularity. The fifth and last swallow, however, was more obliging and, after one hurried, irregular trip, returned to rest in a fearless pose upon the branch he had so lately vacated. He appeared to be indifferent to all my movements. I moved up till the lens was within fifteen inches of his saucy little beak, and then, focusing him sharply, squeezed the bulb. At the sound of the shutter he did not even turn his head and a few minutes later when, my camera closed, I climbed into the canoe he



A YOUNG KING BIRD

remained in quiet serenity and undisturbed aloofness, just as the film had caught him.

*

For days I knew within a dozen paltry yards where the nest was but could not place it. After coming home from inland trips in the evening we flushed the mother mallard to rise, with mighty rush of pulsating wings, high above the trees, but still the exact whereabouts of the home remained unknown to us. Apparently, although we seemed to creep up with the very essence of quietness, to the more sensitive ears of the listening duck our approach must have appeared almost noisy. At any rate, it seemed to furnish sufficient warning to enable the bird to quietly leave the nest and rise some little distance from her home. At last by biding our time and choosing a day we were able to make our way towards the spot in the teeth of a strong east wind. The duck flushed before we expected it, almost at our feet and at least thirty yards from the spot from which she usually rose. We had surprised her, but even then it took twenty minutes before we found the nest at the roots of a hazel-nut bush, carefully concealed but, this time, only partially covered with her feathers.

It was a snug retreat situated to a nicety at the foot of a huge basswood. All around were the shady, protecting, thick-grown hazel-nuts, and the eggs themselves were hidden by a hastily-strewn covering composed of the old birds' breast-feathers, which harmonised exactly with the surroundings. Small wonder this had taken us days to find.

By cautiously brushing back the downy coverlet I disclosed twelve beautiful eggs. I focused, and snapped them as they were, and then, setting my tripod, carefully concealed all but the lens and retired, after attaching forty feet of rubber tubing, behind a convenient pine tree to await the return of the mother duck. For three hours I

A YOUNG CROW'S LAST "CAWL" FOR BREAKFAST

waited with naught but mosquitoes and cramped muscles as a reward. Then, as the sun disappeared and the light began to weaken, I closed my camera with a snap and went home in disgust.

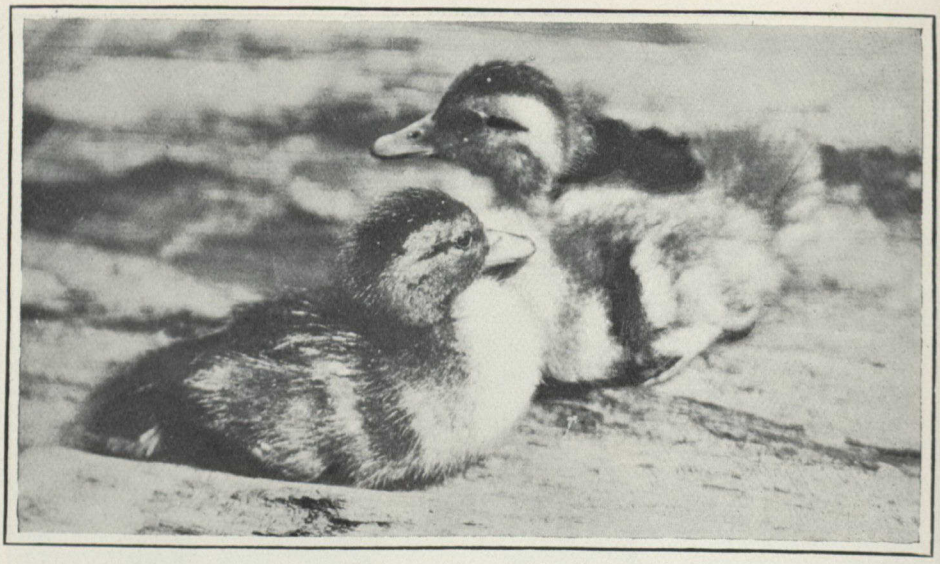
I left the nest severely alone for three days; then, once more determined to try my luck, I approached slowly and quietly with bulb in hand and camera set. To my surprise, the bird apparently fancied itself undiscovered and, by averting my eyes, I was able to approach within a few feet of her. Almost at the same instant that the shutter clicked my unsuspecting subject was up and off on startled wing, leaving me to make hurried tracks for the dark room.

From that time on, I watched the nest continuously, but only from a distance, and when, a few weeks later, the proud mother led twelve little downy explorers to the lake, I cornered two and photographed them, impatiently indignant, on an old log.

*

A chipping sparrow family is an exceedingly easy and fascinating subject. One of these gay, independent little creatures last year built its tiny home in a pig-nut tree in front of our summer cottage. It was a simple matter to keep an eye on the nest, and when I concluded the little ones were almost ready and really thinking seriously of leaving home, I placed the four on a twig and set up my camera.

They appeared to be terribly bored and disgusted, remaining very much aloof during the whole proceeding. Indeed, one poor little fellow so far forgot himself that he decided to fly away and, after a rather uncertain but very exciting course, lit rather unexpectedly in the lake. When a long pole was pushed towards him he climbed dejectedly on board and so came to land, looking, if possible, more bored and disgusted than ever. This unfortunate adventurer was accordingly left out of the family group, and accordingly he found his way to the warm nest where the anxious mother, quite oblivious of our presence



WILD DUCKLINGS ON A LOG

and the unhidden camera, waited on the little tyrant and fed him, as some wiseacre has said, "with maternal anxiety and luscious worms."

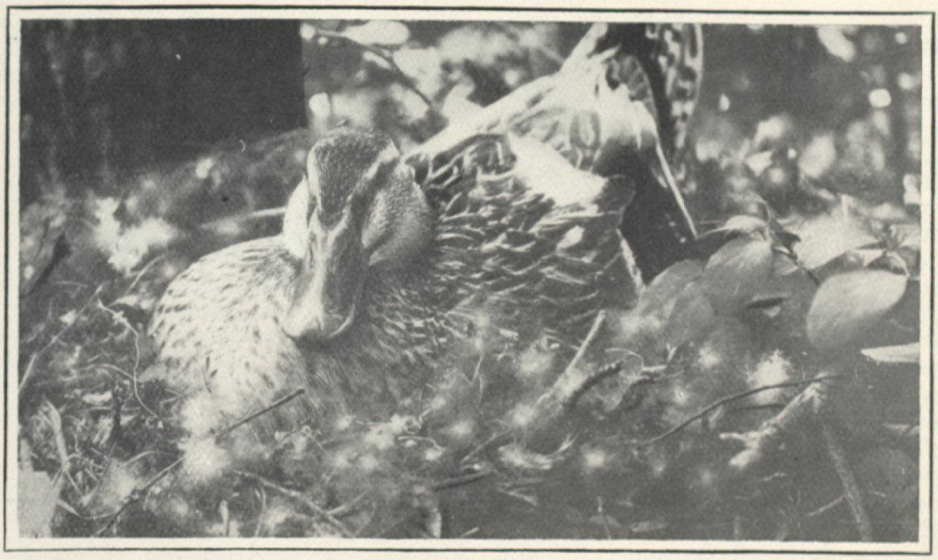
*

The strangest bird photograph I have ever taken is the one of the two kingbirds on their nest, and this snap is remarkable only from the fact that the photograph was purely and simply a guess — an absolute fluke.

It was taken some years ago when I possessed only a small pocket kodak, and hence no means of focusing. The nest was found while we were paddling through a marsh. It hung on the branch of a low cedar, over the water. The little birds seemed to be quite unconcerned, and they stared at me in open-mouthed astonishment. I had never taken a bird photograph of any kind; indeed I had never even thought of such a thing. These young kingbirds, however, looked so convenient and altogether agreeable that I determined to try it. My focusing scale only measured down to five feet, and at that distance, according to the finder, the tiny creatures were almost invisible. At last I decided to put all to the hazard and, pulling the bellows as far as possible past the five-foot mark, I guessed at a distance of about three feet and squeezed the bulb. A few days later I developed the film and had almost entirely forgotten my experiment in the swamp. What was my surprise to find the kingbirds sharp and clear, while everything else, even within a few inches, was woefully out of focus.

*

Late on a July evening in 1907, while making our way *via* convenient logs and "walkable" marsh, across a corner of the cedar swamp, we flushed an old bittern. At almost the same instant we caught a glimpse of a scuttling brown figure disappearing with incredible swiftness and quietness through the standing rushes. Regardless of the slimy mud and water, we gave a hurried chase, and after forty minutes of spirited dashes and wild grabs, rounded up and captured four squawking baby bitterns. When we made for safer ground, tired and wet, but triumphant, the



MALLARD DUCK ON NEST

sun had gone down, the light was very poor and unfortunately the background (some high rocky land on the edge of the swamp) was infinitely worse. I took a picture of the unbeautiful quartette, and, later, choosing the largest and ugliest of the four, focused and snapped him, squatted in hunch-back defiance — two feet six inches of stubborn awkwardness.

*

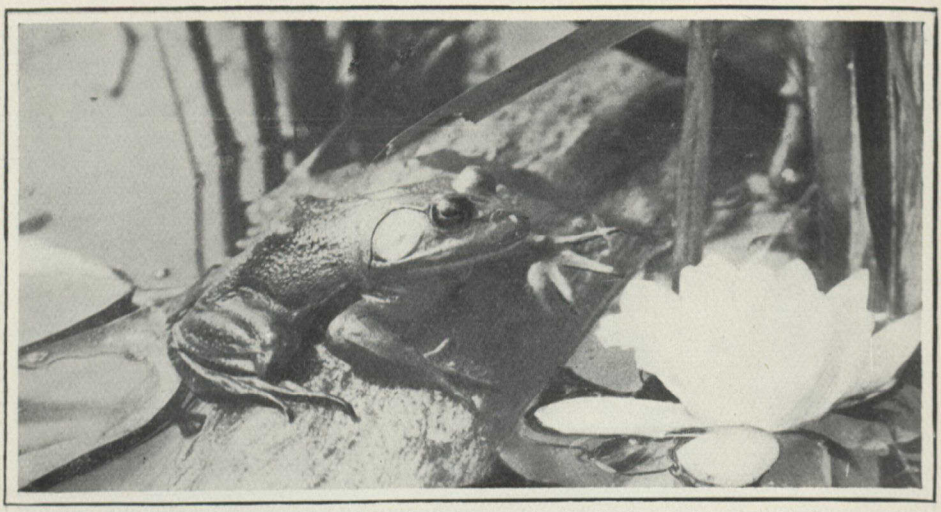
A crow's nest in the top of a swaying eighty-foot spruce is an awkward subject. One has to be a skilled gymnast to make such a photograph with any degree of sureness or feeling of safety. It took me a good two hours to reach and photograph my first crow's nest. The camera had to be strapped securely to one of the topmost branches. Then, as there were no limbs at such a height capable of bearing my weight, I had to hang, by one hand, to the trunk of the tree and lean over upside down, to focus. *N.B.*—This picture was *not* a success.

Later, however, I induced a reluctant, noisy baby to accompany me, *via* my hat to *terra firma* where with more sureness of success I photographed him, eyes dilated and mouth loudly agape, on a convenient stump.

*

It is a rather curious thing, particularly in photography of any kind, how absurdly often the unexpected happens. How many times you hear people remark, "Oh, I *do* wish I had brought my camera!" Long ago I learned that to make the work really satisfactory one must *always* carry a camera. No matter where you go, when you go or how you go, always carry your camera. The hundreds of splendid opportunities which keep turning up in the most unheard of and unlooked for situations, amply repay you for any slight inconveniences which the carrying of your "sun-gun" may incur.

As an instance of the unexpected, I might relate the making of a picture which "appeared" quite unexpectedly on a short canoe trip, the interests of which diverged widely from things photographic. We had just crossed a deep arm of the lake, and, instead of hugging the shore, had steered for



A BULL-FROG TAKINC THE SUN

the open water in order to get the benefit of any breeze that might be stirring in the languid June air. The land once more coming out to meet us, we were moving slowly along, not more than thirty yards from shore.

Of a sudden a tiny black and white form flew from a haw tree on the bank, to climb quickly into the blue sky and ring forth a shrill rattle of alarm—a kingbird. For fully a minute he hung almost stationary above the thorn tree, his tiny wings beating untiringly and his little throat swelling with that well known thrilling call—the call, indeed, of many meanings, expressing to the world at large a simple truth, the joy of living and the lust of life. To his enemies, and the gallant little kingbird fears none, it is a shrill cry of defiance, and to the lady of his love—the dainty, watching creature below, and for whom alone this brave display was made—a truly amorous call. Then, almost instantly, and so swiftly that the eye could hardly follow, it darted down, swung off to the right and climbed again—made startling, hurried darts at imaginary flies and then, with one last downward dizzy swerve, alighted with quivering anxiety in a nearby bush.

The signs were all too easily read. A nest was surely close at hand, probably in the very bush from which our little performer had just appeared, for kingbirds very generally choose haw trees whenever accessible. This species, too, discloses the whereabouts of his downy home perhaps more quickly than any other bird. Fearing no other feathered creature (indeed it attacks anything up to and including hawks and crows with equal vigour and success), in keeping the secrecy of his home he apparently does not take man into account. So on the approach of a human being he rises proudly anxious on vibrating wing and practically proclaims the presence of his hidden nestlings. The result is very apparent and almost invariably the little home is discovered. But I digress.

We pushed the canoe towards the shore and, by standing up to move the thickset branches, soon proved the truth of our surmise. The nest was built directly over the water (wise little birds), and it held, with some difficulty, three healthy nestlings. Indeed, the babies were babies no longer, but fully-fledged youngsters, apparently just ready to fly away and leave the little haw-tree in lonely wretchedness.

When my face appeared, hot and perspiring above the edge of the nest, they lost no time, but promptly set out for three different points of the compass. One young fellow came to rest with much unsteadiness and flapping of wings on a rail fence. The second made for the woods and alighted quite successfully in a hazel-nut bush fully 100 yards away. The third, attempting originality, sailed in wavering haste out over the lake, but soon, finding its mistake, made hurried return to land, where it stopped abruptly on a cedar log. When we approached from the rear, it allowed itself to be taken quite passively, with only one or two snappy bill thrusts rather than risk another hazardous voyage over the deep. The fellow in the hazel-nut we captured with the landing net, but he of the rail-fence, evidently older and stronger of wing and very determined, gave us more trouble.

At last we devised a very amateurish plan, and it worked beautifully. I stood in front of "the victim," about ten feet away, waving my arms and employing other crude antics to hold his open-mouthed attention. In the meantime the bow-man crept up silently behind the fence and before the mystified kingbird had quite made up his mind to vacate, a hat enclosed his astonished little person.

When placed in a truly brotherly row on a nearby branch they displayed the keenest enthusiasm in the matter at hand. When all was ready, I won their undivided attention by snapping my fingers before them. In fact, he of the rail-fence turned his head and opened his mouth as if to speak, but before he could express his youthful mind I squeezed the bulb and the shutter rang home, catching, as is apparent in every line of their quaint little visages, the excitement of a first portrait.

DELIA AND I

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Delia and I are driving alone,—
Driving, driving;
Sleepily jogs the reliable roan,
And over the meadows the blossoms are blown,
And the song of the thrush finds an echoing tone—
Shriving,
Shriving my soul to be clear as her own.

Delia and I are moving content,—
Moving, moving;
And few words are spoken, but many are meant;
She smiles at the sunshine, on *her* I'm intent,
And still thro' the wood steals the jessamine scent,
Proving,
Proving our hearts and laughing at Lent.

Delia and I are turning toward home,—
Turning, turning;
The stars are alight in the infinite dome,
The field-hues are faded to glimmering chrome,
The moon-ship is launched from horizons of loam;—
Learning,
Learning the roads that lead lovers to Rome!

THE UPPER HAND

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY

VANESSA BROWN and Benny Pride sat meditatively in the Brown garden on the platform of the well within whose Cimmerian recesses the spring was located of which the Brown family boasted in moments of leisure. Respectable families still had wells in the growing city where the Browns resided. But thus early in her joyous existence Vanesse knew nothing of the relative merits of water piped from a Great Lake or drawn from a well. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and Vanessa was weary. She generally had to provide amusement for Benny Pride as well as for herself; and they had needed too much amusement that morning.

Neither Vanessa nor Benny had ever been to school. Benny was suspected of being an invalid. But there was nothing the matter with Vanessa. She was engaged in working out a theory, one that belonged to her parents, which consisted in a belief that if you kept a child out of school long enough to introduce the idea to the child that she does not know as much as other children of the same age, nothing will restrain her from the fondest devotion to her opportunities when she does begin. It was a splendid theory. But the experiment did not work with Vanessa, since she formed a habit of obtaining all the information she cared for straight from life; and this made school, when she got that far, a retrogression.

They did not enjoy being kept out of school, these two, although they would have if they had known what it was like. "Free" was the word applied to Benny and Vanessa by the mothers of the neighbourhood. The mothers said it was so good for them. But they regarded themselves as aliens who were not privileged to wear school-bags. That is, Vanessa thought so when she considered her condition critically, which was not often.

Benny thought only when Vanessa allowed him to and exactly what Vanessa allowed him to think. She was not, strictly speaking, responsible for this, since she did not know she had such an effect on Benny. No one had ever moved her mind in that way. How then could she know about Benny's mind? When Vanessa said: "I would rather eat one plum off our plum tree than two of anyone else's apples," and Benny agreed with her, how was she to understand that Benny had preferred an apple to all the other fruits of the earth until the moment her lips had opened to pronounce the plummy dictum? Vanessa could not have changed her mind on such a question no matter how great her devotion. Yet Vanessa's devotion was not a subject on which she permitted any joking.

Making ready to cut off her head with the garden shears was an unaccountable habit with Vanessa. She would open the blades as wide as she could. Then after inserting her head, she would reduce the opening slowly until each blunt edge was resting against her neck. It was one of the few sensations that never palled on Vanessa. She liked to feel that she

could cut off her head whenever she wanted to; and she had the additional gratification of knowing that she never would want to.

But Benny knew very little about how far Vanessa would go in any direction if she once started. If she made up her mind to it her head was practically off, so Benny believed.

"Oh, Van-essa, don't do it."

Vanessa inspected Benny calmly. "You don't need to mind. It doesn't hurt."

"But you might cut off your head, Van-essa."

"I wouldn't be so silly."

"Oh. Van-essa!"

Benny was wiggling with horror on her account. How curious! Vanessa deposited the shears, and felt that she had been deprived of much on Benny's account when she was no longer conscious of the iron touch on her neck.

But the house next door also had a garden and a boy in that garden had been looking through a crack in the fence. Unlike Benny he entered at once into the real spirit of Vanessa's decapitation. The boy swarmed up a post rapidly and secured himself with one leg thrown over the top of the fence.

"Hi! I'll cut off her head. Gimme the shears."

Vanessa regarded him with a sudden access of interest in her own safety. "I would rather cut off my own head,' she replied with dignity.

Benny was struck into a monument of wonder, incapable of motion, by the manner in which Vanessa's way of looking at things and the boy's way clashed in meeting and opposed each other. To hear two such persons conversing interfered with the comfort of Benny's existence.

The boy on the fence eyed Vanessa stonily until it was plain that he was not pleased with her. He then addressed Benny freely and with confidence. A very small, innocent-looking boy may be desirable as a companion when one has been suddenly deported to the home of an unmarried aunt on account of scarlet fever in the family. Alfred was the captain of the celebrated society which met all the rest of the time when school was not in; and he had found it hard to go into exile like every other rightful king. Benny he regarded in the light of a perquisite.

"She's only a girl," he remarked, in the interests of truth without any bias to it. "Girls don't know how to play." This was by way of explaining Vanessa's conduct to Benny before he crushed her.

Benny glanced apprehensively at Vanessa whose aspect of not knowing this stranger had hardened into open scorn. He moved a little nearer to Vanessa on the well platform, which was devoted to Benny. But Vanessa did not know enough of human nature to be aware of the devotion. She was, however, to discover some facts about it now. Alfred was not merely a tactician, he was a genius with boys.

"Say, ain't that a top in your pants' pocket?" Benny's consciousness received an ecstatic jolt. "Come on over and I'll show you how to spin your top."

How had Alfred guessed that Benny had yet to be put on terms of easy fellowship with a top? Benny went. But it was by the gate; no swarming over fences for him.

In the meantime, although it seems impossible, this was the first occasion on which it had even been hinted to Vanessa that as a girl she could not expect to be regarded in exactly the same useful light as, for instance, the dramatist Alfred. By some dispensation of racial development, the fact had escaped being made prominent in the Brown family.

She was a girl, so ran Vanessa's meditation; and either he didn't like her, or it was girls he didn't like. This was singular. It couldn't be girls, therefore it must be Vanessa. She wondered what Mrs. Brown would say about it. Then suddenly her mind intimated with cheerfulness that if

the fact was inevitable, it could not make much difference. There was a great deal of the world left. It was not as if she had been judged entirely on her merits as a person who could play, because he did not know her. And certainly she did not want him to.

No one knows how well a little girl can play alone when she has been told that she is incapable of playing at all. Vanessa marched up and down the Brown garden, she became armies, kings and queens, shipwrecked sea-captains, the first man who planted his scaling ladder, and the last one to leave the deck. She lived in the moon, she carried on dramatic dialogues; not at all by way of proving that a girl could play or not, although there were still cracks in the fence. Benny had been a good little boy, but not indispensable.

Alfred played with Benny on the other side of the fence until sails were needed for the bold brig *Scully Cross-Bones;* and then he told Vanessa that she did not know how to make them. Even the little red marks on the cotton, caused by the too vigorous use of an unaccustomed needle, were spoken of by him as messy.

How had Vanessa permitted herself to be made use of in regard to sails? It happened this way.

Alfred had climbed the fence. It never would have occurred to Alfred to use a deputy.

"Vanessa, give us that ball. I hit it right bang over the top of your shed."

"Vanessa," as if he really knew her! But one must oblige with a ball. Vanessa had been brought up to the code by her brothers.

"Come on over and field, won't yeh?"

Vanessa looked down at the little pile of short-stemmed dandelions on the well platform. She had meant to make a necklace and bracelets out of the stems. Now Alfred was not unconscious of some half-agreeable disturbances which had been produced in his being by a casual sight of Vanessa on her way to meet her father at the hour when that preoccupied gentleman might shortly be expected home.

"Aw, come on, Vanessa," he said. Then he added a smile. Alfred, although no one would have been able to infer it from his character, was a good-looking boy. He was better-looking when he smiled. Naturally Vanessa went; and found to her surprise that it was possible for a person to like you and not to like you at the same time—without saying anything about it, of course. One is ashamed to add that the sails were required almost immediately. But Vanessa was not foolish enough to think about it in that way. Neither was Alfred. Benny was too excited to think about anything. Later, by mutual consent, they played in the Brown garden.

Alfred and Vanessa had both in their time played agreeably with other people. But when they played together they discovered how unsatisfactory all that kind of thing had been. Here was someone who could think. They did not play, they soared. Vanessa's mind blazed up in a conflagration of how you could do things that before had been impossible. Alfred, while warmly commending the worth of her strategics, explained others of his own which were truthfully acknowledged by Vanessa to belong to a superior variety. A delirium of understanding set in between them. Alfred did not say anything about it aloud, but he had come to believe that there might be worse things than playing with a girl, if she were Vanessa. They allowed Benny to play too, when they had decided exactly how he was to do it. And Benny revolved, inclining first towards one sun and then the other, like a little star hesitating in its orbit on account of spasmodic attraction.

When the aunt intimated for the tenth time that she would like Alfred to come in before the table had to be cleared, he said darkly, "To-morrow"; and Vanessa agreed with a sigh of insanely complete happiness.

After a night of tranquilising sleep, Vanessa felt that she knew how she ought to behave when she was playing with Alfred. She would be a changed and a better playmate. Her project had in it real elements of success. But, unfortunately, although Alfred's mind was not transparent, he, too, had an aspect of reconsideration.

They spent the morning in rigging and admiring *Scully Cross-Bones*. It was better than yesterday. Alfred could scarcely believe that the genus girl had expanded sufficriently to take in such a variety as Vanessa. Vanessa did not think at all; she contemplated Alfred. They played pirates in the afternoon. None of them—it would be wrong not to include Benny—knew that there was any danger. But it had burst upon Alfred that a truly unselfish attachment desires to have nothing its own way. The discovery might have had a transcendental effect on his future if a similar revelation had been denied to Vanessa. Nothing remained but to put the idea into execution.

"You be captain, Vanessa."

"No, Alfred, you be."

Alfred breathed deeply.

"I want you to be captain."

Vanessa shook her head.

"You be captain and I'll help you." This was a magnificent effort for Alfred.

Vanessa looked at him earnestly, blind to everything but the completeness of her own surrender, and specially declined his offer. It did not occur to Vanessa that she would be allowing Alfred his own way if she consented to be captain. His way was to be captain himself. She was going to let Alfred have his own way if she died for it.

He had offered her to be captain and she wouldn't! What more could one do for a girl than that? It was inconceivable.

They would both try again.

"This once, Vanessa, you be captain."

"No, Alfred, you be."

It was not to be borne.

"I always knew," exclaimed Alfred deeply wounded, "that you were only a girl. I knew that you were a girl from the very beginning."

Vanessa was frantic. Here it was again, this being a girl, as if that made you different from other human beings. "I never said I wasn't a girl," she cried. "Girls aren't greedy. Suppose I was captain what would you be? Would you want me to scuttle you with Benny over the side of the ship?"

But Alfred had retired over the fence out of the Brown garden. And Vanessa, injured beyond remedy by being reminded again, in what was to her so incomprehensible a manner, that she was a girl, rushed round to the front of the house to meet her brothers whom she could hear at that moment loudly returning from school. They at least never excited Vanessa's feelings in this way. Perhaps life would have been easier for Vanessa if the Brown philosophy had been different, but the Brown philosophy had been determined before she came into the world. As for Benny, he was allowed to go home without remonstrance. Benny felt quite shattered. This was worse than the garden shears.

*

The next morning early Alfred hung over the fence to tell Vanessa and Benny that he was going away. The scarlet fever fiat had been a mistake. It had never been scarlet fever at all.

Vanessa he regarded with the benignity of immediate departure. Things seem so different when they are not going to happen everyday.

"What made you get so mad yes-

terday, old lady?" "Old lady" was as far as Alfred ever got when he was pleased with his own sisters.

Vanessa could think of no answer except to wink rapidly, with an impression that she must have left her handkerchief up-stairs. But Vanessa had made no mistake when she liked Alfred. He might have views about girls. But he was not the kind of person to change his mind about you after he had once begun to like you.

"The next time, Vanessa, you'll be captain."

When Alfred might be! Never! And the decision had to be postponed.

After Alfred's departure, the only call for action which roused Vanessa was shaking Benny because he was not willing to say he was sorry that Alfred had gone home. Vanessa's upper hand had been restored for Benny. In time Vanessa recovered from the loss of Alfred's companionship. But if she were ever inclined to be slightly plaintive, as, for instance, in the Brown garden when the brief twilight of the land that lies in the region of the Great Lakes was falling, it was always possible to reflect that Alfred might return. People lived to be fabulously old. There was plenty of time for many things to happen yet. Soon Alfred was a dim little hieroglyphic in Vanessa's memory; and she was an even more attenuated little hieroglyphic in Alfred's memory. And only the fates knew what would happen the next time.

THE GATES OF ST. JOHN

By C. L. ARMSTRONG

Gates of St. John, where the mist is gray
  And the wandering ships pass to and fro;
Where the air is damp with the smell o' the sea:
  Gates of St. John, I love you so!

Gates of St. John, where the white gulls flit
  High o'er the tiles of the rock-bound town;
Where the crested waves come in from the sea:
  Gates of St. John, I hear you moan.

Gates of St. John, where the sky is warm,
  Heavy the air with the autumn dew;
Where the wee bright sails go out to the dawn:
  Gates of St. John, I long for you.

Gates of St. John, where the thunders crash
  And the hurrying, towering, green seas flow,
Where the night is black and the gale is full:
  Gates of St. John, I love you so!

CAN WOMEN WRITE HISTORY?

(A REPLY)

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

IT becomes a father of many daughters to walk warily in dealing with any feminine question. I have given deep offence to Miss Jean Graham because, before proceeding to criticise "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," I laboured to show that the fact that the book was written by a woman had nothing to do with the criticism. By the same token, a man might be a woman suffragist, and yet be blamed for saying so.

With great respect I suggest that Miss Graham has missed the motive of what she is pleased to call "a mawkish discourse," by a "patronising reviewer." Wrongly she seems to think it is I who asked "Can women write history?" and she is very indignant that any mention of sex should enter into literary discussion.

As to the first point, I can show Miss Graham a letter from a well-known historical writer with reference to Miss Laut's book in which he asks, "Can a woman write history anyway?" I can also produce evidence that another well-known writer declined to review "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," because of such faults as those which I, greatly daring, have ventured to point out. From what I know of both these writers, I believe their reluctance to say what they know to be true of Miss Laut's book would not have operated if Agnes Laut had been John Laut or Thomas Laut.

Permit me to recall an article which recently created much discussion in literary and other journals. Mr. Arthur Stringer wrote in *Canada West* a strong attack on "Canada Fakers." The names of only masculine fakers appeared in the magazine. One of Mr. Stringer's "faking" instances was the story of the midnight sun sinking to the southern horizon, and rising again therefrom. It sinks, of course, in the north. I happen to know that Mr. Herbert Vanderhoof, the editor of *Canada West*, struck Miss Laut's name from this exposure, entirely because of her sex, and Miss Laut did not, therefore, appear in the portrait pillory which accompanied the *Literary Digest's* full review of Mr. Stringer's article.

I am willing to agree that Miss Graham's experience of the attitude of men in general to the occupation by women of the historical field, which has hitherto been almost exclusively exploited by men, is greater than mine; and crave that allowances be made for me accordingly. But I beg leave also to state that, as I had found more than one reader of Miss Laut's book asking the question I put in the forefront of my review, and as I was going to criticise the book with some severity, I believed the same question would present itself to many male readers, who have not arrived at the belief which, I hope, Miss Graham will allow me to say, is shared by us, that in literature there is neither male nor female. It is very

annoying that men should be so stupid; but it is true, and I suppose that I may now expect to be battered by somebody for saying what other men think.

Will it irritate anybody if I say that so long as women are, in the main, kept by the law outside the function of history making, and are not yet charged with the administration of justice, it is not so very surprising that many men, possibly women, too, (for many, if not most, women are opposed to woman suffrage), suppose that women are naturally unfitted for writing history, which needs a judicial more than a picturesque temperament.* I think they are wrong, and am brought to task by Miss Graham for saying so.

I am truly sorry that my knowledge of masculine literary nature is inferior to Miss Graham's, but by way of additional excuse for this offensive ignorance, may I suggest that when a leading magazine carries a monthly department headed "At Five O'Clock," which deals with literary and other subjects only so far as they are specially interesting to women, we have not yet travelled so far from the former view of women's work, that it is a heinous offence in a man to range himself with the declared believers in the sexlessness of the literary life—and an especially heinous offence so to declare himself when he is criticising a woman's book.

I have proved the sincerity of what Miss Graham calls "a mawkish discourse," by saying what I think about a bad piece of work, and stating, chapter and verse, the basis of my conclusions. Those who refrain from doing so, on account of the sex of the offender, will probably earn applause and cause rejoicing at five o'clock.

The intrinsic value of the book that causes the trouble is more important than taking umbrage at a reviewer because he tried to guard himself against a potential accusation of prejudice. With a reserve that compliments her discretion, Miss Graham refrains from indicating the extent or quality of my criticisms of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." She assaults me for something I have not done;—I have not made deprecatory remarks about the sex of the author—and she passes by the question whether Miss Laut's book will help or hinder the recognition of women's work in the historical field. Upon this matter, as upon the point which has angered Miss Graham, one can only be content to rest on the judgment of those who read the whole article, to which, five weeks after publication, no reply on important questions of fact has been made.

Miss Laut claims to have written Northwestern history, and written it better than anybody else. In the most direct way I have cited evidence to prove her unreliability as to the portion of history about which Miss Laut wrote, "I have given the explorations of Thompson in great detail because it has never before been done, and it seems to me is very essential to the exploration period of the West." Upon this subject the issue between "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," and the facts is fairly joined. It is an important issue—in Miss Laut's phrase, a "very essential" issue—in Canadian historical publications. As to it, may I quote a phrase I used frequently to hear in the high courts of justice when I was learning the difference between evidence and untrustworthiness?—the parties to the issue must "stand on their deliverance."

* To the May number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE Mr. Hawkes will contribute an article entitled "Why I am a Suffragette."—The Editor.

AFTER SCHIMPF

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

IT is good proof of any place if one wishes to go back to it. Only the places of pleasant associations do we hope much to re-visit, and that particular spot to which one's fancies turn in preference to all others, during all the months between the seasons, may fairly be assumed to be good and worthy. It was so with *Camp Delight*.

There is nothing pleasant about packing for camp in a heavy rain; but it is endurable for the sake of the fun that will come after. Neither is there any degree of present enjoyment in a seven-mile drive over a plastic trail, during the same downpour; but it, too, may be taken as a prelude to good times coming. The joys of camping-out are anticipatory—till you get them—and it needs more than a summer wetting to damp them. For the moment, however, it isn't comfortable.

When one has had to hurry for one's holiday, and, for the sake of an easy mind, do a lot of things that might perhaps have been very well left over; when it has taken much studying of the calendar to fix the dates and much good scheming to settle a hundred bothersome details, present and precautionary; when, in addition, the heavens themselves have done their best to drown out the holiday, and the getting-to-the-place, by rail and trail, has seemed a formidable undertaking: when all this has been involved, the actual arrival at the place of prospective delights is somewhat like the arrival at one's wedding-morn. The camp-site is then a hard-won prize after many uncertain struggles, and one is prepared, with a sense of satisfaction, to enter upon the joys of a new life.

That particular camp-site might be a chosen spot on a New Brunswick trout stream, or an island hermitage in Muskoka, or a lofty hill-side in the Rockies; but suppose, for novelty's sake, that it be on a woodsy lake in northern Alberta, and it will be more to the point, for that was where it was. Be it known that in the centre of Alberta, and away to the north, are pretty lakes and photographable rivers, hills and valleys, woods and flowers, and that farther into the Top-country, in the regions of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers, are landscape beauties that would astonish you. Some day when the tourist excursions set in for the new North we shall hear rapture-tales about it all; but meanwhile a summer holiday by a lake not thirty miles from Alberta's capital is within the easy possibilities and has its own peculiar pleasures.

A slough, which is an under-sized lake with swampy proclivities, has attractions that its name would never indicate, and the one that lay landward of our camp-site was, as sloughs go, very respectable. Between the slough and the lake was the shack. For this was an abandoned farm that had once been tilled and was now growing back to savagery, and the shack, barn, poultry-house, and well, were the remains of a farm settlement that had been pioneer in the district. Therein lie two more

SCHIMPF'S—A TYPE OF PIONEER SETTLER'S HOME IN ALBERTA

paradoxes of this new West-land beyond the frontier-posts: first, that it should have been settled so long ago as to have left by now traces of an occupation that may, comparatively, be called old; and, second, that once settled and proven fertile any part of it should ever have been abandoned. But this district, thirty miles west of Edmonton, has been farmed for twenty years and includes some of the best grain-land in a province of grain. The pioneers came to a wilderness and cut their homestead farms out of the bush, in the days when there were no steam-rails in a hundred miles. Even now, with a tri-weekly train within seven miles, the district is new and empty enough; the woods and the bush are around and in between, the farm-houses are a mile or so apart, and the life is still primitive. On either side of *Camp Delight*, a mile each way, was a homesteader's house, but both were empty; for though the farms were under cultivation the owners had sold or rented them out and moved to town. But the camp farm was a thoroughly abandoned one: the house was empty and the fields were growing wild, and the reason was that the pioneer who had cut it all from the bush had sold out to city interests that purposed, in a year or two, opening it up as summer-resort-by-the-lake property. Thus do modern ways obtrude themselves into the very hinterland. Between the homesteader and the summer-resorter, between the pioneer industry of the original camper-out and the *élite* idleness of the watering-place that is to be, were we, the campers at *Camp Delight*.

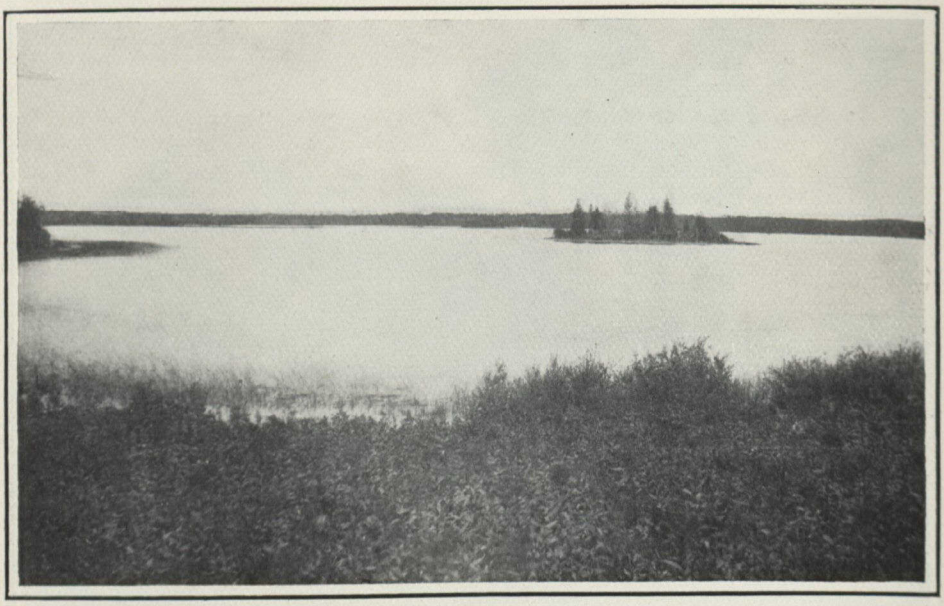
It was a little log shack with a thatched roof and overhanging eaves. Until you learned to stoop at the right moment you bumped your head as you entered the door, and among other inferences therefrom was one to the effect that Schimpf, the builder, in his "Travels With a Donkey," had been a man of low stature. There were two rooms in the house, with

THE SETTLEMENT AT CAMP DELIGHT

raftered ceilings and mud-plaster walls which even then were white as snow. *Frau* Schimpf, like most of her fellow German housewives thereabout, had evidently been a handy-fingered and a white-loving woman, for the chances are that she helped mix and apply that mud plaster, and certainly it had been her diligence that had kept it white. That was all there was to the house, except three little windows to look out of and a chimney. It was left to one's fancy to picture the pioneer life that had once been lived within the little squat shack, what amount of wilderness toil had centred there, and what absurdly simple joys had brightened its workaday round. Somehow it seemed, as we kicked in the long-unswung door, that we were on historic ground.

This was to be the cook-house and on stormy days the dining-room of *Camp Delight*. In the yard, between the house and the other buildings, which were also of logs, were pitched the two sleeping-tents. To take possession of the premises, open up supplies, and begin the realisation of things hoped for took a fraction of time quite out of proportion with the exertion involved in the getting-there; yet there is much to do in the setting-up of a tent and the beginning of camping-out housekeeping, and the first night's sleep is always as welcome as it is sound.

Out-of-door life in central and northern Alberta is the more pleasant because of the pulsing clearness of the air and the sharpness of the view, look where you will. It is an abundant and varied nature spread out to the sky-line with a startling distinctness, and in the clear-cut air the uneven stretches of bush, the fields of yellowing grain, and the heavier greens of the woods beyond mingle wonderfully, almost weirdly. The feel of it is as good as the look of it. They who love the softness of the south may have it, but they know not the witchery of the air and the earth



THE LAKE—STAR OF ALL BEAUTIES AT CAMP DELIGHT

in the bountiful Western-North.

From the tent-doors at *Camp Delight* all these things were to be seen and felt—water, woods, farm-land, sky, and the mysteries of sunrise and sunset. They changed as the days were bright or dull, dead-quiet or tempestuous, and there was a beauty of the morning and the night. Pioneer Schimpf had chosen his house-site well. He may not have done it for beauty's sake, but for its sake it found in these latter days appreciation.

I have said that the first night, after a day of bustle, brought welcome sleep. It brought also an introduction to the mysterious noises that stalk abroad when man goes to cover. Naturally enough, one in the party felt weighted with the responsibilities of camp-police and kept a watchful ear. There is a certain feeling of self-importance about such a responsibility, akin probably to that experienced by all guardians of the public weal. And so when, at the turn of the night or thereabout, the watchful ear detected the snuffling and nosing of some unknown Thing outside the tent, magnified by the agency of rudely disturbed dream-pictures into a possible Terror, and the brave guardian went out into the darksome night, stick in hand for any foe, and found a miserable black and white calf that had strayed from pasture—was it any the less an act of altruistic heroism? Assuredly not. It was a good act, well done.

But the night! There could be nothing more entirely still. The greens of the bush and the farther fields were turned to black, lightened, however, by the sparkling brightness of the northern night-time; the lake and the sleugh were smooth and quiet, and the only motion above or below was that of a shooting star which at that moment cut a dash across the great domed roof. It was stillness absolute. And then came the noises, superimposed at intervals upon what seemed at first the very deadness of night. The ear, gradually accustoming itself to the fuller contents of the night, caught the excited chirping of crickets in the grass

BEAUTY THAT REPAID THE EFFORT, INSIDE THE NARROWS

and, from a little distance, the occasional cries of the night-birds; the crazy laugh of a loon came from the lake; and presently the shrill shrieking of a pack of coyotes across and beyond the lake. From this fiendish outburst it was a relief to turn toward the clearing and to hear the muffled tinkle of a cow-bell as its wearer moved on her pasture-bed. Perhaps it was the mother of the black and white calf seeking to guide the truant home. At any rate it was a cheerful "homey" sound and, somehow, it comforted—after the coyotes. To be alone in the out-door world at night, with not a human habitation in a radius of a mile, is lonesome-like, but that tinkling cow-bell seemed to lessen the solitude and sent one back to bed with a mind to sleep—yet not without a moment's thought of two other greatly contrasting night-experiences: that of Stevenson as told even so much kinship with such as when he passed a poetic night on the green under the skies of southern France; and that of many a gold-seeker and northern adventurer who has slept in the open on the Yukon winter trail.

That was the first of many nights. They were all of a kind, yet some were darker and some were lit by a glorious moon. At times, too, the stillness changed to a very revel of the winds, when the soughing of the trees and the beating of the water added to the noises of the night. The summer night-time of the Western-North is short, but it holds much within the scope of its few hours of darkness.

Our woodsfellows at *Camp Delight* during the days that followed were of the smaller kind. A gopher family made themselves very much at home around the shack and tents, becoming at last so familiar as to run to one's very feet for tit-bits of bread and meat, with an occasional performance of the picket-pin act. Some chipmunks kept at respectable but neighbourly distance. Two nests of garter-snakes were less pleasant discoveries, and a hornet-colony was fiercely resentful, though surely if any animate thing is unlikely to be

disturbed it is the hornet. Bird life was abundant. Canaries, wrens, catbirds, robins ,chickadees, blackbirds, crows, sandpipers, and water-snipe enlivened the fields, the water-front, and the woods. There were wild ducks on both the lake and the sleugh, and the loon that pierced the quiet of the first night was one of several. They were all a merry and lively lot of "fellow-summerists."

But with never so much of animal company, and with surroundings never so beautiful, nothing will take the place of fellow-man. Even at camp, where one goes to get away from men, the life that people live and the places they live it in remain a thing of chiefest interest. Thoreau, in his hermitage on Walden Pond, found it true that "as for men, they will hardly fail one anywhere." A daily passing, sometimes of but one or two, sometimes many, broke the isolation of *Camp Delight*, for we were on the main trail to and from the Country Beyond, and a short-cut that had been worn across the farm brought them by our very door. Homesteaders on their way to town for supplies, with butter and eggs to pay therefor; a hopeful harvester going in with a spick-and-span, red-and-yellow reaping outfit; a stocky lad who came each night in search of the cows; an Indian settler who was always accompanied by his squaw; a party of campers going farther on in search of more adventurous camping-ground than ours; two young women, daughters of homestead toil, who came down the trail one day and who went back the next, having visited overnight on somebody else's homestead—these were some of the passers-by, and we hailed them all. They interested, because they represented the people who are making the new West and because their life was different.

Some called on us. A young man returning to town from his six months' homestead duty, as Government requires, stopped to say good-day and a bit more. A berry-boy, keen-scented for business, offered blueberries for our table, and a woman who looked in upon us thought we were very cosy and nicely "rid-up." One Sunday evening, in the midst of a drenching rain, the door of the shack burst open, without warning, and there entered a bulky German. He was walking from down-the-trail to farther along, and he was wet: a man of few words, apparently, for he stood stolid and unresponsive until tea and bread were offered him, the which he ate, acknowledged with guttural thanks, lit his clay, and went on. Hard travelling, surely, but hundreds go thus in the new West.

And there were neighbours. The nearest were a mile away, an English-American family surrounded by Germans. Its head was a farmer of the true optimist type, a man who took things as they came and made the best of them. The crops were at stake, and the weather was uncertain. A bad night, often threatened, might cost him all, but "Dang it all, what's the use of worrying?" he said. Wherein he showed a sound philosophy.

Living for even a few weeks at the edge of the bush, one will of necessity become something of a woodsman. Not only must the daily supply of fuel for the little sheet-iron stove be kept up, but the still hungrier camp-fires, around which late-at-night stories are told best, must be fed bountifully. It was easier, of course, to cut up some of Schimpf's old fence-poles, but it lacked the sport of the real thing, which was to go to the bush with an axe and fell a real live tree or, for that matter, a dead tree, which cuts harder but burns better. There is a real satisfaction and much play of muscle in wood-cutting, and withal it is a useful occupation. It has been the sport of great men like, one is glad to feel, Gladstone, to whom an axe was as a golf-stick to other men. Truly the swing of an axe in a bit of Alberta

A GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC GRADING OUTFIT PASSING CAMP DELIGHT

bush is fine; but it is a wasteful pastime and must be indulged in only to serve actual needs, for the woods are passing. There are poplar and diamond-willow, birch, spruce, balm of Gilead, and tamarac in the woods of central Alberta, and of these the poplar is predominant. Its pungent fragrance in smoke marks its fire at once, and, if it be in camp, it is appetising. Dead willow brush, however, makes the hottest fire, and in cutting it one may know that one is in no way deforesting the land. We luxuriated, too, at our *Camp Delight* fires, with birch bark for kindling. In these modern city days we light our furnace fires with last week's newspapers, but it is poor combustive compared with the snapping, crinkling bark of the white birch that years ago we used to start the kitchen fire on the old down-east farm. In the northern Alberta bush these early days came back: the incense of a piece of peeled birch bark may be a wonderful restorative of personal memories and associations.

Not so far as the bush, however, were smaller and daintier of nature's nice things. The fields were embroidered with wild-flowers and the trail was edged with them, so that almost from the doors of *Camp Delight* to the margin of the bush there was a weave of many colours. There were also occasional belated roses, dainty Scottish blue-bells, clinging pea-vines, and the tall-growing fire-weed, purple asters, Michaelmas daisies, golden-rod, yarrow, tiger-lilies, and myriad little blooms that clustered in the grass. There were wild berries, too, of varied colours, whose juices were valued by the old-time Indians for medicine and war-paint. Of berries eatable there was a succession of wild strawberries, raspberries,, gooseberries, and blueberries, precisely such as grow on the old Ontario strand; and, besides, the Saskatoon, which is purely western. Each of these contributed in turn, and opportunely, to the camp fare. Nature in the western-north is prolific: no barren land is this, where good and pretty things grow in the wild.

Gem and star of all the beauties of *Camp Delight* was the lake. Clear and well-beached, a mile long, circled half by woods and half by open spaces, and with two inviting islands at judicious distances, it was the kind of lake whereupon could be done all the things that should be done on any well-appointed lake, from troll-fishing to moonlight fancies afloat. To be sure, there was a much larger lake

A NYMPH OF THE RUSHES AT CAMP DELIGHT

some twenty miles farther west, as large as ten of this, on which were gasoline freight-boats and a commercial fishing industry; but the lake at *Camp Delight* was an *edition-de-luxe*, bound in rich coverings of light and shadow, and strictly limited to those of holiday spirit. It is strange, and yet not very strange, what difference in the face of any country is made by a sheet of water, be it lake, river, or creek; and it is one of the happy surprises of the Western-North that there are waters here and there throughout its length and breadth. The limitless prairie has its beauty, too, but the man from the East wants water. For such a man nothing on earth will take the place of a morning dip, a day's boating, a feasting of the eyes upon glorious shadows, and a satisfying of the very soul with æsthetic wetness.

In going to and fro on land and water, in doing and idling, in cooking and eating, the days at *Camp Delight* wore away, as all good things do. For the last was reserved a great wonder-show that outdid in mystery and splendour any that had come before. The day had been warm and clear, but the gathering dark brought with it a sharp chill and signs of frost. Down on the sleugh the vapour formed in thick clouds and stretched out in streaks. Then happened a curious thing. The vapour clouds made themselves into a frost-mirage, lengthening out against the bush in the semblance of a great body of water and stopping evenly at half the height of the trees, so that the darker body of the bush seemed for all the world like the distant shore-line of a great bay, whose white waters stretched out far and still. It was weird and illusive. For half an hour it stayed, and then the scenes shifted. The night was growing sharper and the air seemed charged with

something all athrill. Presently things grew brighter, and to the north the sky lightened in streaks. One line after another of quickly moving light shot up, arch-wise, and widened out. It was never still, or for only the space of a man's breath, but the motion was the more of a mystery because of the absolute hush with which the changes came and went. The display grew in extent and grandeur and became a shimmering veil of radiance. Half the hemisphere was aglow with the Northern Lights.

It was the night of the first hard frosts of 1907. The frosts came early that year, and the thirtieth of August was unseasonable for the wonder-show we had seen and the searching chill we had felt. It had been good to look upon, but it meant danger to the growing crops, which that year were late. In the morning, on our way back to town, we stopped to ask the farmer-optimist if his grain were hurt, and thus he answered us: "I'm danged if I know where I'm going to get off at this year," which shows that there are limits to man's optimism.

The second year's visit was earlier and longer, and the season was better. Mid-August was as far-grown as early September the year before, and nature was, all the way through, in a cheerier mood. A renewal of delights promised from the moment we landed again at the door of Schimpf's log shack, and the initial kick at that old door was as good as shaking hands with an old friend.

There was a difference, too, at *Camp Delight*. Last year we were sole occupants of farm and lake, but now a score of other holidayers were dwelling in tents, forerunners of the summer life that is to come. The old farm has been staked off into lots for prospective cottagers. During the year a railway grade had been completed past the very head of the lake —which means for next year a way-station on the farm, with week-end parties from town, and Sunday-school picnics, and such like. Well, well, we have had our Crusoe-time, it's the people's turn now—but save us from a swell hotel! The shades of Schimpf will never stand for that.

For a little longer let the lake and the beach and the farm and the trail be nameless. They have names, all of them, names that will be figuring in the time-tables presently, yet it fits better with the spirit of our holidays of two summers that they be known to you for the sake of what they are rather than for what they are called. But they are typically Western-North, and because they are such, because they are so like the memoried East, yet withal different, and because they have rested and helped and taught and done much other good I have thought it worth while to say this much about them.

EASTER WEEK AT ROME

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

Time—Easter Week.
Place—Rome.
Scene—*Table d'Hôte* Dinner.

Chatteris Personæ

An American Girl.
Her Mamma.
An American Lady.
Her Husband.
An Irish Widow.
An Englishman.
An English Catholic.
A German.
A French Doctor.
An Italian home from Siam.

American Girl—"Rome is terribly crowded."

American Lady—"Always is at Easter. We've been here four times at Easter, and I always vow I never will come again."

French Doctor—"I've often noticed that a lady never troubles to make a vow unless she's fairly certain that she won't keep it."

The Italian (who has been obviously fidgeting to get in a word)—"Rome *is* crowded. I paid forty lire for a night's lodging the day I got here; and then they turned me out in the morning. I did not mind the forty lire, but I did not like being turned out. Then I drove and drove for three hours but could get in nowhere—came here—saw Mr. L——— (the hotel proprietor), and he got me a room down in the city somewhere over a vegetable shop where I will soon turn into a cabbage. But I lost it——"

The Englishman (to the American girl, ignoring the Italian's monologue)—"How do you like the services?"

American Girl—"Why, they don't seem like services to me—people all walking about, you know——"

American Lady (drily)—"Except those who have paid ten lire for a seat up in the 'boxes' near the altar."

American Girl (continuing)—"No one paying any attention to the service—such chatting, pushing, laughing—and all the while the singing goes on up at the altar. Why, it is not a bit like church."

American Lady's Husband—"Most disgusting thing I ever saw—positively irreverent."

English Catholic—"Did you notice who the irreverent people were?"

American Lady's Husband—"Why, most everybody."

Irish Widow—"Come now! Didn't most of them carry Baedekers?"

The French Doctor (laughing)—"Baedeker is always the red flag of tourist-made anarchy."

American Girl's Mamma—"I think that most of the bad behaviour did come from tourists.'

English Catholic—"The Italian's notion of a service is, of course, not exactly ours. He is more intent upon his own part of it than in seeing to it that the priest performs his. He can pray at a side altar, while the clergy are somewhere else. And he comes and goes without reference to the beginning or ending of the service. This looks like disorder in our eyes, but it is only another custom. Still, he is reverent and intent and sincere

through it all, while the tourist mob——"

American Lady's Husband—"But it was not 'the tourist mob' alone who mobbed the olive branches which were blessed on Palm Sunday at St. Peter's."

English Catholic—"No; that was another case of Italian eagerness and concentration on his own part of the service. Still every Catholic who reached for a bit of the olive did so with a serious face—not in mockery or with a giggle——"

French Doctor—"I don't imagine, sir, that anybody charges your people with a lack of sincerity."

The Englishman—"No; it was rather a lack of decorum——"

The Italian (laughing)—"That is the Englishman's god—'decorum.' I know him out in Siam—out in India. I know him well. He would rather not have a thing done at all than have it done contrary to any of his notions of decorum. Now look at me! I live over a vegetable shop, and I dine here without a dress suit—without a bath. Would an Englishman do that? No; he would starve first. But as I was telling you, I lost my room down over the cabbage——"

American Lady (breaking in)—"Well, whatever it is, the services do not impress me. I used to go there expecting something magnificent in the way of music; but it's all chatter and shuffle and popping up on your camp stool to look over the heads of the crowd and see what the priests are doing up at the altar—and I get very tired and am not a bit uplifted."

American Girl (thoughtfully)—"Still I heard some good voices at St. John Lateran."

The German (his face lighting up)—"Were you ever there on Good Friday?"

American Girl—"Not yet."

The German—"Ah! you go! If the Catholic Church had produced nothing else, that service would justify its existence."

American Lady's Husband—"But how do you manage to hear it?"

The German (impatiently)—"Oh, I get away from the tourists. I walk down into the great empty nave beyond the high altar, and sit at times in the shadow of the columns where no one may study my face. Then that wailing music—those strains of unutterable sorrow, which are so pent up in the choir that you who wait there with the others can hardly hear them, roll out into the vast nave like an incessant cry, a cry that seems at first to be grief—infinite grief—too much grief for you to bear. And then despair is poured into it—the foundations of the world are rocking—and now you know that one touch more and you will not endure it. And then the grief becomes blacker and there is an agony in the music; and just when this grows too poignant for the musical sense to receive it without feeling that fatal blunting of emotion brought by too great pressure, the music stops!—and there is absolute silence. And yonder on the Judean hill-top you can see—if you will but shut your eyes—three figures on three crosses; and they are dying by slow torture. This vision comes nearer. Minute by minute of the silence, it grows more real. Awful details suggest themselves to your mind. And is no one caring? Is the world asleep? Are you the only one who sees? And then, low and immeasurably sorrowful, come the first notes of the renewal of the music. The world is still sobbing in helpless despair. Never, until that first Good Friday at St. John Lateran did it seem real to me that a god was dying." There was silence after this for the rest of that course. The intense German always had a way of stilling conversation.

The English Catholic—"I presume it is in some such way that these emotional Italians appreciate the magnificent music of these services. And it is always an intense grief to me to see crowds of hurrying strang-

ers, who pack Rome at Easter for the curiosity of it, crowding them away from their altars."

American Lady—"Well, they don't seem to mind it—I must say that."

Her Husband—"They hop around, taking our pennies, and selling us camp-stools to sit out the services on, and pestering us to buy crosses and all sorts of souvenirs——"

Irish Widow—"I know that seems strange. But some of these Italians are very, very poor. You rich Americans come here—you Americans are all rich, they think—and give them their harvest at Easter. You can hardly expect them to forego it for religion's sake. They smile at you pleasantly enough when you make a show of their services—they can't afford to offend you; but are you sure they like it?"

The Italian—"I am sure that they don't like it. You don't hear them talk as I do. Now I am not an Italian any longer. I am a British subject (very proudly) but I know the Italian well. He is very sensitive; and he knows more of what you say of him than you think. But he hides it—he likes your 'dollars.' Now down where I am with my cabbages—as I was saying, I lost my room—"

The Englishman—"The churches here, themselves, are magnificent, are they not?"

American Girl—"Perfectly lovely!"

The Englishman—"It gives a man a feeling of personal wealth, just to walk into St. Peter's—with its shining marbles and granite columns, its splendid tombs——"

American Lady—"And its mild temperatures! It is the only church in Rome where I don't get a chill."

American Girl—"But I can't imagine anything sweeter than the high altar at Santa Maria Maggiore."

The German—"Sweeter."

American Girl—"Perfectly lovely, you know—too beautiful for anything—*Wunderschön!*—now you will understand that"—laughing at him.

The German (in serious self-reproach)—"I wonder if I will ever learn English."

The Englishman—"Oh, that's not difficult. I know English myself. But to learn 'United States' you must take a new lesson every time an American mail comes in."

The Italian—"It is easy to learn English. I learned it from the fellows in our club in Siam. We have quite a bit of society out there, you know—twenty-three ladies. No, twenty-four."

French Doctor—"But the pronunciation of English, that is very difficult."

The Italian—"No; that is the easiest part. There are so many ways of pronouncing it—the American, the Irish, the Scotch, the 'haw-haw' English, the ' 'old th' bybee' English, and a dozen others—and I pronounce it yet another way myself."

The Englishman (*sotto voce*)—"You do."

The Italian—"But I must tell you how I lost my room—"

American Girl's Mamma—"I don't see why they don't keep order in their churches here—they could do it."

American Lady—"They do it in Cologne Cathedral; and that is Catholic. They will not even let you read a Baedeker in a corner there, while service is going on."

American Girl's Mamma (timidly)—"It makes one almost lose respect for the services."

French Doctor—"Is that the way it affects you? Well, I have not that feeling. I am not too religious myself (with a smile that indicated that this was a mild statement of the case), but the impassive antiquity of the church—its sublime certainty of itself—never impresses me so much as when I watch it going through its ancient services, just as it has for centuries and centuries, while the little buzzing insects of an hour hum about its calm face."

APRIL

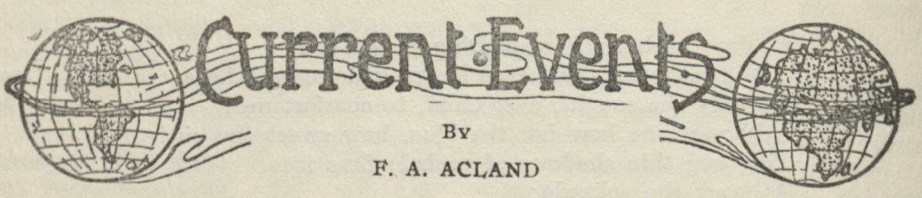
By ROBERT STANLEY WEIR

To-day, with April wandering in a wood,
Mid last year's withered leaves and trees all bare,
Blithely she sought, dear child, to comfort me;
Showed me how fair the blue, how sweet the air,
The long thin shadows of each leafless tree
Athwart the solitude;
Marked me the path of winter beast and bird,
The woodchuck's hole, the fox's shy retreat,
The path the marten makes with tiny feet,
The songsters few and rare in woodlands heard.

And fain her gentle heart would have outpoured
Such wealth as August or September yields,
The flowers and fruits of high midsummer's day,
Or glory of the yellow harvest-fields;
When, after toil, in bountiful array,
The goodly stacks are stored.
But blossoms scant were all she could bestow:
The crinkle-root, and the wake-robin red;
Hepaticas that in their lowly bed
All pearly white or pink or purple grow.

These and the springing trilliums, white and green,
That eagerly the schoolboy plucks, when first
The southwind calls him to the woods of spring,
She gave with slim, cool fingers;—then there burst
Upon our ears the white-throat's carolling,,
Calling unto his queen.
Ah, white-throat's song, so plaintive and divine!
So full of longing, throbbing joy and love!
O tender, singing white-throat that can move
Pity and rapture in this heart of mine!

As thus I wandered, touched by sight and sound,
The meagre blooms, the chill, disturbed me not;
The few lone pipings seemed not desolate;
Something invisible but strong, methought,
Shall soon a richer, fuller life create,
E'en now doth stir the ground.
And this frail child beside me soon
Shall change into a glory like the dawn,
And radiant with abounding joy put on
The beauty and luxuriance of June!



By

F. A. ACLAND

THIS is a wonderful centenary year —Lincoln, Darwin, Poe, Tennyson, Gladstone, Mendelssohn, and many more, doubtless, of minor rank. The past month of February witnessed the celebration in the case of the great American statesman and the famous English scientist. All the world in a measure has joined in both events. Whatever of antagonism existed towards either during the agitation amid which each moved has long since passed and both have become world figures of the first rank. The London *Times*, referring to Lincoln, applies to him the lines of Cowper:

"Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

Yet on the same page of *The Times* a second article devoted to Darwin shows what was accomplished in his case by scholarship, by a vast accumulation of knowledge. The fact is the greatness of neither can be explained by any known hypothesis, political or otherwise, any more than can the greatness of Shakespeare or Poe or Dickens or the countless others of the giants of literature or science or statesmanship who have sprung from the most unpromising surroundings or antecedents. Each was doubtless in large degree the creature of his environment, but each was also steadfast as a rock to one great idea to which all else was subordinated, the one to the maintenance of the Union, the other to the development of the theory identified with his name. These probably were the main factors, after all, in the making of all those qualities that differentiated Lincoln and Darwin from their contemporaries; the steadfastness of purpose we can understand, the environment is a vague all-comprehending condition that may include the sum of the experiences in some direction or other of countless generations of ancestors, and we can name it without grasping its full meaning or complete possibility.

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All who believe the British Empire to be what Lord Rosebery described it—"the greatest secular agency for good the world has ever seen"—will rejoice at the promise held out of a satisfactory issue to the great Union Conference of South Africa. Difficulties will be numerous enough yet both before and after the actual accomplishment of union, but it is a long step forward to have framed a basis of union between four jealous communities so lately engaged in actual war with each other.

The *pax Britannica* which is the greatest virtue of the Empire will be rendered the surer both within and without South Africa as a result of the welding of these four states into one. As to the curious compromise

with regard to the capital, one can only say of it that it is better than no agreement at all; but it would seem impossible that it should be permanent. The peripatetic capital as we had it in Canada for a time was bad enough, but to separate by a thousand miles the centres of administration and legislation would seem in most cases to make confusion worse confounded, and likely to cause paralysis to both functions. It is possible that the theory of ministerial responsibility will not be enforced in this Anglo-Dutch Parliament quite so rigidly as in the case of our own and other legislatures of the Empire; otherwise it is difficult to see how a minister is to be held strictly accountable for the affairs of a department with which during a large part of each year he can only be in comparatively distant touch.

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In another respect than that of the capital South Africa has struck into an original path, that, namely, of the relations of the uniting provinces to the central government, and of the powers to be respectively conceded and retained. South Africa has decided for a stronger central government than that possessed by either the United States, Canada or Australia; that is to say, the uniting provinces have retained fewer powers than in either of these other federations or unions. The provincial legislatures are to be counted only as councils, and aside from a partial control of education and certain other definitely stated subjects, are to have jurisdiction only over such matters as the central government may determine ,and, most important of all, perhaps, the finance of the provincial councils is to be controlled by the central Parliament. Some other original features of the constitution drafted are the adoption of the system of proportional representation for the election of the councils and the right of the ministers to speak in either house of Parliament. Add that the Senate will consist of thirty-two members elected at large, eight by each province, and of eight more appointed by the Crown, and that in the event of friction between the houses they are to meet together and settle the dispute by votes, and we have the chief variations of the proposed South African constitution from our own. Apart from the sympathy with which the whole Empire, and many communities outside the Empire, will see the new ship of state launched, it will be watched with all the keener interest because of the new channels it will sail in the making of constitutions. The device for breaking a deadlock between Senate and Assembly may prove worthy of adoption here in Canada some day.

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In the current issue of *The Contemporary Review* Professor H. Stanley Jevons discusses the theory of the two-power standard as applied to the British navy, and questions the practicability of maintaining it for many years, and the utility of maintaining it at all. He believes Great Britain should be content with the "strongest power" standard. There is some force in Professor Jevons' arguments that the enormous burden consequent on the maintenance of the two-power standard may well, borne by the United Kingdom alone, prove a task beyond her strength or may at least handicap her in other directions; this in view particularly of the greater population of such nations as Germany, Russia and the United States, and the opportunities of expansion enjoyed by the last two of these particularly. In the meantime the two-power standard is not beyond the power of Britain at the present time and it is hardly necessary to determine now how Britain shall face the conditions that will confront her in fifty years' time; only we may be

sure that all we can do now in the way of advancing the sentiment for a United Empire will render easier the task that falls to our descendants.

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Where, however, few will care to follow Professor Jevons in his argument is when he declares that the British Empire "exists at all only on the sufferance of other nations," and that this home truth is doubtless one we shirk as "a bitter pill." Surely such a statement is self-consciousness gone mad. In the same sense, and in no other, every nation exists only by mercy of all others, and Professor Jevons himself shows the absurdity of such an argument as applied to Britain alone by asserting that the combination of nations which permits the Empire to exist only under these humiliating conditions is unthinkable. To build upon such shattered premises therefore the further theory that, because in the event of a combination of half-a-dozen great nations against Great Britain the Empire could hardly exist, therefore we may just as well abandon already the attempt to maintain a great navy, is a pure waste of labour, and will carry conviction to none. A further aspect of the subject developed by Professor Jevons somewhat more successfully —or at least more plausibly—is that of the public conscience of the world. He believes there is a growing inter national morality or public opinion which will tend to restrain one country from attacking another. No doubt a greater provocation is required nowadays than formerly to bring war, but so long as war remains a contingency it must unhappily be also a leading factor in the calculations of statesmen.

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Of course in Professor Jevons' article, and in a second article in *The Contemporary Review* by "Master Mariner" on "Invasion Considered from the Nautical Standpoint," it is the hypothesis of a German attack on England that is in the mind of the writer, and it is the same subject that has inspired the writing and production of the curious play "An Englishman's Home," over which England, or at least London, has shown such emotion. The play is admitted to be destitute of anything resembling talent and is merely a crude implement for driving home one or two facts which are doubtless to the author of the utmost seriousness, namely, the unpreparedness of England for a sudden descent on her coasts and what it would mean to the average British citizen to find his country occupied by a foreign army. There can be no doubt that, however strained the war hypothesis may be, it is very much on the nerves of the English people, and the play appears at the psychological moment necessary to its success. Before the famous Kruger telegram it would probably have been laughed off the stage, and it is possible four or five years may bring a reversion to the former condition. But the present moment is critical, or is believed to be critical, which is much the same thing, and no matter how clearly the "Master Mariner," who writes the article above mentioned, may show that no army could possibly be carried from Germany to England under conditions which would enable it to land in practically unimpaired strength, such assurances do not quiet the public mind. At such a moment the production of such a play as "An Englishman's Home" will do good on the one hand by making Englishmen realise that their greatest weakness is apathy, while unhappily on the other hand, it may be productive of the utmost mischief, by producing a state of mind on the part of the public which will demand action by the Government more or less offensive to the aroused susceptibilities of the supposed enemy. Unfortunately the

Anglo-German crisis is by no means over yet.

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Brief cable reports only have reached the Canadian press of the great Opium Conference which has been proceeding at Shanghai, and which is understood to have closed with the month of February. The conference was not, of course, of a nature to have powers to do more than pass resolutions, but its proceedings appear to have been characterised by a reasonable degree of harmony. The country most concerned in the opium habit, after China, is India, which exports more of the drug to China than any other country, though a small proportion only of the total amount consumed. This latter fact is well known, but was brought out forcibly at the conference by Sir Alex Hossie, one of the British delegates, who showed that the inland revenue produced from the tax on opium grown in one province of China alone exceeded in 1908 the total revenue derived from the whole of the foreign opium imported into China. The same delegate pointed out extraordinary inaccuracies in the reports presented on behalf of the Chinese Government, which, while they did not, he said, shake his faith in the sincerity of the efforts being made by the Chinese Government to eradicate the opium evil, apparently caused doubt as to the efficacy of the methods adopted and even as to the honesty of the officials deputed to carry out the will of the Government.

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The resolutions passed were of a general character, and suggest rather sympathetic action within their own domains by the powers conferring with China and within the limits of active participation or intervention of any kind in the proposition of the Chinese Government. The only new aspect of the question—new at least to us in Canada—that appears to have been raised in the resolutions adopted is that of the growing use of morphine, which the conference found to represent a grave danger, and in connection with which the delegates have agreed to urge upon all governments the importance of drastic measures to control the manufacture sale and distribution of morphine and other noxious derivatives of opium. Canada's interest in the great conference was, of course, indirect only, and lies mainly in the fact that by the courtesy of the Imperial authorities the Dominion was represented at the gathering in the person of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, M.P. The Dominion has, of course, no possessions in the East, and the traffic in opium within its borders was quickly and quietly snuffed out as a consequence of Mr. King's own recommendations on the subject last year. None the less it was a conference of epoch-making character in which Canada may be proud to have had a part, and Mr. Mackenzie King's report will be awaited with a large degree of interest.

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So important a legislature as that of Newfoundland has rarely found itself in such a predicament as faces the island government at the present time. The Prince Edward Island Government was carried on with a majority of one a few years ago, and the Ontario Government, before the advent of Premier Whitney with his record majority was reduced to two or three, but it is not easy to recall a case where the parties have split exactly even, so that by making one of their number Speaker — if that could be done — the Government party is put in a minority. There are thirty-six seats in the Assembly, eighteen of which hold supporters of Sir Robert Bond, while an equal number support Sir Edward Morris, a former lieutenant of the Premier's, who broke away from him and car-

ried off a section of the old Liberal party to add to the Conservative Opposition. The Legislature was summoned to meet a few months ago and the final issue would have been determined; but it chanced that a member of the Ministry, Mr. Kent, was compelled to go to Washington to take part in the treaty negotiations, and since it would have been facing certain defeat to open the session with one man short, the meeting of the House was postponed until March 4. In the meantime Premier Bond is understood to have asked for a dissolution which was refused. Apparently it would not have been a strict rendering of the constitution to dissolve until the other party had made an effort to conduct the Government. So Sir Robert Bond resigned and Sir Edward formed a Government, and it is this Government which will meet the House on March 4. Before these lines are read the struggle will doubtless have assumed a new form. It is unlikely that the new Government will escape defeat, and a new election will presumably follow, with the advantage to the original Opposition that it will have the prestige and privileges of office during the electoral battle. The struggle is one of the keenest ever fought out in a British country, and it says something for the integrity of the respective parties that there is not reported to have been any suggestion of any member being induced by improper motives to cross to the other party.

MOVING DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE —*Life*

A BALLADE.

Something is gone from hill and plain,
The earth a dimmer radiance shows—
Softly as ever sings the rain,
Royal as ever blooms the rose;
But now no fairy palace glows
Through the dark woods for folks astray;
The fairies are with last year's snows,
With Gracieuse and Percinet.

To-day no fairy regents reign,
No Fairy Prince his aid bestows,
The captive damsel with her chain
Weeps on, and still no rescue knows;
Where the enchanted garden grows
We cannot wander, come what may,
We cannot thread the orchard-close
With Gracieuse and Percinet.

And yet—when all seems void and vain,
And all the world grown gray with prose,
Some whispering echo wakes again,
Some mountain wind of memory blows;
The Blue Bird sings—the Fountain flows,
All golden shine the skies of gray;
Gladly the heart a-maying goes
With Gracieuse and Percinet.

ENVOI.

Prince, though the knightly years are fled,
You still may find the magic way;
Youth and Enchantment are not dead
With Gracieuse and Percinet.

—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

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A HERO'S LOVE STORY.

IT is to be hoped that Canadian school children will appreciate the addition of the "Canadian Heroes" series to their supplementary reading, especially as it is introduced by so admirable a volume as Mr. Nursey's "Life of Isaac Brock." Those who live within a short journey of Niagara Falls are all familiar with the Queenston Heights and the monument which crowns the cliff, looking down upon as fair a prospect as a patriot might wish to behold. Often, on a summer day, when, from Brock's monument, one may see from the heights above the jade-green flow of Niagara, the expanse of fertile fields and glowing orchards, the stretch of Lake Ontario's miles of sapphire, there comes the story of that century-old strife and one may almost see the sudden rush of red-coats up the October hill-side.

Those stormy days of 1812 have long since passed into our history and every Canadian citizen prays devoutly that such scenes of bloodshed may never again be witnessed in our young country. Yet it is not well to forget the struggle and sacrifice which won our peace and security and among those whose lives are to be remembered with gratitude is the gallant officer, whose life opened in one of the exquisite islands of the English Channel and closed in that charge, when his men followed Brock up Queenston Heights.

In Mr. Nursey's narrative there is many a thrilling page, for he writes of a period when the soldiers and statesmen of England were straining every nerve in the fight against the great "Little Corporal." But, perhaps, one of the most memorable glimpses of that troubled time is the scene as Brock rushes along the road at dawn, pausing only for a hurried cup of coffee at a historic cottage near the riverside. His betrothed was waiting in fear for the news of a charge, as it was reported that the United States forces had crossed and were to storm the heights. She went out, as he drank the stirrup cup, to give him greeting and good-bye, and as the leader of the Canadian forces looked back to the old homestead, the waving hand of the girl who was to be his bride was the last message from the spot he had known so well. The simple story of Brock's bravery, of his sweetheart's lifelong grief is told with no flourish of art or rhetoric but makes its instant human appeal. There is surely no more beautiful road in Canada than the old Queenston riverway. To those who know the stirring records of 1812, it is forever associated with the deeds which kept the old flag flying and with the tender memories of the women who gave, ungrudgingly though with grief, their bravest sons as a sacrifice.

*

Unspoiled Childhood.

IN a recent number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* — a publication which ought to be more widely read in Canada—Lady Henry Somerset discusses with insight and vivacity, the subject of "The Child's Development." If the modern child is not brought up properly, it is not for lack of theory and discussion. However, the present article by the English advocate of temperance, is more rational and less pedantic than most treatises on the much-exploited juvenile. The writer declares against the precocious small person and asserts confidently:

"The people who preserve normal childhood for the longest period are those who in the end will produce vital and healthy adult life . . . The wider, the higher the destiny, the longer should be the period of undeveloped life, and it is the increasing absence of this phase that is to be deplored in our modern life."

Lady Henry Somerset makes some interesting comparisons between English and American training, admitting that the latter gives the girl her place of equality but objecting to the lack of imagination or, rather, to the presence of materialism so often seen in the development of American childhood. The writer's protest against overdoing the utilitarian training is well made. There is nothing more pathetic than a child without illusions, a small boy who talks about the money market or a girl who has already set her heart upon diamonds. The youngster whose imagination roves the world is the real heir of all the ages and the small boy who sees giants and fairies in the twilight shadows has no need to envy the son of a steel magnate. Those who would condemn the old stories, who would take away *Santa Claus* and his reindeer, leaving us the dull light of everyday fact, are robbers, indeed, who should be sentenced to a term in some matter-of-fact Siberia, with *Gradgrind* as keeper. Lucky are the children who are allowed to *be* children and are not transformed into premature wiseacres in spectacles!

*

An Imperial Address.

WHEN Lord Milner, that statesman who is honoured in all quarters of the Empire, visited Canada last autumn, the Montreal Women's Canadian Club was the one only feminine organisation fortunate enough to secure him as speaker, although in Toronto and other cities, by courtesy of the men's clubs, large numbers of women heard the great

Imperialist. In Montreal, Lord Milner spoke on his favourite subject in connection with social reform, and from the recently published collection of his Canadian addresses may be quoted the following:

"I have spoken of the work done by women in the Old Country because it is what I have myself seen and known. I cannot speak with equal experience of what is being done by them in Canada. But of this I am firmly convinced that what is known throughout the Empire as 'the women's movement' can only gain, and may gain immensely, from an exchange of experiences, from the women of one part of the Empire following the efforts, and learning from the successes or the failures of women in other parts. That is one of the chief advantages of the unity of the Empire, of what I have spoken of as our common citizenship. We have got to evolve between us all a higher type of civilisation. People do, in fact, learn more easily from those of their own household. We do, in fact, learn more easily from the efforts and experiments of men and women in other parts of our own Empire than from what is done or attempted in foreign lands. Social experiments in the other dominions of the Crown produce an effect in Great Britain which is not produced as readily by similar experiments, say in the United States or in Germany. There is a special instance which occurs to me at this moment, namely, that in the attempt to deal with the evil of sweating in England, we have derived peculiar instruction from what has been attempted with a similar object in Australia."

It is undoubtedly true that, allowing for certain differences of local conditions, those of the same imperial household understand more readily the problems of the various members than can any outsiders. The influence of Australia has already been referred to and, to follow it further, may we not ask if the exercise of the franchise by the women of Australia and New Zealand has not had a marked effect on the women of Great Britain?

*

CRITICISM WHICH CONDESCENDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of this column, signing herself *Katherine*, writes commendingly with regard to an article in this department last month, which referred to a certain criticism of Miss Laut's "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." Unknown *Katherine* says that she rejoices because I "defended" Miss Laut's book. Now, I did nothing of the kind. I have not read the book —as yet—and Miss Laut is quite capable of looking after criticism of her "David Thompson" chapter—if she thinks it worth while to do so. I merely protested against a critical article being prefaced by three paragraphs concerning the author's sex. This irrelevance is tiresome and irritating. A woman writer has no right to expect immunity from criticism, as to facts and style and no honest worker is likely to resent such comment. It is this patronising explanation which is absolutely fatiguing. I have good reason for believing that Miss Laut is quite ready to welcome candid and free discussion of her latest book. She may be somewhat averse, however, to criticism which is remarkably like an advance notice of another writer's anticipated volume. "How snow could be in a mountain meadow" is indeed a vexed question —save to the native-born.

*

PSYCHOTHERAPY.

WHY nearly every art or science should have a long and clumsy name attached to it is a secret of the learned. The polysyllable which stands at the head of this paragraph belongs to what is called the Emmanuel Movement, the application of religious principle and faith to the

treatment of certain diseases. The *Woman's Home Companion* and other respectable journals are devoting much space to the subject, and from their accounts it seems that great benefit has already resulted from the teaching and practice of this belief. It is a pity that so many quacks and charlatans have made money out of their alleged "faith cures" that many good citizens are doubtful of any such movement.

Those who believe in Christianity must admit that its principles are intended to benefit and strengthen the whole complex nature of humanity. We read of its Founder's work, that it was "teaching and healing." The latter aspect of His mission appears to have been forgotten by many believers in Christianity but the basis of the Emmanuel Movement is a return to a belief in curative Christianity—for the ills of the body, as well as for those of the soul.

Psychotherapy, as a philosophic term, appears to have passed into popular usage. The less a healthy person thinks of the body, the better. The woman who is unafflicted by "nerves" will do well to avoid even discussion of disease and to flee as from a plague from the sorrowful sisters who love to exploit their symptoms. Neurasthenic women are usually lazy, overworked or worried. For the lazy sufferers there is little hope, unless they will arouse to the Gospel of every great teacher, from the days of Moses to the age of Thomas Carlyle. For the overburdened and the careworn, this Emmanuel Movement may prove a modern Pool of Bethesda. Assuredly it is needed and all who have suffered from the woes of the nervous, either actually or by association, may wish it all success and expansion. Whatever it may call itself, if it gives peace and self-control to restless and prostrated sufferers, it is a thing of beneficence.

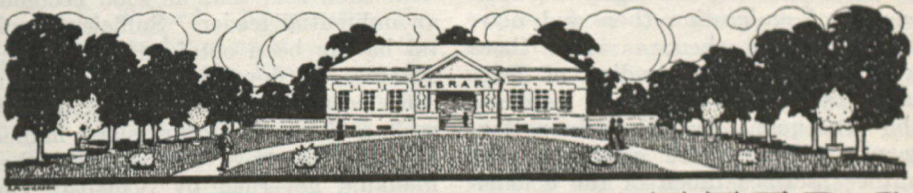
*

Are We Cats?

AN English bishop has brought upon his episcopal head the wrath of many women by declaring that the fashionable feminine world of London is "mostly cats." Lady Dorothy Nevill comes to the rescue of the maligned sex and tells the bishop flatly that he has exaggerated grossly—that he is a sayer of that which is not. It is really becoming dangerously democratic when a bishop is told that he is "another." In the good old days of excommunication, Lady Dorothy would have been condemned in scathing terms for venturing to differ from "my Lord," but in these stirring times, even lawn sleeves fail to impress the woman gifted with powers of retort.

Lady Dorothy proceeds to inform the bishop that the modern girl is more broad-minded and charitable, less disposed to be pettily abusive than was her grandmother. She refers to the wide diversity of the former's amusements and serious interests, as a reason for this broadening, and altogether makes out a strong case against the bishop. That good man has doubtless been overhearing a few unkind remarks about their dearest friends, made by some women of West End drawing-rooms. But he might have heard the same class of remarks from the idle members of a men's club. The "catty" woman is always with us, but she is in the snarly minority and will some day die out and be stuffed.

Jean Graham.



The WAY of LETTERS

"THE MAKING OF CANADA," by Mr. A. G. Bradley, which is a sequel to a previous work by the same author entitled "The Fight With France for North America," is a most comprehensive treatment of that period of Canadian history which begins with the British conquest and ends with the war of 1812. The author is a very graphic and illuminating writer, and in this book he takes full advantage of dramatic episodes such as the coming of the United Empire Loyalists, the rush of settlers from Great Britain and the final struggle in 1812 for possession of Canada. The coming of the Loyalists, fleeing from the fate that threatened them, provokes from this author a chapter pulsating with eloquence and indignation. We quote a few lines:—

"The landing of the refugees in their thousands on these then inhospitable shores, little as the average Englishman knows of it, is among the most tragic and dramatic incidents in our Imperial history. Famous poets have sung in melodious but inaccurate numbers of the expulsion of the Acadians and the burning out of the Wyoming settlers, but these were trifles in scale compared with the fate of the infinitely greater number of American Tories and the greater sensibility of so large a fraction of them. Ruined and banished almost to a man; insulted, tarred and feathered; half hanged, occasionally wholly hanged; flung by droves into prisons, always foul, sometimes noisome dungeons deep underground, like the Senna mine, their lot was pitiable indeed."

(Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25).

*

THE BRITISH COLONIAL SYSTEM.

No one but an enthusiast in historical research, particularly with respect to a special period of history, could have carried out so successfully the task assigned to Mr. George Louis Beer—that of instituting a series of books dealing with the origin and development of the British colonial system. Mr. Beer has accomplished the writing of the first volume, which comprises more than 400 pages and represents a vast amount of research and careful deduction. The period covered in this first volume lies between the years 1578 and 1660, the first date marking the first expedition of Humphrey Gilbert in the hope of finding a north-western passage to India; the latter marks the Restoration, a time when colonisation began to make rapid progress in settled form, about the beginning of the reign of Charles II. The author acknowledges the very important part that was played by private enterprise in these early colonisation schemes, but at the same time he gives credit to the British Government for encouraging and

backing up these enterprises. Mr. Beer makes a main point of the contention that the founding of British colonies in the new world was due to economic motives rather than to political schemes, and he brings home to us an interesting similarity between causes of emigration then and now. It seems that then, as now, there were cries of overcrowding of England, of the prevalence of paupers, the consequent danger of unemployment, and to these conditions the author ascribes much of the colonising enterprise of the British. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $3 net).

*

LORD MILNER'S SPEECHES.

The speeches delivered in Canada during last autumn by Viscount Milner, the same speeches that Mr. J. S. Ewart deals with in this number of *The Canadian Magazine* under the title "Lord Milner's Imperialism," have been published in a book entitled "Speeches in Canada by Viscount Milner." These speeches aroused a great deal of interest at the time of their delivery, and the publishers deserve praise for their enterprise in collecting and publishing them in a tasteful manner. Some idea of Lord Milner may be formed from the following excerpt from his speech delivered to the Canadian Club of Toronto:

"There is nothing so odious as cant, and this is a subject on which it is particularly easy to seem to be canting. Not that I am afraid of falling into a strain of boastfulness. The last thing which the thought of the Empire inspires in me is a desire to boast—to wave a flag, or to shout 'Rule Britannia.' When I think of it, I am more inclined to go into a corner by myself and pray."

(Toronto: William Tyrrell and Company. Cloth back, 75 cents net).

*

NOVEL BASED ON SOCIALISM,

"Comrades" is the title of a story of social adventure in California, by Thomas Dixon, Jr. A young athlete, son of a millionaire, owing to the influence of a public speech made by a young woman Socialist, unites himself to the followers of her belief. He enters into this new field of interest with such zeal that he soon becomes an influential leader. Sufficient capital having been obtained to float his schemes, he departs with a few thousand carefully selected Socialists, male and female, to an island named Ventura, to prove to the world that mankind governed by Socialism can become one vast, harmonious brotherhood. Seemingly the author's aim is to show the weakness of certain important Socialist theories, even when put into practice under most favourable circumstances. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, $1.75).

*

AN OLD-TIME STORY.

The novels produced by Egerton and Agnes Castle have proved eminently successful, as written romances and as dramatic fiction. Their latest venture, "Wroth," is no exception in their list of popular tales. The story tells of the madcap adventures of a Byronic hero, an aristocratic daredevil of undeniable attractions, whose redemption arrives in the conventional form of a noble and beautiful woman—a widow, this time. There are misunderstandings in every chapter and the hero travels such a rough path ere he finally wins the fair *Juliana* that the reader is entirely in sympathy with the gentleman of a riotous past. The story is gracefully and vivaciously told and will appeal to all readers who are fond of the old-fashioned romance, with just enough trouble to make a happy termination worth while. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.25).

*

ALL ABOUT THE EMPIRE.

By means of a private donation from the late Louis Spitzel, the

League of the Empire, London, have been enabled to publish an important volume dealing with the various aspects of the Empire. The title of the book is "The British Empire: Its Past, Its Present, and Its Future." It consists of 800 pages, and is edited by A. F. Pollard. Apparently the endeavour has been made to have the different parts of the Empire considered by competent authorities. In the case of Canada a good selection was made, with Professor H. E. Egerton on the Editorial Committee and Mr. W. L. Grant as assistant authority. The outlook for Canada is largely optimistic, but there is apprehension of political corruption and growth of corporations, and fear is expressed that in Canada materialism may dominate in the same way that it has dominated in the United States.

*

Women of All Nations.

The first volume has been received of what purports to be a very important publication, viz., "Women of All Nations," of which the editors are no less authorities than T. Athol Joyce and N. W. Thomas, Fellows of the Royal Anthropological Institute. The object of the work is to give the appearance as types, the characteristics, customs, social position, intelligence, and other aspects of the women of all countries, with illustrations from photographs taken from life especially for this undertaking. The first volume deals with women of dark skin, and embraces some of the blackest of the negro tribes, with varying degrees of colour up to the fairest Oriental or Mongolian types. Apparently the photographs were taken with the subjects posed in their native surroundings and garb, or lack of garb, and there has been made a successful attempt to give a fair idea of what the traveller sees in the various countries dealt with. Types of beauty are also given, and, after examining some of them, one is inclined to think that the point of view in many countries, with respect to beauty at least, is very far removed from ours. There are a number of reproductions in colour, full-page in size, and evidently many of the photographs were obtained with much difficulty. The text accompanying the illustrations is written from the standpoints of human interest and science, and is in most instances comprehensive. The countries considered in the first volume are New Zealand, Australia, the Islands of the Pacific, Africa, and some of the Islands of the East Indies. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

*

The Talbot Papers.

An important contribution to the literature of the Royal Society of Canada is made in the form of "The Talbot Papers," edited, with preface, introduction and some annotations, by Mr. James H. Coyne. The preparation of this volume could not have been entrusted to a better or more sympathetic historian than Mr. Coyne, who not only has lived for many years at St. Thomas, in the vicinity of the early Talbot Settlement, but who also undertook this particular work with commendable zeal and under most favourable circumstances.

*

A Stirring Romance.

"Racket and Rest," by Harold Begbie, is well punctuated with stirring scenes, and has the impress of a timely moral. The incidents happen in quiet Surrey, England, towards the close of the last century. The author weaves interest around the lives of *Theodore Sparks* and *Dolly Cresset* to form the kernel of his story. *Theodore* was an exemplary son of a good mother, and to think what he might have been, as the author says, is to perceive how good a fellow he really was. *Dolly*, an inn-keeper's daughter, who became *Theodore's* wife, was negatively antithetical and

clashingly contradictory to his make-up. His desire was to have a simple, wholesome, quiet home life; his wife, who was the embodiment of vanity and high spirits, became committed irrevocably to the stage. To gratify selfish longings and live her "own life," she gave up home, husband and baby daughter to appear publicly as a popular actress. The reader divines what the ultimate result will be, nevertheless interest does not wane, because he is kept wondering in just what way the narrator will deal with the principal characters to bring about the satisfactory conclusion looked for. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: The Westminster Company. Cloth, $1.25).

*

A Novel for the Young.

The many admirers of Rosa Nouchette Cary's novels will be glad to know that a new story has come from her prolific pen. This industrious author has published upwards of forty novels. Her latest is entitled "The Sunny Side of the Hill", which is a book that might well be entrusted to young people. It gives a picture of English village life, with motors and picnics, and such other things as help to make life wholesome and pleasant. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.25).

*

Notes.

—For a busy man anxious to keep fairly well abreast of current events in the larger sense of the phrase, it would be difficult to find a periodical more satisfactory than the English weekly journal *Public Opinion*. It is a bright well-edited newspaper, glancing at everything that is really worthy of attention in the way of politics, science, literature, religion and most other aspects of modern human life. Its selections are made most judiciously and the summaries are concise and careful. For a bird's-eye view of all things mundane, it would be hard to surpass *Public Opinion*.

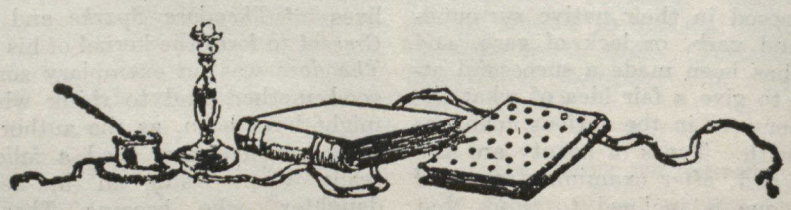
—Upon our civilisation the author of "The Memoirs of a Failure," thrusts responsibility for the failure of a Southerner named *Dunlevy*, because it is therein claimed that the man began life with clean instincts and a desire to be good. This is an unusual book, depicting the negative side of life. The author is Daniel Wright Kittredge. (Toronto: Albert Britnell).

—"*L'Amérique Précolombienne*," is the title of an essay on the origin of western civilisation, by Alphonse Gagnon, Secretary of the Department of Public Works and Labour, Quebec. (Quebec: Laflamme and Proulx).

—"Harvests in Many Lands," by Rev. W. S. MacTavish, is the third of a series of missionary text-books prepared for the young people of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Mr. F. W. Musgrave has written an interesting story entitled "Gabrielle Amethyst." (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

—The sixth edition of "The Truth About Christianity," by W. H. Turton, has been issued. (London: Wells, Gardner, Darton and Company. Cloth, 2/6 net).



Within The Sanctum

QUIETUS has surely at last been given to those persons who have insisted that we must go abroad for good pictures. Several exhibitions of the works of Canadian painters have been held during March—that of the Canadian Art Club, at Toronto; that of the Ontario Society of Artists, in the same city, and the annual spring exhibition at Montreal—and if nothing more should result than an awakening of public appreciation a good deal, nevertheless, shall have been accomplished.

There was on view also at Montreal an interesting collection of paintings by modern Frenchmen, a collection that was imposing more from the standpoint of quantity than, with some exceptions, from the standpoint of quality. It was important, nevertheless, inasmuch as it afforded Canadians, especially the people of Montreal, an opportunity to see some of the output of the modern French school and to compare it with the work of our native painters.

But these three hundred pictures, which were sent to Montreal under the auspices of the Government of France, could scarcely be regarded as the best examples of the best French painters, notwithstanding the fact that contributions were made by such outstanding men as Monet, Renoir, Roll, Le Sidanier, Le Gout-Gérard, Dagnac-Rivière, Caro-Delvaille, and (in sculpture) Rodin. Apparently the examples were selected, not so much on their merits as works of art as on their likelihood of being acceptable in the eyes of the unsophisticated. We hear a good deal from time to time about the vagaries of French art, but in the collection shown at Montreal its reputation in that respect was not maintained, because there nothing was seen that could startle or offend even the most squeamish of visitors. On the whole the paintings were keyed very much higher than we are used to here in Canada, and impressionism prevailed almost to the submergence of realism and legitimacy. The brightness of the pigments would at first startle persons who were not familiar with them, but on fuller acquaintance they toned down, or the eye toned up, with the result that much pleasure could be found in them, even by the stranger.

This reference to French paintings on exhibition in Canada naturally calls for something about the work of our own brushes. It has probably been observed that in this department we are not prone to praise the work of Canadians simply because it is Canadian. That is not our conception of true patriotism, but at the same time we venture the opinion that at the exhibitions in Toronto some paintings were seen that would hold good company with the best that is being produced anywhere.

The exhibition of the Canadian Art Club, which was only its second, the

club having been organised little more than a year ago, is noteworthy not merely because of its general excellence but also because of the outstanding fact that it was the means of inducing a number of Canadian artists who have won distinction abroad to send home some of their best work. These artists are Horatio Walker, of New York, a member of the National Academy of Design and of the Royal Institute, of London, and recognised as one of the few best painters in the United States; James W. Morrice, of Paris, a juryman of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, of London, and a member of both the *Salon d'Automne* and the *Société Nationale des Beaux Arts*, of Paris; A. Phimister Proctor, of New York, a member of the National Academy of Design, the National Sculpture Society, the American Water-Colour Society, and a sculptor of exceptional gifts; and John W. Russell, of Paris, a young man who paints with unusual facility and brilliance. When you take select works of these men and place them in a gallery with some of the best that we have seen of such acknowledged artists as Homer Watson, Curtis Williamson, Archibald Browne, Edmund Morris, Edwin Atkinson and Franklin Brownell we have an exhibition which in sureness of purpose and mastery of execution has never before been equalled by native painters.

It was no mean achievement for a small group of painters to break away from the Ontario Society of Artists and succeed in attaching the names of Horatio Walker and James Morrice to the membership of a new organisation. But they have done more than that: they have brought into the new Club also Mr. Proctor and Mr. Russell, and, quite recently, a virile young sculptor, Mr. Walter Allward, of Toronto. Secession, therefore, in this instance has justified itself.

When the announcement was first made of a new club to run on lines quite apart and independent of the Ontario Society of Artists, there were many prophecies of harmful effect on art in Ontario, and some persons anticipated nothing except dissension and strife. But both the prophecies and anticipations were wrong, because, even in the Ontario Society of Artists itself, notwithstanding the fact that several of its most prominent members withdrew during the year, there is evidence of an enlivening spirit, and the President, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, is to be congratulated on having secured among the invited exhibits canvases from Mr. Maurice Cullen, Mr. Clarence Gagnon, Mr. Dyonnet, and a piece of sculpture from Mr. Philippe Hébert, all of Montreal. The average of the exhibition this year is better than that of last year, and it looks as if a determined effort had been made to keep out all pictures that were regarded as being below the standard.

While rigid adherence to standard is commendable, it is almost invariably fraught with more or less regret. In the case of the Ontario Society of Artists this year, the "weeding process" threw out entirely the work of some of the pioneer members of the organisation, at least one of whom is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy. But that is inevitable if progress is to be made; and while it is a lamentable spectacle to see outside the palings men who for years had thought of the Society as a part of themselves, we should bear in mind that conditions and standards have changed.

However, sacrifices must be made on the altar of advancement, and these painters whose works were barred this year are among the few remaining links between the present and an earlier Canadian school or, better, group of painters, a group whose work is not particularly distinguished for freedom, breadth or tone. Regret because of their fate is mitigated by the fact that the ac-

tion of the committee in barring them out should mean progress.

There is a tremendous difference between the work of Canadian artists to-day and the work of those who occupied the same field twenty or thirty years ago. Looking back over the list of painters in Canada during the last several decades one is likely to be astonished at the fewness of the names that really stand for anything. But conditions are different now, and we find an absolute change in point of view, character, treatment and colour. There is more strength, better choice of subject, better painting quality, more sonority of expression on the one hand and more poetry and subtlety and feeling on the other hand.

This difference and this change must be admitted by all who know anything about Canadian art and who have seen the recent exhibitions in Toronto, particularly the exhibition of the Canadian Art Club. It might be urged that a forceful representation in the Club is not Canadian at all but foreign, that Mr. Morrice and Mr. Walker, for instance, can no longer be regarded as Canadians. But, although Mr. Morrice has resided at Paris during the last eighteen years, he still comes back to Canada for fresh material. Still, he is not exclusive in his choice of subjects, and is equally at home on the streets of Paris or the canals of Venice. Nevertheless one must admit the Parisian influence, an influence which has not, however, removed the artist's individuality.

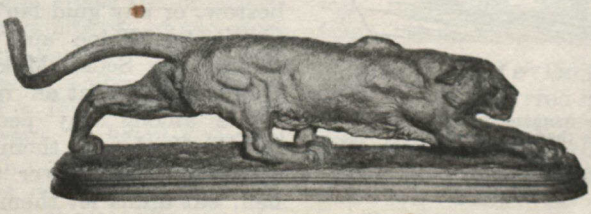
Mr. Walker is almost exclusively Canadian in his choice of subject, but unless we assist the Canadian Art Club in establishing his nationality we shall run the risk of alienation. The following excerpt from an article on him and his work, written by Charles H. Caffin and published in *Harper's* for November, should be to us a warning:

"Probably it is because Horatio Walker has discovered a type that he is devoting his life to its interpretation. But American though he is, the type has been discovered in alien soil. The Island of Orleans in the St. Lawrence River supplies it."

There is no doubt about the preference for Canadian subjects, or about the temperament and nativity of Morrice and Walker, but the presence of foreign influence cannot always be successfully refuted. As a matter of fact, it is a good influence, because it sets before the Club a universal standard. Notwithstanding that, however, there is no doubt about the simon pureness of the article as produced by the other members of the Club, with the unswerving example of Homer Watson in the vanguard.

Undoubtedly a change is taking place, has taken place, in the spirit and purpose of Canadian art. There has been a breaking away from tradition, and the common grooves are being abandoned. Whether or not it is understood, it is not always admitted, and it is usually from those who have failed to appreciate it that we hear most about the necessity of going abroad for good pictures.

THE EDITOR.



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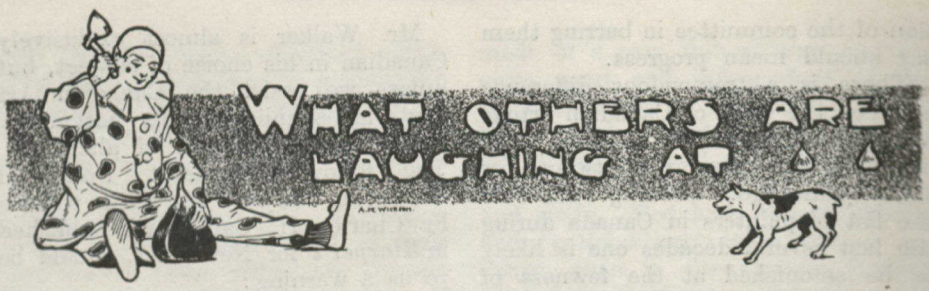
THE CRAWLING PANTHER

A BRONZE CAST FROM THE MODEL BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR



THE NEW DOCTRINE.

"Do you believe in the literal idea of future punishment?"

"Not for myself," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "But I favour it for a lot of people I know."—Washington *Star*.

PHIL MAY'S BEST

FROM DOTTYVILLE

Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall) "What are you doing there?"

Brown: "Fishing."

Lunatic: "Caught anything?"

Brown: "No."

Lunatic: "How long have you been there?"

Brown: "Six hours."

Lunatic: "Come inside!" —*Punch*

HONEST.

Cashly (at the club)—"Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

Stocksom—"Not very."—New York *Tribune*.

*

TOO LATE.

Husband—"When I am gone, and and that will be soon, you must marry again, dearest.'

Wife—"No, Edward; no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

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A SCOTCH MINISTER'S PRAYER.

"O Lord, we approach Thee this mornin' in the attitude o' prayer, and likewise o' complaint. When we cam' tae the lan' o' Canady we expected tae fin' a lan' flowin' wi' milk and honey, but instead o' that we foun' a lan' peopled wi' ungodly Irish. O Lord, in Thy great mercy, drive them tae the uttermost pairts o' Canady; mak' them hewers o' wood and drawers o' water; gie them nae emoluments; gie them nae place o' abode; nor mak' them magistrates or rulers among Thy people.

"But, if Ye hae any favours to bestow, or any guid lan' tae gie awa', gie it tae Thine ain, Thy peculiar people, the Scots. Mak' them members o' Parliament an' magistrates an' rulers among Thy people. An' as for the Irish, ta' them by the heels an' shak' them ower the mouth o' hell, but dinna let them fa' in, and a' the glory shall be Thine. Amen."—*Success*.

OLD AGE PENSION

HE (filling in claims for himself and wife): "Question Fower—'Sex.' Wot do Oi put there, Missus?"
SHE: "I Dunno wot yer conscience'll allow you to put; but ye puts me down a Primitive Methody."

A Rising Politician.

It was at Ottawa recently, at one of the small festivities following the "Opening," that a charming young woman, who is a Liberal in politics, expressed an opinion which was startlingly heterodox. Someone had commented with regret on the absence of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King and this sprightly lady replied:

"I'm glad he's not here. I hope he'll stay in Shanghai for ever so long."

"But why?" urged an astonished friend. "He is such a perfect gentleman and so clever and has got on so well for such a young chap and—"

"That's just it," was the impatient retort. "He reminds me of the story of Sir Gilbert Parker. Don't you remember about the poor Englishman who protested a few years ago that, wherever he went, he heard a certain ominous sound. Whether he went to African forests or Indian jungle, he would awake in the middle of the night and hear a strange noise and stir and would find that it was only Gilbert Parker climbing, climbing upward in the night! Well, Mackenzie King is just like that! He's everything that's admirable but he's distressingly successful. A man who writes books, belongs to the Cabinet, arbitrates telephone disputes and Japanese riots and goes to anti-opium conferences has too much executive ability for the ordinary understanding."—*The Canadian Courier.*

*

Not So Bad.

Two Northern business men, passing through a barren region of the South, paused one day before a hopeless, tumble-down habitation, one of them exclaiming: "Poor creatures! How do they ever make a living from such land?" At this the sagging door of the hut slowly opened, a tall, lanky, poor white appearing, who drawled out to them: "Looky here, strangers, I ain't so durned poor ez you think I am. I don't own all this yere land; I jest own the house."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Merry Muse

AS IT MAY BE IN 1925

Suggested by reading Hamlin Garland's, "The Shadow World."

Said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith
(They strolled beside the ocean):
"Why do you move your arms about
With that peculiar motion?"

Said Mrs. Smith: "I now employ
A mediumistic measure,
And leave my *other self* to drudge
When I go out for pleasure.

I'm making these synchronal moves
Express my urgent wishes
Unto my astral self at home,
To help her *wash the dishes.*"

A. G. Davies.

*

A SERIOUS LOVE SPELL

A young lady sits in our choir
Whose hair is the colour of foir,
But her charm is unique,
She has such a fair chique,
It is really a joy to be noir.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Cut low at the front and the bacque,
And a lovely bouquet,
Worn in such a cute wuet
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,
In marriage her hand I will sique,
If she's not a coquette—
Which I'd greatly regruette—
She shall share my two sovereigns a wique.

—Boston *Herald.*

THE CHAMPION

I could be champeen of our town—
I've licked about a dozen;
I started in on Alfred Brown
An' Alferd's city cousin;
I've licked 'em all exceptin' one,
There's nothin' that I'd ruther
Be doin' than to get it done—
But Pudge is Rosy's brother.

Pudge Jones is twicet as big as me,
But just th' same I'd whip him.
I'd lead my left, then bend my knee
An' whirl my foot an' trip him!
But when Pudge double-dares me to,
I always haf to mosey—
I sometimes wish I'd never knew
That he was kin to Rosy.

Aw, no! She ain't my *girl* at all!
I see her at th' parties.
Them other fellers has their girls—
Th' crazy bunch of smarties!
You bet I've licked 'em, every one!
My left swing is a twister,
An' long ago I'd made Pudge run,
But— Rosy is his sister.

Aw, pshaw! Doggone it, now! I am not!
I ain't at all her feller,
Th' last boy told me that, he got
A whack right on th' smeller!
I've whipped lots bigger boys 'n me—
Some run an' told my mother,
An' I can whip Pudge Jones—but he—
Well, he is Rosy's brother.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in *Harper's.*

Boil Postum Thoroughly!

Insist on having it black and rich as Mocha.

It's easy to follow directions on package. Have it right!

Then it has the dark, seal brown coffee color, which changes to golden-brown when cream is added, and a delicious flavour similar to mild, high-grade Java.

How Postum is Made.

CLEAN, WHOLE WHEAT

is separated into kernel and outer—or bran-coat; the **first** containing the tissue-making and energy-storing elements—the **second,** "vital,' phosphates for re-building tissue-cells. The kernel is

SKILFULLY ROASTED

to a degree that develops an aroma similar to Java coffee (but without coffee or any drug-like substance); hence the delicious flavour of Postum, which has led many to think they were drinking coffee. The roasted kernels are then

COOLED AND GROUND.

The roasting has changed the starch into dextrin and dextrose, which form "soluble carbohydrates" (energy-making material), and the proteids (tissue-forming elements) are also made soluble and quickly absorbed by the system. Next

THE BRAN COAT

is mixed with molasses, roasted and ground separately, then blended with the other part of the wheat to perform the perfected product—**Postum.**

Relief from coffee ails when Postum is used instead, is a matter of history.

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Eat your favorite food without fear

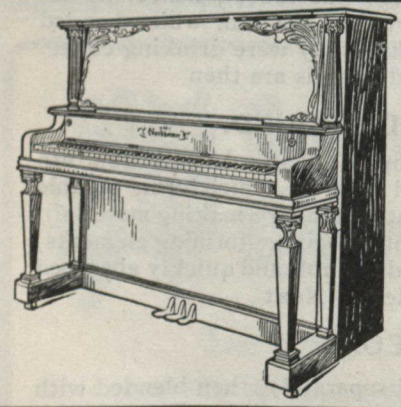
FORMULA.
Each 22 Gr. Triangule contains

Pepsin—Pure Aseptic
Papain
Diastase
Calcium Carbon Precip.
Cascara Sagrada
Powd. Ginger
Powd. Cardamon
Sugar q. s.
Oil Canada Snake Root.

Relieves Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all distress from an out-of-order stomach

Large 50c cases — any drug store

PAPE, THOMPSON & PAPE, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. and Windsor, Ont., Canada



Nordheimer Pianos

The Nordheimer Piano of to-day is in keeping with the high rank and artistic traditions of the House of Nordheimer.

FREE—A Razor Saver—FREE

Try this experiment—rub a few drops of "3 in One" into your razor strop until the leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3in One"; then strop. Every razor edge has teeth like a cross-cut saw; soap and water cause these teeth to rust; the more rust the duller the razor. Stropping only breaks off the microscopic rust particles giving a new cutting edge which immediately commences to rust again. Now "3 in One" on the strop brings out the grain of the leather. This adheres to and wipes out the saw edges—leaving the cutting edge keen and clean. "3 in One" prevents even slightest further rusting. Scientific circular and sample bottle—both free.

FREE

THREE IN ONE OIL CO., 50 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Old Dutch Cleanser

Chases Dirt

Cleans Scrubs Scours Polishes

Just You Try It Once

Old Dutch Cleanser contains no acid, caustic or alkali—it cleans, scrubs, scours and polishes *mechanically*, not chemically. Intelligent housewives have learned to avoid caustic and acid cleaners, and to save labor, time and money by using Old Dutch Cleanser throughout the house for every kind of cleaning.

Large, Sifting-Top Can (at all grocers) 10c.

Cudahy—Toronto—Maker

The Lightning Cleanser

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Man in the Making

Build your child's body and brain well—if you want the future man to be well.

"CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP" is a food that makes sturdy bones, healthy tissues, good nerves. It is the best thing to give children with their porridge, cereal or bread.

"CROWN BRAND" is an absolutely pure syrup, made as good as syrup can be made—with a rich flavour that makes the youngsters and grown-ups ask for more.

Your dealer has it in air-tight tins, 2-lb., 4 lb., 10-lb. and 20-lb. tin.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited.

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL and TORONTO

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near-safeties. *They* have some device *added to* them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson *Safety* is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—*not* near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

HAMMER THE HAMMER

"SHOTS," our booklet, tells all about it in a plain, simple way, so you can't go astray on the SAFE revolver question. Send for it—FREE.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickeled, 22 calibre rim-fire or 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel, - - **$7.50** (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel, - - - - - - - - - - **$8.50** (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

Hammer the Hammer — Accidental Discharge Impossible

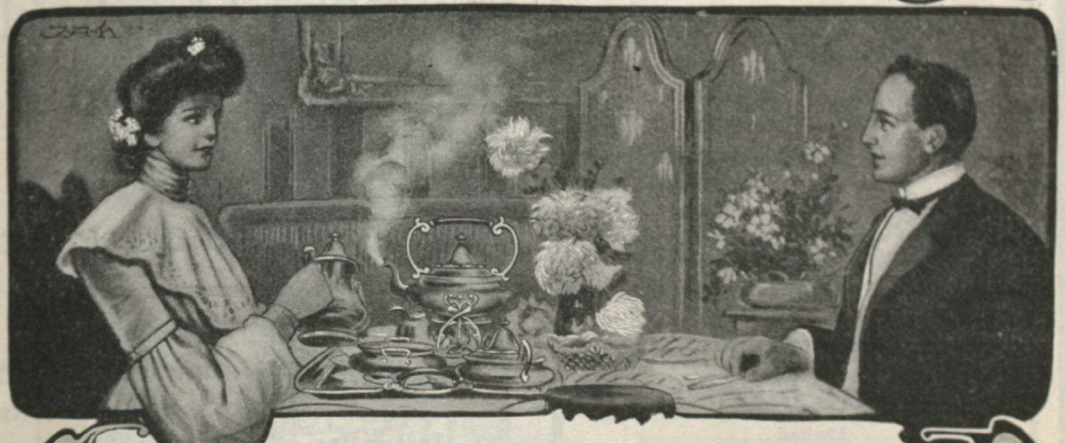
Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street. San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.
Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

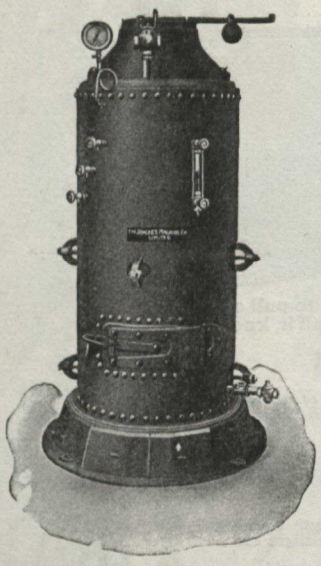
The Standard Silver Co. Ltd



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



¶ We illustrate herewith our standard Vertical Type Power Boiler, with mountings as regularly furnished.

¶ We build them in all sizes from 4 to 60 h.p. Larger sizes built to order.

¶ Material and workmanship throughout are of the highest class, thus ensuring long and satisfactory service.

¶ With large facilities we are in a position to make prompt shipments of single boilers or of carloads.

¶ Our Bulletin K No. 103 contains full particulars. May we send you a copy?

The Jenckes Machine Co.
Limited
Sherbrooke, St. Catherines, Cobalt
Vancouver, Halifax
Works:
Sherbrooke, Que.; St. Catharines, Ont.

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

"A Useful Ally"

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Imagine an entertainment where every performer is a star and every number a selection of your own

THAT describes the entertainment of an Edison Phonograph. You need not dress for it, go out after it, arrange your time for it or pay for admission to it. It takes place in your home, at your convenience, as often as you like.

You listen—that is the extent of your effort. You hear Manuel Romain sing just as you would if he stood before you. You hear Maurice Levi's Band play under his spirited direction and forget the medium by which his artistic efforts are brought to you.

Or you enjoy the talents of such clever entertainers as Ada Jones, Cal Stewart, Byron G. Harlan, Billy Murray and Steve Porter.

Do you doubt this excellence in the Edison Phonograph? Then hear it. Go to an Edison store; select the Record of a singer you have heard and a song you know. This test has placed the Edison Phonograph in a million homes.

Ask particularly to hear an Amberol record, Mr. Edison's latest contribution to Phonographic entertainment; a Record that preserves the sweet, clear tones of the Standard Edison Records, yet plays or sings twice as long and costs but a trifle more.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

With the Edison Business Phonograph you dictate at your convenience and the typewriting department does the rest.

National Phonograph Co. **6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**

TWO OF THE NEW SUITS

WE are going to cause a sensation with our suits this year. We feel it coming. Most of those who have seen them so far have bought on sight. They are not all here yet by any means, but we illustrate two styles that Dame Fashion has set her seal of approval on. ¶ The price in each case is the same—$16.50. The style you can judge for yourself—the illustration is a careful one.

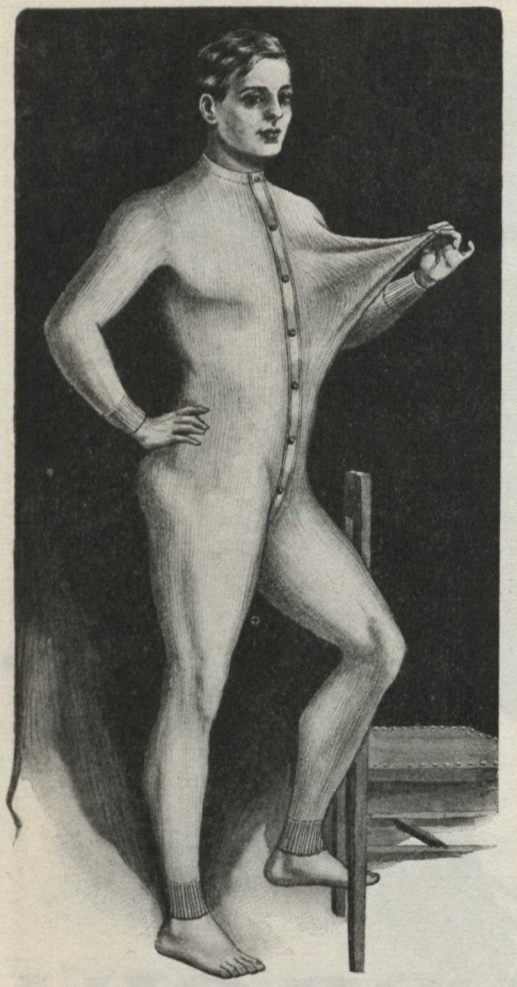
The first a very smart suit of fine quality West of England worsted, in brown, grey, and black tones of stripe effect. Coat is lined with broche, and is made 32 inches long, semi-fitting back, new cutaway front, with three large satin covered buttons, kimona arm-hole, with fold of self over shoulder, two deep vents at sides and one at back, trimmed with satin covered buttons; large new fancy flaps, trimmed with buttons, buttons on sleeves. Skirt is in nine gore flare, buttons down front, satin covered buttons to match coat, trimmed with deep fancy fold of self - - - - - - - **16.50**

Misses' Three-Piece Suit of imported Panama, in green and navy, new cutaway coat, has stole collar effect, trimmed with satin, finished with silk braid and fancy Persian trimmings, two deep vents at back, trimmed with graduated sizes of satin covered buttons, fancy flaps inlaid with satin and finished with one large button. Skirt is in princess style, has pleated gore seams, trimmed around neck with satin, trimmings and braid to match coat. For - - **$16.50**

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO - CANADA


"Arbeka"
ARROW
COLLARS
neither shrink
nor crack.
20c. each--3 for 50c.
Arrow Cuffs--35c. a pair.
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, 441 River St., Troy, N.Y.



ELLIS SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR

can't be pulled out of shape

When you've pulled an Ellis Garment as far as it will stretch, and then release it, the elasticity is so remarkable that it *immediately springs back* into shape. That's what ensures good fit in underwear.

Look for this Label.

MADE BY

ELLIS MFG. CO., Limited
HAMILTON

THE Ellis SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNSHRINKABLE

Refuse Substitutes of RODGERS CUTLERY

The trademark below is stamped on Rodgers' Cutlery expressly to enable you to distinguish the genuine from the imitation.

Behind that "mark of guaranteed quality" stands our reputation of over 200 years.

Look carefully for the trademark shown below.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Ltd.
Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENG.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK. GRANTED 1682

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

ONE application of a poor Shaving Soap to your face will do more harm than a good soap can correct in a month's time. That's why it is a safe plan to stick to a Shaving Soap like Williams', which has stood every test for nearly three-quarters of a century.

Williams' Shaving Stick comes in the nickeled box, hinged cover.

It can also be had in the leatherette covered metal box as formerly.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25 cents, if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4 cents in stamps.

Address The J. B. Williams Co.
Dept. A, GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. A handsome nickeled soap box is packed free (for a limited time) with every four cakes.

This MAVRO Collar and IMPERIAL Shirt have Fashion's approval for Evening Dress

MEN who esteem real quality and modish—but decorous—style find full satisfaction in the shirts and collars trade-marked "W. G. & R." and made at Berlin. They fit well; they look well; they wear well; they will meet your exactions and longer withstand the laundries. Compare by wear. The value's there.

There is a W.G.&R. *collar and shirt for every taste, season and occasion. Enquire at your favorite shop.*

W.G.&R.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL.
ESTABLISHED 1857.

Hercules Sanche

Copyright 1907 by Dr. Hercules Sanche
All rights reserved.

The "Donor" does for Everything.

Oxydonor has enabled Mrs, Pratt and her family to go for over eight years without powder or pill, and has probably saved its cost price many times over. Read what she says of it;

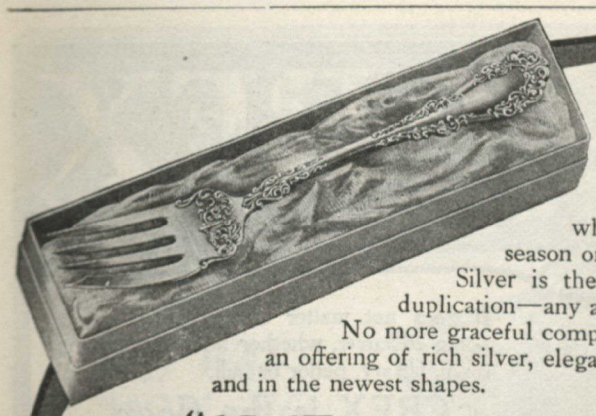
Dr. H. Sanche: Craighurst, Ont., Jan. 14, 1908.

It is with pleasure I reply to your kind inquiry in regard to my Oxydonor. We have two now; my husband got one for himself two years ago, and he says he would not take $100 for it if he could not get another. It is over eight years since we commenced to use Oxydonor. People are surprised when we tell them the "Donor" does for everything. We take neither powder nor pill; so we can thank you very much for it. I have thanked God for it many a time.

Yours truly, MRS. THOS. PRATT."

When disease of any and every kind can be driven from the system without drugs or medicine—when you can be **cured at home,** while you sleep—when you may enjoy vigorous, buoyant health—won't you write to-day for full particulars about **Oxydonor,** the wonderful little instrument that confers these benefits? Address

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.
354 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL



Silver for Gifts

Silver is the first thought when considering gifts for any season or occasion.

Silver is the one thing that permits of duplication—any amount being acceptable.

No more graceful compliment can be extended than an offering of rich silver, elegant in design, perfect in taste, and in the newest shapes.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

"Silver Plate That Wears"

is the mark which represents the height of perfection in silver plate

It is the original "Rogers'" Ware introduced in 1847, developed and improved through 60 years of experience.

Sold by leading jewelers.

The newest as well as the standard designs are shown in our **catalogue "67"** Send for it.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Hamilton, Canada

CHILDREN

like to wear Turnbull's Vests—they are so nice and warm, soft and comfortable.

¶ Knitted by a special process they keep their shape.

Turnbull's Vests

and the famous Cee-Tee underclothing are manufactured at Galt by the

C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited

Ask your dealer to show you Turnbull's Goods

1317

CREX

Grass Carpets and Rugs

TRADE MARK

It does not matter which floor you are going to cover, whether bedroom, dining-room, library, parlor or hall,

CREX is the floor covering you need

You need CREX for the following reasons:

It is absolutely sanitary.
It is suitable for any surroundings.
It maintains cleanliness and promotes health.
It is the most economical because it is practically indestructible.
It greatly reduces the labor of the housekeeper.

You need CREX—Be Sure You Get It.

Caution: Avoid Imitations—The Genuine Bears the CREX Label
Sold by all up-to-date Carpet and Department Stores

Send for Free Booklet J, Beautifully Illustrated.

CREX CARPET COMPANY, 377 Broadway, New York

Established Over 50 Years

Easter marks the opening of Spring. With it comes the desire for something more nourishing and appetizing than eggs and fish. Try Fearman's "Star Brand" English Breakfast Bacon; always good and made under Government inspection.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
HAMILTON

The New Models 10 and 11
of the

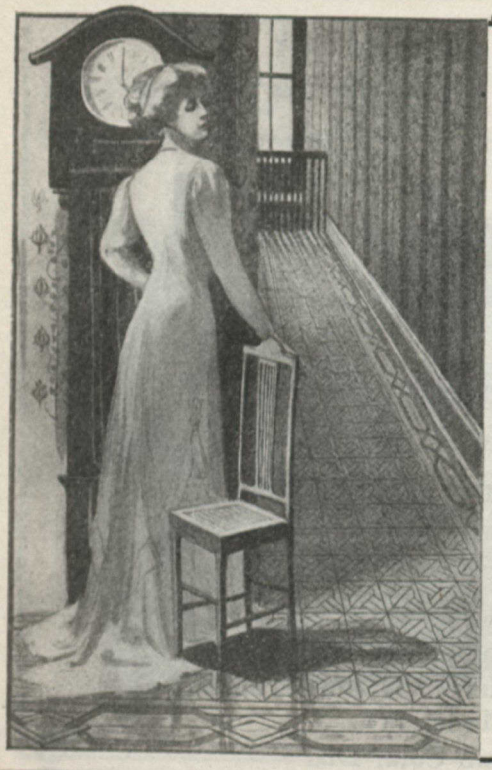
Remington
Typewriter

are the ripest fruit of Remington experience, the highest achievement of Remington skill and the perfect evidence of Remington leadership.

Some of the New Features:

New Single Dog Escapement
New Column Selector (Model 10)
New Built-in Decimal Tabulator (Model 11)
New Two-Color Dial
New Back-Space Key
New Variable Line Spacing Lock
New Shift Lock
New Paper Feed

Remington Typewriter Company
Limited
Toronto, Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver, Winnipeg



WE claim for our WALL-PAPERS a distinctiveness which is the result of certain conditions. Long experience in high-class decorating, the practical test of our own work, and skilled selection ensure successful designs. And this not only in high priced lines but also in the least expensive.

ELLIOTT & SON, Limited
79 King Street West, TORONTO

GANONG'S G.B.

CHOCOLATES

The latest and daintiest arrangement for Chocolates

The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. ½, 1, 2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

35 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

GANONG BROS., Limited, St. Stephen, N.B.

Dressing Bags for Presentations

The above is our best selling Bag for ladies. Every toilet article is of the finest quality. Brushes and mirror are real ebony, and the bottles cut glass.

Black Natural Grain Leather, Price $22.00
Black Real Sea Lion, - - - Price $30.00

This is only one of the many styles of Dressing Bags we make and are are shown in our Catalogue C. We mail it free, or if you live in Western Canada we will be pleased to give you the address of your nearest dealer that sells our bags.

The JULIAN SALE

LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited

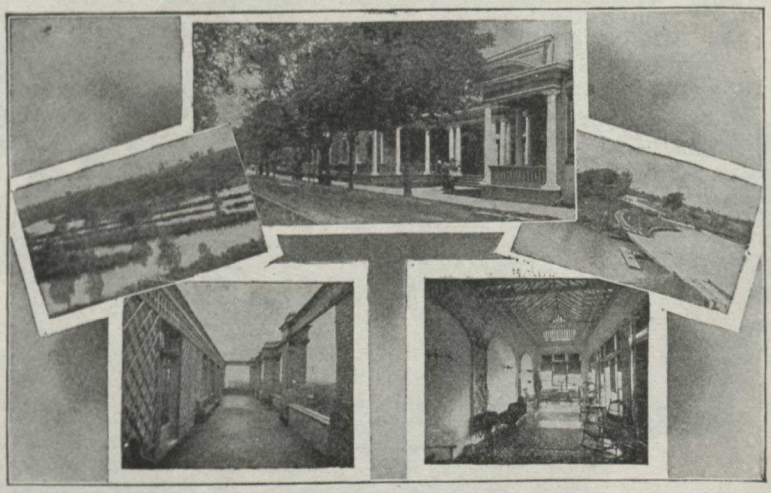
105 King Street West, Toronto

Try the Saline Waters

OF THE

"St. Catharines Well"

For Rheumatism and kindred diseases and for all forms of Nervous Trouble.



Hydropathic treatments with massage, diet, rest, supervised by Physicians and Nurses.

Avoid the expense of a trip South. Try instead the tonic influence of

"THE ST. CATHARINES WELL"

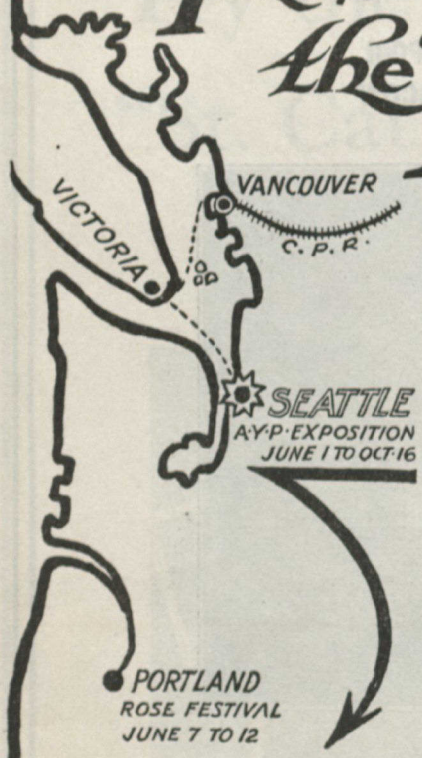
REACHED BY

Grand Trunk Railway System

Apply The Welland, St. Catharines, Ont.

This Summer the Pacific Coast

is more than ever attractive



The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle—"the Fair that will be Ready", will be a revelation to the Eastern visitor. This latest of World's Fairs exploits the resources of Alaska and the Pacific coast, presenting many novel and interesting features.

Apart from the Fair, what could be more delightful or of greater educational value than a summer trip to the Pacific Coast? There are a thousand and one things to do, and places to see.

Picture the wonderful journey! Your choice of rail or lake steamer to Fort William, on through the wheat and prairie empire of the west, and a day amidst the grandest mountain scenery in the world, passing the incomparable Rockies. Then from Vancouver to Seattle a fascinating water trip, by C.P.R. 19-knot steamer.

Every mile and every minute of the trip will be enjoyable on the Canadian Pacific short line. There is no finer train service or faster time, and the question of expense is simplified by the exceptionally low summer rates.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

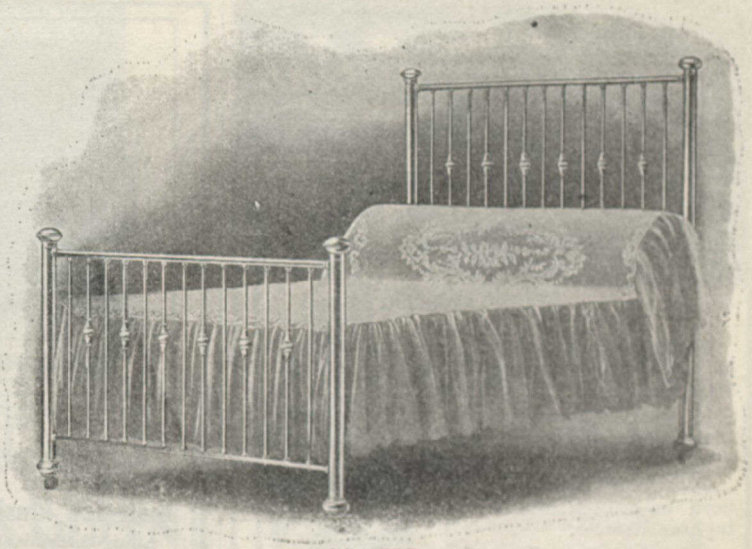
"THE DIRECT ROUTE"

For Literature, Particulars of Rates, Routes, and all information, address R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO.

Special Low Rates
May 20 to Sept. 30

Juliette Bedstead, $26.67

This entire "QUALITY" Bedstead is constructed with brass tubing. Strong screws and brass nuts hold the rods in place. The posts are 2 inches in diameter. Height of Head Board is 60 inches; Foot Board, 36 inches. Made in 4 widths—4-6, 4-0, 3-6 and 3-0. Finished in bright gold or dull old brass. The lacquer used is strong and clear, covering the brass tubes completely. This lacquer prevents the brass from tarnishing. No polish is required.



JULIETTE

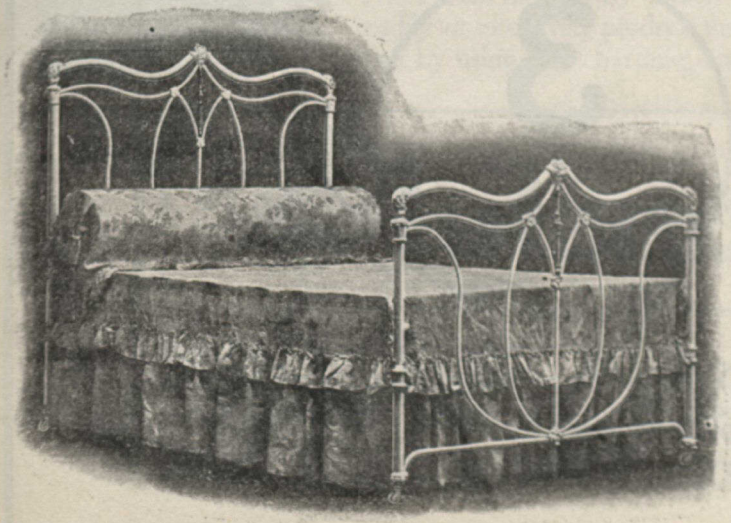
How to get these Beautiful "Quality" Bedsteads on 30 Days' Trial, Freight Prepaid

to all points in Ontario; proportionate allowances made to outside points

All you have to do is order the "QUALITY" Bedstead you wish, (illustrated and named herein) enclosing price quoted. It will be PROMPTLY and SAFELY shipped to your R. R. Station, ALL freight charges PREPAID by us. We take ALL the risk till it reaches your freight depot. If we have a dealer in your locality we will ship through him. ¶ After you use the "QUALITY" Bedstead 30 DAYS, if, in YOUR opinion, it is not exactly what you want, we will REFUND YOUR MONEY. There will be NO expense on YOUR part whatsoever—not even return freight. There will be no "ifs" nor "buts" about it—no excuses or reasons why you should keep it. YOU will be the judge—not us. ¶ That sounds like a fair proposition, doesn't it? ¶ We sell many thousand "QUALITY" Bedsteads in Canada on the SAME arrangement—but NONE are ever returned. ¶ The SUPERIOR construction of "QUALITY" Bedsteads PREVENTS that looseness and rattling so COMMON in OTHER Bedsteads. ¶ Then, too, "QUALITY" Enamel is baked under a TREMENDOUS degree of heat—then subjected to the most SEVERE SECRET TESTS. This PREVENTS chipping, stickiness and soiling, which is UNAVOIDABLE in ORDINARY Bedsteads. "QUALITY" Bedsteads may be WASHED as OFTEN as desirable WITHOUT fear of injury to enamel or brass.

The excellence of construction—the artistic, graceful outline and beautiful finish of "QUALITY" Bedsteads lend an air of refinement and elegance to ANY Bed-chamber. ¶ We are so SURE of the superiority of "QUALITY" Bedsteads that we give you a FIVE-YEAR GUARANTEE—YET THEY COST YOU NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY MAKES. ¶ THIS should be sufficient to induce you to order a 30 DAYS' TRIAL of "QUALITY" Bedsteads! ¶ The name "QUALITY" IS STAMPED ON EVERY GENUINE "QUALITY" BEDSTEAD. This is done so that UNFAIR dealers CANNOT substitute or imitate. ¶ No matter WHAT style you may wish, we have it in "QUALITY" Bedsteads. ¶ Will you write for Booklet TO-DAY.

"Quality Beds"



ROMEO

Romeo Bedstead, $7.00

This "QUALITY" Bedstead is constructed with steel tubes and bars joined together with artistically moulded castings, all combining strength and beauty. The posts are 1¼ inches in diameter. The height of the Head-Board is 59 inches; Foot-Board, 41 inches. Made in three widths—4-6, 4-0 and 3-6. Ornate brass spindle in centre. Finished in White or Green Enamel. Other colors, such as Blue, Pink, etc., 50 cents extra. Vernis Martin Bronze, $1.50 extra.

Just drop us a letter addressed:

Quality Beds, Limited

WELLAND, ONTARIO.

Dutch Artists & English Painters
use only the celebrated
WINSOR & NEWTON'S
Oil and Water Colors
acknowledged by all the standard in the art world. Ask your dealer.
A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.
Wholesale agents for Canada.

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 sell

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

"The Universal Perfume"

Most delightful,
Most refreshing,
Most lasting,
Most popular.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FloridaWater
FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF
DRESSING-TABLE
AND BATH.

More Sprightly and Invigorating than Cologne.

Ask your Druggist for it!

Recreation is essential to every Professional and Business man.

Few things will divert the mind from daily cares more quickly than Music.

There is no method by which one can more readily or effectively produce the best of Music than by using that charming instrument

The Autonola

It is the modern Playerpiano. Anyone can play it. Everyone who uses it appreciates the simplicity with which it can be operated. A handsome instrument.

Send for free Booklet C to the makers.

The BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.
TORONTO LONDON, ENG. OTTAWA

There's no dark room with a

KODAK TANK

Every step is simple and easy but, more than that, it means *better pictures.* The success of the tank development idea has now been absolutely proven by the fact that many leading professional photographers, although *they* have every dark room convenience, use our tank system of development for all of their work. If tank development is better for the skilled professional, there's no question about it for the amateur.

The Experience is in the Tank

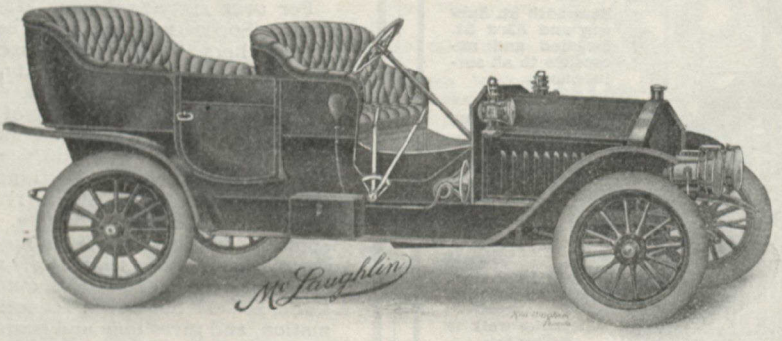
Ask your dealer, or write us for our booklet, "Tank Development." It tells about the modern methods of developing Cartridge Films, Premo Film Packs and Glass Plates.

CANADIAN KODAK LIMITED

TORONTO, CAN.

McLaughlin-Buick Automobiles

A duplicate of this car won the 100-mile race at New Orleans on February 21st, breaking three world's records



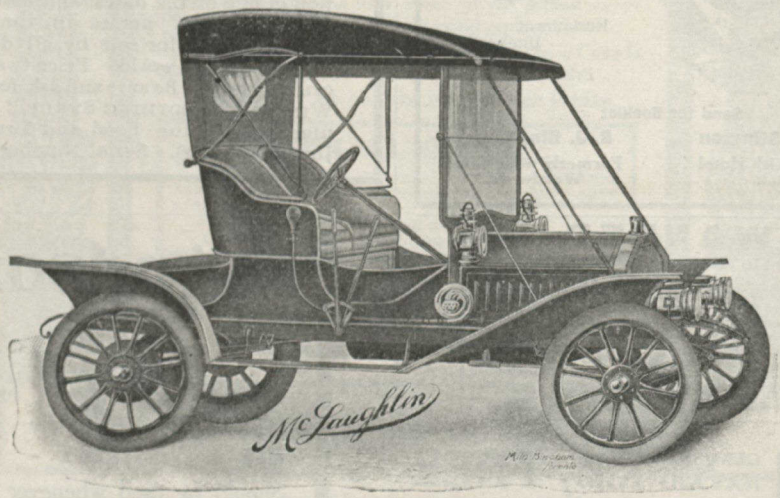
The Sensation of the 1909 Toronto Motor Show.

Demonstration can be arranged at our Warerooms.

Model 17—35 Horse Power Touring Car, $2,150

Simple
Swift
Silent

Book of Testimonials on application.



One of our most popular models.

If interested send for Catalogue.

Model 10—18-22 Horse Power Runabout, $1,100
(Top and wind shield extra)

We quote as follows from one of many satisfied owners of McLaughlin-Buick Automobiles:

MESSRS. MCLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED, Oshawa, Ont., KINGSTON, ONT., Nov. 21st, 1908

Dear Sirs,—For efficient service, durability, and for low cost of maintenance, your Model 10 cannot be beaten. I am obliged to admit that your predictions regarding this car have been more than fulfilled. This is my fourth automobile, and I think I can safely say that the **Model 10 is as near perfection** for runabout purposes as any car in America at the same cost. It has already covered over 4,000 miles, and it is in practically as good condition to-day as when I purchased it. My repair bill has been less than $5,00 for the entire season, and the running expenses of the car much less than I expected.

Yours truly, (Signed) W. J. FAIR.

McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

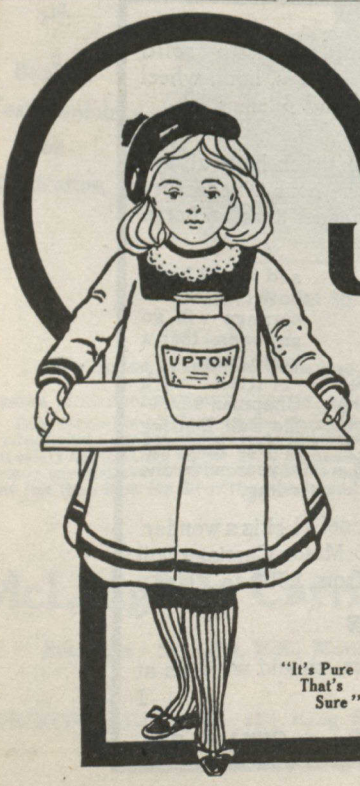
Branches: St. John, N.B., Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., and Calgary, Alta.

TORONTO ADDRESS: 111 King Street East; after April 1st, Corner Church and Richmond Streets.

In Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you have the fragrant berry at its best, with nutriment and stimulant combined.

Rightly made it is a strength-giving draught of real pleasure. Try it to-morrow morning.

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk. 97



"It's Pure That's Sure"

UPTON'S

PURE

ORANGE MARMALADE

The tonic qualities of good Orange Marmalade is recognized by the best medical authorities.

Try UPTON'S on toast for breakfast.

"Tea tempers the spirit and harmonizes the mind."
—*Confucius.*

What is more delightful than to sit and enjoy a cup of real good tea.

The bright amber liquor and the pleasant fragrance of Red Rose Tea are the result of years of experience in tasting and blending teas, and have made Red Rose known to housewives from the Atlantic to the Pacific as "good tea."

It is packed in the largest tea warehouse in Canada, noted for being scrupulously clean, and is in convenient sealed lead packets which retain all the original flavor.

When next you buy tea, will you try a package of Red Rose, and you will say you never tasted a tea that was quite so good.

P. S. Your grocer sells it.

T. H. ESTABROOKS,
St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg

Are You a lover of music?
Undoubtedly.

Are Your musical longings unsatisfied?
Most probably.

Then, you should acquaint yourself with the infinite possibilities of

The Gourlay-Angélus

The Piano *anyone* can play *Artistically*

THIS wonderful instrument is rapidly changing the musical conditions outlined above. In it will be found the complete and *immediate* gratification of all musical desires.

Technique—the one stumbling block in the way of universal ability to play—is at ouce supplied, complete and perfect, by the Gourlay-Angelus.

Musical expression is under the absolute control of the performer. The voicing of one's own ideals of interpretation is therefore simple and easy. This is made possible by the Phrasing Lever, the Melodant, the Melody Buttons, the Diaphragm Pneumatics.

The Angelus is the only Piano Player possessing these vital features. The Gourlay-Angelus is the *only* piano containing the genuine Angelus Player.

You can now have this wonderful instrument on very easy terms or we will make you a liberal allowance on your present piano and take it in exchange. But whether or not you are ready to purchase you should make it a point to hear this instrument at your first opportunity. Come in to-day and play it yourself. No obligation.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING,
188 Yonge Street, Toronto

Boneless Men

BONELESS MEN are all right for canning, but most men are not going to be canned if they can help it. You cannot get good bone or muscle from white flour bread alone or from pastries or starchy vegetables. Feeding children foods that are lacking in phosphates deprives them of the elements that are needed for making sound teeth, bone and brain. The ideal food for growing children is

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

because it contains all the bone-making, muscle-building elements in the whole wheat, made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

For that "bilious, bluish feeling" that comes in the Spring, try this for breakfast: Drink a glass of orange juice or grape-fruit. Then heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and a dash of salt. The Biscuit is equally wholesome or nutritious with baked apple, peaches, berries, pineapple or other fruit, fresh or preserved.

Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat wafer, eaten as a toast with butter, cheese or marmalades.

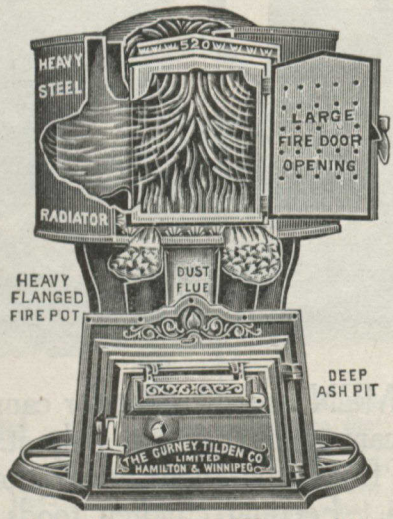
THE ONLY "BREAKFAST CEREAL" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited - - Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

The "New Idea" Furnace

Burns Coal or Wood
Has Large Feed Door



The New Idea Warm Air Furnace

The "New Idea" Furnace works perfectly with either coal or wood. **"Fixing the Fire" is easy owing to the large feed doors.** Lots of room for for a large shovel. No danger of hitting against the door frame, and you can drop the coal just where you want it, back or front of the fire-pot as may be needed—any place is easy with the New Idea.

For wood the doors permit of big, rough chunks, the opening being 12 x 15 inches. Wood that can't be burned in a stove or ordinary furnace is just right for the New Idea.

No smoke in the cellar when adding fuel, either coal or wood—our special smoke shield and the New Idea direct draft damper prevent all that nonsense.

For burning wood a special grate is made. It is easily placed in position through the fire door, and is so fitted that it drops into place and stays there without a single bolt.

The Gurney, Tilden Co., Limited

Montreal Hamilton Vancouver

Western Branch: Tilden, Gurney & Co., Limited, Winnipeg

Libby's

Natural Flavor Food Products

The Reason Why

Libby's Are The Best

The popularity of Libby's products with all lovers of good eating is simply due to the purity and high quality of raw materials combined with skill, and scrupulous cleanliness in preparation.

Libby's Imported Olives

—perfect fruit, from famous Spanish groves.

Libby's Mixed Pickles

—the fresh vegetables, spiced to perfection, crisp and delightful.

Libby's Preserved Cherries

—pitted, whole, with the true taste of big, juicy cherries.

There are no preservatives in Libby's Food Products.

Libby's Salad Dressing
Libby's Chili Sauce
Libby's Apple Butter
Libby's Ox Tongue
Libby's Corned Beef
Libby's Milk

Visitors are always welcome to Libby's Great White Enameled Kitchens; the largest in the world. Where all of the interesting methods and processes will be explained. *Libby's comply with all Pure Food Laws, both State and National.*

Order Libby's from your grocer and always have a supply in the house.

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
Chicago.