THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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1911

JANUARY

Vol. XXXVI No. 3

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TORONTO

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VOLUME XXXVI. No. 3

CONTENTS, JANUARY, 1911

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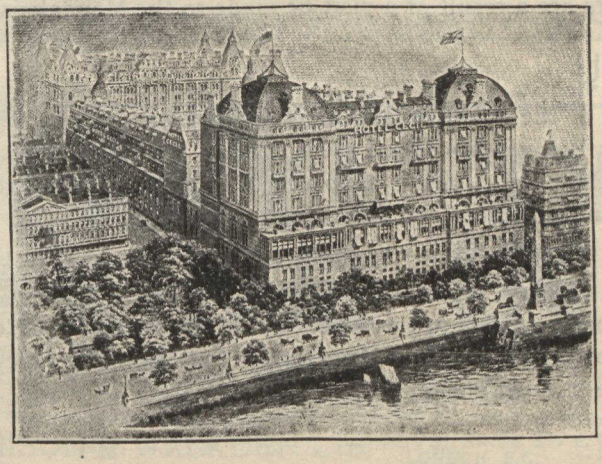

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The February "Canadian"

"Stormont: A Town Unbuilt"

by A. Clare Giffin. Here is a most delightful historical sketch. It is the story of a momentous beginning and, while it is history, it is romance as well, and must be read to be appreciated. The illustrations are from actual photographs. It will appear in the February Canadian Magazine.

The Magdalen Islands

are a part of Canada almost unknown. But they have a romantic history and setting and a remarkable people. Mr. W. Lacy Amy whose fine story "Blue Pete" appears in the January Number, will give the first of two illustrated articles on the Islands. These articles are a result of a visit he made to the Magdalens last summer.

Brittany

is one of the quaintest and most picturesque parts of Europe. Miss Emily Weaver has seized upon one of its most attractive features, with the result that we have a most interesting illustrated article on Brittany costumes and fashions.

There will be as well **"Ontario in '37"** a review by Ida Burwash; **"The Voice from the Soil"** (article III), by George Fisher Chipman; A fine appreciation by Professor George Herbert Clarke of Browning's **"The Ring and the Book"** together with an excellent selection of short stories.

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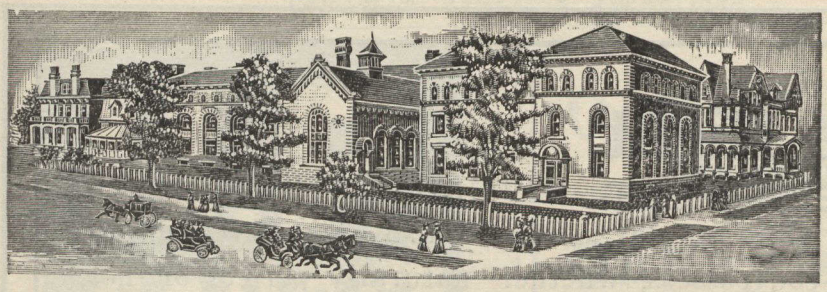

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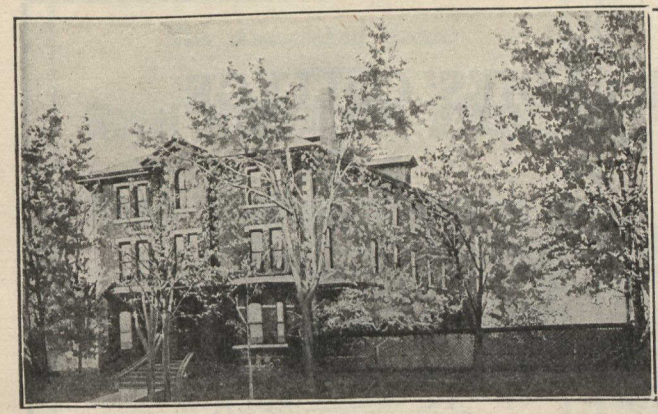

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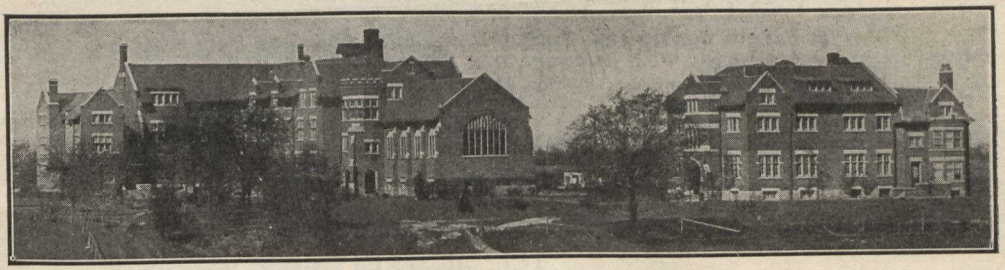

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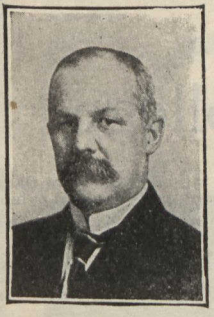

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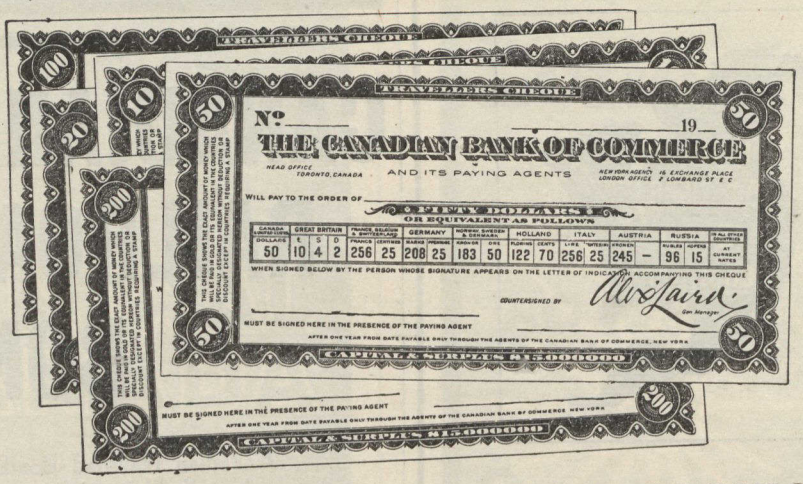

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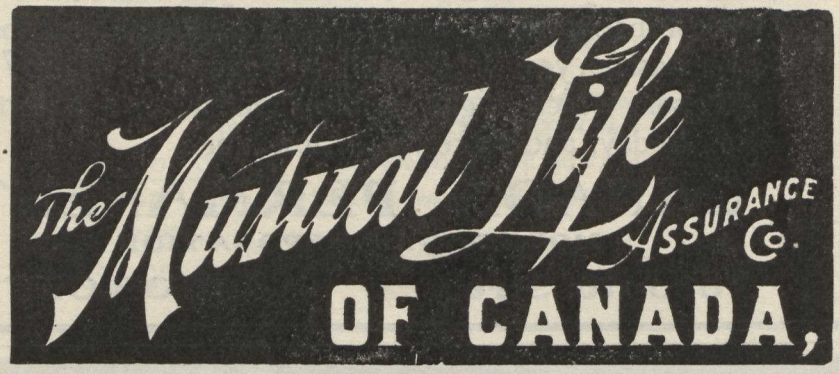

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"THE PIONEER"

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI TORONTO, JANUARY, 1911 No. 3

Photographs by Topley

OTTAWA is the most incomprehensible city or town in Canada, one of the most eclectic capitals in the world, and according to its size contains more sorts and conditions of people—many of whom want to change their conditions—than any other place in America. When Queen Victoria placed her finger on Bytown on the map she very probably had not the faintest notion what sort of place it would grow to be by 1910. But that merely emphasises its unusualness.

Why is Ottawa so unusual? Montreal has an instant and immediate charm; Toronto is plain to appreciate; Winnipeg shows you its best and its worst without ceremony. But Ottawa is the enigma. Not because of its size, seventy thousand or more; neither on account of its industries, which are now proceeding into the second stage, the saw-mill and the lumber-yard having been the first.

To begin with there are two distinct Ottawas. One is Parliament Hill; the other, Ottawa; the paradox of which is that those who treat Parliament merely as a side show consider that Ottawa the city is the main circus. They are not particular about the "Washington of the North;" preferring the Pittsburg; pointing out that the droning Chaudiere, a mile below the city, may be

"THE DRONING CHAUDIERE, A MILE BELOW THE CITY, MAY BE VERY GOOD POETRY . . . "

very good poetry for Tom Moores and Ojibways, but that they are worth to Ottawa just what they will deliver and transmit in horse-power—which is away up in G. These local Ottawans and Parliament-scorners have a vision. It is electricity—watts and amperes, which are neither Grit nor Tory. They regard Ottawa as the switchboard of Canada. Which it is—on Parliament Hill, where some men, so it is said, simply touch the button or pull the lever, and the thing goes—whoever it may be. This, however, is mere gossip. You are not ten seconds in Ottawa till you are aware of Parliament, which overtops the city from all points. You may be there a few times over-night and not discover that the people who frequent Parliament Hill are anything much different from ordinary churchwardens or sidesmen. Hence, Ottawa is a city of illusions in which the half-closed eye is sometimes an advantage; though there are said to be eye-openers under the great tower whose flag flaps all day when the House sits and whose ring of lights burns soft and high at night till the House adjourns. But if you are minded to treat Parliament merely as a spectacle, which sometimes it is, you will perceive that Ottawa is largely a series of adjournments, with an occasional division and a prorogation at the end.

One of the first pastimes in Ottawa is watching the people that perambulate up and down Sparks street and speculating as to who among them are members or members' wives, who are Cabinet ministers, what percentage are corporation lawyers and lobbyists and who are newspaper men. There is a very pretty swing and swirl to Sparks street—a sort of miniature "Vanity Fair" in which the past and the present and the future

jostle with unconventional oddity. Some think Ottawa is the *Russell House*—which is the place to which a good share of Parliament goes to when it adjourns. There is a touch of almost arrogant opulence about the *Russell*. Over the rotunda there is a dome which contains in stained-glass designs the coats-of-arms and mottoes of the various Provinces. In the dining-room there is an orchestra. The waiters are in evening dress constantly. Here you are more likely to discover the man you want than almost anywhere else in Ottawa, except up at Parliament. Here may be found the moccasined man and the shoepacker; the river-driver with his pipe and his guernsey; the mining prospector and the lumberman; the hockey enthusiast and the cabinet minister. On the street—the same varigated procession; otherwise there are times when Ottawa feels very much like a big overgrown village.

At the Rideau Club, which is fairly opposite the Parliament Buildings, you find less of the shoepacker, unless he happens to be a millionaire, and more of the financier. Most of the lumbermen of Ottawa belong to the Rideau Club. Most of the Ottawa bon-tons—outside cabinet ministers, members of Parliament and civil servants—are lumbermen. The richest lumberman in Canada, if not in America, lives on Metcalf street about half-way between the Parliament and the Museum—John R. Booth, who is the incarnation of what Ottawa used to be, even while he keeps a shrewd eye on the Ottawa of to-day. For it was once the city of wood.

The sign manual of Ottawa of the past should be smokestack over a heap of sawdust, variegated with a peavey. Once there were more saws in Ottawa than there were what irrelevant people nowadays call "grafters."

Hull has most of the saws and lum-

"ON PARLIAMENT HILL, WHERE SOME MEN, SO IT IS SAID, SIMPLY TOUCH THE BUTTON OR PULL THE LEVER, AND THE THING GOES"

"AT THE RIDEAU CLUB . . . YOU SEE LESS OF THE SHOEPACKER."

ber-piles now. Hull is said by Ottawa to be rather discreditably ugly; all the more so, as she is right across the foreground of Ottawa's unparalleled front landscape, threaded by the Ottawa and backgrounded by the dim Laurentian hills.

However, Hull is a reminder of what Ottawa used to be, and that's a far simpler matter than the Ottawa that is now. Here and there may be seen many a log house and roaring fireplace; and it must have been a sort of classic of loneliness and strength when the rampant river-drivers slambanged into town from up the reaches of the river. For it was the place of meeting for bushwhacking men who knew nothing about politics and to whom the big little town above the Chaudiere was most of the known civilised world.

But they don't much indulge in the backward look at Ottawa. The city is far more modern than ancient. The street-cars are heated by electricity. Apartment houses are more common than churches. Theatres—they have three, two of which are as up-to-date as anything in Montreal or Toronto. In the Russell Theatre, not long ago, they had English comedy by an English cast—when the orchestra wore military uniform. Bennett's vaudeville is catered to by the smartest of touring aggregations outside of the real top-notchers. The theatres are nearly alawys crowded.

Modern rush pervades everything—except the House of Commons policemen. If there is a by-election or a hockey match, special extras of the evening newspapers are rushed out and bulletined with the speed of the New York American. Ottawa lives as much on newspapers as does New York. Behold a burly Frenchman on the street, translating an English placard audibly into French. Every now and then a train-load of people pick up and rush down to Montreal to see a hockey game, or up to Toronto and Hamilton to football. Cartier Square in summer-time is a

"HULL IS RIGHT ACROSS THE FOREGROUND OF OTTAWA'S UNPARALLELED FRONT LANDSCAPE, THREADED BY THE OTTAWA AND BACKGROUNDED BY THE DIM LAURENTIAN HILLS."

medley of sport. The whole town takes to the out-of-doors as naturally as a mob of school children. The ice-races on the river are to Ottawa what the Ice Palace is to Montreal. Horses are judged in Ottawa by their speed —though the cab-drivers are not quite so furious as they are in Montreal, and the delivery sleighs run much more leisurely.

Smart functions are never done in Ottawa. They have more "sassiety" than in any other Canadian city according to population. One reason is the plethora of pretty women. Smartly habited women are a part of the perennial moving picture on Sparks Street. At the theatres, at churches, on the street-cars, up at Parliament House; usually a number in the gallery when the House is in session; quite as often a bevy of feminines out for a noonday luncheon in the Parliamentary restaurant, quite oblivious of where their husbands may be—and, of course, these busy gentlemen are always at committees in the forenoon! Not only the wives of members and wealthy lumbermen and cabinet ministers, but the wives of civil servants, help to make up the giddy heyday of feminine life in Ottawa.

This is a feature observable nowhere else in Canada. Rideau Hall may be the throne-room of society in Ottawa. Parliament Hill is certainly the ante-chamber. In fact Parliament is to Ottawa much what the Hippodrome is to New York; when all other sources of entertainment fail —visit the gallery of the Commons.

Take away the smart set from Ottawa, and you might as well remove Parliament. While it is true that for open-air festivity no spectacle in America quite equals the members' lawn at the Woodbine in Toronto, it must be remembered that the personages who give it the final and the

Photograph by M. O. Hammond.

LOVER'S WALK, OTTAWA.

ultimate grand air come from Ottawa, where they are citizens the greater part of the time. Fashion in Toronto looks through lorgnettes at the gubernatorial party at the Horse Show or the Woodbine. The smart set in Ottawa are seldom out of sight of viceroyalty; and the ordinary first-nighter may see some member of the family in the vice-regal box at almost any good play in the Russell.

Candidly, the smart set are a trifle top-heavy in Ottawa, whose population is no greater than Hamilton's. This, with the overplus of politics, tends to keep the normal nerve temperature of the Capital at a higher degree than can be found in almost any other Canadian city. With more industrial life, more ordinary business and a larger percentage of the common people who have nothing to do with debates or lobbies or functions, Ottawa would be more of a normally attractive place to the average man. Perhaps this is what the Ottawa-first people mean when they talk about harnessing the Chaudiere. So far

they are right. But after all—would it be the essential Ottawa? We must have the unusual somewhere. We prefer to have it in the Capital. Washington would cease to be Washington if it had the smokestacks of Pittsburg. Ottawa will cease to be the Ottawa to which we are accustomed when it begins to be a switchboard for the Chaudiere. Besides, the eternal poetry of the Chaudiere and the Laurentian hills is a better and more wholesome contrast to the officialdom and the political fever and the smart-settism of Ottawa than all the switchboards and turbines in America.

Ottawa is the legislative centre of the commercial life of the country. The Chaudiere is but an accident; due to the fact that Queen Victoria chose Bytown instead of beginning a new capital somewhere else on the Ottawa. The first chapter of Ottawa industrialism closed with the passing of the saw-mill. The second will not begin till the hitching of the Chaudiere —though meanwhile the Capital is managing to get along very thriftily with its industries, and it has many average points of interest to be found in other less singular cities. Let the frequenters of "Lovers' Walk" continue to listen to the drone of the Chaudiere as they ramble among the brambles under the shadow of the towers of Parliament Hill. For the moment you substitute electricity for sentiment in Ottawa—well, the beginning of the end of the Ideal is in sight. And they say there is an Ideal buried somewhere in Parliament Hill.

DIFFERENT

By HILDA RIDLEY

I SAW a little newsboy, poorly clad,
Selling with other boys upon the street,
And calling "Paper" in a voice so sweet
I knew he gentle birth and culture had.
But presently I heard the little lad
Mocked by his comrades, who tried to repeat
His tone, and he made no attempt to meet
Their taunts, but suffered on, alone and sad.

Ah, little boy, I thought, indeed you erred
To have a voice so different from the rest;
Perhaps one day you may pronounce that word
Exactly like the others; it is best,
Unless you dare unto yourself be true,
To acquiesce and do as others do.

HOME RULE OR ROME RULE

BY PATRICK F. CRONIN

MUCH ink has been spilled over the proposition, "Would Home Rule mean Rome Rule?" The Eucharistic Congress seems to have been the signal for renewed waste of incendiary fluid. In a newspaper of the day on which I write this article, the following words appear in an extraordinarily scarceful page of editorial: "The Eucharistic procession has done more to weaken Canadian sentiment on Home Rule than a dozen T. P. O'Connors could undo."

If the declarations of Ireland's popular leaders of any period were consulted, it must be conceded that they have unfailingly proclaimed for all classes and creeds in Ireland, the fullest religious and political liberty. If the lesson of history be accepted, the decision must emphasise this one outstanding fact: that the Catholics of Ireland, as a people or a nation, never persecuted, as they themselves have been everlastingly persecuted, on account of religion. Arguments, or rather prophecies, of a contrary nature are, however, so numerous and complicated that they remind a bewildered student of the Irish problem how:

"The wisest old man that ever was known
In the famous wiseacre nation,
Sat up all night with his head in a sling,
To make this calculation:
If Pat's father was John's son
But John's son hadn't a father,
What would John's son have done
If Pat's son's father wouldn't rather?
He worked all day and he worked all night
Till he came to this conclusion,
That Pat's son's father's father's son
Was the cause of great confusion."

Fear of importing the Holy Father, or perhaps the Inquisition, into a Home-ruled Ireland, to the peril of John and his immediate family circle, has obsessed millions in our wiseacre nation and continues to do so. Whosoever reads the correspondence of the past century between Downing Street and Dublin Castle, finds therein this ever-present dread, as if the Pope were plotting to regain his ancient civil power in the English nation through Ireland. The fear of Napoleon was a temporary diversion; but at all other times it was the Pope. And we see one wiseacre in London warning another in Dublin to be sleeplessly on guard, remembering that:

"He who England would win
In Ireland must begin."

Fresh examples of similar vigilance are occurring almost every day. Whenever an Irish Nationalist takes a forward part in any religious ceremony, beards wag, and the eye of the wiseacre is focused on the Vatican. For instance, prior to the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal the announcement was made that John Redmond, leader of the Irish parliamentary party, would be in attendance. A Catholic paper with erratic Irish sympathies, published in England, reported, after the congress, which by the way Mr. Redmond did not attend, that Cardinal Vannutelli bore a message of approval from the Pope to Mr. Redmond's cause and party. In due course this was denied from Rome; and it was added that the Pope had no intention of approving the Irish movement. None should know better than the Nationalists of Ireland

that when the Pope approves the Irish struggle the whole world may acknowledge Home Rule is nigh.

The contention I take the liberty of offering here is that if Ireland were to-morrow, in the language of the Shan Van Cocht,

"Free from the centre to the sea," it would be the last spot on earth to submit to a union of church and state. I base this opinion not only upon a pretty fair knowledge of Ireland, but, what alone is important, the unbending opposition which the Irish race has ever offered to the civil sovereignty of the church, whether Catholic or Protestant; and it may as well be admitted at once that Ireland withstood more persecution and lost more of the blood of her people opposing the political sovereignty of the Pope before the Reformation than she was called upon to endure later in her resistence of the spiritual sovereignty of her English rulers.

Catholic and Protestant churchmen have alike taxed their ingenuity in the historic argument concerning the state of the ancient Irish church. Some Catholics, without actually saying so, would have us infer that the Irish were obedient in all respects to the Pope, whilst Protestants would be inconsistent if they did not contend that the native Irish church was absolutely independent of the Pope. Though the waves of Christian empire travelled over the world wherever the civilisation of old Rome had gone before, the Irish Catholic Nationalist is proud to reserve the case of Ireland as an exception to the philosophic view that the temporal rule of the Pontiff was everywhere necessary in those distant ages of Christian society. He replies that Ireland had never been invaded by the Roman legions and never later was subject to the civil power of the Papacy. Religion was always a powerful element in ancient Ireland, as it is to-day. The Irish were satisfied to acknowledge the spiritual sovereignty of the Pope only, and repudiated his influence in their national concerns. It was otherwise in England, where from early times the power of the Pontiff over the Prince was admitted, and homage was offered to the "Sovereign Pontiff," acknowledging his position to be that of a temporal suzerain. It was this Pope-ruled England which had forced the Pope into the Irish national trial; and in regard to the Pope, as all other adversaries, it is the boast of the Irish race that they were never conquered, because they never gave up the struggle. To make my proposition perfectly plain I would say that when Pope Adrian gave a deed of Ireland to Henry II. of England, he did not do it because he believed the Irish had ever admitted the Papal title, but because it was a last resource to arbitrarily impose a Papal levy on the country. And it is very well for Shakespeare to put into King John's mouth the bold assertion that no Italian priest shall tithe or toll in England: but the truth of history is that the Irish and the Irish alone kept that principle in practice.

The Catholic faith had flourished for centuries in Ireland unaffected by heresy before King Henry and Pope Adrian thought how to accomplish a dual conquest of the island. The Irish church honoured the Papacy then fully to the extent faithful Catholics are bound to honour it to-day, whilst between Ireland and England so harmonious and blessed were the relations that Ireland was the nurse of English learning, as Lyttelton and other authorities aver. Dean Swift in his bitter plea for Irish nationality put the case this way:

"Britain, confess this land of mine
First gave you human knowledge and divine!
Our prelates and our sages sent from hence
Made your sons converts both to God and sense."

The Papacy in the second Henry's

time was exerting aggressive political power. From that day to this Ireland, England and the Pope have been tossed about upon a sea of troubles. The barque of Peter was unable to hold all three peacefully together at any time, and we may say at the Reformation England found a spiritual boat of her own, into which she tried to force her island sister, and persisted in violent courses without, however, succeeding, till Gladstone disestablished the so-called Church of Ireland—truly a ridiculous title of an institution denounced in high Protestant places during the Disestablishment debates as "the most impudent falsehood in all history." Ireland never left, nor wished to change, her religious position towards Rome.

Now let us get back into history for testimony under the following heads: (1) it was the Pope, by undertaking to deed Ireland to England upon an assumption of title, began the fateful chapter; (2) delivery of the goods was never satisfactorily made; (3) whilst the vicissitudes of time have not spiritually separated the aggressor and the aggrieved, the purchaser, England, has broken off all business relations with the Papal power; (4) the situation bothers only those with a special case to prove.

The history writers for the Catholic schools of the Christian Brothers, for instance, have adopted the short-cut method of getting out of the difficulty by questioning the facts and suggesting doubt. They look for proof of the authenticity of Pope Adrain's famous bull, and then try a ready apology by adding that if he did issue it he was deceived by false information supplied from England. It is not so easy to pull the wool over the eyes of a Pope; and the over-zealous apologists for the political privileges of the papacy know it, because so far as possible they keep the troublesome bull out of sight. With the bull in full view, how make plain the almost miraculous fidelity of Ireland to the Holy See? Perhaps the clearest-reasoned explanation that has ever been written was offered by Godkin, one of those liberal-minded Irish Protestants who avowed their sympathy for the mass of the Irish Catholic people during the Disestablishment agitation. Ireland, he declares, experienced her baptism of persecution when England was Catholic and when the Pope was on the side of England, and necessarily responsible for the Irish persecution. But another King of England, Henry VIII., revolted against the Papal authority and broke off all connection with Rome. Then, it was said, the Pope changed sides in Ireland, deserting the Pale, and adopting the cause of "the Irish enemy," so often excommunicated and denounced as schismatic, contumacious, vile and barbarous. Thenceforth Papal intervention became a thorn in the side of England, and the thunders of the Vatican were directed against the English garrison. "And indeed," he writes," nothing could be more natural than that the Irish nation should eagerly and gratefully accept this powerful support. For seventy years from the Reformation down, there was no Catholic archbishop in Dublin. The recusant prelates and clergy were chased away. No Irish-speaking minister was permitted to open his mouth in any of the pulpits; no mass could be publicly celebrated; no Catholic school could be opened; the churches were deserted and allowed to fall into ruin, if not demolished on account of their Popish ornaments; while all the men of property and position in the country who could manage to cross the seas found refuge on the Continent and most naturally laboured to enlist the sympathies of other sovereigns in order to recover their homes and lands. Nor as far as the people of Ireland are concerned, was the intervention of the Pope, the Spaniards and the French, which led to so many disastrous wars with England, an unmixed evil. It gave hope

of ultimate deliverance to a perishing nation, and saved from utter annihilation a most ancient and interesting race of men, while it acted on the rival clans, now crushed and scattered, as a powerful bond of union. The old native church had been almost destroyed by the internecine wars of four centuries, and it received the *coup de grace* from Elizabeth. Hitherto, there had been the Papal church of the Pale, which came in with the English colony, henceforth, the church of the Pale became Protestant, following the destiny of England, and the nation gradually obtained from Rome a new priesthood."

This priesthood, the priesthood of modern Ireland, is as strictly native as it is Papal. It continues voluntarily to the Pope the Peter's Pence levied in the first instance by an English invader, who received his illegal warrant from the Pope. There are occasional popular clashes with Rome, because Rome has never let go her anchor to windward, and whilst spiritually on the side of Ireland, is to-day, as ever, politically on the side of England, taking that side openly, as in the instance of the "Plan of Campaign," but never disposed to smile upon the political aspiration of the Irish people to gain back some portions of their crushed political liberties.

I am quoting no authority unfriendly to Irish Catholics. Godkin writes: "As a Protestant I can hardly hope that I have done full justice to the Church of Rome in Ireland; and I feel I should be guilty of a dereliction of duty if I did not make known the many virtues, as well as defend the just rights, of the Roman Catholic priests and people. I have known both intimately and under all circumstances, and I believe that the distrust, disparagement and prejudice which they naturally resent are as unwarranted by facts as they are unfortunate for the country."

If Ireland to-day had a foreign priesthood, that priesthood could not be one-half so faithful to Rome as the native priests of Ireland. And yet the laity of Ireland, proud of this priesthood, realise that Rome is against their political aspirations as long as England opposes these aspirations. Verily, Pat's own father's father's son is the cause of great confusion.

Since I have referred to the doubt cast upon the authenticity of Pope Adrian's bull let me dispose of it. Falloon, in his history of Ireland, writes: "This bull so unfounded in its charges against the Irish church has been justly the subject of much animadversion even by those writers who are willing to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the Roman Pontiff . . . . . The injustice of the charges contained in the bull and their glaring inapplicability to the Irish church have induced some of the zealous sticklers for the honour of the Papacy to call in question its authenticity and to suppose it impossible that it could have proceeded from the Apostolic See. But how unjust soever this Papal document may appear to the world, we have the most irrefragable proofs that it could not have been a forgery. The confirmation of it by the Pope Alexander III., published in the liftetime of that Pontiff by Cambrensis, is in itself sufficient evidence upon this subject."

Translated texts of the two bulls have been preserved by reputable historians.

The Chronicle of the Kings of England tells us: "The King after his conquest of Ireland imposed the tribute of Peter's Pence upon the Kingdom, namely that every house in Ireland should yearly pay a penny to St. Peter."

Falloon deals with the motive of Adrian and Henry II. as follows: "Henry Plantagenet, the first of the Anjou race that filled the English throne, a prince of such unbounded ambition that he considered the whole world little enough for the dominion of one sovereign, had long contemplat-

ed the extension of his power over Ireland and Scotland; but circumstances had hitherto been unfavourable for accomplishing his design. . . . . This prince, whose designs against Ireland had long been in contemplation, found several obstacles in his way arising from a combination of circumstances over which, notwithstanding his great abilities, he had little control. However, as the injustice of his cause was not amongst the number, by the assistance of John of Salisbury, an intriguing ecclesiastic, he found means of overcoming every difficulty; and an alliance with the Court of Rome, from a pretended zeal of religion, and a real, though latent design of violating all its laws, was agreed upon in order to give this zeal some colour, even in that age, dark and ignorant as it was. This alliance with a power which he hated was mortifying to all the feelings of the English monarch, but he felt it was necessary towards the accomplishment of his wishes, and it is probable he secretly resolved to overreach the Roman court in her own lucrative bargain. To Adrian IV., therefore, this application was made, and the Pontiff, besides being an Englishman and amicable to the King, was glad of an opportunity of augmenting the Papal power and more fully reducing the Irish to the authority of a church of which they had long been the strenuous and successful opponents. A bull was accordingly issued by his Holiness in favour of the English monarch, a ring was presented to him in token of his investiture as rightful sovereign of the Irish, and Henry was commanded, like another Joshua, to enter Ireland in a hostile manner and put the inhabitants to the sword for the good of religion and the reformation of manners. Notwithstanding this bull was issued in the year 1156, the insurrections and contested claims in his French provinces, the unsettled state of affairs in England, and above all the protracted dispute with Thomas à Becket prevented the King from setting about the prosecution of his extraordinary mission; and it was not until subsequent occurrences gave him an opportunity that he set about reducing to practice a matter to which he had long directed his attention."

The popes were not able to profit by their experience of the transaction in shagreen spectacles with Henry II. Another Pope, who was willing to bolster up the false title deed to Ireland, was duped by Henry VIII.

When the monarch, Brian Boru, fell on the victorious field of Contarf, O'Halloran tells us, he died as a hero and a Christain should die, making a general confession and receiving the Eucharist. Afterwards, in recognition of some spiritual favour, one of Brian's sons deposited the King's harp and crown in the Vatican, where the harp remained till Henry VIII. took to writing a defence of the faith for the edification of the Pope and the discomfiture of Luther. Among the titles and favours bestowed upon Henry by the Roman Pontiff for his masterly essay in hypocrisy was the lovely harp of Brian, as if it were an ancient pledge of the surrender of Ireland's sovereignty to the Pope.

I have quoted no Catholic authority in disparagement of the Protestant state church of Ireland. I would quote only Catholic testimony to the long and desperate opposition which Catholic Ireland offered to the Papal state church. But none need to go beyond the pages of Gilbert to find assurance that there never was a surrender on the part of the native Irish, notwithstanding the attempts that have been made to represent the conferences of Cashel and Mellifont as acts of national submission to the authority of the Pope conferred upon Henry. As to the motives of the Irish, Father Malone is an intelligent witness, when he writes: "The Anglo-Irish in Dublin not only shut the sanctuary against the natives and virtually against the worthiest of the

Pale; the church became a close borough, all healthy competition being set aside, laziness and ignorance resulted. Breeding in and in, transferred into an herediary priesthood, into a caste, the Anglo-Irish church promised to be only an eyesore, a scandal to the church of God."

Once the Irish got rid of state churches, both Catholic and Protestant, they felt no interest in the affection of the English people for such institutions. Let the English people look after their own spiritual concerns and stick to their present notion of keeping the Pope out of England by maintaining a Protestant state church. But they have neither right nor reason to suspect the Catholicity of Ireland; and it has long been a subject of amazement to Irishmen that the age-long example of Ireland has been misunderstood. Exactly a hundred years ago Charles Phillips, as devout a Catholic as O'Connell, and as high-minded a patriot as Grattan, wrote the following: "The Irish Catholic, firm in his faith, bows to the Pontiff's spiritual supremacy, but he would spurn the Pontiff's temporal interference. If with the spirit of an earthly domination he was to issue tomorrow his despotic mandate, Catholic Ireland with one voice would answer him: 'We bow with reverence to your spiritual mission; the descendent of Saint Peter, we freely acknowledge you the head of our church and the organ of our creed. But if we have a church we cannot also forget we have a country. When you attempt to convert your mitre into a crown and your crosier into a sceptre, you degrade the majesty of your high delegation and grossly miscalculate upon our submission.' But England, which sees the Irish exiles in every field of the new world, defending the various flags of every faith, supports the injustice of her exclusive constitution and brands upon them the ungenerous accusation of an exclusive creed. England, the ally of Catholic Spain—the ally of Catholic Portugal—the ally of Catholic France—the friend of the Pope; England who seated a Catholic bigot in Madrid—who conveyed a Catholic Braganza to the Brazils, who crowned a Catholic Bourbon in Paris—who guaranteed the Catholic establishment in Corsica and in Canada—who gave her constituttion to Catholic Hanover; England who one would imagine took out a roving commission from Quorantotti in search of Catholic grievances to redress, and of Catholic princes to restore, cannot trust the Catholic at home who spends his blood and treasure in her service."

The lapse of a hundred years has worked little improvement in the "great confusion," which excited the amazement of Charles Phillips and the Irish Catholics of his day. England still continues to act in Europe as the guardian of Catholic royalty that seems to have outlived its usefulness. The principle of church and state displays every sympton of steady decay. The form in which it survives in Lower Canada was the free bestowal of England on the French-Canadian people, and Irishmen are not called upon to criticise it any more than they do the other form in which the English people themselves maintain it. Ireland's national issue is in no way involved.

THE SECRET DRAWER

BY CHRISTIAN LYS

THERE was no vehicle of any kind in the station yard, and the porter explained that people always ordered beforehand from the Red Lion in the village.

"I can get a cab in a few minutes, sir. Where is it to go to?"

"To the Old Manor, Professor Mattinson's. Perhaps I had better wait a little while, he may send a carriage for me."

"He won't do that," the porter answered, "he has got nothing to send. He's a bit near, and that rich, they say, he don't know what he's worth."

His opinion did not interest me, and I let him go for the cab, which proved to be an ancient affair with a horse and driver to match. We were a long time covering the four miles of country road which lay between the station and my destination, and the November day was drawing to a close when we suddenly stopped by the roadside.

"What is it, driver?"

"That there's the entrance to the Old Manor," he answered, pointing with his whip to a gate which opened into a dense wood, and I got out wondering whether he could possibly have made a mistake.

"Maybe you didn't know the professor was a bit of a hermit," he said as I paid the fare. "The house is in there somewhere, but I've never seen that gate open, nor any one go in or come out of it all the years I've known this road."

This visit to Professor Mattinson, who was personally unknown to me, had come about in a curious way, and to explain it I must talk about myself for a moment. When I had taken my medical degree, being without ties and with ample means, I determined to travel, and with short intervals in London I had been away for nearly ten years in Egypt, in Central Asia, in China, and Japan. They had been years of deep study and observation, and I had collected many curios both unique and valuable. I had in contemplation a work that should show the correlation of the various religions which had existed, or did exist, and my main study had been directed towards this end. Recently, one or two articles which I had written on the subject for a leading quarterly had been severely attacked. I was spoken of as a self-opinionated young man, unwisely perhaps, I had hotly answered my critics, accusing them of professional jealousy. In the midst of a controversy which had become bitter, I received a letter from Professor Mattinson expressing great interest in my views and in the curios upon which I had based some of my arguments, and he asked me to spend a day or two with him at his house in the Midlands and take my curios with me.

The gate opened easily enough, and I walked up a winding, muddy road, guessing my way rather than seeing it, for it was dark under the trees. I came upon the house suddenly. It was literally buried in the wood, and certainly there was no outward sign of welcome. In two windows there was a dim light, and the only sound

was the soughing of the wind amongst the trees. I found the door with difficulty, and knocked. Presently the door opened slowly and about a foot only. Against the dim light beyond was silhouetted the head and shoulders of a little old woman as she peered out at me with blinking eyes.

"Is Professor Mattinson at home?" I asked.

"Who are you?"

"Doctor Claxton."

"The professor doesn't see any one," she replied.

"But he asked me to come, he is expecting me."

"I do not think——"

She stopped and turned at the sound of footsteps behind her.

"What is it, Mrs. Allen?" and the door was opened wider. "Ah! Have I the pleasure of welcoming Doctor Claxton? Come in, come in. You must excuse my housekeeper. She has strict instructions that I will not see anybody, and I forgot to tell her you were coming. I must make some rule, or I should get no peace at all."

I was inclined to think he himself had forgotten all about me until that moment, and his appearance astonished me. I knew something of his past career, and calculated that he must be at least seventy, yet he was a well set up, vigorous man, more like a country squire than a student. The hall was bare and uncomfortable. A lamp stood on a forlorn looking table on one side, and a solitary rug was at the foot of the stairs.

The professor took me into a small room opening from the hall, pushed an armchair to the fire, bade me be seated, promised the advent of tea in a few moments, and then plunged into politics, the very last thing in the world in which I should have imagined he would take an interest. This room was comfortably untidy, lined with books, but nothing else to mark the student in it. My host puzzled me altogether, and I believe I should have asked him whether he really was Professor Mattinson had not Mrs. Allen entered with the tea. As the housekeeper went out a woman came in, a woman I had previously seen at the top of the stairs, and I rose from my seat.

"My dear Freda, a most distinguished visitor. Doctor Claxton, my granddaughter."

She welcomed me in a low voice, then turned to the tea-table. Apparently she had never heard my name mentioned before, and certainly was not particularly pleased to see me. She was a very beautiful girl. She said little, either then or later at dinner. The professor did all the talking, but never once touched upon science or kindred subjects.

"Now, doctor, we will go and have a little talk," said the professor, rising from the table.

"Which means that I must say good-night," said Freda. "My grandfather does not believe in science for women. Perhaps he fears the competition."

The professor laughed and hurried me away. He seemed as anxious now to get to science as he had appeared desirous to avoid the subject before.

"Did you bring any of your curios?" he asked as we crossed the hall.

"Yes, those that I used as arguments in my articles."

"Good, fetch them. We will examine them together."

When I joined him in the room where we had tea he took up the lamp.

"We will get into a more congenial atmosphere," he said. "I am a creature of moods and can think more clearly when I am surrounded by my work."

Crossing to a door, he led the way down a short passage into a large room, one of three communicating. We were in a museum wherein there was wealth indeed, but not of the kind which the porter at the station had imagined.

"And I am selfish," the professor went on, as he put the lamp on a

table. "I like to keep my treasures to myself. I cannot remember the last time I admitted anyone to these rooms."

"I am greatly honoured, professor."

"I read your articles carefully, conceived you to be a man after my own heart; hence my letter. Along the line you are travelling, I have travelled, and believe that few men could be of greater service to you than I can. The vigour of youth backed by the experience of age, could any combination be stronger? You can look round my museum to-morrow, to-night we will examine your treasures. Bring a chair to the table, doctor. Ah! these are the hours in life worth living for."

"I hope I am not about to disappoint you," I said.

I had brought three of my treasures, a scarab, a necklace, and a rough gold ring.

This is not the place to discuss them or the arguments I based upon them. I need only say that I had attempted to prove, successfully I believe, that the scarab had been in the possession of Moses during the forty years' wandering and had probably been held by him as a talisman; that the necklace, composed of stones which had probably been brought by the Phoenicians to King Solomon, had been given by that monarch to the Queen of Sheba; and that the ring, of Chinese origin, but found in Italy under the most curious circumstances, was evidence that at some period in the world's history China had been a dominant power in Europe.

After examining my treasures for some time with evident excitement, Professor Mattinson said, "Tell me how these things came into your possession."

My story was a long one, and the professor listened eagerly, asking sharp questions now and then, and at intervals taking up one of the curios to examine it again in the light of some statement I made.

"I think your arguments are sound in the main," he said when I had finished, "and I am inclined to believe that these things are of the utmost value. I believe I can find some links in the chain of evidence in my museum here. We will go into that to-morrow, it is too late to-night. In the meanwhile, doctor, say nothing about your treasures. Women are inquisitive and inclined to talk unadvisedly. Even Freda is."

It was well after midnight. I was surprised to find how quickly the time had passed. Professor Mattinson came to the foot of the stairs with me and with my precious little parcel in my hand I went up to bed. My room was at the end of the corridor, and as I went towards it, a door opened and Freda Mattinson came out.

"I hope you will find everything comfortable, Doctor Claxton."

"Thank you. I am sure I shall."

"Oh, and doctor, we always make a habit of locking our doors in this house. Please lock yours."

She had gone before I had time to question her. It looked as though she did not want to be questioned. I locked my door, I should probably have done so in any case, and slept the sleep of the just. The old carved four-poster was exceedingly comfortable.

Dressing next morning I was conscious of being rather excited, and it was not caused by the anticipation of a further discussion with the professor, but by the fact that he had a grand-daughter. If such a sudden interest in the lady seems absurd it must be remembered that I was still a young man, that she was a very beautiful woman, a combination which usually produces fire of some sort.

She was alone when I went down to breakfast.

"The professor always works from early morning until noon," she said. "No visitor, however distinguished, is likely to make him break that rule."

"Does he work in the museum?" I asked.

"No, in a den he has upstairs. He gave me the key of the museum; there it is. He hopes you will be able to amuse yourself until lunch."

"Are you interested in science?"

"One in a family is enough, don't you think?"

"Which means you are. Won't you be my guide in the museum?"

"I have only entered it twice in my life. It does not appeal to me," she answered.

I felt rather snubbed. I fancied she intended me to feel so. It was not a pleasant sensation, because I was desirous of creating a favourable impression upon Freda Mattinson. I became attentive to my breakfast and my next remark was about the weather.

"May I ask why you have come to see my grandfather?" she asked suddenly.

I remembered the professor's injunction last night not to mention my treasures.

"To discuss one or two controversial questions," I answered.

"You had time to do that last night. When do you propose to leave—before lunch?"

I did not answer, but I evidently looked my astonishment.

"I see the idea has not occurred to you," she went on. "Of course, I am not actually the mistress of this house, but I may say that I shall be far happier when you have left it."

"But your grandfather? I could hardly treat him with such discourtesy, much as I should like to please you. Won't you be open with me and tell me how I have offended you?"

"You have not offended me. I do not want you in the house, that is all. Call it a whim if you like. You don't see your way to do as I wish?"

"I don't, indeed. However, you shall not be troubled with the sight of me more than I can help. I shall spend the morning in the museum."

"I suppose, Doctor Claxton, you are prodigiously clever, and know everything there is to be known about curios and specimens, where they have come from, and in whose hands they have been?"

"I can hardly claim such cleverness," I said, rather curtly, I am afraid. I was annoyed by the way she treated me.

"There is an inlaid cabinet is the middle room of the museum," she went on. "If you pull out the bottom drawer entirely, and put your hand into the opening, you will find another drawer, a secret drawer, behind. Look at the contents of it and tell me what you think the next time we are alone, unless———"

"Yes, unless——"

"Unless you take my advice and leave the house at once."

"I will examine the drawer," I said.

I did not go to the museum directly after breakfast. I like a little fresh air first thing, and I went for a walk through the woods. Even when I went to the museum I did not go straight to the cabinet, there were so many things to arrest my attention. Once in front of the cabinet, however, I was eager to see what Freda Mattinson made such a mystery about. I opened the doors which shut in the nest of drawers and was about to put in my hand to find the secret drawer, when I started. The professor was standing behind me.

"Ah, Freda has evidently been talking to you," he said gravely. "I purposely gave her the opportunity this morning. What do you think of her, Doctor Claxton?"

"She is very beautiful and——"

"I mean mentally," he said, taking the drawer from me and replacing it. "These are fossils of small value, as you see, but this cabinet has a curious attraction for Freda, an unhealthy attraction. Do you understand?"

"I am afraid I do not."

"My dear Claxton, do you imagine I should keep such a beautiful woman

as my grand-daughter shut up in an out-of-the-way place like this unless there was a good reason," and he tapped his head with his forefinger. "She is not dangerous, but she requires constant watching. The fact accounts for my practical retirement from the world."

"I am sorry, deeply sorry, I——"

"Ah, I do not complain," said the professor. "I have more time for writing and study here than I should have were I in town. I cannot pose as a martyr. Let me be your guide amongst my treasures until lunch time; this afternoon we will talk of yours again."

That afternoon and evening he and I again discussed my scarab, necklace, and ring. We went deeper and deeper into speculations, Mattinson leading, I following, and Freda passed as completely from my mind as if she had never existed. When I went to bed, however, taking my little parcel of treasures with me, Freda came out into the corridor as she had done the previous night.

"You will lock your door, doctor."

"Certainly."

"And in the cabinet?"

The question was asked in a low tone and with intense eagerness.

"I could not examine it closely. The professor interrupted me."

"Are you going to-morrow?"

"Yes."

She turned and re-entered her room, leaving me depressed. It was an awful thing that a woman so beautiful should be so afflicted. She was not dangerous, Mattinson had said, but was it really safe for her to be alone in the night? Might she not do herself some injury? Was she dimly conscious that she might do harm to others, and hence her injunction to me to lock my door? To-night there was no swift falling to sleep for me. I tried to render my mind a blank, but Freda's beautiful eyes looked out of the darkness at me and compelled my thoughts. How long I lay there trying to convince myself that I had not fallen in love with a woman who was mad I cannot tell, but I was suddenly startled by the sound of movement. The moment I set myself to listen the room was as still as death, yet it was not empty. Someone, or something, was near me, watching me, perhaps, with eyes accustomed to the dark. Was Freda in my room? Had I forgotten to lock the door?

I slipped noiselessly from the bed, my hands spread out before me to touch whatever might be there, for truly my visitor seemed something more, or less, than human. The door was locked, and even as I satisfied myself on this point the sound of movement came again, stealthy but unmistakable. It was in the room, by the bed, and was a strange sound. Some one was breathing a little heavily, I thought, and yet this was not exactly the sound. If one could imagine sound from hands feeling in the dark that would explain it. I am not by nature a coward, but my forehead was damp, and the pitch-dark room became a place of terror. There was a candle on the table by the bed, but I dared not go near it lest I should touch this something evil which had visited me. It must be evil. There was another candle on the toilet table by the window, I remembered, and with arms still outstretched I went towards it. The match struck silently. The candle was a new one and difficult to light. A long time seemed to elapse before it burned in a steady flame, and then it was only a dim light which illuminated the room. I think I was half afraid to look toward the bed; I am sure that fear gripped me when I realised that no one was there, that nothing was visible, for there was still the sound. The curtains drawn at the head of the bed must hide something.

It was in a kind of desperation that I crossed the room. I had a curious sensation of power being drained from my body and brain, a conviction that

I must act at once or that my nerve centres would become paralysed and I should be unable to move. I pulled back the curtain. Still nothing, yet still the sound and a greater sense of impotence creeping over me. I have said that the bed was an old, carved four-poster, and as I stood holding on to one of the posts, I suddenly understood that the sound came from the one on the opposite side. I leaned forward to look at it more closely, and then shrank quickly back again. A piece of the carving was gone, and in its place was a funnel, projecting slightly, and bent downward. Through it some poisonous fume was being pumped on to the bed, the full force of the noxious breath falling where a sleeper's head would be, where mine had been only a few moments ago. The poison was fast filling the whole room. Had I been lying in the bed I should have been past help by this time; as it was I was nearly overcome as I stumbled across to the window and opened it. I stood inhaling draughts of pure air for a little while before partially dressing myself. For some time the fumes continued to be pumped into the room. Now that the window was open there was no danger except near the bed, and I was careful to keep as far away from that as possible.

The sound ceased presently, and a slight click told me that the carving had been fitted into its place again, but I did not move from the window. I waited, expecting I knew not what, but confident that something must happen. Was there a way of opening the door in spite of its being locked? Was there some secret entrance to the room? At any moment I might require all my wits, and indeed all my strength, to avert peril. The moments slipped by, and no sound disturbed the silence. Perhaps after a time I dozed a little in my chair, I am not sure; I only know I sat there all night until the gray dawn came up slowly over the woods.

As soon as it was light enough I examined the bed. The fumes were dispersed; I doubt whether there was the slightest smell in the room to betray what had happened. Certainly I could not decide the exact piece of carving which had been removed, nor detect any loose woodwork. The only peculiarity about the bed, one which I had not noticed before, was that the head of it was fixed to the wall behind. There was evidently some communication with the adjoining chamber.

I dressed leisurely and quietly, and was intentionally a little late in leaving my room. I was at a loss how to act. This beautiful, mad woman for some reason must have conceived a dislike to me, and had attempted to kill me. Devilish cunning had been employed, but it was quite possible that with morning she might forget what she had done. On the other hand, if she believed that I was lying dead, my sudden appearance might have a disastrous result. I would have gone straight to Professor Mattinson had I known where to find him immediately.

As I approached the head of the stairs I heard the professor and his grand-daughter in the hall below.

"He is late; I will go and knock at his door," said the professor.

"I'll go," Freda answered. "You kept him up late last night, and he has overslept himself."

The next moment her quick feet were upon the stairs. I was convinced that her haste bespoke fear, I felt sure that she remembered what she had done in the night, but I could not retreat, so I hurried forward and was at the top of the stairs before she was half-way up. She saw me and stopped. The professor, who was evidently about to follow her, stopped too. A smile came into the girl's face and her lips had just moved to bid me good morning when Professor Mattinson suddenly broke into a loud, discordant laugh, reeled back from the stairs and

fell prone upon the stone flags of the hall.

* * *

I shall never forget that day nor those which followed. They were painful in the extreme, and unpleasant duties were thrust upon me. Professor Mattinson recovered from his fall in a few hours, but he was a raving maniac. I had to arrange for his immediate removal to an asylum, and his ravings made it quite clear that he had attempted to murder me in order to get possession of my treasures. Behind my room there was a small chamber which neither Freda nor the housekeeper knew anything about, and we discovered the connection between this room and the bed. What subtle poison he had used I do not know, nor did I subsequently find anything in the museum to help me. That it was most deadly I have no doubt whatever, and had I fallen asleep that night I should never have awakened again.

And Freda? At first we were so much occupied with the professor's removal that any explanation was impossible, and it was quite evident that she shrank from an explanation. When her grandfather had gone she took me to the museum and to the cabinet in the middle room. She pulled out the bottom drawer, asd then a narrow little drawer hidden behind it. This she held out to me.

"Do you know that, Doctor Claxton? Have you ever seen it before?"

In the drawer was a partially cut emerald of immense size, a stone which, once seen, could not be forgotten. I had seen it some years before in Egypt. It was in the possession of a traveller named Matthews, who had found it in some queen's tomb, Queen Hatshepset, I think.

"I see you do know it," said Freda. "I discovered this stone hidden here quite by accident only a little while ago. My grandfather said it was valueless, merely a copy, but I had heard of the Egyptologist Matthews and learned that, some time before I came to live here, he had been found dead in your room. I could not suspect my grandfather, rather I believed in some malignant influence connected with the stone, but when you came unexpected, when I overheard, as you went from th dinner-table, that you had brought some treasure with you, I was afraid. That is why I told you to lock your door, that is why I was anxious you should go, that is why I told you to look in this secret drawer. If there was any mystery about this stone I thought you would be likely to know about it, and that it might warn you."

My inquiries left little doubt that Matthews had died as it was intended I should die, and I believe the lust for possession of such treasures as Matthews and I had was enough to drive Professor Mattinson mad. Some people, I know, have not taken such a lenient view, and it is true, of course, that I was asked to take my treasures with me, but I believe my explanation is the right one. It is the explanation which Frela chooses to believe, and I am glad, for the chief aim in my busy life is to keep sorrow and pain from my beautiful wife.

BELFAST:
IRELAND'S COMMERCIAL CAPITAL

BY ALF. S. MOORE

THE story of the advancement of Belfast is one of the most stimulating chapters in the history of the expansion of British commerce. The rapidity of its growth is unparalleled by that of any other city in Europe, and it is equalled only by Chicago and perhaps a few of the mushroom towns that have sprung up in Canada within the last generation. Local opinion is divided as to whether it would be more correct to say that "Chicago is the Belfast of America," rather than to admit that "Belfast is the Chicago of Europe."

It is almost absolutely a town of the present and future.

Turn to the census returns, and it is to find an unbroken record of increases—not mere increments, but literally leaps and bounds. The directory gives Belfast's population in 1821 as 37,117 persons. Thirty years later—the middle of last century—these figures had increased to 87,063, and in 1871 they had leaped up again to 164,412. To-day with a population of about 400,000 it occupies the position of sixth place among the cities of the United Kingdom, far outstripping Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland. No illustration of its growth can be more forcible than the fact that to-day the number of persons employed in two of its shipbuilding works alone is double the whole population of a century ago.

But population is not the only indication of the rapid advancement of this Irish city. Its commercial significance has advanced by the same "leaps and bounds"—a phrase frequently made use of by one of its sprightly daily journals. As a port, it ranked only third in Ireland less than a century ago; that is to say, it took third place for the amount of duty collected. Marvellous is again the only word to apply to the metamorphosis, because it has advanced until to-day it occupies third place among all the ports in the mighty widespread British Empire.

What are the causes that have led to this rapid development of Belfast? Certainly the geographical position does not give it much advantage. Follow the good advice of the late Lord Salisbury: "To understand affairs, study maps." A map of the British Isles will suit our purpose. There is Belfast, situated at the southward end of a sheet of water—half sea, half river—protruding inland into the northeast corner of Ireland from the Irish Sea, or, more correctly, from that portion of it known as the North Channel. It is twelve miles from the open sea—a position of splendid isolation. Unlike Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester and other centres, it has neither of those two

great essentials to commerce—coal and iron—within convenient reach. Alike with tobacco, flax, jute and other raw products that have made the town, every ounce of both coal and iron have to be imported across the rough and often trying sea that separates John Bull's Other Island from its greater sisterland. Let us still stick to our map in considering the seaward approach to Belfast as a factor in its growth. The arm of the sea is comparatively wide, but so shallow is the river flowing into it that a channel had to be cut through four miles of intervening sandbanks and slobland. The river Lagan, with no great scour to keep its bed deep and only forty miles in length, is, at its best, a small and shallow stream compared with the Severn, Thames, or mighty St. Lawrence. In fact, it was not until mechanical knowledge had produced the dredger that Belfast's importance began.

Have its claims as a distributing centre tended in any degree to its progress? Here, with the open map still before us, it may be seen that though it is the principal port in the northern province of Ireland there are other good harbours—at Newry, Larne, Coleraine and Derry—all of which are available. Moreover, Ulster (and in fact Ireland generally) is agricultural in its main interest. The industries are confined to less than a dozen towns, the largest of which does not approach even a third-rate Canadian city.

We might explore further, into the very streets of Belfast itself, for a solution to our quest for some reasons of this wonderful advancement. The Canadian visitor sees Ireland's commercial capital in Summer when the fine sunshine makes everything golden in hue. But on a real wintry day, when the mud and slush lie thick and deep, we marvel if the constant work of the army of alert sweepers can do any good. A string of loaded drays over the granite pavement makes the houses quiver as with a minor earthquake. Occasionally a high tide floods the streets. To obtain a sufficient fall for the drainage taxes the most eminent engineering skill, and, if anything heavier than a cottage is to be built, great piles must be driven into the treacherous upper soil. With the sea at every tide rising to within five feet of the street surface at Castle Junction, the very hub of the city's life, can it be said otherwise than that Belfast has been literally built up "out of mud?"

With all these disabilities—geographical, commercial and physical—how does it come that this city has advanced and prospered so well? It is one of those economic questions that are easier to ask than to answer. Ireland is, unfortunately, the most backward portion of the United Kingdom, so far as industrial development is concerned; yet here we have one area of it—covered by the smallest of our silver coins on an ordinary map—where the people have the progressiveness of the American, the thrift of the Scotch and the pluck of the English, with a goodly flavour of the traditional hospitality of the native Hibernian race to leaven the lot. It is a striking object lesson to the world of what can be done by self-reliance, enterprise and application.

Having seen how Belfast lives her life strangely alone, with her back to the rest of Ireland and her face to the waters, it is only fitting that we should choose to make our entrance from the ocean. The time has not yet arrived when Canadian passengers will be landed direct at her quays, though assuredly the fine liners of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have for some years found Belfast of sufficient importance to call on their outward journey. However, let us suppose we are entering Ireland's commercial capital by one or other of the magnificent cross-channel steamers from Liver-

"CASTLE JUNCTION, THE VERY HEART OF THE CITY'S (BELFAST'S) LIFE"

ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST

DONEGAL PLACE, BELFAST

pool or Glasgow. On either side of the gradually-narrowing estuary are green clad mountains—a monstrous rib on the slope of which nestle sun-kissed villas forming each bank, while in the dim distance is the overhead shawl of smoke betokening the town. As we make our way up the four-miles of Victoria Channel, so carefully margined with buoys and light-houses, and forming the straight avenue to the splendid line of quays, our first impressions of Belfast are convincing. Ahead of us are the towering skeleton gantries, leading landmarks in connection with "the most magnificent shipbuilding yard in the world." "What do they mean?" is the inquiry by those who have never seen anything of the kind before, but the inquirer is not long left in doubt when a few minutes later he passes under their very shadow and sees how 200 feet above him, mounted on a railway traversing this network of spans and girders are cranes travelling to and fro, depositing masses of iron plates here and there as carefully as you or I would pick up a match. Two of these gantries, each serving a couple of ships on adjacent slips, tower high above us, silently performing the work of 200 men, amid the discordant din of the beating of hammers. With them a load of ten or even twenty tons is mere child's play, just as it is to the floating crane which can swing its load of 200 tons easily and silently into position.

Meanwhile, as our steamer slows down to "half-speed," we have a good opportunity to gaze around us, and the first thing to claim attention is the splendid demonstration of the prescience and energy of the harbour authorities in the navigable channel and the encouragement given to shipbuilding. It seems like going back to antediluvian days almost to recall how in March, 1791, a shipbuilder named William Ritchie came over from Scotland with ten men and "a quantity of shipbuilding apparatus and materials" to establish the first shipyard. William Ritchie was enterprising for his period, and the good

THE CITY HALL, BELFAST. IT COST MORE THAN TWO MILLION DOLLARS

homely folk of those days were wont to keep royal holiday on such occasions as when he launched a ship of 200 tons burthen. He persevered until in October, 1838, there left the slips in his works a passenger steamer. This ship, the *Aurora*, was 170 feet long, of 453 tons register and 750 tons burthen, developing 250 horse-power. Such was the inception of the shipbuilding industry. Other times, other methods. To-day in Belfast it is the habit to speak of steamers as being such a fraction of a mile in length, and it would be no exaggeration to state that a steamer such as the *Aurora* could be very easily stowed between decks on a modern liner. "Belfast made the Lagan, and the Lagan made Belfast." There in a sentence is a creed synonymous with the city's motto, "*Pro tanto quid retribuamus*;" which might be liberally interpreted in the line of the Psalmist David: "For so much as we have received let us return as much."

How Belfast came to be a port at all is a matter for surprise. Not much more than a hundred years ago it would have been possible for a tall man to walk across the river without getting his neck wet. The story of the digging of the Lagan goes back to 1784, when the Ballast Corporation, established by Act of Parliament in 1785, submitted a plan for improving the harbour by constructing a canal from the antiquated dock at the foot of High street to where the Abercorn Basin now is. Alas, the work in question was not carried out until nearly sixty years later (1849). This was the first real step, and it led to others. With the advancement of the ship-yards came the necessity of a deeper waterway.

The several firms of the period wanted facilities for their trade, and simultaneously the growing importance of the town warranted better attention to be given to its commercial requirements. Eminent engineers were consulted, and the Victoria Channel—a straight cut which clipped off the present so-called Queen's Island from the opposite bank—was completed. Improved dredging appliances and the use of steam hopper barges have wrought wonders since then.

Yet wonderful as the development of the navigable Lagan has been, the development of ship-building has outstripped it again and again. There has been no halt in onward progress It takes no deep knowledge to observe how the great liner and the leviathan tramp have been and are slowly but surely crushing smaller craft from the seas, and if a builder cannot supply the demand for either or both there will be little else for him to do. It is no use constructing a big steamer if it must remain stuck in a sandbank when it leaves the slip. The depth of water sufficient in 1872 to float the epoch making White Star liner *Oceanic*—the first steamer to have the saloon and cabin amidships—would be totally insufficient to meet present-day requirements. The harbour authorities, however, met the question with proper resolution. No remissness would be due to them. In August last they had before them the dimensions of the mighty *Olympic*—now happily launched and being fitted out at the wharf—and so prompt were their business capabilities that in the first week is September they had settled a contract involving more than £40.000 in preparation for the launch of this great marine monster and her sister liner, the *Titanic*.

Two months is not a long period in which to undertake great works, yet a week before the launch the Harbour Board engineer was able to report that not alone had the dredging of the river to float the greatest ship in the world been accomplished, but that there had also been completed the removal of a large scoop of the river bank to provide a turning basin for vessels of such dimensions. Nor has this been all their work, for compatible with modern and future possibilities the past year has seen the construction at £350,000 of the largest dry dock in the world.

In a comprehensive article like the present, covering Belfast in general, the exigencies of space do not permit full description, yet it would be impossible to dismiss merely in a few sentences the wonders of this Queen's Island—for so it is still called, though its insular character has long ago passed away, which has made the name of Ireland famous over wide oceans and broad continents. The apotheosis of this great industrial hive is a romance of evolution as wonderful as has ever been recorded in print. As we steam slowly along its river boundary, it seems difficult to reconcile the masses of gaunt scaffolding, gigantic forests of iron and ribs of half-built ships that rise up like skeletons, with the few miserable, stunted shrubs that sixty years ago gave this place the semblance of a pleasure ground, to which the townspeople of the time resorted on holidays or during the long summer evenings. Why in the near foreground—now the Abercorn Basin, where almost half-a-dozen immense steamers are fitting out or being repaired—was a shallow pond where school-boys bathed. It is interesting, too, when we imagine how a very small portion of the area constituted the modest yard of Robert Hickson and Company, who had as their manager the late Edward Harland. It was not by any means a prosperous concern, for in 1858, when the young manager wished to go elsewhere, Hickson made him an offer of the entire undertaking. It was accepted, and, reinforced by a partner, the foundations of what is

ANOTHER VIEW OF DONEGAL PLACE. CITY HALL IN DISTANCE

now recognised as "the most magnificent shipbuilding yard in the world" were laid.

A later partner in 1874—and now the predominant one—was William James Pirrie (now the Right-Honourable Lord Pirrie, K.C., the mightiest shipping magnate in the world) who was born in Quebec on the last day of May, 1847, and who, as boy and man, has studied practically every detail of the mighty business of which he is now Chairman. To-day there are 20,000 workers. Which means that every Friday evening they draw as much as £20,000, which finds its way into circulation—and it must be remembered, too, that while other industrial centres have their slack and busy years, in Belfast trade, even at times of general commercial depression, is never at a standstill.

It was only in 1899 that the world gaped at the idea of the second *Oceanic*—a vessel that eclipsed the mammoth *Great Eastern* in size. The tonnage of the *Oceanic* was 17,274 and her length 704 feet. The new White Star liner *Olympic*, launched the other day, eclipses her in every way, being 860 feet long, with a tonnage nearly three times greater—to be correct 45,000.

Will this newly-launched *Olympic* be the limit? The writer has ground for stating that even greater—incomparably greater—projects are already in contemplation, and the day may not be remote when from the slips at Queen's Island will glide huge and noble gladiators of the deep 1,000 feet long and of immense tonnage proportionately. But while Harland and Wolff are perhaps the premier firm, we must not minimise the importance of their neighbours, Workman, Clark and Company, with even less history. In 1879 this firm employed 500

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, BELFAST. LORD MACAULAY SAID THAT THIS STRUCTURE WAS WORTHY OF A PLACE IN HIGH STREET, OXFORD

hands; there are now between 8,000 and 9,000 constantly employed with a weekly wages bill of nearly £14,000. To their credit is that of heading the world's record last year with an output of sixteen steamers with a gross tonnage of 88,952. Those who have travelled by the luxurious Allan liner *Victorian* (11,400 tons), notable as the first ocean going turbine of large size, will recognise this firm's ability.

What of Belfast's other industries? Their variety is infinite, for, like Chicago, all its eggs, so to write, are not in one basket. A century ago it had fame as a cotton centre; to-day there is not a cotton mill within its limits. Linen reigns supreme, and what linen means to Ireland's commercial capital may be guessed from the fact that in the numerous mills and factories there is employed capital to the extent of at least £15,000,000. And not without return either, since the total value of cambric, piece linen and other varieties of textiles produced is estimated to amount to about £7,000,000 in a good year.

Figures are naturally dry, but the reader can grasp the importance of the linen industry from the following facts: In a single year—and not the best of years either—the yarn spun by the countless looms in Belfast alone was estimated to be valued at £1,008,831 and measures about 644,000,000 miles. To know what this means is to realise a gigantic ball of yarn which, unwound to its single thread, would encircle the world with a girdle 25,000 threads wide. In a three-ply cord the same yarn would reach from the earth to the sun and back again. Or should we desire to pay a visit to the man in the moon, our big ball of yarn would give us a network road 380 threads wide and extending between our planet and his.

And what of the linen which a year's output of yarn might be woven into? It represents a web containing about 190,966,800 yards of declared value £7,001,698. We might unroll this Gargantuan web and make a path four feet wide, and on its snowy whiteness we would be able to make a triumphal tour completely around old Mother Earth at the equator. We might even make a tent of this big web manufactured in Belfast during a single year, and what a wonderful tent it would be! Such as would amaze even Haroun al Raschid. With the City Hall tower for its centre support, this glorious linen canopy would cover 700 acres and stretch as

far out over Toronto as fifteen miles on all sides. To spin the yarn necessary for this gigantic expanse of white linen 935,000 spindles were working, while its further conversion by weaving into fabric necessitated 36,200 looms. In connection with the varied processes in linen manufacturing nearly 20,000 people find occupation in Belfast, one firm alone (Robinson and Cleaver) employing a small army in itself. Besides linen and ships, it is a matter of common knowledge that here in this busy corner of North-east Ireland are produced the best of good whisky, tobacco, as well as ropes, and mineral waters.

The streets are not handsome by any means. There is a lack of the picturesque even in those thoroughfares that are narrow. But Belfast has one "show place" which its citizens are justly proud of. It is the City Hall, situated right in the centre of the city—a magnificent municipal palace for the building of which the people unstintingly gave £300,000 and then as liberally handed out half as much again to make the interior resplendent with marble and fresco. Belfast is matter of fact, utilitarian. It has not concerned itself with architectural fripperies, and when the inhabitant tells you of the City Hall he emphasises its cost rather than explaining its beauties. Anl yet surmounted by its great dome which towers heavenwards 173 feet high, it is a noble building, designed in quadrangular form, with an internal courtyard. Partaking of the achitectural style associated with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it covers altogether about an acre and a half of the picturessue pleasance, bordered by four wide streets.

This very imperfect record must pass lightly over many things that are of first-rate interest and importance. Thus the moderate rents, the splendid and profitable street car system of forty miles which gives the citizen luxurious travelling in all directions at a cost of less than a cent a mile, the big part the City Council plays in all departments of life in return for a taxation of five shillings in the pound, and the magnificent Municipal School of Technology, attended by 3,500 pupils—an institution that in size and scope is almost unique in the British Isles.

The average Belfastman is bluff to rudeness and characterised by spending most of his time behind his desk and counter moneygrasping, with only such relaxation as is afforded by regular attendance at the Kirk where stern Calvinism is administered in more than homeopathic doses. To be sure, this atmosphere is not quite conducive to the cultivation of literature, art, music, the drama and a more liberal outlook on the finer virtues, but there is, happily, a promising and growing section opposed to such philistinism.

One very hopeful sign of the times is the active interest which is now being shown towards the encouragement of the lately reconstructed Queen's University, the North of Ireland University—a picturesque pile of buildings with a fascinating beauty of architecture, deemed by the late Lord Macaulay as "worthy to stand in the High Street of Oxford." On this point of education a very important decision has just been arrived at in the co-ordination of the Municipal Technical School and the University. The relations of the two representative bodies are cordial, and there is every prospect that much good may accrue in the education of young Belfast to keep the fame of the city still more prominent in the eyes of the world. It is this spirit that makes the town great and that will keep it great.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF THE GRAIN GROWERS' GRAIN COMPANY, 1910-11.
BACK ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—GEO. LANGLEY, T. W. KNOWLES, N. E. BAUMUNK, DAVID RAILTON, E. A. PARTRIDGE, A. VON MEILEICKI.
FRONT ROW—D. K. MILLS, JOHN KENNEDY, T. A. CRERAR, R. MCKENZIE, A. W. BLACKBURN.

THE VOICE FROM THE SOIL

THE FIRST BIG MOVE IN THE WARFARE BEING WAGED BY WESTERN FARMERS AGAINST LEGISLATIVE RESTRICTIONS AND CAPITAL

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

"WHEN you want a thing well done, do it yourself" is a sentiment respectable both on account of its age and its sanity. The farmers of the Middle West have demonstrated this axiomatic truth by placing their own grain upon the markets of the world to their own great advantage.

In the first article* of this series the causes leading to the farmers' organisation were set forth, and something was shown of the results they were acomplishing. Farmers' organisations in the past have been regarded as transient manifestations, but the purpose of this article is to show that at last the element of permanency has been added in Western Canada.

In the beginning the farmers organised as a protest against unfair conditions surrounding the grain trade. All the grain of the prairie was marketed through one channel—the Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange.

* *The Canadian Magazine*, November, 1910.

All the elevator owners were members of that body, and in fact, were the controlling influence there. Owning the eight hundred small elevators on the prairies as well as the terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, the elevator and milling interests had the farmers at their mercy. Of course, the law said that the farmers should be given cars by the railways in which to ship their own grain to be sold on commission if they wished. But a few years ago there were practically no loading platforms, and it was a mighty hard job to shovel grain out of a waggon up into a box car. It took a long time to fill a thousand-bushel car, when sixty to eighty bushels of wheat makes enough for a pair of horses to handle. When a farmer was eight or ten miles or more from the railway he couldn't load a car in less than a week, with the best pair of horses in Canada. And when twenty-four hours passed the farmer was charged demurrage, though the railways paid no penalty for not having the car on hand when the farmer wanted it. Under such circumstances the farmer was mightily tempted to put his grain through one of the elevators at his local town.

All the elevators in the West, though owned privately (except a number in Manitoba acquired by the Government during the past summer), are operated under the Manitoba Grain Act and are public storehouses. Any farmer may store his grain in them at a fixed charge of one and three-quarter cents a bushel a month for the first month and one cent for each succeeding month. But the owners of the elevators also buy grain, as there is more profit in that end of the business. When putting his grain into a country elevator the farmer simply drives his team in and pulls out the tail board of his waggon; the rear end is lowered, and the grain runs out into a tank beneath the floor, and the farmer drives out. The grain is then elevated, *i.e.*, carried to the top of the elevator by means of a belt with something akin to buckets attached. There it is weighed and then dumped into bins. To load a car from an elevator, huge spouts are opened, and a car is filled in a very short space of time.

In the parlance of the grain trade, wheat thus hauled by the farmer to an elevator is known as "street" wheat, and wheat loaded into cars by the farmers from their own teams is called "track" wheat. The uninitiated would at once say it was the policy of wisdom to put the wheat through the elevator. But was it? There is no Government system of grading or weighing grain except when in the cars going through Winnipeg or Calgary. Out in the country elevators it is merely a matter between the elevator buyer and the farmer. The elevator man would make every effort to induce the farmer to take a lower grade than was right. For instance, if a farmer brought in a waggon-load of One Northern wheat, and the elevator man made him accept a grade of Two Northern, the elevator man made three cents a bushel right there and then. In addition, the elevator man did the weighing, and often it was fearfully and wonderfully done —so was the farmer. By having the scales "fixed" in favour of the elevator there might be another gain of from one to four bushels in a waggon-load. Further, it is always considered—or has been in the past—that the bother of putting "street" wheat through an elevator is worth considerable. This is called the "spread" between "street" and "track" wheat. Here again the farmer was squeezed for several cents a bushel—according to circumstances. These were the schemes by which the elevator men made money.

The grain growers went to Ottawa a few years ago and fought hard to have loading platforms provided level with the floor of the cars—and they were successful. The railways were compelled to provide these platforms

wherever there were enough farmers to need them. The farmers also demanded and secured the right to have an equal number of cars with the elevators. The "loading platform" became very popular, and it gave the farmers relief from the elevator extortions in many cases. Farmers followed the plan of working together and having a loading "bee" and thus they could save a great deal of time. Railways are branching out continually, getting closer to the farmers, which is another improvement.

But after all, the law cannot make a man honest. The farmers found it so. This does not mean that every elevator man was a crook, but certainly if the evidence of the farmers amounts to anything a great many of them were shamefully treated by the elevator companies. In spite of all the provisions of the law the farmers were not getting their due. Some of the leading spirits of the Grain Growers' organisation, of whom E. A. Partridge, of Sintaluta, Saskatchewan, was most active, urged the farmers to form a company of their own and market their own grain. Mr. Partridge was appointed by the Grain Growers five years ago to study the market conditions at the Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange and to report. He did so and advised forming a company of farmers. In the fall of 1906 the Grain Growers' Grain Company was launched at a meeting of a few men at Sintaluta, with Mr. Partridge president. It was a joint stock company with shares of $25 each to be held only by farmers, their wives or sons, and the number of shares which any man might hold was limited to four. One man, one vote was the principle adopted, and no share could be sold or transferred without the sanction of the shareholders in their annual meeting. This provision prevented speculators ever controlling the stock or having it listed on the stock exchanges. Mr. Partridge, as representative of the company, purchased a seat on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, which is the only wheat market in Western Canada, and the little group of farmers comprising the company asked the growers to send them their grain which they would market for one cent a bushel. The spirit of a square deal appealed to the farmers and they began to send along their grain.

It takes an immense amount of money to move the wheat crop of the West, because every farmer wants and gets three-quarters of the value of his wheat as soon as it reaches Winnipeg, which is often months before it reaches the consuming market. The Grain Growers' Grain Company made arrangements with one of the big chartered banks to finance them. Everything was going swimmingly. It began to look as if the way of relief for the farmers had at last been found.

But the elevator companies had no notion of sitting idly by and watching their profitable business being taken out of their hands. They looked into the future, saw their profits fading away and determined to put a stop to it. How could they do it? Practically, no person, not a member of the Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange could handle grain because all the dealers were members and were forbidden to deal with outsiders. The scheme then was to get the farmers company ousted from the Exchange Soon a pretext was found.

The farmers' company had a resolution on their books stating that they intended to distribute their profits cooperatively, that is, after a reasonable interest was paid upon capital stock the balance of the profits would be distributed *pro rata* with the number of cars shipped. The farmer who shipped four cars to the company would receive four times the profit of the man who shipped but one car. The Council of the Exchange sent for Mr. Partridge and told him that such a proposition was contrary to the laws

of the Exchange and must be abandoned. The president was not inclined to yield and the company was at once suspended from membership. The fat was in the fire. The Grain Growers' Grain Company was very nearly snuffed out in the fall of 1906, and if it had been the cause of the farmers in Western Canada would have been set back for twenty years. But not so.

The few farmers at the head of the company, E. A. Partridge, John Kenneday and John Spencer, by pledging their own personal property, secured sufficient credit at the bank to finance what little grain they had on hand, and one of the members of the Exchange violated the rules of that body and bought the grain at a reduced rate. So far so good. But what about the future?

The Grain Growers' Associations have no connection whatever with the Grain Growers' Grain Company, but the members of the Associations were in sympathy with the company, which was composed from among their own members and was working generally to help the members of the association and every other farmer. Therefore the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association took up the fight for the Grain Growers' Grain Company. The Association comprised at that time over five thousand good able-bodied voters in Manitoba, and they approachel the Government to see if justice could not be done. The Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange was chartered by the Manitoba Legislature. The Government looked into the case and ordered the Exchange to reinstate the Grain Company. The Exchange refused and looked wise. The Association put on the pressure, and the Government issuel another order and told the Exchange that unless they took back the Grain Company a special session of the Legislature would be called and the charter of the Exchange would be cancelled. The heavy-weights in the Exchange beseeched the Government, but all to no avail, and the Grain Company, after being fastened out in the cold for seven months, was taken back into the Exchange. As Mr. Partridge aptly said, "Those fellows have been eating partridge for a long time, and now they will eat crow."

Despite all the trouble, when the Grain Growers' Grain Company held their annual meeting in July, 1907, they were able to announce that they had marketed 2,500,000 bushels of grain, had a profit of $790.54, and had sold 1,853 shares of stock to farmers.

Before beginning another year's business, the company must have credit, and it could not be secured longer from the original bank that financed them. The Home Bank of Canada had just moved into the West. The Grain Company arranged with this bank to secure a good line of credit, and in return took a slice of bank stock and the sole agency for that stock in the West. They sold the stock to farmers, and to-day the company holds a large block of bank stock and farmers throughout the West hold additional stock in the same bank, which they are rapidly increasing. Two directors of the company are now directors of the bank. Thus the company and the bank both profited.

At the end of the first year's business Mr. Partridge retired from the presidency, and T. A. Crerar became President of the company. He still holds the position. With the Exchange in line and the banking facilities arranged the Grain Company began their second year's business in the summer of 1907. They had plenty of opposition, but the farmers in the country knew a good thing when they saw it, and the end of the business year, in the summer of 1908, saw 5,000,000 bushels of grain go through the hands of the company, and a profit of $30,190.24 was declared. By this time there had been 2,932 shares sold.

In the meantime the Legislature of Manitoba met during the winter of 1906-07, and the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association went before the Legislature, demanding that the charter of the Exchange be amended most radically so that farmers would have a chance to see that their grain was handled fairly. The Legislature whittled the charter all to pieces, but the Exchange dropped the remodelled charter and have since carried on their business as a voluntary Association, known as the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, beyond the pale of the Legislature. But the Exchange has not bothered the Grain Company any further. Various attempts were made by speculators to smash this farmers company on the exchange. It was always uncertain how much grain the Grain Company had on hand, and this made it a risky business for the "bulls" and "bears," who had no desire to have a million bushels dumped on them when they had forced up the price. However, the Grain Company kept strictly to the commission end of the business and avoided the speculative part, so that they could not be caught "short" and beaten.

The fall of 1908 rolled past, and the grain kept pouring into the hands of the company. The end of the third year, in the summer of 1909, showed that the Grain Company had marketed 7,500,000 bushels of grain, and declared a profit of $53,902.08. By this time there had been 7,558 shares of stock sold to farmers.

It might be well to explain here that all prices on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange are based upon grain that is in storage in the terminal elevators in Fort William or Port Arthur. When a farmer ships a car of grain to the Company he gets a receipt from the railway agent from the point of shipment He sends this receipt to the Company. The car then passes through Winnipeg and is there inspected and graded by Dominion Government inspectors. This certificate of grade and dockage (amount of dirt or weed seeds) is sent to the Company. Then the car passes on to the terminal elevators, where it is weighed by Government weighmasters and dumped into the elevators. The certificate of weight is also sent to the company. Then, when the three papers are put together, the company may sell the grain. No grain dealer ever sees the grain he handles.

In the terminal elevators the elevator companies which operate them have a system by which they can still further manipulate the grain to their immense profit. Grain can be mixed in the terminal elevators so that a little high-grade wheat mixed with a lot of low-grade will raise the whole to high-grade and thus advance the price several cents a bushel. This is strictly against the law, and the Dominion Government have seventy inspectors and other employees watching the terminal elevators and checking their business to prevent such practices. But an army of inspectors could not stop it. Last spring the inspectors weighed all the grain in the elevators and discovered that the companies had been manipulating the wheat so that they had made about $40,000 in three months. There is good reason to believe that the elevator companies have made millions of dollars by this means in years past. This time they were caught and fined $5,500. Of course, all this plunder comes out of the pockets of the farmer and gives the Canadian wheat a black eye on the Liverpool market, which is the world's ruling wheat market.

In the fall of 1909 the Grain Growers' Grain Company went into the business by advertising largely for grain and carrying on a publicity campaign. A rule of the Grain Exchange compelled all members to charge a cent a bushel commission upon all grain handled by them. The elevator companies thought they saw in this an opportunity to smash the Grain

Company. The Exchange in the summer of 1909 dropped the "commission rule," which gave all members of the Exchange permission to charge any commission they liked. The big companies dropped their charges to half a cent and some even handled the farmers' grain for nothing, trusting to make their profits through manipulation. Things looked shady for the Grain Company again. But the leaders had faith in the loyalty of the farmers and they appealed to their shareholders. The reply was quick and sane. "Keep the commission up to one cent on wheat," was the verdict of the referendum by the shareholders. The farmers could not be bought away from their own company, and the summer of 1910, when the annual meeting of the company was held, showed a triumph. The Grain Company had handled 16,000,000 bushels of grain and had become the biggest grain commission concern in Canada.

At last the farmers were on top of the grain trade. They declared a profit of $95,662.78, but this was not all paid out in dividends. The shareholders decided that it would be better to create a reserve fund, and thus strengthen their company. They had a paid-up capital at this time of $292,957.55, and on this they declared a dividend of 15 per cent. They also set aside $25,000 for an educational fund and placed the balance in reserve. The educational fund was devoted to grants to the Grain Growers' Associations in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta and also to the support of the official organ of these Associations.

Recently there has been a move towards shipping Alberta grain westerly, and the Grain Company in order to handle this trade, opened an office at Calgary, where that business is cared for. Another provision which the Company made last year to protect the farmers was to check the Government system of sampling the grain. This is done in the United States by the Grain Exchanges, but not so in Canada. The company secured permission from the Chief Grain Inspector to take a sample from the cars of grain consigned to the company. They placed an expert in charge of their sampling bureau and thus had an effectual check upon the work of the Government inspectors. This was not because of dishonesty on the part of the Government officials, but simply to correct errors. When upwards of 100,000 cars of grain are being sampled in a year mistakes are bound to happen. By means of the duplicate sampling system the company occasionally saved from $30 to $50 to a farmer upon his car of wheat. Naturally the farmers were glad to see this done and no other company had ever attempted it. Another protection afforded by the company was their Claims Department, by which the interests of the shippers were protected against the railway companies. When a farmer is alone against a railway company he is about the most forlorn object imaginable, but when he is backed up by a powerful company he is likely to secure a fuller measure of justice.

This in brief is the sustance of the history of the greatest farmers' company on this continent. The Grain Growers' Grain Company last year did over $20,000,000 worth of business. They have demonstrated that farmers are fully capable of conducting their own affairs. They have been compelled to fight their way against the allied forces of the big pioneer grain companies with millions of dollars at their backs and have won out against all odds. The spread between "street" and "track" wheat has been greatly reduced, and to-day farmers are getting a better price for their wheat than ever before. The company are now branching out into other lines of activity. They have determined to acquire storage

elevators and provide reliable seed grain to the western farmers. It is largely through bad seed that the farms of the West are to-day covered in many cases with all sorts of noxious weeds.

The originators of the company had no intention of making it merely a profit-producing scheme. It was intended to improve conditions not only in the grain trade but economic conditions in general in order that the agriculture might be raised to its proper level and that farmers might live more wholesome and happier lives. To this end it was intended to conduct the business upon co-operative principles. This intention is still in view. The company are now doing business in almost every province of Canada and are also exporting largely to the old country. They now operate under a provincial charter, but this winter a Federal charter will be secured from the Dominion Parliament; it will give them wider powers. The Manitoba elevators are now being taken over by the Government, and a similar action is expected in Saskatchewan and Alberta. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has promised that the graft in the terminal elevators shall be stopped. All this will break the power of the elevator companies and will place the Grain Company more strongly than ever in control of the grain trade. Then through the introduction of the co-operative principle and the handling of all kinds of farm produce the company will be performing a valuable function. A part of the profits will be devoted to educational work each year, and farmers will be educated to the value of protecting their own interests against the encroachments of monopoly. It is not a mere dream to see the day when the Farmers will own their own mills and grind the wheat which they are now growing and placing on the market. The milling industry is a very profitable one, and the Western farmers pay more for the flour ground from their own wheat in their own province than do the people of England for the same flour made in the same place. This doesn't look good, but it is true. The farmers have accomplished much, but their work is not nearly done.

Editor's Note.—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Chipman describing the organisation of Western Canadian Farmers. The first appeared in the November Number. The third will be in the February Number.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE TORONTO BOARD OF TRADE

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM

By GOLDWIN SMITH

RISE, stately pile, palatial home of trade;
Our City's promise on thy front displayed;
Rise, and . . . . on far Ontario's strand
The Merchants' honour in the father-land;
Rise, where, but a short century ago,
No sound was heard except the Indian's prow,
Ruffling the silent mirror of the mere,
The plashing waterfowl, the wading deer,
The deep, hoarse moan of the primeval wood

Answering the voices of the lonely flood!
Now, shore and lake and isle alike are rife
With all the sights and sounds of busy life.

Swift as Canadian spring, that, shooting on
From bud to leaf, makes spring and summer one;
Swift as Canadian dawn, with no delay
Of lingering twilight, rushing into day,
Has been the City's progress: since that hour
To this, her height of wealth and pride and power.

In the Old World all things through cycles grew
To greatness: years are cycles in the New.
What hands, brains, hearts through many a changeful age,
Commerce, have toiled to build thy heritage,
Since barter in the savage cave began,
And rudely showed what man must owe to man;
Since infant enterprise its sail unfurled,
And ventured forth into an unknown world;
Since new-born science, with unaided eyes,
Looked up for guidance to the starlit skies!

Use well what labouring time for thee hath won.
In these proud halls let no mean deeds be done.
Let never gambling lust of gold deface
With artifice accursed thy mansion's grace;
Nor avarice issue from thy lofty door
To rob the guileless or oppress the poor.
Let never policy, debased and blind,
Lead thee to shut the gate upon thy kind;
When God hath bidden all lands to all impart
Their gifts, and have one harvest and one heart.
Nor let thy thoughts on wealth alone be bent;
The gold is dross that is not nobly spent.

Think how, in former days, each farmer's mart
Was the bright home of Learning, Science, Art;
And bid, with kindred grace, 'neath other skies
A second Venice, Florence, Nürnberg rise.
Still, from these Chambers, may wise counsels come
And bear good fruit in each industrious home;
Still, to these gates may traffic waft its stores
Of golden tribute from Earth's utmost shores;
And Labour still, its righteous guerdon paid,
Behold with grateful eyes the Home of Trade.

Toronto, January 28, 1891.

ROMANCE OF TOBACCO

BY WILLIAM HARRISON

FROM the days of King James II., when he issued his historic "Counterblast to Tobacco," all down the lapse of years, in widespread dailies, in fly-sheets innumerable, in prose and poetry, in learned dissertations and in lively discussion, there has been poured forth a great volume of invective against the use of the weed. Most of those who think, write or argue on this matter do so in a way that their deductions and conclusions are negative, and the habit of using the narcotic is censured and condemned without the least consideration or respect for the opinions of its innumerable devotees.

Without the least intention of endorsing the almost universal custom of using tobacco or of commending the practice, on the supposition that there are two sides to every question, let us for the amusement of the moment indulge in a little "special pleading," dealing with facts as they exist.

No thoughtful, intelligent observer of the characteristics of the human family can ignore the fact that in every one of us there is an innate natural desire for stimulants of some kind. Call it an evil propensity if you will, but it is there all the same, and with it we have to do. It matters not how abundantly our necessities are supplied, there is an "aching void within" that must be filled, a craving for a luxury that is imperative. If this desire for something more than our natural food is not hereditary, it certainly originates very early in our existence. The infant, though full to satiety, will suck its thumb with evident satisfaction. The growing child will reach with outstretched hands for candy, and older infants will chew gum. Others will gratify the desire for stimulants by indulging in alcoholic beverages. If we would not increase the already too large army of drunkards, some lesser evil must be brought into requisition, a lesser evil that will soothe, but not inebriate.

Whether this propensity for stimulants in man is natural or acquired, nature seems to have made provision for it. In India the poppy flourishes for the manufacture of opium; 400,000,000 of its people chew the betel leaf and 300,000,000 the Indian hemp. In Africa 10,000,000 use the cocoa leaf and a gum that exudes from a tree. In the tropics they grow the roots of the haasslegh and the ginging. In other portions of the globe they use absinthe, morphine, henbane, choral, and opium. As a stimulant each of these is of doubtful character and many of them deplorable in their effects on the human system. Not having any special liking for any of these, our alternative is tobacco. This the temperate zone produces and provides lavishly. Here it flourishes indigenous to the soil. Tobacco needs no introduction. Its presence is familiar to us all. It embraces the circumference of the globe. It comprehends every class of people from the most savage to the most refined. Its universality is acknowledged. Its adaptability to meet the craving instincts of the human race is conced-

ed. It is everywhere. We find it in the castle of royalty and in the home of the poorest subject in the realm, in the gilded palace of the millionaire, and in the home of the pauper. The high-born dame who graces the drawing-rooms of aristocracy and the stormiest virago who yells in the slums of London are sisters in the use of the narcotic. It is between the lips of the most exquisite dude who promenades for exhibition and in the mouth of the dirtiest tramp in the purlieus of filth. It is patronised by the greatest preachers of the gospel of purity, and practised by the vilest sinner in the catalogue of crime. It beguiles the distance to the traveller on the wide prairie and it smoothes the rugged path of the alpine tourist. The native of India on his elephant attacks the lion in the jungle, and the Arab as he crosses the great Sahara puffs its fragrance on the desert air. It is an inspiration to the soldiers in the bivouac and the life of the camp fire, for they tell of deeds of heroism, narrow escapes and perilous adventures with greater zest when their heads are enveloped in the smoke of a dozen pipes. It helps the astronomer as in imagination he soars away into the illimitable, the geologist, as in fancy he dives down into the unfathomable, and the philosopher as in faith he tries to grasp the incomprehensible. It inspires the poet as he writes, and the author as he cogitates. It is the young man's pride and the old man's comfort. The father smokes when his child is born, he smokes when it gets married, and he smokes when it dies. The boy smokes because his father smokes, or because he thinks he has the toothache. The president of the university indulges in a whiff as a relief to intellectual labours, and the student takes a puff as a sedative to the excitement of footfball. The millionaire smokes his twenty-dollar highly perfumed havanna, and Jack Tar his five-cent horrible.

The smoker has special privileges throughout the world, and is tolerated by all communities. He can smoke at home or abroad, in the stately mansion or palatial residence, in the park or on the promenade. He puffs in the lowest haunts of iniquity, and in the legislative hall; and with a very thin apology, even in the company of ladies, he can pour forth volumes of scented aroma. Its unequivocal marks may be seen everywhere, on land or sea, in the great ocean liner, and in the palace car, on the pavement, the grass and on the pure white snow. The habit grows in spite of legal enactments, protestations, maledictions, and resolutions to the contrary. It is indigenous to every land. It grows spontaneously in every climate, and its fascination would puzzle the most experienced smoker to explain.

The incessant holding of the pipe in his mouth, it is said, gives to the Turk his noble appearance, to the Spanish cavalier his stateliness, to the Arab *sheik* his majestic mien, and to the Indian chief his dignity. The Mexican would as soon be without his sombrero, as without his *chibouk*, and the daring cowboy of the Northwest would not be equipped without the modest cigar or the inevitable pipe.

Do you want the poetry of smoking? Go to the land of the Turk and the Syrian, where tobacco grown in Nubian and Egyptian valleys and in Persian and Macedonian gardens is prepared without adulteration and inhaled without nausea by the most effeminate. Watch the Persian nobleman and the Syrian gentleman, representatives of Oriental aristocracy, as amid the grandeur of Eastern architecture and magnificent surroundings, on the wide piazza, in the marble hall or spacious corridor, they gather around the bubbling *nargileh* and from long stems inhale, as we do the freshest air, the fumes of the sweet *tombecah*. Read the sparkling

"Letters" of Lady Wortley Montague, once the pride of England's court, as she tells of the delightful evenings spent with the lovely Selma and the other wives of the Eastern harem, enjoying through mouth-pieces of gold and amber the deliciously-prepared aroma of their favourite *latakia*. Read the graphic accounts of travellers toward the rising sun, Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross," Taylor's "Saracenic lands," and Kingslake's "Eothen," and you are charmed with the delights of the *hookah*, and the luxurious enjoyments of the *nargileh*. Read the long list of Eastern stories of more modern authors, and you will find the heads of their heroes wreathed in snowy clouds of glorious satisfaction, as they puff the widespread narcotic at all times, in all climates and under all circumstances. Snatch tobacco from the lips of the Oriental, and you deprive him of all his happiness this side of Mahomed's heaven. Take it from the mouth of the Occidental, and you make him say,

"He that steals my pure—steals trash,
But he who filches from me my pipe,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

No wonder that Spencer in his "Faerie Queen" calls it "Divine Tobacco."

Would you have the prose of smoking? It is woven in the world's history for the past three centuries. Read the lives of Raleigh, Byron, Burns, Carlyle, Tennyson, Scott, Bonaparte, and Bismarck. Read Bowsell's "Life of Johnson;" Dickens's "Oliver Twist" and the immortal *Pickwick*. Peruse Lever's "Charles O'Malley," Ballantyne's travels, Henty's historic tales, Artemus Ward, Burdette, and a score of other authors who have catered for the information of millions, and you will find the smoke issuing from the lips of the Musselman, The Old English Gentleman, The American Citizen, the *Mickey Frees*, the artful *Dodgers*, and the *Josiahs* of biography travel and romance, and detect also the aromatic odour of tobacco in the fact and fiction of the world's great library.

Amid the fumes of tobacco, Lord Palmerston, Earl Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Bismarck, and Sir John Macdonald solved abstruse questions of state and finance, originated and formulated schemes that changed the political aspect of nations, and commanded the attention and admiration of the world, Russell, Forbes, Henty and Vickers, war correspondents at the front, smoked amid the roar of cannon and the crash of artillery, and history informs us that in a desperate engagement a Scots Gray fought his way through blood and carnage, cleaved the head of a French standard bearer, snatched the ensign from his grasp, and bore it in triumph to the lines without even once removing his pipe from his mouth.

Tobacco as a commercial interest rears its colossal head with imposing dignity and bows to none but the gigantic liquor traffic. Tens of thousands of the human race owe their bread to this world-wide autocrat. In the City of Hamburg, Germany, the manufacture of tobacco gives employment to 10,000 of its citizens, who turn out 160,000,000 cigars a year, valued at $2,000,000. From Havanna and Manilla, Hamburg imports 18,000,000 cigars every year, making, including their own production, an aggregate of 178,000,000, of which 153,000,000 are exported, leaving 25,000,000 for home consumption. England's tobacco bill is $40,000,000 annually. France is a huge factory for its preparation, and Germany is one great atmosphere of smoke. New Zealand consumes 40,000,000 cigarettes a year; New South Wales, 50,000,000, and Victoria, 90,000,000.

Tobacco is a staple production of the United States, which patronises its own industry by a home consumption of nearly 200,000,000 pounds, ex-

porting and consuming according to a government report in 1908, 55,402,330,113 cigars or in other words, 5,500,000,000 packages, with ten cigars to a package on which a tax of one cent a package was proposed, which means an extra tax of fifty-five million dollars on the patrons of the weed.

Canada is no juvenile novice at the business, for we contribute our share to the universal volume of smoke by a yearly consumption of 12,000,000 pounds, with an annual outlay on 70,000,000 cigarettes.

A million and a half of the world's population are engaged in the manufacture of pipes—clay, briar, porcelain, china, and amber. One town in France turns out 40,000,000 clay pipes alone, and as a Dominion the people of Canada puff the narcotic through $164,000 worth of these ornaments that go to make up the smoker's paradise.

As a source of revenue, there are millions in it. Every civilised nation on the face of the globe, makes money out of it. It is the chief factor in the estimates of every government, a revenue drawn from every home. Statistics tell us that the tobacco crop of the world is annually 4,480,000,000 pounds from 5,500,000 acres of land, on which duties are collected to the amount of one billion dollars annually. This enormous quantity is burned and puffed, snuffed, sneezed, and chewed by a force of 900,000,000 devotees. The world is one great smoke-house.

Youth passes; love ofttimes grows cold; wealth often fails to reach, but Tobacco remains with us. It is here to stay. There may be some consolation in the thought that to tens of thousands of our fellow-participants in life's struggles, it may be the only one source of happiness left in a world that has dealt unkindly with them.

Oh, thou great goddess *Nicotia*! Millions have bowed at thy shrine, have drunk the waters of *Lethe*, have passed away and are forgotten. Millions still are thy willing worshippers. Thy charms are irresistible. Thy mild sedative influence is greater far to-day than when thy great discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh, designated thee "The Elixir of Life."

BURIAL AT SEA

By ALAN SULLIVAN

A NEST of bubbles in the wrinkled swell
Of a long wave that lifted round and free,
As though to take its burden tenderly;
Till, pregnant with mortality, it fell:
There was no requiem but the wind to tell
That a man died, and crests of ivory
Trampling the patient bosom of the sea
Rang the grim thunder of his passing bell.
So, while the good ship plunged, he winnowed deep
To fathom uncommunicable plains,
Where space is not and time itself is old;
Where blind things clamber and lost navies sleep,
Moored in a tideless port, and men in chains
Slumber with kings caparisoned in gold.

ROYALTIES ALL ROUND

BY G. H. READE

MY solicitor, Mr. Bell, was a tall, gaunt man, and no ordinary doorway could be entered by him without a stoop. He was a keen business man, well-to-do, and like many another, keenly desirous to add to his financial gains.

I owed him £800.

"You are quite mad to go down to the races each day of the meet," he said, after I had told him that such was my avowed intention, "and you'll only sink deeper into the mire, and if you should lose on the first and second days. . . ."

"Or otherwise," I retorted.

"I count upon probabilities not possibilities," he answered.

My friend of the law was not a "nagger;" so the discussion dropped; we quietly took up our hats, left the offices and reached his club.

"Tell, me," I said, "you know Samuel, and he knows a good deal. What will win the 'Jubilee'?"

"To be honest," Bell replied, "I have £5 each way on the favourite—that's Samuel's *advice.*"

Samuel was a shrewd money-lending book-maker—one of Bell's clients.

I said nothing, and Bell continued: "I tell you that, in order that you may not go down and lose too much."

A crowded race special train is hateful, at least both Bell and I thought so. A crowded race-course enclosure is even worse, at least Bell was certain of this, for when five races had been concluded we met for the first time since the start of the day's racing. Bell had lost £25, I had won £400 odd.

Bell was very nice then, for did I not owe him £800, with good hopes?

Saturday was the day of the "Jubilee." Bell would not come down; begged me again and again not to go as well, and thus make a certainty of my first winnings. The advice was disregarded. I went.

His Majesty the King was an interested spectator. As a consequence, many other distinguished people enjoyed a similar privilege, and so likewise did I.

Now, if there is one thing more than another that is useful in life, it is the secret feeling internally that all is well and to find yourself in that desirable frame of mind that to leave it is madness; pursue each link that has some definite connection with one already forged.

I had a cousin, a friend of the King's, and he was there.

"Tell you what," he said to me when I had buttonholed him, "I'm going down to Taunton to-night if His Majesty leaves early after the big race—Aunt Gertrude has asked me down."

"And she's asked me," I rejoined.

"Well, you can't go," he snapped, "for you will not possibly be able to be back in London till seven or later, and then you could not leave Paddington till late in the evening, which will, of course, be too late to get into Taunton to-night."

Now Lord Shortland and I were both enamoured of the same sweet girl. I had prior claims and prouder rights. He had merely his title and cash, which with the parents went further than my plain name. Also, I had a very great weight at heart handicap-

ping my position. I had promised "the fairest of the fair" to pay off Mr. Bell, the solicitor, before I ever sought her presence again, and therefore I had not given Aunt Gertrude a decided answer to her week-end invitation.

There were also other sundry debts I had promised to pay. In truth, she, dear girl, had bargained for a clean slate.

I knew Cousin Lord Shortland was impatient. So were her ma and pa (I write ma first, for women, social women, dearly love social flutters, social titles and the consequent social advancements thereof, and particularly a tip-top wedding).

All this I had pondered deeply, when Mr. Bell, who had cared only for his £800, had begged me to stay home and not go racing. Lastly, there was this burning thought, "Shortland can go by the royal special and then catch the 'diner' at Paddington, which left at 6.30." I stamped on the wooden platform of the race stand as the thought swept by me and muttered, "Why can't I?"

And something else swept by at the same time. I looked—a piece of horseflesh that moved like machinery. Lost in my reverie of jealous love, time had taken me by the forelock, and the "Jubilee" parade was cantering past the stands.

I looked again, and the more I looked the more I liked it, so I asked the man standing at my right hand, "What is it?"

He replied, "Royal George."

That was sufficient—it was something Royal; so down I went into the surging crowd and had £200 each way at "tens"; and not content I had another £100 on the favourite, "Revenue," for a place first, second, or third, six to four against, as a "saver."

I saw Lord Shortland; he turned away to speak to the Duke of Achill; and as he turned, he seemed to me to sneer.

"No doubt," said I to myself, "he thinks himself immeasurably my superior; perhaps he is." Therefore I felt as if I cared not one button what happened or what won. Truly a royal feeling.

It was a great race. I can remember it distinctly, there was an excellent start; then one or two forged ahead coming round the bend; there was little in it with any of them. Then a yell, "The favourite wins," then another, "She doesn't." A counter cry, "She does," and then a sort of stifled groan to the accompaniment of sundry cheers. Then something "swept by," drawing quite clear of the others and winning comfortably. All I could see was that the favourite, ridden by Mornington Cannon, was third.

'My place money saves me," I muttered hoarsely.

I shut my glasses up with a thump and looked bewildered.

"Royal George," was the cry.

I gazed at the board; then went up the number, 10.

I looked at my card: No. 10, "Royal George."

Well, words will not portray my feelings, for now I had won and won handsomely, and already I saw my debts paid. What should I do?

"Go home," said a small voice, "lest you bet again and lose all."

Instinctively I obeyed.

I elbowed my way out of the crowd; flashing eyes and silken skirts were naught to me; I was a self-conscious king. I had won. Consequently my actions were king-like, sedate and dignified, and down the covered path to the railway station I walked with regal steps.

But alas! the station officials thought otherwise of my "status."

"There is no train, sir, till after the fifth race is over, and that only for members."

"But I want to get to Taunton tonight and must catch the 6.30 'diner' from Paddington," I protested angrily and with an important air.

"Maybe, you'll ride with the King, when he goes shortly," was the satire

I received for my splendid conceit.

I turned on my heel and walked down the platform.

Close to me was a railway guard.

He looked at me carefully. Perhaps thought he (and who shall say not rightly), "he's a King's messenger, or summat like that," so he doffed his cap.

At that moment I took some notes and gold out of my pocket, intending quietly to count my petty cash. This action confirmed the old guard's first impression.

He came across the lines.

"The royal special will be shunted down in ten minutes' time, sir," he said.

"Oh! will it?" I replied calmly.

"Want a lift," said the guard very quietly.

I tumbled to it all instantly.

In a minute three sovereigns were in his hand.

"I heard you asking the inspector yonder," said the guard, and still talking in an undertone," and I thought as I know'd you, sir; my brother's a waiter at your club and often speaks of you. I recognise you by the photograph you sent him as a present."

"Ah, yes!" I replied.

"Then, sir, walk up the platform directly the inspector's gone inside the office and I'll let you into my van."

I nodded acquiesence.

The royal special was a corridor train, made up of three carriages and a guard's van. Into the latter I jumped at the auspicious moment, and made myself small (in body only), by taking up a post in the corridor connection between the King's saloon and the guard's van, the guard carefully locking each door of the connecting passage.

Ten minutes later the special was shunted back.

Five minutes more and the King and his party, including my cousin, were all on board. Another minute, we were off, and in another I was sitting with the guard, no longer a prisoner.

Only one check by signal, and an otherwise uninterrupted journey was made to Waterloo.

I saw His Majesty get out—hats off and on, etc. I saw the others, the Duke of Achill, and Earl of Creswell, and Lord Shortland also on the platform. His Majesty drove off by himself; the others by themselves. Shortland had his own private carriage. And, lastly, I got out of the guard's van and made my escape.

Hailing a hansom, I said: "One sovereign to drive me to my rooms and Paddington within an hour."

"Done," said the Jehu, having first learned the location of my rooms.

And it was done.

No one was more astonished than Lord Shortland when I met him on the platform. He gasped.

At the station I saw Bell, too, of all men. He was off for the week-end to see a wealthy client at Bath.

The news of my success was a tonic to his dinner. He looked less gaunt when that meal was over, and he had a cheque of mine for £800 in his left-hand waistcoat pocket.

As for the dearest one, she was radiant. Lord Shortland returned by the early breakfast train on Monday.

I remained a week, and paid my bills by way of the post. So she saw each receipt and noted the delighted remarks of the recipients of the cheques and Bell's comments on my incomparable honesty.

But, of course, I was of blue blood, and it couldn't be wondered at one little bit.

A well-known Society weekly had the following paragraph in its contents a few weeks later.

"Their Royal Highnesses ..... honoured the wedding ceremony of Mr. Guy ..... and the Honourable Eileen ..... Royalty all round."

THE MERMAID

By THEODORE ROBERTS

LIFE, I make my peace with you.
For I have read the signals true,
And I am done with the green and blue.
Death, I make my prayer.
For I am done with the slanted deck,
The fog and the windy air.

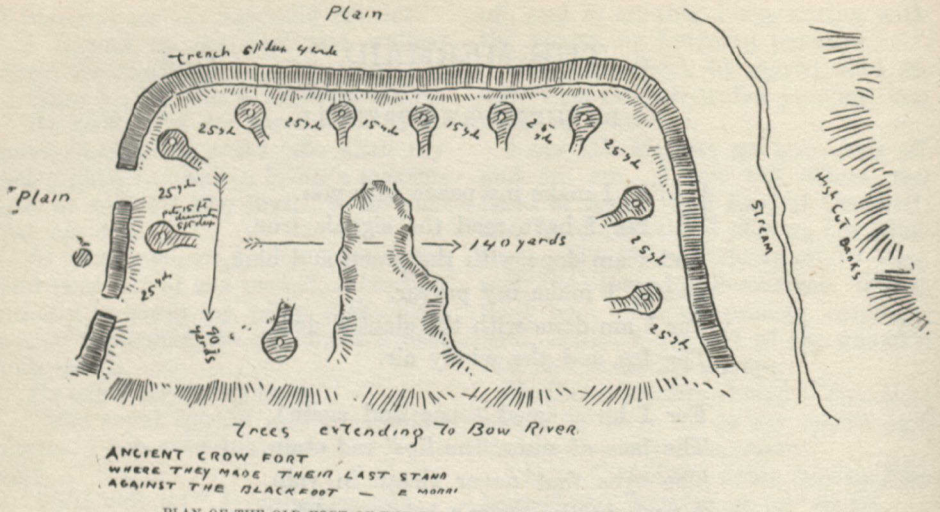
For I have spied (once and again)
The face of snow, the lips' red stain,
The eyes that never gleam in vain.
A-flash in the wake's bright whirl
I have beheld—God save my soul!—
The pleading hands of pearl.

Hispaniola knows my spars;
And roaring towns and Christ's high stars
Have seen my glory and my scars.
Bahia knows my fire,
And many a palm-fringed anchorage
Has burned to my desire.

But now! Dear Life, I needs must go,
For I have seen the arms of snow—
Frost and fire in the depths below.
Quick, Death, I wait you now,
For I must touch my lips upon
Her pitiful, white brow.

No more for me shall islands rise
Like mist and fire beneath the skies.
No more for me life's mad emprise.
Like candles on the tide
The sweet familiar lamps grow dim
By wharf and harbour-side.

Life, I make my peace with you.
For I have heard the summons true,
And I am done with the green and blue.
Death, I make my plea.
Strike not, until I feel her lips
Press mine beneath the sea!



PLAN OF THE OLD FORT OF THE CROW INDIANS, ON THE BLACKFOOT RESERVE

AN ANCIENT INDIAN FORT

BY EDMUND MORRIS
(KYAI-YI-A-SO-KOS-IM)

WHILE camped on the Blackfoot reserve painting interesting primitive types to be found amongst the tribe, I made a discovery of archæological importance, namely, the ancient fort made by the Crow Indians where they took their last stand against the Blackfoot, who came from the timber country to the north of the present city of Edmonton and drove them out of the country towards the Missouri.

The Crow Indians were a fierce and war-like tribe of the Dakotah linguistic stock, and originally, like the Assiniboins and Manadans, formed a part of the great Sioux Nation, but were expelled by them from their early hunting grounds and driven into the country of the Flatheads; later they were again thrust aside by the invincible Blackfoot, who became plainsmen and entered into possession of the vast country extending on both sides of the international boundary line near the Rocky Mountains. At the time referred to, the Crow Indians had horses, which they had stolen from the Mexicans or captured on the plains. The Blackfoot came afoot.

No white people on the reserve know anything about this particular spot, except as "The Fort," and there was found only one old Indian who knew its history, corroborating what Father Doucet had told me the previous year. This aged missionary, now no longer with the Blackfoot proper, said he and John L'Hereux many years ago had camped near the fort, and when L'Hereux saw it he became greatly excited and exclaimed: "The remains of the Spaniards or Mexicans!" But Doucet had questioned the old recorder of the tribe, Running Wolf, and he told them it had been made by the Crow Indians when the Blackfoot swooped down upon them from the north. However, as Indian tradition is not always to be re-

lied on, it is possible that the fort had been made by an earlier race and used later on by the Crows.

I engaged one of the chiefs and two Indians, who brought a team and plough, and we examined the fort and turned some of the ground.

The fort is well marked and is constructed in the shape of a horse-shoe, being 140 yards long and ninety yards wide. A trench, which was originally wide and deep, surrounds the front and sides. At the back a thick brush rises and the land recedes to it. Inside the enclosure, near the trench, are ten pits fifteen feet in diameter. Most of these pits are twenty-five yards apart, and in the centre of the enclosure there is a natural hollow, where the Indians say the horses would be kept.

The locality was well chosen, being situated in the old bed of the Bow River, about a mile south of the Blackfoot crossing (Sayopawagnkwy—ridge under water); in front and on one side, a plain; on the other side, the ground recedes to a small stream, beyond which the great cut banks rise, forming excellent lookout points covering the whole of the country. The grove of trees at the back of the fort descends to the Bow River.

I questioned the Indians regarding its construction, and they said that those who made it used their hands and knives. They must have worked hard!

Turning the soil with a plough we came upon several places where fires had been built a foot under the present surface of the ground, and about these I found fragments of a thin gray pottery made of clay and ground stone with designs cut in it (Fig. 1), and a number of buffalo and antelope bones. In other places, scattered about, were human bones, amongst them the collar bone of a child, which would indicate that the women and children had taken refuge in the fort. I found also a stone with ridges cut on the face, back and edges (Fig. 2), two rude implements, such as would be used in pounding buffalo meat (Fig. 3), and beads (of bone and shell).

Another day with a white man and an Indian we dug out one of the pits and found five feet from the top a fireplace and a quantity of buffalo bones.

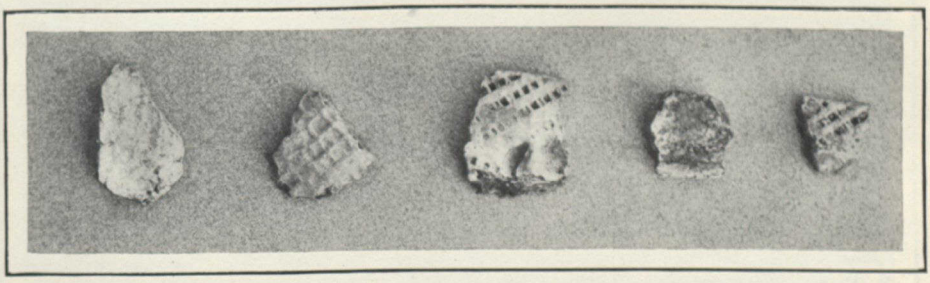
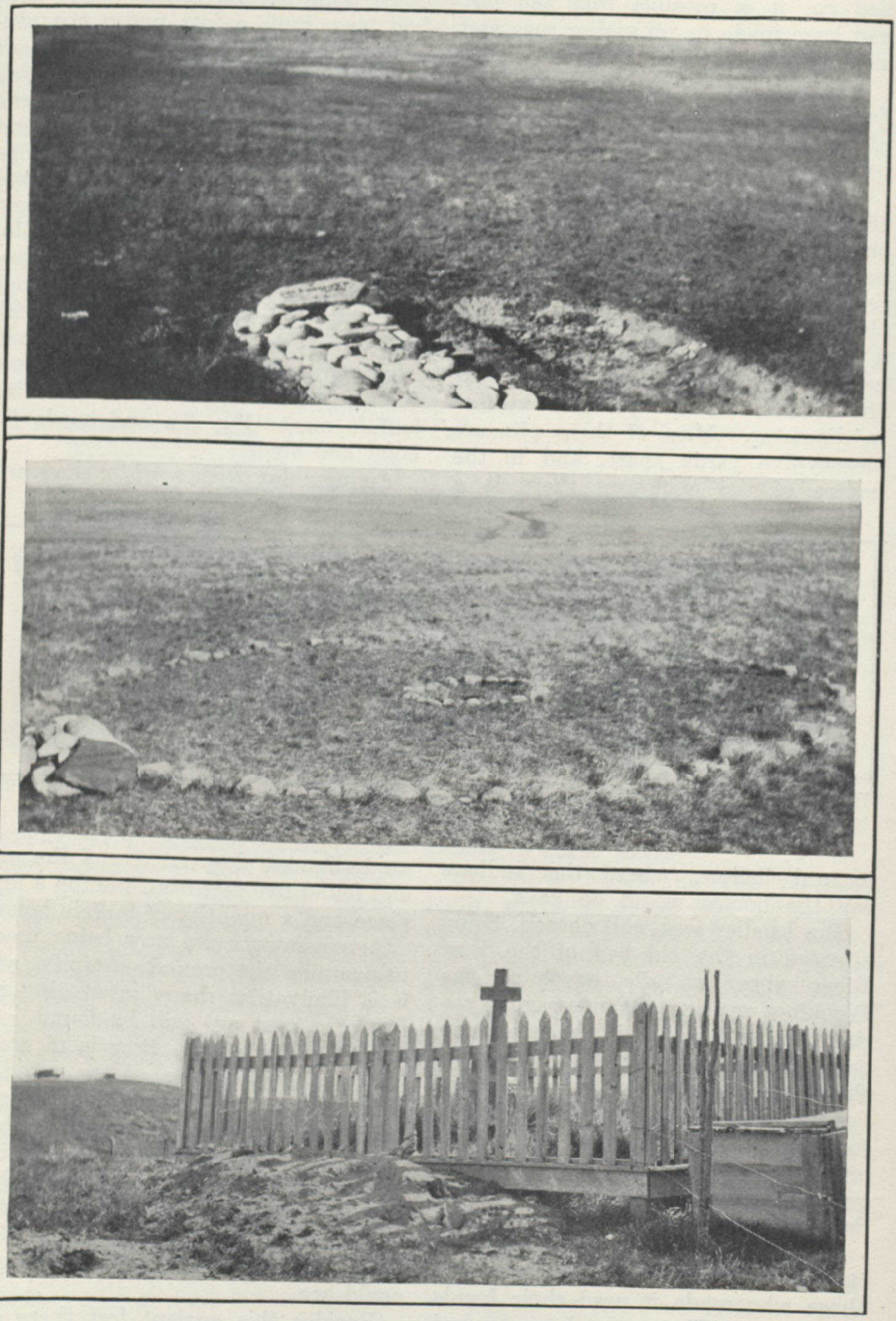


FIGURE 1—FRAGMENTS OF CLAY POTTERY FOUND A FOOT UNDER GROUND IN THE FORT

Arrangements are now being made to examine the ground carefully, and it is likely that many interesting relics of a past age will be found.

This valley of the Bow is of great historical significance. Here was the only ford on the river in the neighbourhood, so that from time immemorial it had been a great camping and burial ground of the various tribes who succeeded to the ownership of the country. Along the river-bed their lodges had stretched as far as the eye could see.

Besides this ancient fort there are other land-marks of great interest. On the prairie, high above the old river-



TOP—GRAVE OF POUNDMAKER
MIDDLE—LAST CAMP OF CHIEF CROWFOOT, HEAD CHIEF OF THE BLACKFOOT CONFEDERACY
BOTTOM—GRAVE OF CROWFOOT

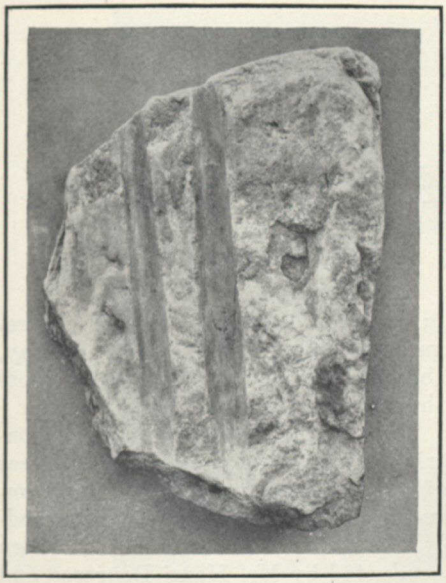


FIGURE 2
STONE WITH GROOVES CUT INTO IT. FOUND UNDER GROUND WITHIN THE ENCLOSURE OF THE FORT

bed, and overlooking the Blackfoot crossing, is the last camp of the great Crowfoot (Sapo Maxika), head chief of the Blackfoot Confederacy. A circle of stones which surrounded the lodge, and a smaller circle in the centre for a fire-place, still remain. Crowfoot's nephew asked me to mark the name of Crowfoot on the slab of stone. His remains were buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery about a mile distant, where an iron cross has been erected, with the inscription, "Chief Crowfoot died April 25th, 1890, aged 69;" and on the other side, "The Father of his people."

I inquired for the grave of the great Cree Chief Poundmaker, his adopted son, who died in 1886 while on a visit to Crowfoot, and found it situated on the prairie, about a mile south of Crowfoot's last camp. The grave had collapsed and the cross decayed, so I had the Indians fill it in with earth and haul stones from the Bow River, inscribing his name on one of them.

These great chiefs were two of the finest specimens, mentally and physically, the red race has produced, and I will have more to say about them in a work on the Indian tribes I intend to publish.

Other interesting places have been passed by, I refer to the spots where the Dominion Government met the old lords of the soil and I hope the historical societies will have columns erected to mark them. Here the treaties were signed which made it possible for us to enter into possession of the country without bloodsheed: Those great treaties of Fort Qu'-Appelle, Fort Carlton and Fort Pitt and the Blackfoot Crossing should at least be marked in this way.

It seems to me that in our country the past and those who played an important part in it are sometimes not kept in remembrance as they should be, yet across the border, poets have sung and philosophers praised the meeting of the white men and red, where Penn held a solemn conference with the Indian chiefs on the banks of the Delaware.

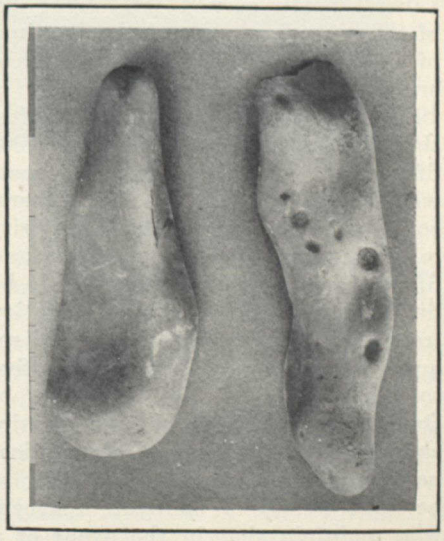


FIGURE 3
ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENTS FOUND UNDER GROUND IN THE FORT

THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

BY JOHN BOYD

"Mais, c'est une revolte" (why, it is a revolt), said the luckless Louis to the Duke de Liancourt, who brought him news of the people's rising.

"Sire," answered Liancourt, "it is not a revolt; it is a revolution."

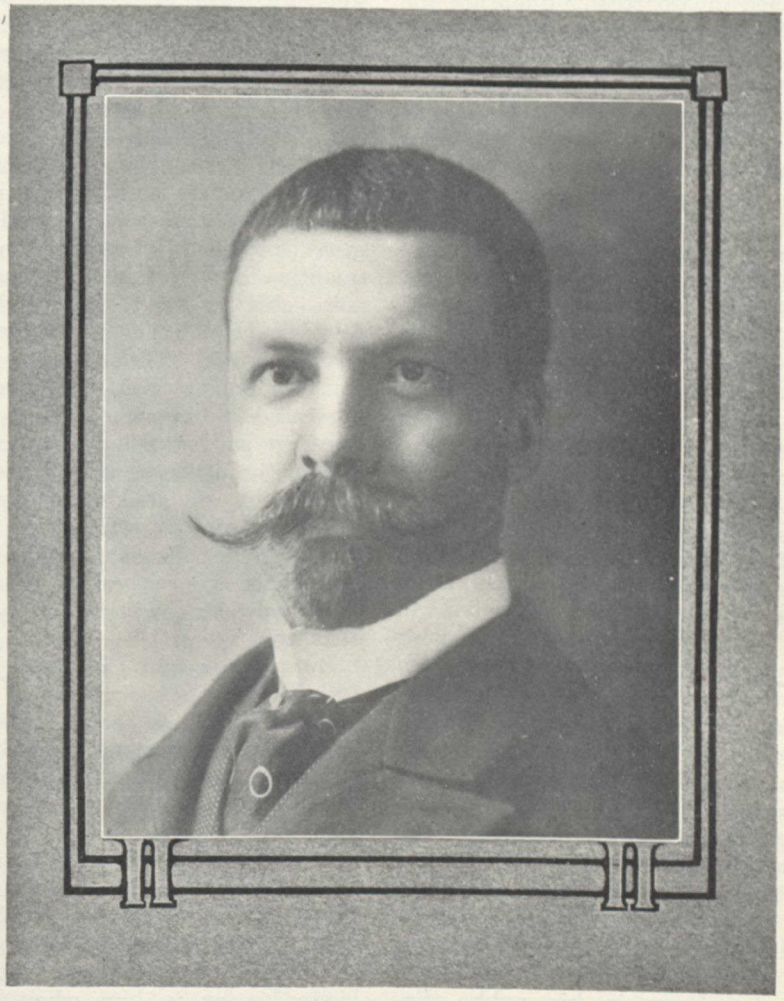
And when the result of the Drummond and Arthabaska election was announced there were many persons old in the political game who were inclined to exclaim, "It is not a revolt; it is a revolution."

The significance of the election, in which a usual Government majority of 1,200 was turned into an opposition majority of over 200, cannot be ignored. Let it be remembered that in the general election of 1896 the Liberal party carried forty-eight out of the sixty-five seats of the Province of Quebec; in 1900 the Laurier Government carried fifty-eight seats, in 1904, fifty-four seats; and after the last general election in 1908 fifty-three of the Quebec seats were found to be in the Liberal column. The Government's majority in the present Parliament is around fifty. Presuming that there would be little change in the representation from the other provinces, it would require a turnover of from twenty-five to thirty seats in the Province of Quebec to bring about an entire change in the alignment of political parties. There are those claiming to be good judges of political prospects who maintain that in the event of a general election with the Navy question as the paramount issue there would assuredly be a marked change in the political map, especially as regards Quebec. Be that as it may, the situation is such as to be of more than passing interest.

There were doubtless several contributory causes leading to the defeat of the Government candidate in Drummond and Arthabaska, but undoubtedly the main factor was the campaign conducted by Mr. Henri Bourassa and his lieutenants in the Nationalist movement, with the active co-operation and support of Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., and other French-Canadian Conservatives.

It is not my intention to discuss in this article the merits of the Navy question or to deal with events from any party viewpoint. My object is to explain from the utterances of its responsible and accredited representatives what the Nationalist movement means and to give a pen picture of its leader and of some of those most conspicuously identified with the movement.

And first as to its leader. The question was recently put to me by a friend from Ontario—a man of prominence and influence: "What kind of a man is Bourassa and what does he really stand for?" Let me now try to answer that question as fully as will be possible within the limited space of a magazine article. The main facts of Mr. Bourassa's public career are tolerably well known to all Canadians. Born in Montreal in 1868, the son of Napoleon Bourassa, an eminent French-Canadian author and painter, who married a daughter of Louis Joseph Papineau, the great



MR. HENRI BOURASSA, LEADER OF THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

French-Canadian statesman and tribune. Henri Bourassa was educated by private tuition in his native city. In 1886 he removed to Montebello, so long the home of his distinguished grandfather. Mr. Bourassa was Mayor of Montebello from 1890 to 1894 and in 1897 was elected Mayor of Papineauville. At the general election of 1896 he was elected as a Liberal to represent Labelle in the House of Commons, but resigned his seat in 1899 in order to vindicate the position he had taken on the constitutional aspect of the participation of Canada in the South African war. He was re-elected by acclamation and was again returned at the general elections of 1900 and 1904. He subsequently left the Federal arena to enter Quebec politics, and in the provincial general election of 1908 he was returned both by St. James (Montreal) and St. Hyacinthe, defeating in the former division, after a memorable contest, the Prime Minister of the Province, Sir Lomer Gouin. He decided to sit for St. Hyacinthe, is still a nember of the Legisature, and is also the director and editor of *Le Devoir* newspaper

published in Montreal. Such are the bald facts of Mr. Bourassa's career. They convey no idea of the man's personality, and it is in his unique personality that much of Mr. Bourassa's potency lies.

What kind of man is he? Picture to yourself a man of forty-two years, in the full vigour of life, of medium height, compact in build, alert and energetic in his movements; of dark complexion, with a short pointed beard, his shapely head crowned by closely-cropped hair sprinkled with gray, and looking upon you from two piercing eyes that reflect a keen and subtle intellect, and you have Henri Bourassa the man. His whole make-up is one of vitality and power. In conversation he is quick and animated, speaking English and French with equal fluency. Frequently in the course of conversation, a smile will light up his countenance, indicating that subtle attribute that may best be designated as charm. For Mr. Bourassa is a charming man, with a great deal of the idealist about him. He is also a man of wide reading and deep study, in fact, there are not many men who are better informed in the various aspects of British life and history than the man whom many are fond of denouncing as anti-British. His deep knowledge of parliamentary and constitutional principles is not only shown in his public discourses, but it is apparent even in the most cursory conversation. Mr. Bourassa is no stranger in the sister provinces, he has been heard at Toronto, he has spoken at Halifax and St. John and at other points in the Maritime Provinces, and he has everywhere met with a most cordial reception.

Striking as is Mr. Bourassa's personality and charming as he is as a conversationalist, it is upon the hustings that his power is supreme. The Nationalist leader is essentially an orator—a great popular tribune. It has been my privilege frequently during the past quarter of a century to be upon the same platform and to listen to the greatest French-Canadian orators of that period, men who rank with the greatest orators that the French-Canadian race has produced—Chapleau, Mercier, Laurier, and last, but certainly not least, Bourassa. Chapleau and Mercier in their prime were men of powerful build, great physical force and magnetic qualities, and by their eloquence they were able to sway vast multitudes. Laurier, though never a strong man physically and inferior in this respect to his great rivals in eloquence, possessed in his prime the art of captivating and swaying an audience, and his influence as an orator was increased by his striking personal appearance—almost æsthetic as it was. The passage of years, while it has diminished his vigour as a speaker, has made his appearance the more striking.

But great as were Chapleau, Mercier and Laurier in their days of power, not one of them could electrify a popular gathering as Mr. Bourassa can. Not only does he appear to be himself transformed, but it seems as if his eloquence hypnotises the whole assemblage. I have stood beside him on many notable occasions and have watched him closely and witnessed the evidence of his unique power. I heard him in the St. James campaign; I stood near to him when he was addressing ten thousand people gathered on the Place d'Armes to commemorate Dollard's heroic exploit; I listened to him as he spoke in Notre Dame Church during the Eucharistic congress; I was in the audience when he addressed twenty thousand people on the Champ de Mars, protesting against insults to the Christian faith; and I was on the platform when following the Drummond and Arthabaska election he received a great ovation from ten thousand of his countrymen gathered in the Ontario rink in Montreal. On all those occasions his power as an orator was conspicuous.

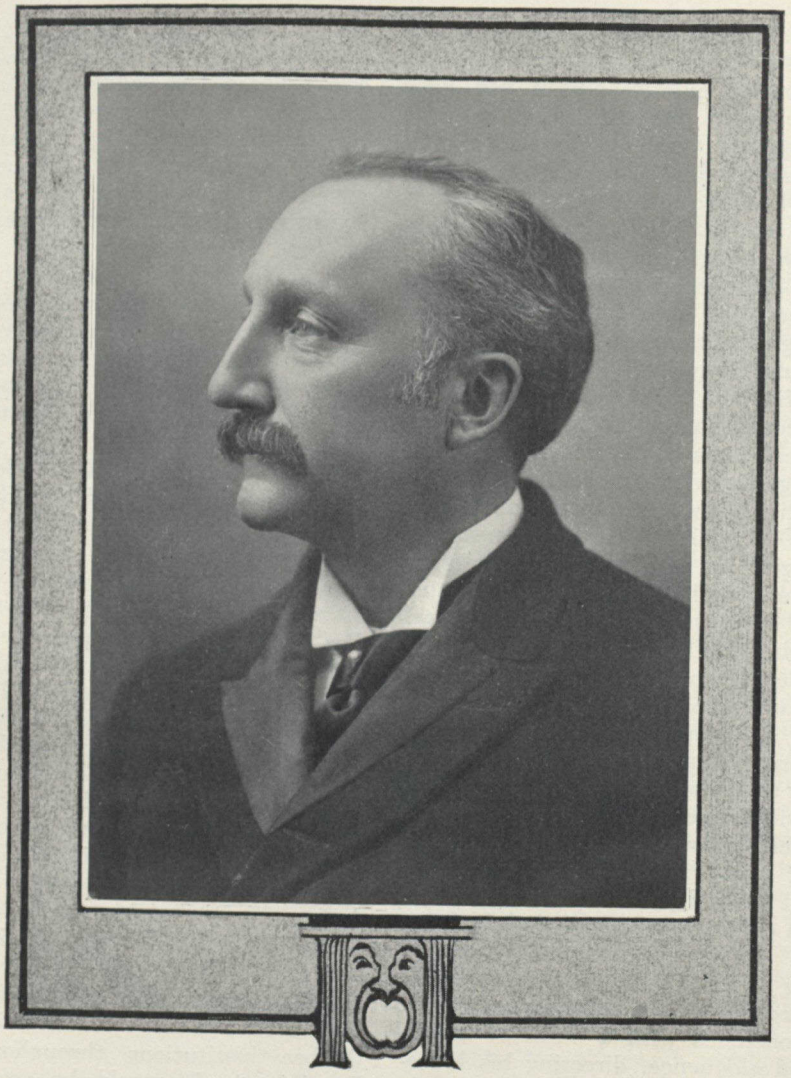
Mr. Bourassa has his peculiarities as a speaker, as all great orators have. He begins quietly, and if you have never heard him before you may be disappointed at the outset and wonder if this is indeed the great orator you have heard so much about. But wait. It is not long before you are listening with interest, the spell of his voice has begun to work, and as he proceeds a wonderful change is wrought. Stronger and more resonant becomes his voice till it reaches out to the furthest limits of the audience, his countenance, in fact, his whole figure, seems to become transformed. His gestures are more frequent and effective, his utterances more and more forcible. He is constantly changing his postion on the platform. One minute he directly faces his audience from the centre of the stand, addressing his hearers quietly without the least motion, anon he raises his arm and emphasises a particular point with a dramatic gesture, frequently striking his breast; at times, as if exalted by his subject and the occassion, he will launch into a torrent of eloquence that will rouse the audience to fever heat. Some of his most eloquent periods are delivered as he leans over the railing of the platform, fixed and motionless, till suddenly rising to his full height and seeming to become taller than he really is, he concludes with a burst of impassioned eloquence, directing his invective against his opponents, his words falling like hammer strokes. And as the orator's mood varies, so does that of the audience. At times a deep silence will prevail, then there will be marks of approval and finally an outburst of wild cheering and enthusiastic gesticulation.

Such is Henri Bourassa the orator. And let it be said, in common fairness, that frequently as I have heard him, I have never heard him indulge in anti-British utterances. During the memorable campaign in St. James I heard him deliver a splendid eulogy of the British flag and the protection enjoyed by all races beneath its folds, and I heard him, addressing a great gathering of his countrymen, make this emphatic declaration: "I am loyal to the traditions of the race from which I have sprung, but I am also loyal to the British flag, which we all love and admire."

It is not only as a speaker that Mr. Bourassa shines. He can also—what is not usual with great public speakers—wield a trenchant pen, as the frequent articles which he contributes to *Le Devoir* under his own signature attest.

I have touched on Henri Bourassa the man, the orator, the writer, and now, what does he stand for?

When we come to consider this question there is a mass of misrepresentation that must be swept away. For instance, I saw it recently stated that the Bourassa movement, as it was called, is a clerical and racial campaign to extend the French language and Quebec institutions throughout Canada. Such a statement is palpably absurd. Mr. Bourassa, it is true, is a fervent Roman Catholic, attached to his faith and his language and a zealous champion of what he deems are the rights of his people when be believes the occassion demands it. But what of that? Are we therefore to infer that his object is to extend the French language and Quebec institutions throughout the Dominion? It would be as logical to say that beaause Sir James Whitney is an Anglican and a champion of the rights of Ontario his object is to extend his faith and the institutions of Ontario throughout the rest of Canada, including Quebec. Such statements as the one alluded to are on a par with a great deal that is written about the Province of Quebec. The habitants of Quebec are not the ignorant, backward and priest-ridden people that too many in the sister provinces are lead to believe. They are a generous, honest, simple-living



MR. F D. MONK, M.P., WHO JOINED MR. BOURASSA IN OPPOSING THE GOVERNMENT'S NAVY POLICY.

hospitable, freedom-loving people, with a keen interest in public affairs, desiring to have their rights and feelings respected, but at the same time respecting the rights and feelings of others.

Let those who think that they can give pointers to the people of Quebec when it comes to the discussion of public affairs attend a political meeting in that Province, and they will be quickly disillusionised. What is wanted in Canada is more of the spirit shown by the president of the Literary and Scientific Society of Toronto University, when in introducing Armand Lavergne to a Toronto audience he said: "We are British as you are British and we glory in the right of free speech accorded to all British subjects."

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Bourassa's views, there is one inestimable service that he has rendered

He has stood for freedom of speech and independence of thought. Political parties are a necessity, but when party loyalty degenerates into abject servility the interests of the people are apt to suffer. Had Mr. Bourassa been content to be a mere party slave he might have enjoyed the sweets of office. As it was he preferred principle to party and independence of thought and action to the holding of office, and public life has been the gainer. Let that be remembered to his credit. Everybody is at liberty to differ from Mr. Bourassa, but his views are at least entitled to be fairly presented. Let Mr. Bourassa himself explain what he aims at.

It was recently my privilege to have a personal talk with the Nationalist leader, during the course of which he fully and frankly discussed the movement with which he is identified. It was while he was reviewing the situation that I put to him the straight question: "What is the object of the Nationalist movement?" His reply was equally pointed and unequivocal. "The Nationalist movement," he said (I quote his words in substance), "is what I may call the search for a common ground for all Canadians and that common ground, I believe, can be found only in looking to the development of all our Canadian forces, mental, moral and mateial. You cannot, for instance, get all Canadians to agree in their views as regards Great Britain, but you may get all Canadians to agree on the building up of Canada and the creation of a truly national sentiment throughout the Dominion. And by devoting all our energies to the development of Canada we will, I hold, most effectively help to strengthen the Empire. Such a common ground as I speak of cannot, however, be found unless the English-speaking majority take into account the feelings of the minority just as the majority in Quebec respects the rights and feelings of the minority. There must be give and take on both sides. There is nothing of a racial, religious or sectional character in the movement, as has been falsely represented; it is an appeal to all Canadians of good-will, whether they be French-speaking or English-speaking, to unite for the welfare of their common country. The movement is essentially Canadian. We want to put the issue perfectly straight, the largest measure of autonomy for Canada compatible with the maintenance of British connection."

"Then you do not appeal simply to the Province of Quebec, but to the whole Dominion?"

"To the whole Dominion, naturally," quickly responded Mr. Bourassa. "The campaign has been begun in the Province of Quebec, because it is here that the forces we oppose have been concentrated. We are appealing to Quebec to break the yoke and to regard principles rather than attachment to any man. But our campaign will not stop there, and it will be carried into the sister Provinces and the issue Imperialism or Autonomy will be clearly defined and fought out. And from what I hear and read I am convinced that there are thousands of English-speaking Canadians who think as I do on this issue. Our appeal to the Dominion, of course, implies respect for the rights of the various elements that compose the Dominion. The principle of Confederation involves respect everywhere for the rights and liberties of minorities, just the same as the rights and liberties of the minority are respected in the Province of Quebec. In order that the spirit of Confederation shall be lived up to, it is in fact absolutely essential that the rights of minorities everywhere shall be respected."

"And what is your attitude in regard to Great Britain and so-called Imperialism?"

"We claim," answered the Nationalist leader, "that the best service we can render to great Britain and the Empire at large is to look after our

own country, to follow, in fact, the policy that was advocated by Sir Charles Tupper in 1893. If every part of the Empire does the same the Empire at large will be far stronger and more united for peace or for war than by trying to bring all parts to one standard of government and defence. We hold that what we advocate will strengthen rather than weaken the solidarity of the Empire. In fact, I consider it the worst possible thing, both for Canada and the Empire, to foster a false Imperialism, which must eventually result in grave perils and trouble. Let us before all, and above all, be Canadians; let us English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians unite our forces, let us develop our resources, let us build up a great country in which the rights of all shall be respected, let us carefully guard our autonomy, and we shall be rendering the best service, not only to Canada but to the whole Empire. That is the aim of the Nationalist movement."

Having heard what Mr. Bourassa has to say, let us turn now to another quarter. I take up a pamphlet issued some time ago by Mr. Olivar Asselin. It is entitled "A Quebec View of Canadian Nationalism: An Essay by a dyed-in-the-wool French-Canadian on the best means of ensuring the greatness of the Canadian Fatherland." It is dedicated to "the great English race." Mr. Asselin has played a conspicuous part in the Nationalist movement, and he has shown the courage of his convictions. And here a personal reference may be pardoned. In the copy of the pamphlet which Mr. Asselin was good enough to present to me he inscribed these words: "From a fair-minded man to a fair-minded man." He could have paid me no higher tribute or one that I would value or appreciate more. Fairness, respect for the views of others, even when we are not able to agree with them, not narrowness, illiberality and misrepresentation, are requisite if we are to serve the interests of our common country. Let us respect the feelings of everybody, and let the views of all be heard. What has Mr. Asselin to say? His essay, which fills sixty-one pages of a good-sized pamphlet, is a most illuminating review of the whole subject, and it would be a good thing if it could be read by all Canadians and especially by those who are wont to grossly misrepresent the French-Canadians and to advocate that the Province of Quebec shall be ostracised simply because some of its public men take a certain view of a great question. Space will only permit me to quote the summary with which Mr. Asselin has prefaced his work, but that will suffice for my purpose. Here it is:

Nationalism as advocated by the recognised leaders of the Nationlist movement in Quebec aims at the upbuilding of a Canadian nation on the four following principles:—

1. In Canada's relations with the mother country the greatest measure of autonomy consistent with the maintenance of the colonial bond.
2. In Canada's internal relations the safeguarding of provincial autonomy on the one hand and the constitutional rights of minorities on the other hand.
3. The settlement of the country with a sole view to the strengthening of Canadian nationhood.
4. The adoption by both the Federal and Provincial Governments of provident, economic and social laws, that the natural resources of the country may be a source of social contentment and political strength.

The reader may form his own judgment of this programme.

One of the main factors in the strength of the Nationalist movement is the adherence of the younger element. Mr. Bourassa has as his lieutenants and fellow-workers a band of devoted enthusiasts. There is Armand Lavergne, for instance, the Rupert of the movement, amiable, witty, *débonnaire*, concealing beneath a modest demeanour an ability that will carry him far. Armand Lavergne has been heard at Toronto, where he succinctly defined the

Nationalist creed as Canadian autonomy and British connection. Lavergne is one of the most effective campaign speakers in Quebec. He has a manner that captivates an audience and a keen sense of humour. Not only can he crack a joke, but he can enjoy one even when it is at his own expense. An instance in point: It was during the campaign in Drummond and Arthabaska. Mr. Lavergne was addressing a great meeting of the electors at what is known in the Province of Quebec as "*une assemblée contradictoire*," when both sides are heard, and was poking fun at one of the opposing orators who carried a large satchel filled with formidable looking documents. Mr. Lavergne, as is known, is the author of the law compelling transportation companies to print their tickets in both French and English. Beginning his address he said, "*Vous venez d'entendre le 'satchel' de M.* ———" (You have just heard the satchel of M——.") Instantly the crowd, with a keen sense of humour, seizing upon the English word, cried, "*Parlez francais*" (speak French). There were roars of laughter in which Mr. Lavergne heartily joined, though the joke was at his expense. The hardest workers for the Nationalist cause, such men as Olivar Asselin, Omer Heroux, Tancrede Mansil, to mention only a few, are all charged with the spirit of enthusiasm. As I surveyed the great gathering at the Ontario rink, I could not help thinking that history was repeating itself. I recalled the time when, prior to the general election of 1896, I attended one of the closing meetings of the campaign held at Lachine and heard the Liberal leader prophesy that his party would sweep the country. I recalled, too, the great meeting held on the Champ de Mars in Montreal following the Liberal victory of 1896, when I stood on the platform beside Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Tarte and witnessed the great popular ovation of which they were the recipients. It was a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The young men, the enthusiasts, those who work and struggle for a cause simply because they believe in it, surrounded the leaders. To-day Mr. Bourassa has the youth and enthusiasm on his side.

Let us now consider very briefly the attitude of Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., and of those Fsench-Canadian Conservatives who think as he does on the navy question. Mr. Monk, as is known, joined forces with Mr. Bourassa and the Nationalists in the Drummond and Arthabaska campaign. He was on the platform with the Nationalist leader at the great Ontario rink meeting following the victory, and he received equally enthusiastic plaudits from the immense gathering. He was hailed by Mr. Bourassa on that occasion as the leader in the movement for the support of national autonomy. As a public speaker, Mr. Monk furnishes a rather striking contrast to Mr. Bourassa. He has less of the Gallic fire and more of the Saxon composure. But he is a forceful and convincing speaker who thoroughly weighs what he has to say and says it with clearness and precision. A commanding presence increases his power over an audience. I have more than once discussed the naval question with Mr. Monk, and there is no ambiguity about his views. He has been charged with disloyalty, has even been branded as a traitor to his country and his party, but he has never swerved in his course. People are at liberty to differ from him, but he can at least claim that he has been consistent in the course he has followed.

Mr. Monk's contentions are, briefly:

1. That the navy policy of the Government, the decisions of the Imperial Conference of 1902, the change in our relations with the Empire have intentionally been removed from all expression of popular opinion and the freedom of that expression denied by the Government, though it was claimed by petition from many thousands of electors from every part of Canada.

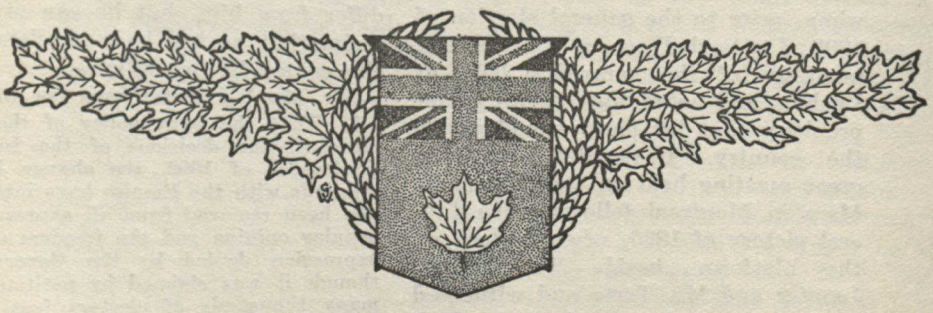
2. That the construction of the fleet proposed by the Government is to be condemned as involving a useless and ill-considered expenditure not calculated to help the Empire and violating the principle of representation, while placing upon the Canadian people responsibilities which it was eminently unfair to ask of them to assume under such intolerable conditions.

3. That the enormous sums urgently needed at once for necessary works of development in Canada, such as canals, railways, and other aids to transportation must tax to the very utmost our available resources and credit and that the expenditure absolutely required for the navy could not now be undertaken.

The result in Drummond and Arthabaska, Mr. Monk holds, is a vindication of his attitude, and he further maintains that the appeal that was there made was one that could properly be urged before the electors of any consistuency in Canada. Nor is Mr. Monk alone among French-Canadian Conservatives in the attitude he has taken. Mr. Rodolphe Forget, M.P. for Charlevoix, who occupies a foremost position in the Canadian financial world, openly expressed the view that if there was an election in Quebec the result in every constituency would be the same and that those who said that Mr. Monk was not well advised on the navy question did not understand the feeling of the people of Quebec. Mr. Thomas Chase Casgrain, a former Attorney-General of the Province and member of Parliament, declared that what had taken place in Drummond and Arthabaska would take place at the present time in any ordinary constituency of Quebec. Other leading Quebec Conservatives have expressed similar views, so that Mr. Monk is not without strong supporters and adherents.

The views of the Nationalists have been given, the attitude of Mr. Monk and his adherents has been explained, and now—what of the future? Mr. Bourassa declares that the fight has but begun and that the campaign will be carried through the English-speaking provinces. "And let neither Conservatives nor Liberals be deceived," he says. "The fight of to-morrow, which has been preparing for the past ten years, will not be fought between two armies morally decimated and whose battle-flags cover no longer an idea or a principle. The battle will be fought out between Imperialists and Autonomists. The question will be presented fairly and squarely, and the Canadian people will choose between the two principles. And, whatever may be the issue, there will be no civil war as timid people fear. The minority will accept loyally the decision of the majority, reserving, of course, the right which is essentially British to use every effort to bring the majority to think as they do."

If Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk, acting in concert, should in the event of a general election carry a majority of the Quebec seats, what would be the result? Would it mean that they would hold the balance of power? Would it result in a coalition? These are questions that time alone can decide. But one thing is reasonably certain, that if the campaign that Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk have begun in Quebec is successful, they will have to be reckoned with.



BLUE PETE

THE SENTIMENTAL HALF-BREED

BY W. LACEY AMY

NOT a rancher in the Cypress Hills district, but would have thought himself lucky could he have induced Blue Pete, the ugly, cross-eyed half-breed, to join any of his outfits permanently. All kinds of offers had been made to persuade him to settle down, for his dexterity with the rope and branding iron was unrivalled; but the tramp cow-boy preferred to move from outfit to outfit, giving everyone his services for a week or two at a time and picking up by this means a fund of information and knowledge of the country and the ways of the ranchers.

For two years every ranch house in the district was open to him. True it was suspected that the half-breed was doing a little rustling on the side, but this earned him no ill-will from the ranchers, as few of them had a scrupulous regard for the parentage of unbranded colt or calf.

Then, one day Blue Pete and his little yellow-blotched, scrubby-tailed pinto, "Whiskers," that had carried him to victory in all the roping contests, found themselves unwelcome visitors. The word had gone around that the half-breed was in the pay of the Northwest Mounted Police, and it did not take long to confirm the suspicion.

From the first day he had appeared in the country, whence no one knew, the excitement and danger of the detective's life had turned him from the cow-puncher's life, with which he seemed most familiar.

For two years he had been able to keep secret his connection with the police, but when the suspicion was aroused, the information he had acquired in his wandering life hung over the head of every rancher with whom he had worked. They did not know that in all his dealings with the police Blue Pete's information had been only to prevent rustling or lead to the return of the stolen cattle or horses, and never to apprehend the rustler.

But when the half-breed was driven from his cow-boy life, and complaints of stolen horses kept multiplying, Inspector Parker issued instructions from his quarters in Medicine Hat that the rustlers as well as the stolen bunches were to be taken.

One clear morning in June the loss of eighteen horses from the Seven Bar Y ranch was reported, and Blue Pete was dispatched with Corporal Mahon, a new member of the local force, to round up rustlers and horses.

The half-breed soon picked up the trail, and after a close examination of the tracks of the outriders started in pursuit, the wrinkles on his forehead showing that something he had discovered disturbed him.

The trail led straight towards the Cypress Hills, an odd tract of wildly-wooded hills and valleys, one hundred miles long by ten wide, rising abruptly from the prairie. Lying a dozen miles to the south of where the trail started, the Hills run parallel to the Montana border and are separated from it by a strip of rolling prairie eight or ten miles wide.

Half-way to the Hills Blue Pete left the trail and entered a coulee, following the depression for the remainder

of the distance. As the trees of the Hills loomed up in front, the riders dismounted to snatch a hurried lunch before the harder tracking ahead of them. Mahon drew a letter from his pocket, and propping it against a stone, read while he ate.

The half-breed watched curiously.

"What's that?" he asked bluntly.

"Letter from my mother," answered the corporal without moving his eyes.

The half-breed stopped his hand half-way to his mouth. "Got a mother?" he demanded almost fiercely.

Mahon looked up in surprise. "Sure I have, the best ever—and I guess she thinks I'm about *it*, too," he added, looking dreamily towards the trees, a youthful smile playing around his lips —the smile that had already won him the name of "Boy," among his companions.

"Shouldn't be in the p'lice," growled the half-breed. "Men with mothers ain't got no right to risk it."

Mahon did not answer. He was thinking of the dear, old, white-haired mother who had been able to give him little but her blessing when he left his home in England to seek his fortune in the Canadian West. The glamour of the red-coat's life had caught him before he had considered any other career.

The half-breed reached across and touched the bit of white paper reverently.

"Mind—mind readin' me somethin' of it?" he stammered. "Never got a letter myself. Like to hear what it's like. Never had a mother either, 't I know of."

Mahon carefully concealed his surprise. "Why, certainly, Pete," he answered.

" 'My dear Boy,' " he began.

"Huh! Called yuh 'Boy,' too, did she?" interrupted his listener. "Boy —Boy!" he repeated, as if the name had acquired a new significance.

"My dear Boy: I was so glad to get your letter only two days late. I always worry so when they are delayed. Of course, I know you cannot write on the same day of every week; but I live so for your letters that if they are a day late I am fretting. If they should cease to come, if anything should happen to you away out there"—

"Guess—guess that'll do," broke in the half-breed, rising suddenly and tightening the cinches on his saddle. "Got to move on now. Mustn't let 'em get out o' the Hills 'head of us."

For hours they led their horses through the wildest country Mahon had ever seen—almost impassable forest and hill, winding through brush, down steep ravines, around miniature lakes, over piles of rock and fallen trees. Blue Pete silently led the way, a frown across his face.

As they were mounting a ridge, the half-breed suddenly stopped and listened a moment. Then, beckoning Mahon to follow he turned on his tracks and hastily led his horse through the trees for a few minutes, until in a dense clump he left the policeman and glided away.

Minutes passed, a half-hour, an hour. A distant rifle shot brought Mahon to a consciousness of the growing darkness. A darker shadow moved into the clump and the "s-s-s" of the half-breed warned him not to shoot.

Quietly Blue Pete led along a ridge, and beside a small lake prepared to spend the night.

Not a word had been said in explanation of the sudden flight or the rifle shot. At last the half-breed spoke.

"Nearly hed yuh," he said. "Hed to lead 'em away, or yer mother wouldn't have got her nex' letter. Can't fight 'em in the woods."

Mahon lay back dreaming. In a few hours he had come from the treeless prairie, all sun and barrenness, into another world of shadows and trees and life. The weird calls of the night denizens of the Hills made his blood tingle. Across the lake two owls hooted to each other, a flock of

geese honked overhead, a fish leaped in the lake.

Blue Pete spoke again. "Can't get lost in these hills; jest keep on north or south 'n yuh'll reach prairie." Straight back is the nearest way out."

"Guess there's not much danger of getting lost with you, Pete."

"Mebbe, mebbe. Can't tell what might happen me, though. Keep yer head 'n you'll be all right. Mother mustn't miss her letter."

Mahon took the first watch, and at one o'clock wakened the half-breed and fell asleep almost instantly, scarcely hearing his companion's, "Don't forget, straight back's the nearest way out."

The policeman awoke the next morning with a feeling of loneliness. Broad daylight glared over the lake and softened into the woods beyond. Close at hand his horse was greedily cropping the long grass, and across the lake two deer were nibbling at the young trees and glancing inquiringly over at his horse between mouthfuls.

But Blue Pete and Whiskers had disappeared; and the half-breed's lunch parcel tied to the saddle told him that he would not return. Why he had left him he could not determine, but he knew that if he found the horses he would find the half-breed. In the meantime he would trust him.

It was no use to attempt tracking—his experience in the woods was too limited for that. But Blue Pete had said that straight back was the nearest way out. It was one of the dull days in the Western rainy season, and there was no sun to guide.

About four in the afternoon the prairie opened before him after the hardest travelling he had ever experienced. Fortunately he could see Windy Coulee about four miles to the west, which Blue Pete had pointed out as the probable entrance point of the rustlers to the Hills, and in a short time he had turned in on the trail.

For a few yards he could see the tracks of the horses, but hard ground covered all traces as he advanced. Following a clearer space among the trees, he was drifting helplessly along when he was brought up with a jerk by the sound of two rifle shots in rapid succession.

Twilight was settling down in the forest. He urged his horse forward. A volley of revolver shots showed that the battle was at close quarters and just over the ridge.

Slipping from his saddle he hastily climbed upward. On the ridge his heart stood still. There lay Whiskers, the half-breed's friend, the yellow-blotched pinto, dead. Then he noticed what was of more serious import; beside the pinto was the half-breed's rifle, and peeping from the holster was the butt of his big revolver.

Blue Pete was surrounded by enemies, and without a gun. Was he still alive?

A welcome voice came from the other side of the ridge.

"Come out, come out! Gol dang yuh! Come into the open, just onct." Then in an entreating voice: "Won't please, someone jest show me the tip of yer ear."

A shot flashed from the darkness of the ravine, and Mahon, lying flat on the ground and peering down, noted whence it came. Sliding his rifle forward he fired towards the flash.

There was a moment's silence. Then five spots of light leaped at him from the darkness. He ducked, but two holes in his Stetson showed how close his escape had been. A scurry in the ravine, and Blue Pete shouted to him to "scoot."

Leaping on his horse he ploughed up the bank, passing the half-breed, who had already uncoiled his rope from the saddle of the dead pinto and was shouting something at him. His horse gave a few bounds forward, then stopped suddenly, almost throwing the policeman over his head. A small, gray rope had settled over his shoulders, and it knew the lassoo too well to rush to a fall.

"What 'n hell are you doing, Pete?" yelled the angry policeman, reaching for his knife.

"Cut it 'n I'll drop yer horse," answered the half-breed quietly. "Yuh dang fool! Yuh ain't got no show with them five coyotes. Want yer mother to get her nex' letter?"

Mahon saw the point and turned reluctantly back.

Blue Pete was standing looking down at the dead pinto. He had forgotten everything else.

"Poor Whiskers!" he said in a voice new to the corporal. "Dan got yuh for keeps that time. . . Yer ragged little tail won't whistle behind me in the wind any more. . . . Won't be together any more at all, will we, ol' gal?"

He straightened up. "Dan, yuh low-down cuss!" he said in a voice of restrained passion. "Yuh won't outlive her long, or my eye ain't straight."

He knelt and stroked the bony nose. "Yuh fell bad, ol' gal, 'n I couldn't get my rifle clear But yuh threw me clear o' the second shot, even if yuh had a bullet in yer heart. . . . Guess yuh won't feel the wolves to-night . . . Like to give you a decent burial, but yuh'll know I'm after Slippery Dan. . . . S' long, ol' gal. . . . s' long."

He rose and, without looking at his companion, struck off into the woods. After a short walk he suddenly disappeared from view, and Mahon, rounding a rock, saw him push his way through some dense foliage and a moment later a light spattered through. Mahon followed with his horse and found himself in a large cave. The half-breed had lit a candle from a hidden store and was sitting on a box, his head in his hands.

Mahon could stand the silence no longer.

"How did they get you, Pete?" he asked.

Blue Pete looked vacantly at him a moment. Then intelligence came into his eyes. "Ambushed me, damn 'em! Goin' to look fer you. Might a got lost, 'thout the sun. Wasn't thinkin' o' them at all, but of you—of something else. Guess yuh fitted in there all right, Boy."

"But why did you leave me last night, Pete?"

The half-breed frowned, looked confused, and, with a shrug of his huge shoulders, answered: "Yer mother, Boy, yer mother. Durn it! This ain't no game for boys with mothers. Kind o' reckoned yer mother'd want that nex' letter. . . .'n the next. . . . 'n the next."

Mahon listened in surprise. Then he reached inside his coat and drew out the letter.

"Would you like to hear the rest now," he asked gently.

Blue Pete stopped his hand, while his eyes sought the letter longingly. "No, no," he answered. "Reckon I got to get yuh through this first. . . . I'm goin' to get another horse. Goin' over to the Post. Back 'fore morning."

He glided into the darkness. A wolf howled, and the foliage parted again.

"Don't be feared," the half-breed said, "'f yuh hear shootin' over there. They've found the ol' gal."

Mahon blew out the candle and as the moonlight flickered through the leafy covering at the mouth of the cave he heard the weird howl of one, then of another wolf. As he listened two rifle shots came close together. A short yelp after each and all was silence. "Poor old Whiskers hasn't died alone," he muttered.

In the early dawn the half-breed returned with two horses, and after a bite, the chase was resumed, Blue Pete leading the extra horse. He seemed to know where to pick up the trail of the stolen horses, for in a short time they were almost clear of the trees and hot on the track.

Faster they rode, and, as they topped a roll on the prairie, a big white horse plunged up a slope far ahead, and behind it followed a bunch of horses and seven riders. The pursuers

were seen at the same time. One of the rustlers detached himself from the rest and waited, rifle ready. With cool deliberation, he fired. The bullet fell short.

"Must be losin' his nerve. Got to get that 'un, though, or he'll get us," said Blue Pete, looking to Mahon for instructions. The latter considered a moment. Another shot struck the ground close beside his horse.

"All right, Pete," he assented, "wing him."

Blue Pete wheeled to the left where the rustler had disappeared in a coulee. His rifle spoke, and in a few minutes he was back at Mahon's side, and took the extra horse.

"Scare him off?" asked the policeman.

"Y—yes."

Mahon looked suddenly at him.

The half-breed nodded. "Slippery Dan," he said laconically; and Mahon knew the rest.

Ahead of them the rustlers were urging the bunch of horses towards a line of wooded hills that marked the border of Montana and safety. All the horsemen veered off and left two men alone, whose superb horsemanship seemed to bespeak successful escape.

Blue Pete raised his rifle and a bullet hissed through the gloom. The white leader leaped into the air and fell. The remainder of the bunch broke wildly away.

"Now I want those men—but alive." The corporal added the last words hastily.

"Can't get 'em," answered the half-breed, swerving to head off the scattering horses.

"I will get them," Mahon hissed.

"Two good men gone," muttered the half-breed as he drew away.

Taking careful aim the policeman fired. The leading horse fell. The other, following closely, attempted to turn aside too quickly, stumbled and fell, picked itself up riderless, limped a few steps and stood still, one leg hanging limp. The unseated rustler sent a bullet into its head, and from behind the two horses the rustlers covered the oncoming policeman. A puff from the nearest horse and Mahon had to throw himself free of his falling horse.

Only a hundred yards lay between him and the rustlers. Without a moment's hesitation he advanced—not hastily, but deliberately. Two rifles covered him.

"You'll save a lot of trouble if you surrender quietly," he shouted advancing with his rifle in the hollow of his arm.

"You'll save more trouble if you stop where you are," a voice answered.

Mahon walked on. A Mounted Policeman never hesitates.

"You fool!" continued the voice excitedly. "You can't take us. We'll fill you full of lead if you come five yards further."

Mahon kept on. But sixty yards intervened.

"Can you shoot him, Jim?" came to the astonished ears of the corporal.

"Can't do it, Joe," answered another voice. "I guess it's all up with us this time. Sorry, Joe. This was my fault. Too big a coup to pull off. I'm not going to be taken. Good-bye, Joe!"

"What! Wait a minute, Jim!"

A figure darted from the nearest horse and sank behind the other. Two revolver shots rang out almost as one. Mahon stopped, dazed that he had escaped. Then he rushed forward.

The sun struggled through a rift in the low west and shone upon the upturned faces of the two rustlers—dead.

There they lay, their left hands clasped, revolvers still smoking, a small hole in each forehead. Only one looked up and smiled feebly. Mahon covered his face with his hands and sat down limply on the dead horse. The rustlers were brothers, big ranchers whom he had often met at their ranch north of the Hills—well educated, kindly, proud, humane, so humane that they had spared his life and tak-

en their own, so proud that they preferred death to disgrace.

Something touched him. He looked up to see Blue Pete standing beside him, cap in hand. The stolen horses were loping back towards the Hills, led by the extra horse Pete had brought.

"Knew—knew yuh wouldn't get 'em." The half-breed's voice was low and tender. "Poor Jim! Poor Joe! Knew it was you. Didn't want to be in at the death."

As they were riding back towards the Hills, the half-breed broke a long silence.

"Guess—guess I can have the rest o' yer mother's letter now, can't I, Boy? Yuh left off where she said 'if anythin' should happen yuh away out there'—start there."

Mahon read the letter through.

"Read it again."

Mahon did so.

" 'Spose yuh'll be writin' home again soon, won't yuh, Boy? Well, tell yer mother Blue Pete's lookin' after yuh."

JANUARY

By DONALD A. FRASER

A LAUGHING maiden, January stands,
Bedecked in all her snowy mantle fair;
The sunlight glints upon her golden hair,
And sleeping branches fill her warm-gloved hands.
The green pines bend to her their quiv'ring wands,
The twitt'ring birds give forth their welcome rare,
The fleecy clouds smile through the crystal air,
And Earth rejoices as she greets the lands.
She comes to tomb the faded and the sere,
To rest tired Nature after all her throes,
To cover up the blights of yesteryear,
To heal Earth's sickness and relieve her woes.
Thus January brings the world goid cheer,
And opes the door to greet the glad New Year.

JOSIANA HANDSATCHEL

BY AGNES FAULKNER NELSON

RUSSEL Craig rolled over in the long grass. It was the recess-hour, and two children had strayed from the schoolyard into the field that ran alongside the river. In another moment they would discover him—and run, perhaps, taking him for a tramp. But in that he misjudged.

"Look, Penelope! Doesn't he look like a young Adonis?"

Russel opened his eyes wide. What he saw was the second edition of some *grande dame,* with one arm thrown about the shoulders of a shy, demure little maiden. There was no hint of flight in their attitude.

"As you're so well up in the classics," he remarked lightly, clasping his hands behind his head and tossing a mop of fair hair out of his eyes with a careless, easy fling of the head, "perhaps you can tell me why Dido committed suicide."

"Because Æneas jilted her," was the quick reply.

Russel's lips puckered for a whistle, but no sound came.

"Can't you do it? You put your tongue so. Mother says there's a proverb about whistling girls, but a great many of the proverbs are out of date, don't you think so? Like Josiana Handsatchel—she's so old she should be super-ann-u-ated."

"And, pray, who is Josiana Handsatchel?"

"She's our teacher. The boys named her that because her Christian name is Josiana and she invariably carries a handsatchel to school. I never mind being punished by her, because when you cry she cuddles you. Oh, I'm plucky—I don't cry easily. But I *do* love to be cuddled. There's the bell, Pen; we'll be late for line."

They scampered off through the long grass and Russel Craig was alone again.

For five minutes he lay still, gazing up into the clear blue of the sky.

"She's a precocious little bit of humanity," he mused, "an exact copy of the mother, I'll bet . . . . And so Josiana Handsatchel cuddles you when you cry? What a comforting sort of person Josiana must be! *Josiana!* Where have I run across that name lately? Let me see: there's Victor Hugo's *Josiana*—the one who enticed the *Laughing Man* away from his little blind girl. But it's years since I've read that book.

"*Josiana!*

"I have it. I saw the name engraved on the inside of a diamond ring in the north country, three weeks ago.

"*Josiana!*

"That's the very name. A bluff, old miner wore it—a crackerjack of an engineer, they told me; an old bachelor making money and spending it right and left; a woman-hater, so they said. Now, a woman-hater's either one of two things: he's a poser or (like Dido) he's been jilted some time in his life. There's no such thing as a natural, gen-u-ine woman-hater. And that man was too sincere to be a poser, therefore—"

He stretched himself luxuriously, then leisurely sat up, gathering a handful of books that lay scattered in the grass.

Rising to his feet, he sauntered towards the fence, and, vaulting lightly

over it, made for the school-house, where he knocked at the first door he came to. No one answered, so he found himself beating time with the toe of his shoe to the singing within:

"For every little wave has its white-cap on,
White-cap, night-cap, white-cap on."

He knocked again. The chorus ended, and, just as the door was opened from within, the second verse began:

"Then the lobster, dark and green,
Appeared upon the scene—"

The singing ceased, and the teacher stood laughing up at him.

"Well, I call this tough," he remarked: "I may be a lobster, but, honestly, I don't think I'm a *green* one; and, by all that's visible, I'm not dark; now, am I?"

He was tall and fair and handsome. Taking off his cap with an elaborate bow, he introduced himself.

"I'm J. Russel Craig, B.A.," he announced.

"And I'm J. Margaret Deans, M. A.," she responded. "I have fifty odd ones and two pairs of twins. Will you come in, Mr. Craig, B.A.?"

Russel looked down into her face, and something seemed to tell him that this was Josiana Handsatchel. She was a plain little woman, with a sallow complexion, and smooth, mouse-brown hair streaked with gray, and innumerable crow's-feet about shallow gray eyes—eyes that were full of sparkle like shallow pools lying in the sunlight. She radiated motherliness—perhaps because the baby-room was hers and had been for the last thirty years.

"Thank you, I will," he replied. "I've a few books on phonics and paper-folding and a physical geography that may interest you. I'm travelling for the Graham-Elliott Company. B.A., I presume you know, stands for book agent."

"No, I was not aware of the fact. But perhaps you did not know that M.A. stands for ma—a fine degree."

They had been grave as long as they could be. Miss Dean started the laugh, and Russel joined in. It was contagious. In a moment the whole school was laughing, though what the laughing was all about not a child could have told.

"It's a good exercise for them," said Miss Dean, with a nod towards the children. "I start them laughing occasionally—it freshens them for work. There, children, that will do. Now I'll look at the books."

Russel walked home with Miss Dean—and the handsatchel—not to mention half a dozen children clinging to their two hands. At the corner they were joined by Miss Raye, a pleasant-faced teacher who somehow had escaped the "school-marm" manner and who reminded Russel of James Whitcomb Riley's poem "Out to Old Aunt Mary's."

"I hope it doesn't embarrass you—seeing two old maids home?" she smiled.

"Now, my dear," expostulated Miss Dean. "How often have I explained to you that there is a difference between old maids and maiden ladies, and that *we* are maiden ladies?"

She glanced at Russel out of the corners of her eyes.

"The difference consists in this," she went on, "that maiden ladies have had a chance and old maids have not."

"But who's to know we've had a chance?" objected Miss Raye. "We might easily be imposters."

"Trust the men for knowing it," said Russel impulsively, and the two teachers laughed.

As he had not completed his tour of the schools by four o'clock, and as it was a Friday, Russel remained in the town until the beginning of the week. Sunday evening found him in St. Andrew's, seated below the gallery. Russel's mind wandered during prayer-time—it was a bad habit he had fallen into. Not even the minis-

ter's "Gather in our wandering thoughts and strained affections" could cause him to concentrate his attention. He leaned forward, his head on his hand, a dreamy look in his wide-open eyes, when suddenly, without warning, something hard struck him on the top of the head. It was so unexpected in such a place that he started as if he had been shot, looked about guiltily, then gingerly picked up the thing that had hit him. It was round and black and covered with jet, and a bunch of faded lilacs adorned one side of it. Apparently it was a hat.

Russel glanced up towards the gallery and saw a woman's bare head. Then he knew in a flash what had happened. The woman had bowed her head on the railing and the hat, fastened all too insecurely—perhaps with only one pin—had fallen off. Very softly he slipped out of his seat, the offending thing in his hand, and entered the vestibule, to meet the owner of the hat.

It was Josiana herself.

They stood staring at each other, wanting to laugh, but restrained by a sense of the sacredness of the place.

"I'll never trust *one* hat-pin again, as long as I live," whispered Miss Dean. "I hope it didn't hurt."

She took the hat from him and placed it on her head. "Is it on straight?" she asked.

Russel nodded. "Listen," he said. "There's the amen."

The colour crept into Miss Dean's face.

"We'd be conspicuous going back together," she said. "I won't go."

"Neither shall I, then. Let's go for a walk instead—along the river-road. It must be pretty there at sunset, and we'll let nature preach us a sermon.

Very quietly they left the church, feeling like a pair of truants. Down past the old Punchbowl School-house they went, not stopping until they came to the bridge. The sun was setting, and they leaned against the railing of the bridge to watch it. Gradually it sank out of sight, turning the sky and the surface of the water to amethyst. The willows on the opposite bank drooped gracefully, touching the river where the current ran in little eddies. The crickets sang from a nearby marsh. It was much like church—only far more beautiful.

After a long silence Russel broke the stillness.

"Are you sure it's well fastened on this time?" he asked casually. "If it should fall over this railing it would strike something more ruinous than my head."

She smiled as she jabbed the hat-pin again into her thin hair.

"That comes of being in a hurry," she replied. "One should never hurry. Better be late."

"Which is a nice statement for a school-teacher to make."

"Yes, wasn't it? But the children—they have strong hearts and good digestions and are full of superfluous energy anyway. It takes *so* much energy to keep up with them."

"Are you fond of the work?"

"I love to teach; I detest keeping order. They come to me fresh from the nursery and sometimes they forget and call me mother."

A grave, sweet look came into her eyes. Russel nodded sympathetically.

"The great secret of discipline," she went on, "is not to say a thing unless you mean it, and, having said it, to stick to it. It has taken me thirty years to learn the lesson. It has been my life-lesson, too, for it cost me all I held dear in life once.

"It happened a quarter of a century ago, so I can speak calmly enough now. I was engaged to be married—it was my 'chance,'" and she smiled up at him. "He wanted me to go to Mexico, and I kept putting him off. It was such a wretched little place he lived in, up in the mountains, three days' ride from a railway station, not a white woman in the place—all Spanish, and peons for the most part—peons who stole your

valuables, and whom you daren't go near for fear of getting—fleas," she added with a blush. "Sometimes I'd say I'd go, and then I'd change my mind and give some reason for not going.

"He was a very decided man—simple and straightforward, not complex and capricious like myself. He began to think I didn't really care for him. To settle matters, he finally sent a telegram straight and to the point:

" '*Will you marry me on the thirty-first of December?*'

"It was so like him, so strong and concise, that it affected me more than the most eloquent love-letter ever written could have. I felt that I could go anywhere in the world—to Siberia, even—as long as it was to him. Unfortunately, I slept over it. I kept him waiting twenty-four hours for his answer (wasn't that like a girl?) and then I telegraphed back one word."

"Was it three letters or two?" asked Russel involuntarily.

"It was three. But it was so non-committal. It might mean anything, that 'yes.' It might have been a begrudging 'yes,' or a sullen 'yes,' or an impatient 'yes,' or a hesitating 'yes.' He had not the slightest idea of my attitude.

"The doctor was there when he opened my telegram. The doctor was Scotch. 'Humph!' he said, 'she might have put in a few more words—it wouldn't have cost her anything. It's my opinion, Dan, you'll find trouble up home.'

"And all the time I was preparing for the trip with the gladdest of hearts. Now that the thing was settled, once for all, I ceased worrying and just gave myself up to joyful anticipation. I went to Tom Murphy (he was a jockey once) and asked him to teach me to ride.

" 'Have you ever rodden before?" says he.

"I shook my head.

" 'It will have to be astrad for the mountains?'

" 'Yes,' I replied, quite unabashed.

" 'I'll teach you to fall,' says he, 'and to take fences.'

" 'But I'm not going in for a circus rider, Tom,' I protested.

" 'Ain't there ravines in the mountains?' says he. 'Well, you'll have to learn to take those.'

"I think Tom's ideas of mountains were rather vague, and my own not much better. The old worries began to come back. I expected Dan on the thirtieth of December. Now that was the date agreed upon for the celebration of the raise in teachers' salaries. We had been getting on an average of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year and we had struck in a body, and the board had yielded to our demand for increase of salary. Very much elated over the fact, the teachers had planned a supper (to celebrate) in the only restaurant the town boasted, and that supper was to be on the night of the thirtieth.

"None of them knew that I was to be married next day—I had kept it secret.

"When Dan didn't come on the afternoon train I knew the only train he could come on then was the eight-forty in the evening. The supper was to begin at eight. That gave me forty minutes, an hour perhaps, for the train was usually ten or fifteen minutes late. I suppose you wonder why I went to the supper at all?"

"I do," said Russel decidedly.

"It was from a spirit of loyalty. We had formed a sort of family compact against the board, we teachers; we had had a hard fight, and I wanted to stay with them to the last. It was a merry supper—for repartee, one of the brightest I ever attended. Naturally, I was the most excited one there, and my tongue ran away with me. Time flew.

"Suddenly I pulled out my watch. *It was twenty minutes past nine.* 'Girls,' I cried, 'I have an engagement. You'll have to excuse me.'

"They thought I was crazy. Two of them pulled me down into my seat

again, and they insisted that I remain for the toasts."

She hesitated, turning her face away from Russel.

"I stayed."

"And he had come all the way from Mexico?"

"I knew—it was inhuman. I was feverish when I reached home—and shy. I was almost afraid to go in. When at last I plucked up my courage, I found mother alone in front of the fireplace, knitting.

"'Didn't he come?' I asked. 'Yes, he came,' she replied quietly. 'But he went away again. He waited half an hour for you. I think he was angry.'

"He never came back—never gave me any chance to explain. It was just as well I had not published my wedding."

"You should have written," said Russel.

"Perhaps. He was proud, too."

"He may come back yet."

"Scarcely. I have grown philosophical. We might be so changed as not even to recognise each other. And dear knows what corner of the world he's in—mining engineers roam about so."

"He was a mining engineer then?" Russel spoke quickly, excitedly. "Had you a diamond engagement ring?" he asked, "with your name engraved on the inside?"

"Yes." She gave him a queer look. "I returned it, of course."

"By Jove!" he cried. "Coincidences aren't so rare in real life as they are in books."

The colour ebbed and flowed in her sallow cheeks.

"Do you know him?" she asked, after a slight pause.

"I think I do."

"Well—please don't tell him *my* side of the story. And remember," she warned him, "I've learned to mean what I say. You promise?"

Russel's face fell.

"I promise," he said.

* * * * * * *

Russel was late in coming down to breakfast next morning—not that his Sunday evening had been so very dissipating. Passing through the hotel office on his way to the dining-room, the figure of a man leaning over the desk, to register, attracted his attention. He was a powerfully built man, strong and muscular, slightly bald at the temples, and in his left hand hung loosely a white felt hat adorned with a leather band of exceedingly fine workmanship. There was a sort of cowboy air about him that attracted other eyes than Russel's. Suddenly the man looked up.

"Drummond! Well, I'll be dingdonged!"

Russel marched up to him and put out a hand.

"Thought there was something familiar about you," he said. "Going to be here long?"

"No—just passing through," replied the man, with a grip that made Russel wince. "It's twenty-five years to-day since I was here before. I find a good many changes."

Russel glanced involuntarily at the ring on the man's little finger and acquiesced with a mental reservation, that he would find changes in more than one place. A woman at twenty-five may not be beautiful, but at least she has youth in her favour.

A desire seized him to impress upon the man before him the *fineness* of a woman whose freshness may have faded, but whose heart was still young—at fifty. Would Dan Drummond be able to appreciate her?

"I'll show you around this morning," he suggested. "If you'll wait until I've had my breakfast."

"Thank you." The man spoke without the slightest hesitation. "I've an engagement."

"It's all right," returned Russel carelessly. "Thought you might be going my way—that's all. I'm a sort of school inspector."

Drummond gave him a sharp look.

"See you later?" said Russel, as, with the slightest elevation of the eye-

brows, he strolled gracefully into the dining-room.

He had only the next ward to visit, and his tour of the schools would be completed. At noon he returned to the hotel, and, when he had dined, paid his bill. His train left at two. Having nothing else to do, he walked to the station, sauntering slowly along the widest, shadiest avenue in the town. As he approached St. Andrew's he caught a glimpse of his little friend, the *grande dame*, standing disconsolately against a tree on the church lawn. She seemed to be guarding something in the pocket of her pinny.

The minister's son, a boy of her own age, came out of the manse. When he spied her he walked boldly over to where she stood.

"You'll please get off of this lawn," he said; "it's my father's lawn."

"It isn't," retorted the *grande dame*. "It's God's lawn—and I'll stay on God's lawn if I like."

Her words ended in a sob—a strange sound coming from the little lips. It nonplussed the boy, whose arrogance turned to curiosity. It brought Russel over to where she stood with quivering lips, trying to force back the tears.

"What is the matter, child?"

He drew her hand into his, scattering a handful of rice on the ground.

"She's—in—there," sobbed the child, pointing towards the church door. "I'll never go to school another day in my life."

Light dawned upon Russel.

"Is it a wedding?" he asked, his face becoming animated. "Gee whizz! They didn't lose any time. Let's go and peek, little girl."

He drew the unwilling child after him into the vestibule of the church. Was it only last night he had stood in that very place, staring at the bride, hatless and embarrassed? Softly he pushed open the red felt door. They were coming down the aisle—Dan Drummond and his wife, followed by the minister and the two witnesses. Dan looked radiant, his wife soberly happy.

"Congratulations!" called Russel. "Where's the rice, girlie? Bless me, the child's crying!"

The bridal party entered the vestibule, and the *grande dame* rushed forward, clasping her arms about the teacher's knees.

"Don't go away," she pleaded, raising her tear-stained face to the bride's. "I'll promise to be *so* good if you'll stay."

"There, there, dearie, don't cry." She placed a hand on the child's head, and Russel thought he saw a tear glisten in her own eye. "You'll have a new teacher and perhaps a better one."

She glanced up at Russel. "You didn't expect to witness the closing chapter, did you?" she asked, with her whimsical smile. "I haven't quite realised it myself, yet. It was very good of the board to let me off, wasn't it? Dan, this is my friend, Mr. J. Russel Craig, B.A. Mr. Craig, this is—my husband."

The colour rushed into her sallow cheeks, and Russel could feel the thrill that went through her as she uttered those two words.

The men shook hands heartily.

A cab drove up to the church door, and the bride stooped and kissed the child who clung to her.

"We mustn't miss our train, Elizabeth. Good-bye, little girl."

She turned again at the door to give Russel a roguish glance.

"I've three hat-pins in it to-day," she said. "I took no chances."

Russel picked Elizabeth up in his arms and followed them to the cab. As it drove off, the bride leaned out to wave them farewell, and in her hand was a brown leather hand satchel.

Russel whistled a bar of *Lohengrin*.

"Well, Elizabeth," was his philosophical remark, "I guess she's superannuated all right."

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

PROFITING, no doubt, by the success in this particular field of endeavour last year and mindful of the frame of mind in which our jaded spirits approach the shrine of dramatic art at summer-end, the early season's efforts were devoted almost entirely to comedy and farce offerings. Of these we had at least a round dozen: "Love Among the Lions," "The Brass Bottle," "The Commuters," "The Cheater," "Baby Mine," "Bobby Burnit," "The Country Boy," "Miss Patsy," followed at short intervals by "Con & Co.," "Anti-Matrimony," "Decorating Clementine," and "Smith." Add to these such lusty yearlings as "Seven Days," "Tillie's Nightmare," and "The Fortune Hunter," and our early list is practically complete.

There was just one flaw in the managerial logic: Comedy, even farce comedy, may on occasion belong to the realm of pure art, and for proper appreciation must needs be approached in as serious and discriminating a frame of mind as the sternest tragedy. "Love Among the Lions," for instance, or "The Brass Bottle" had literary and artistic qualities that entitled them to be heard, not in an idle moment, but when the season was at its height and in its most discriminating mood. To the mistaken policy of launching them earlier, may be attributed their only partial success. At least, that is a fair inference and not too flattering, we hope, to New York taste at its best. "Anti-Matrimony" paid a compliment to our literary and intellectual refinement that we could hardly appropriate under any conditions. These examples are, of course, the exception, and few of the offerings named are open to the accusation of flattering public taste even at its lowest ebb. In fact, casting back over the few short summer months, the contrast was not specially cheering. Spring had brought us Ibsen, Hauptman, Brieux, a charming revival of Tom Robertson's "Caste" and a gala performance of the famous Gilbert-Sullivan operatic idyll of a generation ago, "The Mikado." The season of flowers and love and other joyous things had therefore an interesting counterpart in our theatrical experience. But the promise of the sowing has not yet appeared in the harvest. On the other hand, and for our temporary encouragement, we may remember that the dramatic season often finds its highest artistic level in the spring.

"Anti-Matrimony," among other things, emphasised the distance of a scholarly recluse from the habits of thought of, say, Broadway. Measured by a purely intellectual standard and choice of theme, Mr. Percy Mackay's comedy, in spite of some dull moments, is superior to any offering of the season. In fact, that is its fault. It is too superior by comparison, too isolated from its contemporaries, too aristocratic and cold, its ivory whiteness humbling too much our more or less begrimed tastes. It is packed with critical analysis and shrewd penetrating thought. It is jewelled with scintillating epigrams. But it soars above the multitude like an aeroplane,

EDITH LYLE, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE COUNTRY BOY," BY EDGAR SELWYN.

and its sparkling, mordant wit shines on us from the distance of fixed stars. This aloofness seemed to be realised for a friendly human hand, in the form of a pamphlet, stretched across the void, inviting us to feel at home, to be happy and to laugh whenever we felt disposed towards merriment.

The comedy is a gentle satire on certain phases of modern thought or, to be more exact, on certain popular interpretations of modern thinkers, with particular reference to that ever-present subject, matrimony.

The action takes place in Massachusetts, in the home of the *Rever-*

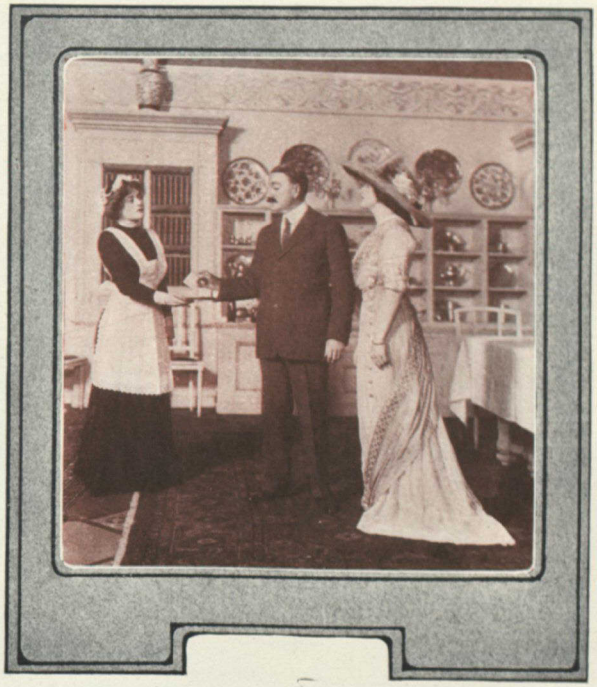
RICHARD BENNETT AND IRENE FENWICK, IN "THE BRASS BOWL."

end Elliott Grey, a young clergyman modern enough to be interested in sociology and practical reforms. His younger brother, *Morris*, has just returned from abroad, where he has picked up a leaf or two of Nietsche and the masters, and proceeds to assail the suburban views of his brother's household with his new-found doctrine of freedom, individuality, the over-soul, the superman and other stray ends of Continental philosophy. His companion and soul-mate is a young woman of nineteen, *Isabelle*, by name, equally sentimental—which in this, as in most instances, means devoid of humour. She happens also to be a sister of the clergyman's wife, *Mildred*. *Mildred* is clever, tactful and practical, and in addition to her other charms seems to have inherited the sense of humour that was left out of *Isabelle's* compound. The viewpoint of the comedy is disclosed in this, and it is *Mildred's* sense of humour exposing the unsuspecting young sentimentalists to constant ridicule that provides the entertainment and finally restores them to sanity. Meanwhile they have the floor, and to be entirely consistent in their anti-matrimonial propaganda, have announced the non-existence of any legal marriage tie between them—a statement not borne out by fact, as we afterwards learn. They have really been married in the ordinary way, but, ashamed of their weakness, have agreed to keep the fact a secret. This knowledge gives *Mildred* her opportunity. By pre-arrangement with her husband, she places herself under *Morris's* influence, professes conversion to his views, and feeds his per-

HELEN WARE, THE STAR IN "THE DESERTERS."

sonal vanity to such an extent that he fancies her his real soul-mate instead of the complaisant *Isabelle*. This situation arouses the hitherto emancipated and un-domestic *Isabelle* into a betrayal of the very domestic passion of jealousy; and, to block further advances on her preserves, she blurts out the truth they were all waiting for—the marriage. This scene develops into pure burlesque, in which "Rosmersholm" is travestied with considerable literary adroitness, to provide a mill-race, a mill-door that locks on the inside and plenty of mud to complete the discomfort and cure of the sentimentalists. All this, of course, suggests no clue to the brilliant verbal exchanges, the wealth of literary allusion, or the keen humorous insight into some familiar modern currents of thought that adorn the play. All the elements of a splendid literary comedy are there, the lines are above reproach, and the situation a perfect one. But, unfortunately, while the satirisation was evidently meant for popular entertainment, and written from the popular point of view, the populace is still innocent of the matters satirised. Miss Henrietta Crossfan played the rôle of *Mildred* with entire success.

"The Deserters," by Robert Peyton Carter and Alice Chapin, is frank melodrama. It is an army-post story, told in an interesting way, and it holds one or two intensely dramatic situations, but as a picture of army life its accuracy would be open to serious question. A murder has been done and through a combination of



MARY BOLAND, JOHN DREW AND SIBYL THORNDIKE, IN "SMITH."

circumstances, made known to the audience in a prologue, the wrong man is not only accused of the crime, but is himself convinced of his guilt and persuaded to desert. His innocence is known only to the real slayer, an army captain and his wife. As the woman's reputation, already compromised, is at stake, their silence is explained. Meanwhile the Federal Government have sent a woman detective to track the deserter, but, as she will not act in cases that end in capital punishment, the circumstances are not fully explained. The result is that she locates her man, and, having fallen in love with him after the manner of fiction, surrenders him to his post from a sense of duty to him. When she learns the truth of his position, she sets about to track the real murderer and, of course, at the psychological moment, rounds up the guilty pair in true melodramatic style.

The best reason for the play is that it provides Miss Helen Ware, now elevated to the rank of "star," with an excellent acting vehicle. Miss Ware's brilliant work some years ago in "Kreutzer Sonata," when she outshone so experienced an actress as Blanche Walsh, followed afterward by equally effective performances in "Regeneration" and "The Road to Yesterday," and more recently in "The Third Degree," have gradually but firmly established her reputation as one of the leading emotional actresses of the country. In "The Deserters" she has a part calling for considerable versatility and variety of acting method, but she runs the gamut with entire success, culminating in emotional scenes of real dramatic power.

"Love Among the Lions" is adapted from the novel of F. Anstey, by Mr. Winchell Smith. The story has to do with one *Theodore Sanders*, a gentle tea-taster, who has conceived a long-distance passion for the ward of a teacher of elocution. Up to the

DORIS KEANE, G. P. HUNTLEY AND HETTIE WILLIAMS, IN "DECORATING CLEMENTINE."

present he has seen the lady from afar only—or, to be quite precise, from the other side of the street. On summoning courage for a closer acquaintance, he finds a lady of highly romantic temperament, anxious to relieve the monotony of her hum-drum life by some heroic act. His timid wooings are in consequence suddenly confronted with the novel proposition that he marry the young lady in a cage of lions. He accepts the terms with a certain show of bravado, but most of the humour that follows is concerned with his efforts to find some loop-hole of escape from the terrifying prospect.

Apart from its downright entertaining qualities, interest centered in the charming performance of Mr. E. A. Mathews, a refined young English comedian, whom the play introduced to the American public. Mr. Mathews is an actor of the most refined type, and his handling of the highly farcial situations proved him an artist of restraint, delicacy and the utmost finish.

"The Brass Bottle," also by F. Anstey, was a leaf torn bodily from the book of Arabian Nights, in which genii, enchanted palaces, and other highly improbable, but diverting phenomena, together with some touches of Eastern lore, appear. Here is the story: A young architect has brought back from an apparently fruitless mission to the auctioneer, a sealed brass bottle of curious Oriental design. His prospective father-in-law, who commissioned him to visit the auction-room, is disgusted. On opening the bottle, however, a genie, imprisoned therein two thousand years before by one of the Ptolemies (?) is liberated. In gratitude for his deliverance from long imprisonment, he proceeds to re-

MILLETTE KERSHAW AND FORREST WIMANT, IN "THE COUNTRY BOY."

ward the impecunious young architect with lavish but impracticable gifts. The genie also finds a prosperous client for him, and rears the client a palace while the architect is working on the plans. The architect's own humble abode he transforms into a veritable Alhambra and provides him a retinue of servants and dancers from his own harem for entertainment. Generous to friends, he is nevertheless ready to wreak vengeance on enemies and ingrates. The client who found fault with his palace is transformed into a dog, and the pedantic, peevish professor—happy symbolism!—into an obstreperous ass.

This was all igeniously worked into the fabric of a modern farce comedy, and, as may be imagined, with highly humerous results. The transitions are also accomplished without too great a shock to credulity—at least, no greater shock than burlesque which is used at points of severest strain—imposes. Mr. Richard Bennett acted the part of the architect with his usual skill and the Oriental professor of Mr. Fuller Mellish had the right flavour of scholarship. The staging was good.

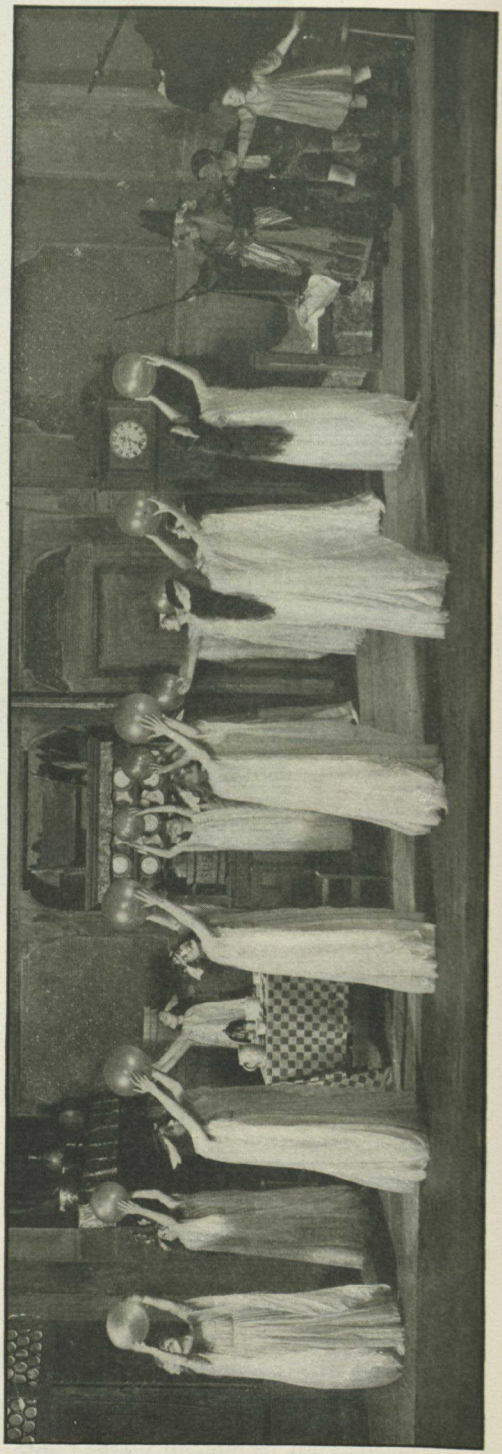
In his new comedy, "The Commuters," Mr. James Forbes, a successful Canadian dramatist, by the way, has taken for his field of merriment the little ills that vex the life of the suburban dweller. Suburban life, it

would seem, is not all bird-song and scent of new-mown hay, but between the daily nervous tension of those who have to "catch" trains and the anxious vigil of those who remain stationery at home, rustic peace is bought at considerable nervous expenditure. These vicissitudes Mr. Forbes has set forth in his own humorous, pungent and telling way in the course of four acts.

Mr. Edgar Selwyn is another Canadian dramatist who figures conspicuously in the season's offerings. The popular success of "The Country Boy" is probably due to the vein of strong human interest underlying its fund of genuine humour, bright dialogue and droll characterisation. Within the strict limits of comedy, Mr. Selwyn tells the story of an artless country boy's experiences in the city, and in the course of a humorous narrative, succeeds in throwing into strong contrast the forced artificial life of the city, and the simple natural life of the country.

"The Cheater," adapted by himself from a German farce "*Der Doppelmensch*," provides Mr. Louis Mann with one of those excitable German characters in which he revels. Known already as a leader in social reform, *Godfrey Plittersdorf* finds himself, thanks to his late brother's sense of humour, heir to a dance-hall of sullied reputation but shining profits. The profits, of course, get the better of Godfrey's scruples, and the comedy is mostly based on his efforts to keep the fact of his heritage a secret from both his family and his constituents. The fun may be imagined.

"The Marriage of a Star," Miss Clara Lipman's theatrical vehicle for this year, strikes a somewhat serious strain. A concert star, with a divorced husband, a marriageable daughter, an artistic temperament and an extremely youthful face, manages unconsciously to divert the attention of the cub lover of the daughter to herself. In the adjustment that follows, hidden sentiments are brought to light that



DANCE OF THE HOURS, IN "THE BLUE BIRD."

result in the reunion of the divorced pair, her giving up of public life, and the return of the young lovers to their interrupted happiness. The chief aim of the story seems to be to enable this versatile actress to be seen in many moods and contrasting scenes, ranging from the gayest comedy to strong emotional drama.

"Con and Co." facetiously described by its adapter, Mr. Oliver Herford, as "a cheeky comedy," discloses how a resourceful young American contrives to do the gay life of Berlin on his uncle's niggardly allowance of five dollars a week and his own wit. The title is derived from the firm name under which his financial operations are conducted, and is sufficiently descriptive of their character.

"Decorating Clementine," from the French of de Caillavet and de Flers, is evidently an expurgation as well as a translation. At least, one can hardly imagine a French audience being highly amused over either the lines or the situations of the Gallicised version now running on Broadway. However, the acting is so excellent that we may forgive much, even the doubtful compliment of considering our morals at the expense of our entertainment.

Clementine is a famous authoress, happily married to a man whose chief recommendation, according to her own statement, is his abundant good health. It has just been proposed to confer for the first time in its history, the ribbon of the Legion of Honour on a woman. *Clementine* at first does not aspire to the decoration, but when she learns that a rival claimant, with half her reputation, has been entered, she loses no time in putting the necessary wires in motion. She goes so far as to flirt with the director of fine arts, and persuades her good-natured and dutiful husband to flirt with the director's wife in her interests. It so happens, however, that the latter is a more or less dangerous coquette, and *Clementine* awakens to the fact that a serious flirtation is on between the two. She has won the ribbon, but apparently at the expense of her domestic happiness. However, things are not so serious as she feared, and when explanations are made and the husband's gentle philanderings forgiven, the devoted couple prepare for the country, and a new lease of conjugal happiness.

Miss Hattie Williams plays the part of *Clementine* with considerable spirit and that sterling comedian, Mr. G. P. Huntley, is admirable as *Count Zakouskine*, the conceited fop with the "fatal charm." Miss Doris Keane, however, as the flirtatious young wife of the *Director*, carries off the lion's share of the honours for a performance full of vivacity, piquancy and charm, with an occasional serious note.

The happiest of all the numerous brood, and the brightest farce in many a day is Margaret Mayo's new-born "Baby Mine." The authoress modestly claims origin (on the paternal side, we assume), in a recent newspaper despatch which contained the startling information that about 3,000 Chicago husbands were at the moment fondling the children of others in the belief that they were fondling their own. But lest we jump to conclusions concerning the morality of the Western city, we are in the same breath assured that the wives' deception goes no further than the maternity hospitals.

The absence of certain details in the report imposes some tax on credulity, and in endeavouring to supply these — with an eye always to humourous possibilities — Miss Mayo has constructed a rollicking, joyous human farce, handling the delicate situations with considerable *naiveté* and yet with an engaging frankness that disarms the most prudish objector. A young husband and his *ingenue* wife have quarrelled. The charming wife has one fault: She fibs. She has just fibbed over a per-

fectly innocent luncheon engagement, and the exasperated young husband packs his grip and accepts an agency in another town. It develops that one of the numerous bones of contention has been children. It is at this crisis that the newspaper paragraph enters into the story. Guided by her best friend, the hitherto reluctant wife sees an opportunity to gratify her husband's dearest wish, on very agreeable terms, and the prospective months of separation seem a gift from heaven to make the deception perfect. The absent husband has, of course, been gradually prepared for the momentous event, and preparations at home timed with his inevitable return. It so happens, however, that at the crucial moment the real mother changes her mind, and with an already arrived, eager husband on their hands, the dilemma of the household may be imagined. Then arises a series of those humorous complications by which the delighted young husband temporarily finds himself a father, not of one but three, all borrowed, bought or stolen for the occasion, and as ruthlessly torn from his paternal grasp by irate or repentant parents.

Whatever the ultimate effect on the domestic happiness of the twain, the purposes of the comedy have at least been most agreeably served and excellent entertainment provided. The diminutive Miss Marguerite Clark, in the rôle of the ingenuous wife, played with unexpected skill and all her accustomed charm.

"Smith" oscillates between a sentimental comedy and pure farce, and Maugham's hand is too fine for either. The chief interest of the play to New Yorkers will probably be that it presents its favourite, John Drew, in the rôle of a farmer. At least the dialogue informs us that the character Mr. Drew impersonates is a farmer, though there is nothing in his make-up or general appearance to suggest a rural occupation. This is perhaps explained by the fact that the action takes place in London, and the farm is away off in Rhodesia along with the clothes, the brogans, and the rusticity. In fact, by the time *Tom Freeman* (John Drew), reaches London, he presents the front of a well-tailored, well-groomed, very gentlemanly member of society. He does submit one evidence of his physical prowess—he pulls a cork after a servant has failed, a feat which finds great favour with "Smith," whom he is already bent upon marrying and taking back to Rhodesia. As may already be gathered, Mr. Drew does not supply much of the illusion of the farmer here, and his comedy work is along the old familiar lines. However, his public is satisfied, and he is always a graceful, refined and agreeable figure on the stage. Miss Isabelle Irving, as the sister, played with her accustomed buoyancy and charm, and Hassard Short, as the impertinent snob, could not be improved upon. First honours, however, fall to Miss Mary Boland in the technically difficult rôle of *Smith*. Beautiful in the extreme, Miss Boland is rapidly becoming an artist of front rank, and *Smith* is her best and most charming performance to date.

One views the New Theatre's production of "The Blue Bird" with mingled feelings—gratitude that a play of its inherent literary and poetic quality should have had a hearing amid so much that is commonplace, banal and remote from any considerations of art; disappointment that so much of the charm, fancy and mystic quality of the Mæterlinck fairy tale would not yield to the visualising process of the stage. This is by no means a criticism of the New Theatre's efforts. The production was on a scale of real magnificence. Nothing was lacking to give the proper pictorial setting. And in elaborateness of detail and pure scenic wealth it will compare with the best we have seen. But the fact remains, and it saves disappointment to remember it, that the emotions excited by the stage per-

formance fall short of the emotions excited on reading. We are pleased, interested and carried along with the children in delighted surprise, but the imagination is not stirred as in the mental journey through the same dream world, and the sense of unreality, far from being realised, is often destroyed in the attempt at realisation. The essence of "The Blue Bird" is spirit, and spirit cannot be made manifest in the flesh without some toughening and coarsening of the spiritual fibres. And pictorial setting, though it have the delicacy and illusiveness of a Whistler nocturne, still imposes a restraint on the roamings of fancy, still defines rather than extends the limits of the imagination. Stage ventures into the realm of the mystic and unknown have, therefore, to contend with very tangible obstacles at the outset, and while the delicate manipulations of the modern stage can modify these, it can never quite overcome them.

Dignity, pictorial eloquence, seriousness of purpose and, with one or two exceptions, effective casting, greatly aided the New Theatre in its lofty enterprise. Atmosphere was perhaps lacking, but these minor shortcomings and the limitations imposed by a definite medium still leave "The Blue Bird" the most delightful, the most inspiring and dramatically satisfying experience of the season at the moment of writing.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

BY INGLIS MORSE

IN mad processional the wind
Sweeps homeward from the sea
On this, the last night of the year—
Awaking memory

Of phantom days, shrined in brief song,
To fleeing music set,
And Time's crescendo stirs again
The surges of regret.

The tolling of the midnight bell
I hear across the sky,
While o'er the magic threshold comes
The new year's glad reply.

Aside like some loose fitting cloak
The worn-out vesture lay,
And don with proud and joyous thrill
This garb of New Year's day.

THE CANADIAN SPEECH

A CRITICISM

BY MIRIAM WILLIAMS BROWN

"ONE hates to think of these splendid people using second-class words to express first-class emotions," wrote Rudyard Kipling in "Letters to the Family" during his last visit to Canada. Many persons from the old land lament the degeneracy of the Canadian tongue, not only in regard to the choice of words, but also as to the manner of uttering them.

So pronounced are our faults that, though we speak English, we can scarcely boast of what should be our rightful heritage, speaking the "tongue that Shakespeare spake." Rather are we guilty of the improprieties which Hamlet strove to overcome in the players when he said: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it as many of our players do I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines."

The art of speech is a part of education that is sadly neglected. I am not now speaking of sermons, orations and debates but of the common, everyday uses of speech. When the time comes that we recognise the importance of training along this line, the English language will lose its undeserved reputation for harshness, and we shall learn that it is rich in beautiful and sonorous sounds. But English as we generally hear it spoken in all parts of this continent is harsh, nasal and often unintelligible. Recently a lady was heard to say: "I tot fur three year 'n Trntuh," which being translated reads, "I taught for three years in Toronto." This example is not an exaggeration, but a fair instance of what may be heard any day and in almost any locality.

Ask a street car conductor to call out the name of the street at which you wish to get off. How often are you able to tell what he says?

Of late the fault of mumbling has been to some extent remedied by the girls in the telephone office, but not before a long-suffering public was almost driven to desperation.

Think of the economy of nerve force it would mean if all employees in public offices, ticket agents, train dispatchers and clerks, were made to pass an examination in correct enunciation before receiving an appointment. Such training would be eminently practical, for it would save both time and energy for the employee as well as for the public.

One who appreciates the music of speech cannot but deplore the muttering, mumbling and mouthing which are so general. Those who know what constitutes accuracy of language are constantly shocked by grave errors of enunciation. If these defects were confined to the classes already mentioned, the case would not be so bad; but in all classes, from the society lady with her pink tea gabble, to the parliamentarian, the clergyman and college professor—from persons of all ranks—we hear the most serious offences against the mother tongue. When a clergyman announces his "tex" from the "Axe" of the Apostles, and expresses a wish that all differences of "sex" (sects) were at an

end, it is time to think of finding a remedy.

Canadians and people of the United States are fond of attributing their vocal and speech defects to the climate. Not climate, but carelessness and ignorance, make one say mout'n, for mountain, fount'n for fountain, vilet for violet. The omission of the vowel sounds destroys the beauty of the words and often gives them a nasal quality.

This is a fault that is very marked with us. We smile in a superior way when we hear a cockney say, "Hi ham Henglish." A Canadian would say, "I saw 'er las' Tuesday an' tol' 'er to tell 'im the nooz," and would be resentful if the Englishman smiled.

How often we hear such expressions as "the childr'n of Isrel," "edjukashun," "wuz, fur, frum, ov, onto." This slovenly mode of speech destroys the tonal quality of the language, and it is not surprising that foreigners find it harsh or that English people are amused when they hear us speak. The fact is, that we do not take time to open the mouth properly, and therefore the vowels are distorted.

The music of speech is largely in the vowel sounds; but the consonants must also be distinctly articulated. Another fault, which is akin to our lack of repose of manner, is a cramping of the vocal organs so that a nasal twang is produced. These unpleasant effects may be overcome by correct training—not, however, by the use of the forced and bombastic tones of the "elocutionist." It is quite as necessary to train the speaking voice as it is to train the singing voice, and excellence in either is rarely attained without painstaking effort.

Many young women spend much time and money acquiring accomplishments such as music and French, which in the end are by most of them executed very badly. Any of these things, well done, is desirable; but is there not something wrong when we turn our attention to so many different subjects and leave out of our scheme of education the one art which we are most frequently called upon to use—the art of speech? Has any young woman a more effective accomplishment than that of a gracious manner and a musical, well-modulated voice? Yet how rarely is a good speaking voice heard!

It is pitiful to notice the number of voices that are being ruined every year, and especially when we reflect how much might be done by a little common sense instruction. Children scream and shout, straining the muscles of the throat in a way that is ruinous to the voice, yet no one checks them. Mouth breathing is a very common habit, and all too seldom is the information given that this habit is the cause of a very large percentage of throat diseases.

It is quite distressing, too, to find how few persons can speak in a public room in a way that will make them heard at a distance. We have all many times strained our nerves trying to listen to some poor, mumbling speaker, who really had a message worth delivering, but who was prevented from doing so because he did not know how to use his voice. This fault is by no means confined to amateurs: lecturers, actors and clergymen are often quite unintelligible in their mode of utterance. Yet carrying power, resonance, beauty and richness of voice may be acquired by most persons.

When we come to the question of reading, the case is no better. Ask the average college student to read a passage aloud, and his bungling, hesitating efforts will convince you that reading is a lost art. Even when his training has fitted him from an intellectual standpoint to interpret literature, the improprieties of utterance are so marked that listening is painful; yet he may have before him most excellent material for effective reading. Says Gummere: "Sounds of the human voice have an endless variety and shade of gradations. Think of the modulations of spoken words by

which we express grief, joy, threats, entreaty, pain and so on.'' The sharp ''explosive'' consonants, the lingering effect of the liquids, the broad vowels, the thin vowels—all these, with their combinations, make up a wonderful material for the skilful poet to work with. Such qualities of sound add to the mere rhythm of poetry what melody adds to the rhythm of music. The most evident use of these qualities lies in the imitation of natural sounds—like ''hiss,'' ''cuckoo,'' ''murmur,'' ''buzz.'' Or the imitation may extend to more than one word and so suggest some action or situation—onomatopoeia. Homer has a line which resounds with the swell and surge of the ocean bellow. Shakespeare's verse—

''The multitudinous sea incarnadine,''

does not so much imitate as give a distant echo and hint of tossing and storm-swept waves, and the suggestion of a sea-beach far below the speaker who describes it is certainly audible in

''The murmuring surge that on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes.''

More directly imitative is Milton's description of the opening doors of hell—

''On a sudden open fly with impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.''

Or of heaven—

''Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving.''

In order that the reader may be able to render these tonal effects, the speaking voice must submit to the same orderly task, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence undergone by those who reach the utmost accomplishment of the singing voice.

Unfortunately, there is but little realisation of the need of such preparation. Doctor Rush, speaking on this question, says: ''There is a wholesome kind of conviction in the minds of fools which forces them to confess their want of knowledge in mathematics if they have not studied that science. But taste, they say, is 'natural,' therefore everyone should have his own. It is true everyone knows what will please himself in his ignorance, the wise alone know what will please the intelligent in education.''

In every civilised country the art of speaking well, that is, of using refinement and accuracy of utterance, has been a distinguishing mark of the cultured classes. It is then somewhat singular that the world has been content to be guided by blind impulse and the imitation of very imperfect models, without endeavouring to find some system of instruction which would produce many instances of success, just as the conservatories of music produce multiplied instances of success in the art of singing. In this country the past generation had to give their time and energies to hewing out homes in the wilderness; but with the development of the wealth of the country has come a greater opportunity for the finer things of life.

The ideals of the nation are forming, and in this formative period it is most important that correct standards of speech should be maintained, that enunciation, care of the voice, tonal quality and music of speech should receive due attention in all our schools and colleges. When this is done we may realise the truth of Emerson's words: ''The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth or courage. The oratorio has already lost its relation to the morning, to the sun, and the earth, but that persuading voice is in tune with these.''

L. P. BRODEUR:
THE MAN BEHIND THE NAVY

BY FRED G. H. WILLIAMS

THE St. Lawrence route is now the Dominion's greatest asset, and L. P. Brodeur is the greatest asset of the St. Lawrence route."

This is the way in which one of the best known business men of Montreal answered me when I asked him for an opinion of the Montreal lawyer and statesman who has come so prominently before the people of the Dominion in connection with the creation of the Canadian navy. And it was a description of the Minister which I found universally accepted by the business men of Montreal, regardless of their tongue, their faith or their politics, whenever I began to "talk Brodeur."

Some wit remarked the other day that the City of Montreal owed so much to the dredges which have made the channel wherein the great ocean vessels come up to its wharves, that it should add the design of a dredge to its coat of arms. But Montreal might well go further than that. It should reserve a place on its remodelled harbour front for a statue in years to come (may the day be long distant) of Louis Philippe Brodeur, the French-Canadian who has made a reality of the dreams had over sixty years ago by John Young and Hugh Allan, and the other pioneer shipping men of the city under the shadow of Mount Royal.

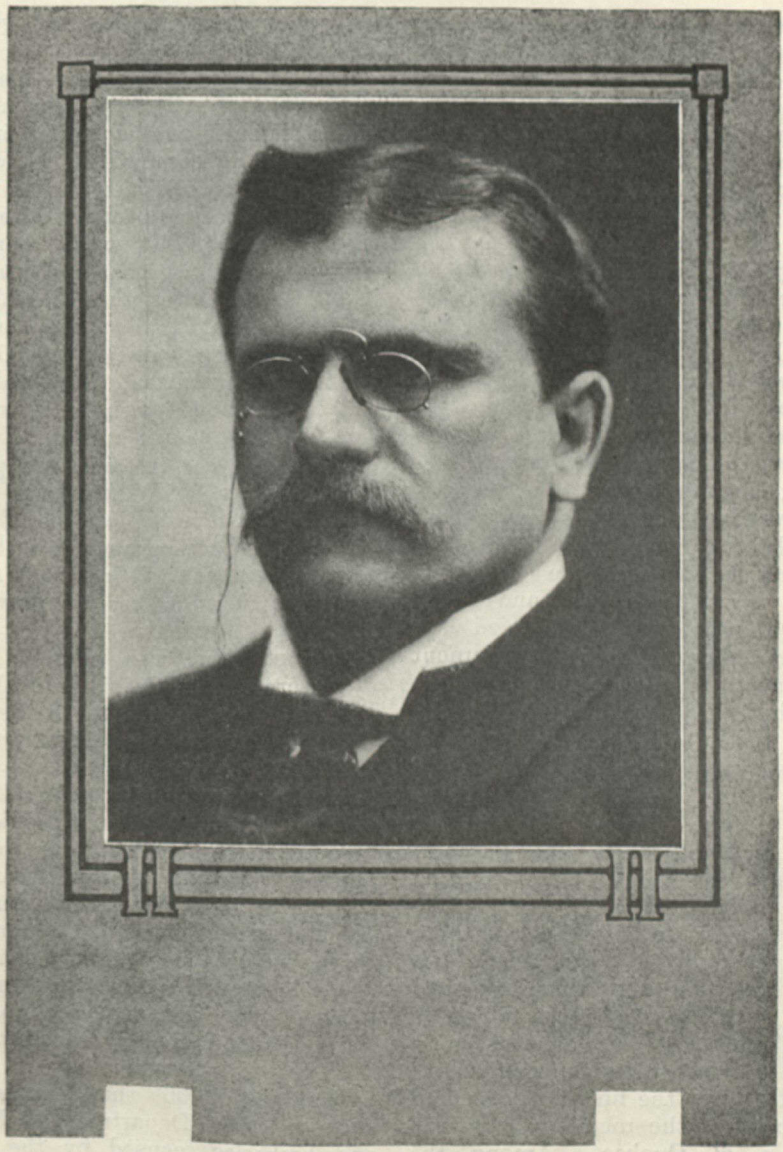
While the deepening of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec was commenced before Confederation, under the direction of Honourable John Young, and carried on under successive governments until a twenty foot channel had been secured in 1869, one of twenty-two and a half feet in 1877, and one of twenty-five feet in 1882, it was not until 1904 that the work was formally transferred from the Department of Public Works to that of Marine and Fisheries. The minister in charge at that time was the late Honourable Raymond Prefontaine, and upon his sudden death at Paris he was succeeded as the head of the department by Mr. Brodeur, who had for two years occupied the post of Minister of Inland Revenue. Since that time the work of deepening the ship channel has gone on with immense speed, owing largely to the personal enthusiasm of the head of the department and his determination to make the St. Lawrence that which nature intended it to be, the true channel for the export of the products of the northwestern half of the continent to the sea. The enterprise involved more than the deepening of the ship channel. It meant the transformation of the harbour of Montreal into a properly organised port, with elevators of great capacity, with remodelled wharves, and with a systematic co-operation between the railways and the shipping companies. It has been a tremendous work, but it has been pushed well on to completion, because of the personal de-

termination of the minister and of his success in convincing his colleagues of the Privy Council, and especially Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, that every dollar expended on the St. Lawrence ship channel and the port of Montreal is a dollar well spent for Canada, and a dollar which has been repaid back to the farmers and other shippers of Canada in the form of reduced freight rates. It has involved the expenditure of many millions of dollars; it will mean the outlay of many more millions (for the size of the steamers coming to the St. Lawrence is increasing every year, and the ship channel will have to be deepened to thirty-five feet at low water); it has called for the spending of hundreds of thousands of dollars for lights and other aids to navigation, but it has resulted in the transformation of the St. Lawrence into a channel, which is as well lighted for its nearly a thousand miles from the ocean to Montreal as is the estuary of the Mersey and the great port of Liverpool. And while no one would claim that all the credit for this national benefit is due to Mr. Brodeur, there can be little doubt that his persistence and his enthusiasm have been responsible for no small share in it.

What manner of man is this who, trained in the law, has thus turned out to be a successful administrator of a great department of the Government? First and foremost, he is a typical French-Canadian, proud of his native province, prouder still of the great Dominion of which it is so important a part, and proudest most of all that he is a citizen of the British Empire. The son of a man who fought for constitutional liberty in the struggle of 1837, Louis Philippe Brodeur is a living proof of the fact that freedom is the mother of free men. Born at Beloeil, on the banks of the Richelieu river, in the homestead which saw his father take up arms against the government, the boy was early the father of the man. He was naturally a Liberal—what else could be expected from his parentage? And when in the late 'seventies he left College of St. Hyacinthe to proceed to Montreal and enter Laval to study law, it was not surprising that he became affiliated with young men whose minds ran in the same direction as his own.

Like many another who has since attained national reputation, young Brodeur was but poorly endowed with this world's goods, and it became necessary for him to find some work to do which would put him through college, and, following the example set years before by Cartier and Laurier, he divided his time between law books and lectures on the one hand and journalism on the other hand. He was a good reporter and a clever political paragrapher, and proved a great addition to the newspaper fraternity of Montreal. But his skill in politics was by no means confined to the use of his pencil and pen. Gifted like most of his compatriots with a ready speech, with the faculty of stating political points with vigour and lucidity, he became an active politician before he reached his majority.

These were the days when the Province of Quebec was almost hopelessly Conservative and gave a majority of twenty-five for Sir John Macdonald, for Sir Hector Langevin, for Caron and Mousseau; and it took no small courage to be a Liberal. But a little band of students in Montreal "kept the fires alight," and they, mostly members of the Club National, never failed to respond to the call of duty to go out into the country and talk to the habitants upon the issues of the day. Among them were Dandurand, the Speaker of the Senate in the last Parliament; Marcil, the present Speaker of the House of Commons; Prefontaine, who died in harness as Minister of Marine; Lemieux, now Postmaster-General; Belcourt,



HONOURABLE LOUIS PHILIPPE BRODEUR.

an ex-Speaker of the Commons and now a senator; Cloran, then an editor and now also a senator; Devlin, since a member of three Parliaments (the Dominion, the British, and now that of Quebec); Guerin, afterward appointed a judge; and others whose names have passed from memory. Chief among them was L. P. Brodeur. While he had not the fiery eloquence of some of his colleagues, such for instance as Dandurand or Devlin, or in later years of Lemieux, he possessed a forcible style of oratory, which went home with the people and made him of exceptional value as a campaign stumper.

There was one feature about that Club National of the late 'seventies and the 'eighties, which has left its

impress upon Canadian politics. Its members were all enthusiastic French-Canadians, but they recognised that an essential of success in Canadian politics was a knowledge of English, and they one and all made it their business to learn the language of Shakespeare (or perhaps it would be more fitting to say the language of Gladstone, for, taught by Laurier, they almost worshipped the Grand Old Man). And so it came that when the first mock parliament was started in Montreal in the mid-'eighties the leaders of the Club National became members. There they had the opportunity, both of becoming acquainted with parliamentary procedure and of making speeches in the two languages. L. P. Brodeur was, for one term, the "Speaker" of this mock parliament, and when, years afterwards, he occupied the Speaker's chair in the real Parliament at Ottawa, he confessed more than once that the lessons learned in the Fraser Institute in Montreal were of immense value to him.

The choice of Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons in 1887 put new hope into the veins of the fighting young Liberals of Quebec, who foresaw the day when he would lead them to victory, and they redoubled their endeavours for the cause and the leader, with the result that, although the Liberals lost the country as a whole in the general elections of 1891, they, for the first time, secured a majority of the members from the Province of Quebec. Among the Liberals who came into the House of Commons at that election was L. P. Brodeur, then twenty-nine years of age, and a lawyer of seven years' standing. His election for Rouville county was a complete surprise to the politicians, and his majority was small, only sixty-nine, but he has held the constituency ever since, obtaining a majority of 1,085 in 1900, and has the distinction of being the only Liberal elected in Quebec by acclamation at the last general election.

This young man soon made his mark in the chamber. Applying himself with diligence to his duties in the House and in committees, he was of great value to his party in the fighting sessions which intervened between 1891 and 1896. It was, therefore, with little surprise that parliamentarians learned, after the Liberals got in in 1896, that Brodeur was Laurier's choice for the position of Deputy Speaker and chairman of committees. This office carries with it the succession to the Speaker's chair, if one's political party is retained in power, so that when Sir Wilfrid came back, after the general elections of 1900, Mr. Brodeur was promoted to be the First Commoner of Canada. And a most popular Speaker he proved to be.

Cabinet rank was next. When Mr. Bernier, the Minister of Inland Revenue, was appointed to the Railway Commission in January, 1904, Mr. Brodeur was called to the Privy Council and sworn in as the new holder of that portfolio. Many people outside of Parliament consider this department as one of the least important in the Government, but Mr. Brodeur brought it into the limelight by the active and successful campaign which he waged against the American tobacco trust, in which he clipped the claws of that monopoly and compelled it to respect Canadian law.

Then in 1906 there came the vacancy in the Department of Marine and Fisheries, caused by the death of Mr. Prefontaine, and Mr. Brodeur stepped upward. From that date to this he has been engaged in work of the most arduous description. He had not long been in charge before he found that the methods of doing business in the department were, to say the least, antiquated and not suited to modern needs. He engaged a force of expert accountants to go over the books and inaugurate a modern system of accounts. And when

MIDSHIPMAN BRODEUR, SON OF THE MINISTER OF MARINE AND NAVAL AFFAIRS.

the Civil Service Commission, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. M. Courtney, was appointed, Mr. Brodeur threw the doors of his department wide open and gave the commissioners every opportunity to investigate its workings.

While this work was in progress, Mr. Brodeur was chosen by the Premier to accompany him to the Imperial Conference of 1907, and no sooner had that historic gathering adjourned than Mr. Brodeur and Mr. Fielding were appointed by the Imperial Government to negotiate the first treaty ever secured by one of the self-governing dominions with a foreign power. These negotiations in Paris, which lasted for several months, resulted in the trade treaty between Canada and France which was finally ratified this year and is now in operation. Then came a strenuous session during which Mr. Brodeur was the target for attack by his political opponents as a consequence of the report of the Civil Service Commission. The revelations were an undoubted shock to the country, but they have resulted in permanent good. When the Minister saw that the Civil Service Commissioners had not placed their finger upon any guilty man in particular, he urged, and secured, the appointment of Mr. Justice Cassels as a special commissioner to investigate the whole department. As a result all the guilty men implicated in the revelations before Judge Cassels have been got rid of. New men have taken their places, and the system of purchase by patronage has been swept away and replaced by a system of purchase by open competition in all cases. To-day the department is on

a straight and honest basis and Mr. Brodeur claims credit for the regeneration which has taken place under his administration.

The crowning of Mr. Brodeur's political career, so far, came, however, when last year he represented Canada at the Imperial Defence conference as a result of which came the Naval Bill of the present year under which Canada has made a start with its own navy. Unfortunately, the constant pressure of official work ever since his appointment to the Marine department resulted in a physical breakdown on Mr. Brodeur's part, and the work of putting the Naval bill through Parliament fell to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, although the bill itself was drafted by the Minister of Marine. Since then, until a few weeks ago, Mr. Brodeur has been on the sick list, but he was sufficiently convalescent to go down to Halifax and personally welcome His Majesty's Canadian ship *Niobe* to Canadian waters when she arrived on October twenty-first.

Mr. Brodeur has been, and is, the recipient of many attacks from the opponents of the naval policy. He is condemned in some of the English-speaking provinces because he would go no further than he did in meeting the views of the Admiralty. He is denounced by the Nationalists of Quebec because he has gone too far; but since he has partially recovered his health he has shewn that he is willing to face the issue in any of the provinces and to defend with all his power the very important step towards "nationality within the Empire" with which his name will be ever associated.

Louis Philippe Brodeur is as large of heart as he is of body. Generous to a degree, so far as his income will allow, the poor, the rich, the labourer or the capitalist, all equally get from him a cordial shake of the hand and a cheery word. And, while a firm friend, he is a hard fighter. As Laurier's chief lieutenant in the Province of Quebec he is beloved by his parliamentary following, while he is just as popular with his English-speaking colleagues in Parliament as with those who speak his mother tongue.

The Minister of Marine and of Naval Affairs is one of the hardest workers in the Government. Each morning finds him busy in his home at an hour when the ordinary business man is thinking of turning over to have his last forty winks. It is a common thing for him to reach his office in the West block before nine in the morning and to remain there until six or eight at night, unless called to a meeting of the Cabinet or required to attend to his duties in Parliament. And the work continues until well on in the evening. Many a legal question is decided by the Minister without reference to the Justice department, and it is significant that in no case has his judgment ever been over-ruled.

He has done much for Canada on both coasts as Minister of Marine. Now that he is also Minister of Naval Affairs, he has added responsibilities, but the spirit in which he intends to administer them is well illustrated by the following extract from his speech of welcome to the officers and men of the *Niobe*:—"We must consider that our interests are so interwoven with those of Great Britain that her supremacy on the sea and her perpetual command of the great commerce of the world appeal to us anl awaken a responsive echo in our country. If, then, we can assist even in a small way, but in proportion to our strength and resources, in the safeguarding of her supremacy, it becomes our duty to do so. And in this establishment of a Canadian navy for the protection of our commerce and defence of our coasts we are displaying to the world our readiness to do our share in the upbuilding of the Empire."

And so while Louis Philippe Bro-

deur is developing our means of transport, while he is improving our channels of communication to our overseas markets, he is also doing his share to provide defence for that trade and commerce which he has done so much to benefit. The one is the complement of the other. He has given as well, his son, to be one of the first midshipmen of the Canadian navy; and while we all hope that the day for the defence of Canada's commerce by Canada's cruisers may be far off, we can all, no matter what our politics, join in paying tribute to the national work performed for Canada and the Empire, by the son of the rebel farmer on the banks of the Richelieu river.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

DO you remember that lone, ancient shore
Whose irised waters, stretching towards the west,
Into uncharted realms of sunset bore
Our vision and our quest?
We stood together....over land and sky
A silence like a benediction fell,
But the sea wove its immemmorial spell
And would not cease to sigh.
A gray ship went adown the dusky east,
Drifting in phantom fashion past our ken,
And a white gull soared where the heaven was fleeced
To wide, free wastes again.
With lifted eyes we watched its glorious flight,
And saw a sinking moon beyond the bar,
A silver shallop moored unto a star
In haven of the night.
Behind us was a land all dim with pines
Garmented in the twilight; and before
Lay the dark ocean symbolled with the signs
Of untranslated lore;
And we, drawn nearer, felt our hearts beset
With love that needed not of words to be
Best understood....Oh, time stands still for me
And holds that moment yet!

GOLDWIN SMITH'S "REMINISCENCES"

A REVIEW

BY THE EDITOR

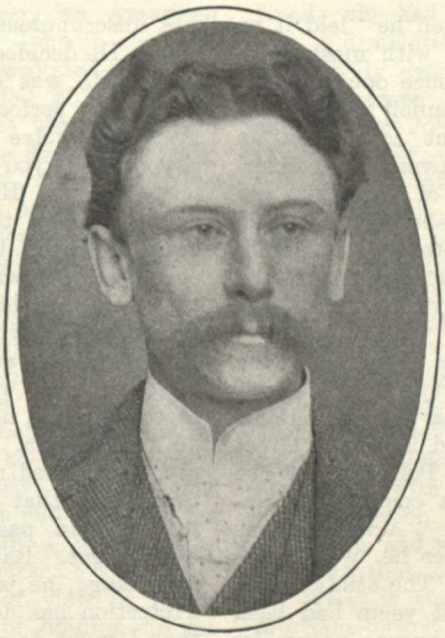
"REMINISCENCES," by Goldwin Smith, is in importance and genuine interest one of the first publications of the year. Its appearance upon the book counters so soon after its author's death is a triumph in editorial anticipation and publishing enterprise. When Mr. Arnold Haultain began the task of editing this volume he elaborated his responsibilities, with the result that nothing of significance in the original text is permitted to pass without all additional information being given necessary to intelligent reading. But that is not all. A reference is made to Andrew D. White, first President of Cornell University, who "shone as a writer," and the foot-note (an instance of editorial aptitude) shows that the latest volume, "Seven Great Statesmen," by this author was published so recently as last September. Again, a reference is made to "My friend Warren," and the foot-note shows that he referred to T. Herbert Warren, who was Vice-Chancellor of Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1906 until his quite recent resignation of that position. Therefore it is evident also that the volume has been edited with infinite care.

Goldwin Smith had a wealth of reminiscence, and to even glance over the pages of this volume gives one the impression that he must have had something to do with every person of note who lived within the last seventy-five years, or is still living. In one of the first chapters he relates personal observations regarding the great Duke of Wellington, and towards the close he comments on the political attitude of Henri Bourassa.

The atmosphere in which Goldwin Smith passed his last days contained a subtle tincture of pathos. Mr. Smith himself was by no means a sombre man, for he possessed a keen sense of humour, and he cherished the memory of any fine satirical turn. But he had none of the serene complacency of old age, the serenity that seems to be the portion of those who have an abiding faith in happiness that awaits.

A few years before his death, when asked why he had never published anything on a particular incident to his career, he replied that he had written something on the subject, that there were some things that might better appear after the writer had passed away, and that the particular chronicle would in all probability not be kept long from the light. There was in his look and in his words a fine tone of sadness, and one could scarcely dissipate the serious reflection that it imposed.

Some readers have failed to find beauty of style in the writings of Goldwin Smith. Perhaps they have been looking for the obscureness of



MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, EDITOR OF "REMINISCENCES," BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Emerson, the oratorical elegance of Macaulay or the flamboyancy of Ingersol. With better results, they might have looked for the simplicity of Goldsmith. But Goldwin Smith suited his style to his subject, and if one seeks beauty one need go no farther than the first chapter of these "Reminiscences." It is entitled "Boyhood." I do not know when it was written, but the very first paragraph can be cited as an outstanding instance of masterful description and literary beauty.

Observers of Goldwin Smith might look for a severe arrangement of Disraeli, but the incident is dismissed with nothing more than a few burning words—in one paragraph. Mention is made of an attack by Disraeli in the House of Commons, with this further statement: "He afterwards pursued me across the Atlantic and tried to brand me, under a perfectly transparent-pseudonym, if 'Oxford Professor' could be called a pseudonym at all, as a 'social sycophant.' There is surely nothing more dastardly than this mode of stabbing a reputation. . . .

"Disraeli's strong point as a speaker was personal attack, apart from which he was apt to be heavy. I heard him at the time of the Mutiny make a highly laboured speech on the Indian question which evidently wearied and partly cleared the House. Even as a novelist he indulges in personal attack, though when he comes to deal with Lord Hertford his own sycophancy betrays itself and he betrays a strong contrast to the free hand of Thackeray. His "Letters of Runnymede" are an extravagant imitation of Junius. He says to Russell, who had given him no provocation,

> A miniature Mokanna, you are now exhaling upon the constitution of your country, which you once eulogised, and its great fortunes, of which you once were proud, all that long-hoarded venom and all those distempered humours that have for years accumulated in your petty heart, and tainted the current of your mortified life.

"He avowed that he was a flatterer, having, as he said, found the practice

useful. To the Queen he "laid it on with a trowel" and with most satisfactory effect. He once opened a sitting of the Privy Council with an extravagant compliment to her as an authoress. He was overheard pandering to her hatred of Garibaldi, and when she said that she had been told the same thing before, said, 'Then it must be true, for no one would tell your Majesty anything but the truth.' "

Of the 466 pages comprising the volume, the last forty-two are devoted mostly to Canada and Canadians. Sir John Macdonald is the "Great Man of Canadian Politics," at the time of the writer's coming to Canada. [About 1870.] "A very curious and notable character he was," observes the writer. "The study of his life from his earliest years had been the manipulation of human nature for the purposes of party. In that craft he was unrivalled. A statesman in the higher sense he was not, nor an administrator. His principles, his economical principles especially, were the shifts of the hour. Only in his attachment to the British Crown, and in his determination, as he said, to die a British subject, could he be said to be firm. He was personally very attractive, bright, good-humoured, versatile, capable of being all things to all men, of talking well on serious and even on literary subjects to the guests at one end of the table, and cracking rough jokes or telling *risqué* anecdotes to the guests at the other end. He was said to be like Disraeli. There may have been a slight likeness in face. The dark Highland face has something of Jewish cast. Other likeness there was none. Macdonald had nothing of Disraeli's imagination. He more resembled Palmerston as a tactician and a speaker whose object was not oratorical effect, but the capture of votes. He was not himself corrupt. It was for the game more than for the stakes that he cared. But he was unscrupulous in corrupting other men. He decidedly did not love Spartans. He was credited with saying that the perfection of a ministry would be twelve men, each of whom, if you liked, you could put into the penitentiary. He spoke in jest, no doubt; but in the jest there was a grain of truth. On the eve of a general election it was pointed out to him that some of his men were talking Protectionism which, whatever might be its effect in such a country as the United States, with their vast area of production and home trade, would not do for Canada. "No," was his reply, "you need not think I am going to get into that hole." Scarcely two months had passed when into that hole he got. Rallied by his friend on his change, he jauntily replied, "Yes, Protection has done so much for me, that I must do something for Protection." He was a survivor of the times in which whisky played an important part in politics, and he had not put off the habits of his jovial generation.

"Macdonald was not delicate in the choice of his instruments. An incident which I am going to mention showed this and at the same time a certain sensitiveness which he retained after a life which it might have been supposed would have thoroughly steeled his nerves. He came to my house for the wedding of his son. On the evening of his arrival he was in his usual spirits. Next morning as we drove to the church a cloud seemed to have come over him. At the wedding breakfast he sat perfectly silent. When his health was drunk, he disappointed the company by merely stumbling through two or three disjointed sentences. He was called up to reply to another toast, with no happier result. On my return home I found the Chief of Police waiting at my door and desiring to see Sir John Macdonald. Those were the days of Fenianism, and I fancied that this was some alarm from that quarter. It

turned out, however, an American who had served Sir John in some secret and probably associated with him, and having demanded $3,000 of him was trying to indict him for perjury and had chosen the day of the marriage for the service of the writ. The attempt, of course, came to nothing, but the apprehension of it had evidently been enough to upset Sir John Macdonald.

"The professions of George Brown, the head of the Grit party and Macdonald's mortal enemy, were far more moral than those of Macdonald. Whether he was a better man may be questioned, while he unquestionably was far less attractive and amusing. A Liberal he might call himself; but it could be only in a party sense. Of liberality of character and sentiment, of breadth of view or toleration of difference of opinion no human being was ever more devoid. Master of *The Globe*, which then, unhappily for the country, was the only powerful paper, he used it without scruple or mercy to crush everybody who would not bow to his will. For this work he had congenial instruments in his brother Gordon and his chief writer Inglis, a Presbyterian minister instinct with the spirit of the Westminster Confession. The headship of a party and the editorship of a paper ought not to be in the same hands. When they are, the judge is confounded with the advocate or with something still more unfair or bitter. The best of Brown was his fidelity to the cause of the North during the American war of Secession. On the other hand, he traded long on the antipathy of the British and Protestant to the French and Catholic Province, a very mischievous and unpatriotic line. For one moment George Brown touched the goal of his ambition, having in consequence of a mere Parliamentary accident been called upon to form a Government. But he immediately fell, raging through his organ against Sir Edmund Head, who had very properly refused him a dissolution. In his large and burly body dwelt a strong but thoroughly coarse mind. When pitted against Sir John Macdonald in the Confederation Government he soon felt his own inferiority and withdrew to his despotic reign in the office of *The Globe*."

There is a reference to Quebec in Confederation and to the Nationalist movement, which is of especial interest just now:

"Confederation, when settled itself, could not beget issues of principle. The contest between parties again became a struggle of factions for power and place, with the rancour, intrigue, and corruption inseparable from such a contest, and with the sort of statesmanship that it forms.

"What is the destiny of Quebec? Durham took it for granted that Quebec must be absorbed in British Canada. Instead of being absorbed, Quebec dominates by the help of venal support in the other Provinces. Her *quasi* nationality has now a powerful and chivalrous champion in Bourassa. But the end must come. The English Provinces and the United States, to which the workmen of Quebec go, will have their influence. The people of Quebec, the peasantry especially, are pious and devoted to the priesthood, who have hitherto been their leaders and masters. But Papalism cannot reign for ever, and when it loses its hold, Quebec's nationality will fall.

"In these movements and the attendent controversies I supported the policy which I believed to be best for England as well as for Canada and the continent to which Canada belonged. England was uppermost in my thoughts. But I was thus exposed to the ire of Imperialists, to some of whom the character and manners of the English gentleman were an object rather of praise than of imitation.

"To grace their movement, the Im-

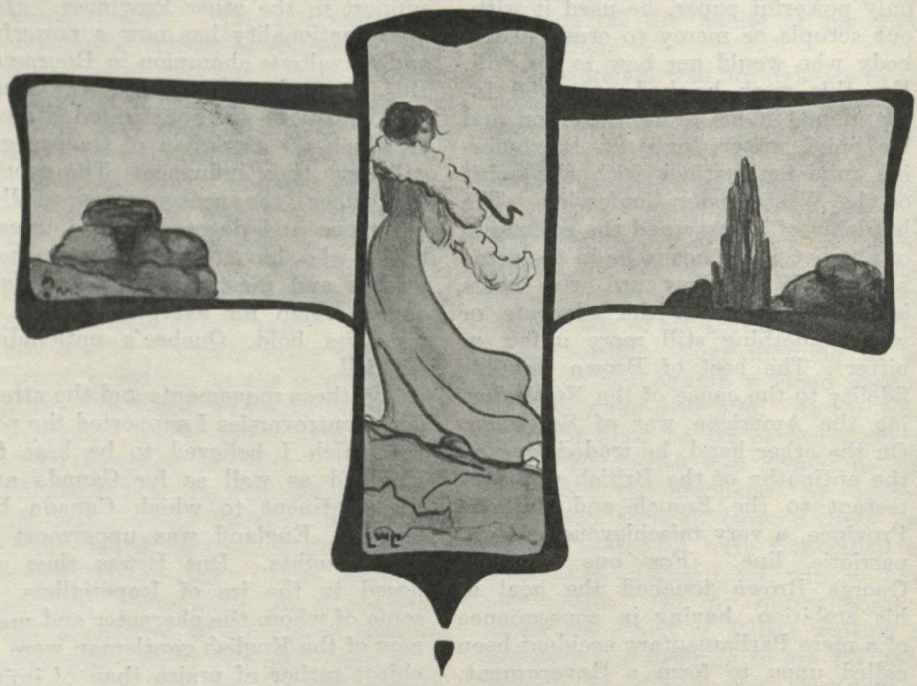
perial Federationists brought over a Duke. On a very hot day he was driving with a party of which I was one. Opposite him sat a Mayor, who took his hat off. The Duke, taking this for an act of social homage, bent condescendingly forward and said, 'Pray, Mr. Mayor, keep your hat on.' 'Thank your Grace, I was only cooling my head.' "

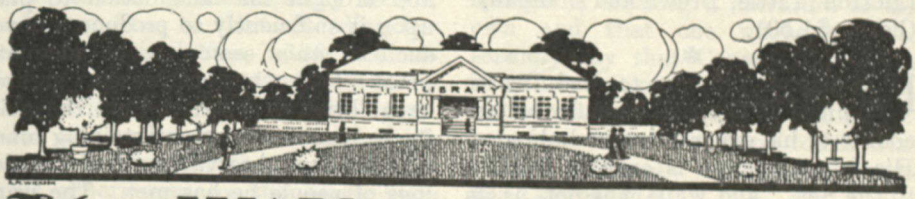
There is no record that Goldwin Smith ever got farther than the "Riddle of Existence." He may have hesitated at the brink; he may have possessed sufficient consciousness at the end to feel the slipping away of all that materialists can cling to—but we have no record of it. His last words for publication ring their own knell of finality:

"My wife's name on the tumb, my joy departed, I still did not want to spend the rest of my days in idle gloom. My eyes were turned to Cornell, one of the happiest scenes of my life. I was still, for my age, vigorous and able to hold the pen, which, not the sword or the spade, had been my instrument of labour. At Cornell a new building of the University had been called after my name, and, what was more to the purpose, teaching in History seemed likely to be of special use to American youth in the coming time. I might have gone down to my grave in honour, as I certainly should in peace.

"That hope was suddenly blighted, that door to a happy and perhaps not unfruitful old age and exit, was shut. I received a shock which ruined my intellect, my memory, my powers as a teacher. Without the aid of a first-rate Secretary, I could not have stumbled on as I have done."

The shock he refers to, as Mr. Haultain explains, is the fall he received a few months before he died.





The WAY of LETTERS

"THE Gospel of the Hereafter" is the title of a volume of extreme interest by Reverend J. Paterson-Smyth, of Montreal. Some time ago three articles by this writer appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* under the general caption of "The Gospel of the Hereafter," with distinctive subtitles of "Hades," "Heaven," "Hell." These contributions to a popular magazine caused a great amount of discussion, perhaps because of the fact that the author, who occupies one of the most important Anglican pulpits in Canada and is a man of scholarly attainments, avowed a profound belief in the existence of an "intermediary" state after death and before judgment. He distinguishes between Hades and Hell, Hades being, according to his interpretation of the Scriptures, the same as the Catholic Purgatory. Paradise he distinguishes from Heaven, and interprets the words of Christ as directed towards the thief on the cross, "To-day then shall be with me in Paradise," as meaning that the thief would meet with Christ again in the intermediary state between death and the final judgment. Again he quotes: "No man hath ascended into Heaven, only the son of Man who is in Heaven." This, he contends with reason, is good ground for the belief that Heaven and Hell are stages in the existence of humanity that have not yet been reached. The volume is in large measure an elaboration of this theory, with emphasis on the belief that Hades is a place of preparation, that much can be done even after death as preparation for the final state, and that the Heathen, for instance, have an opportunity in Hades to hear about the plan of salvation and to prepare for judgment. There are chapters on "Communion of the Saints," and "Probation in this life," and the speculation is made that the Ministry of the Gospel is carried on after death.

The volume is one of the most interesting publications of the season. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell).

*

IT would be difficult for the author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus" to follow that novel with another equally successful, yet Mary E. Waller has almost done so in "Flamsted Quarries." Both books are full of what is known as gushy sentiment, asd yet there is in them a quality that appeals strongly to the average reader; and it is, after all, to the average reader that a writer should direct his appeal. "Flamsted Quarries" is the story of a girl, the child of Irish immgrants to the United States. This girl is rescued from the New York vaudeville stage by a priest and taken to "Flamstead," a small

village in Maine, and there she lives amongst the plain, unaffected people who toil in the granite quarries. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Cloth, $1.50).

*

IT is a great pleasure to read Doctor Wilfred T. Grenfell's unaffected accounts of his experiences in Labrador. His latest volume is entitled "Down to the Sea," and while it is not, as its title might indicate, a novel it has all the fascination of romance. Doctor Grenfell does not need to excite his imagination, for a simple statement of fact is sufficient in the circumstances. "Down to the Sea" contains many entertaining chapters and anecdotes, and one might well quote from any page. In the first chapter, under the title "The Northern Lights," the author is writing about the superstition and simplicity of the people of Labrador, and their abounding faith in charms, in seventh sons and more unswervingly in seventh sons of seventh sons. He relates an incident to a night's lodging. Dogs were barking underneath the house and keeping them awake. "It so happened," writes Doctor Grenfell, "that my host's seventh son was at home, and he promptly offered to charm the dogs into quietude. This he did by standing with his back to the wall and apparently twiddling the thumbs of his clasped hands in some peculiar way. He also muttered a few words which he would not tell me. For my part, I was so tired that I went to sleep watching him, and for me, at least, the charm worked. My driver also confessed that he thought it was we who were charmed; for the seventh son had faded from sight and memory while still twiddling his thumbs." (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, $1).

*

THE latest novel by Henry De Morgan, "An affair of Dishonour," is a tale of the time of Charles II. In this particular at least it is different from this author's other stories, and the fact that he has subdued history and brought his imagination to play upon it sufficiently to produce a novel such as this seems to be adequate proof that he possesses greater capabilities as a writer than the ability to recount in an entertaining manner his own observations and the doings of people he has met. The principal figures in "An Affair of Dishonour" are *Sir Oliver Mauleverer*, a conniving, sensuous member of the English aristocracy, and *Lucinda*, a charming, high-minded and lovable woman. *Sir Oliver* is a product of his time, a time when woman's honour was more than otherwise of but little consequence. He is attracted by *Lucinda*, but the attractiin is such that he wishes merely to make her his plaything for an hour. But in the end he comes to love the girl, and in view of his colossal vanity and selfishness it is not easy for him to obey the dictates of a genuinely tender passion. *Lucy* loves him devotedly and is blind to his faults and vices. She succumbs to his stronger will, and when her disgrace becomes known her father challenges *Sir Oliver* to fight a duel. *Sir Oliver* does not fight fairly, and the father is slain, whereby *Sir Oliver* becomes in all sense of honour a murderer. Lucinda in time abandons him, but with the anticipation of motherhood she returns and marries the father for the child's sake. She does not know that *Sir Oliver* tricked her father in the duel, and she misleads herself in the belief that her sin has been the indirect cause of her father's death. This story is not so good as the others by the same author, and the time it covers is only a few months. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

*

STORIES of real life in modern India, touching both European and native sides of it, are presented to the

public in a new book by Winifred Hestos, M.D., entitled, "A Blue Stocking in India." The author spent some years of strenuous work in India, accepting the duties attached to the life of a missionary doctor, and from time to time recording her impressions in letters which she addressed to a person named *Eleanor*. This series of letters has been compiled into book form, readers of which get an insight into the joys and sorrows experienced by the brave little doctor, who gave her best efforts to improve conditions in general, asd in particular to alleviate the burdens of oppressed women and girls. The narrator's letters are strikingly simple in style, and much of them is written in a semi-serious vein. Whether the little woman is in the throes of overtaxing professional duties in the heat on the plains, or is striving to recover from physical collapse, while resting in the cool pine woods of the Himalayas, she writes with a facile pen and shows a personality that mostly leans to the humorous and to the hopeful in life. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company).

*

WHATEVER might be said against G. K. Chesterton's theories or comments as set forth in his latest volume, "What's Wrong With the World," there is no doubt at all that to read his pages is to receive first-rate entertainment. He is, if nothing else, brilliant, and nowadays brilliancy counts for much. In this book he virtually says that any person might tell what is wrong with the world, but the great thing is to tell what would make it right. It is difficult to tell what Mr. Chesterton writes about, because there is so much merely in the way it is presented. He uses an abundance of instances, one, for instance, that some people say Canada is creating a literature of her own and that one might just as sensibly say that Canada is growing a moustache of her own. However, not to read some of Chesterton's writings is to not be in good touch with current literature. (Toronto: Cassel and Company).

*

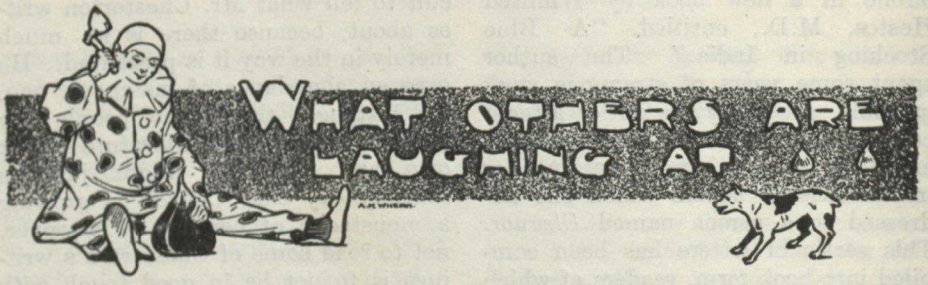
TWELVE short stories in one volume by the Baroness Orczy, the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," is enough to arrest any one. Such, however, is what is presented in "Lady Molly of Scotland Yard." This is a volume of detective stories told by the author of one of the most romantic of detective stories written in recent years. They are full of interest and action, and that is what the reader of this class of fiction likes most of all. (Toronto: Cassel and Company).

*

"HOW to read character in handwriting" is the title of a small book by Mary H. Booth. The author treats the subject as a science and an entertainment as well. (Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company).

*

A LITTLE love story, written with some charm, but possessing no particular originality, is entitled "The Story of Yuku." The author is Dorothy Dean Tate. (Toronto: William Briggs).



Directions for Getting Your Daughter to Elope with Your Chauffeur

Surround her, from her earliest youth, with religious influences.

Be engaged, during the time of adolescence, in making so much money yourself that you have no time to supervise her education personally.

Make a rule never to let her see any young man who isn't a member of some Y.M.C.A. Never permit her to associate with men, anyway.

When you hire your chauffeur be sure and get one of the kind known as "husky." It makes no difference how much or little education he has. If he is "husky" he will answer.

Then let nature do the rest.—*Life.*

THE AMERICAN OF THE FUTURE
—*Le Rire* (Paris)

A Luxury

Judge—"Why did you burn your barn down, just after getting it insured?"

Farmer—"Your honour, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and insurance too."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

Arranging It

Irate Tailor (who has called frequently to collect, without success)—"My dear sir, I wish you'd make some definite arrangement with me."

The Man—"Why, surely—let's see—well, suppose you call every Monday."—*Judge.*

*

Taking Care of the Neighbours

The new clerk at the drug-store returned the prescription to the old customer with a request that he wait till the boss returned.

"But why can't you fill it out?"

"I could if you was a stranger, but I ain't to fill 'em for folks that lives about here."—*Success.*

*

It Works Both Ways

The Woman—"Here's a wonderful thing. I've just been reading of a man who reached the age of forty without learning how to read or write. He met a woman, and for her sake he made a scholar of himself in two years!"

The Man—"That's nothing. I know a man who was a profound scholar at forty. Then he met a woman, and for her sake he made a fool of himself in two days!"—Cleveland *Leader.*

At Any Cost

Jane—"I've something on me mind, 'Arry, that I hardly knows how to tell yer."

'Arry—"Aht wiv it."

Jane—"I'm afraid yer won't marry me if I tells yer."

'Arry—"Aht wiv it."

Jane—"I'm a somnambulist, 'Arry."

'Arry (after prolonged pause) —"Never mind, Jane, it'll be all right. If there ain't no chapel for it, we'll be married at a registry."—*Punch.*

*

Generous.

"Joseph," said his mother, reprovingly, "I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself."

"Well, mother," replied Joe, "I look upon the matter in a different way altogether. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the class with a big boy like me."—*The Delineator.*

*

The Exile.

The Walrus—"Gee! But it's lonesome around here. What caused you to become a hermit?"

Eskimo Dog (sadly)—"I was with Cook!"—*Puck.*

*

Tact

A fashionable photographer has undoubtedly achieved the pinnacle of tactful achievement. A woman with a decided squint came to him for a photograph.

"Will you permit me," he said, promptly, "to take your portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."—*Youth's Companion.*

*

A Failure

"Have you completed your graduation essay?"

"No," replied Mildred. "I read it over to father and he understood every sentence. I've got to rewrite it."—Washington *Star.*

A PAINFUL MISUNDERSTANDING.

Applicant for Situation—"I've come abaht that job wot wos advertised."

Employer—"Well, can you do the work?"

Applicant, (in great alarm)—Work! I thought it was a foreman you wanted!" —*Punch*

Generosity

The Backer—"Go it, Billy, yer ain't half licked yet."

The Fighter—"Well, you come and 'ave the other 'arf. I ain't greedy!"—*Tit-Bits.*

*

The Limit

Knicker — "Is his house mortgaged?"

Bocker — "Up to the auto."—New York *Sun.*

*

The World on Wheels

"Well, I mortgaged my home yesterday."

"What make of auto are you going to get?"—Houston *Post.*

*

The Root of All Evil

Bill—"They tell me that y'r old friend Jimmy got'r job yesterday."

Dan—"Ain't it terrible, Bill, wot some people will do f'r money?"—Sydney *Bulletin.*

GOLFER—"I can't get the thing out, and I've hit hard enough!"

SUPERIOR CADDIE—"Ah, sir! it's not strength wot's required, it's intellec'." —*Punch.*

A TERRIBLE THREAT

Immature Conductor (to clarinet player)—"See here, Herr Schlag, why don't you follow my beat?"

Veteran Clarinet (solemnly)—"If you don't look owd, I vill!"—*Puck.*

*

DUSTY

Train Passenger (to porter who is wielding whisk)—"Much dust on me, porter?"

Porter—"'Bout fiftey cents' wuth, sir."—Boston *Transcript.*

*

HORSES LATER

"My lord, the carriage waits without."

"Without what, base varlet, without what?"

"Without horses, my lord—it is the automobile."—Brooklyn *Life.*

*

LAW EXAMINATION IN THE LADIES' SEMINARY

Examiner—"Miss Jones, state the chief impediment to marriage."

Candidate—"When no one presents himself."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

HOW THINGS LOOK:

TO PESSIMIST

Keep out.
Dangerous.
No smoking.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for hats and coats.

TO OPTIMIST

Come in.
Take one.
No collection.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for free sample.
No trouble to show goods.
Let us "feather the nest."
Money back if not satisfied.—*Life.*

*

WHY WILLIE QUIT

Joiner (to his apprentice)—"Well, Willie, have you sharpened all the tools?"

Willie—"Yes—all but the 'and-saw, and I haven't quite got all the gaps out of it."—*Sketch.*

*

FORTUNATE

"Did Tom have any luck hunting tigers in India?"

"Yes; great luck."

"How?"

"He didn't meet any tigers."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

A MORTAL COMPLAINT

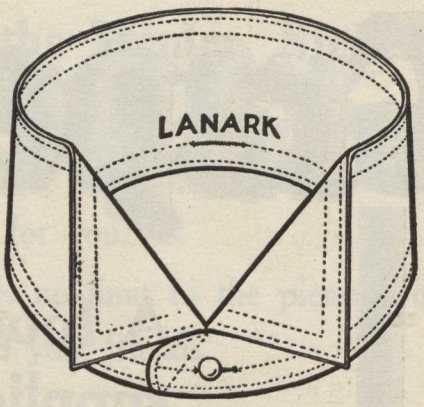
"Your husband will soon be convalescent."

"Convalescent! Oh, doctor, can't you give him some medicine to cure that?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

INCONSIDERATE

Lawyer (to client)—"It is an unheard-of thing for you to murder an old lady for the sake of forty cents! You didn't get enough even to pay your lawyer."—*Soleil.*



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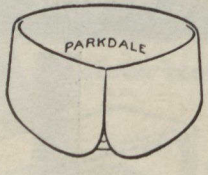

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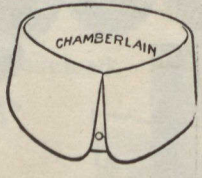

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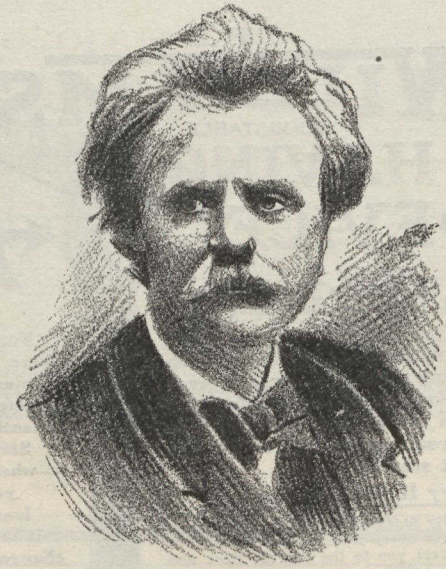
OF MASTER MUSICIANS



¶ Grieg

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG, born 1843, is the most celebrated of Norwegian Composers. And he with MacDowell in America are the chief exponents of the Keltic spirit in modern music—the spirit that dwells on the mystery, weirdness, loneliness, ghostliness, sadness, and magic of hill and stream, forest and glen, mists and shadows, the night, the lover, the wanderer and deathless death.

Grieg received his first music lessons from his mother till he was 15 years old, when he was sent to Leipsic to study under the best masters in composition and pianoforte. He is celebrated as a conductor and pianist. As a composer he has written sonatas, concertos, choral and orchestral pieces, but his best and most popular works are his songs and pianoforte compositions. His music is as glowing and as brilliant as the Norwegian winter and summer : it is full of pathos and weirdness, and often dances with elfish movement.

Grieg's most popular songs are "I Love Thee," "Sunshine," "With a Violet," "With a Water Lily." He is best known by his two orchestral suites "Peer Gynt," originally written as a pianoforte duet There are magical haunting harmonies in "Ase's Death," and an unearthly oriental quality in "Anitra's Dance." As arranged for the piano they require an instrument like

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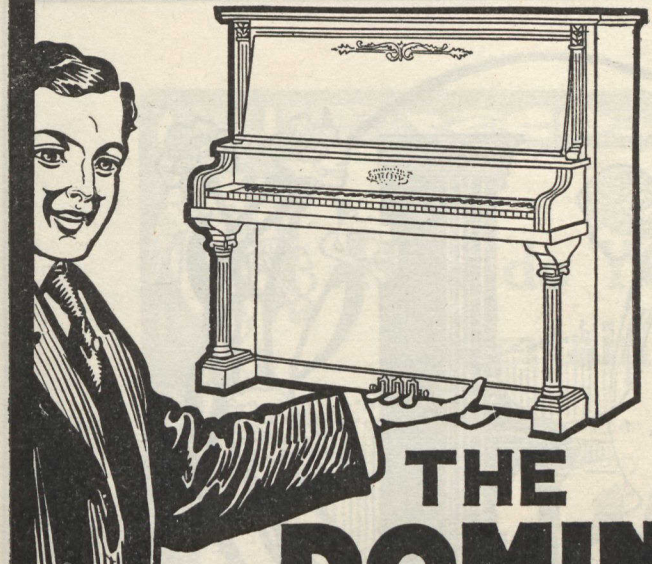

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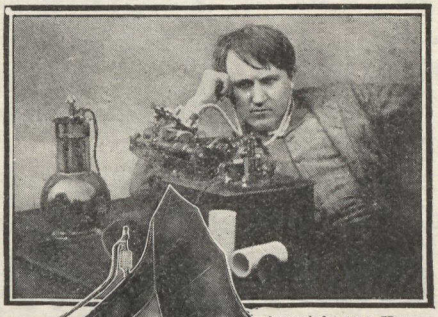
EDISON AND HIS PHONOGRAPH IN 1888



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full of bad accounts that made me sad and sore
While I nodded, body swaying,
dreaming debtors bad were paying
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"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more."

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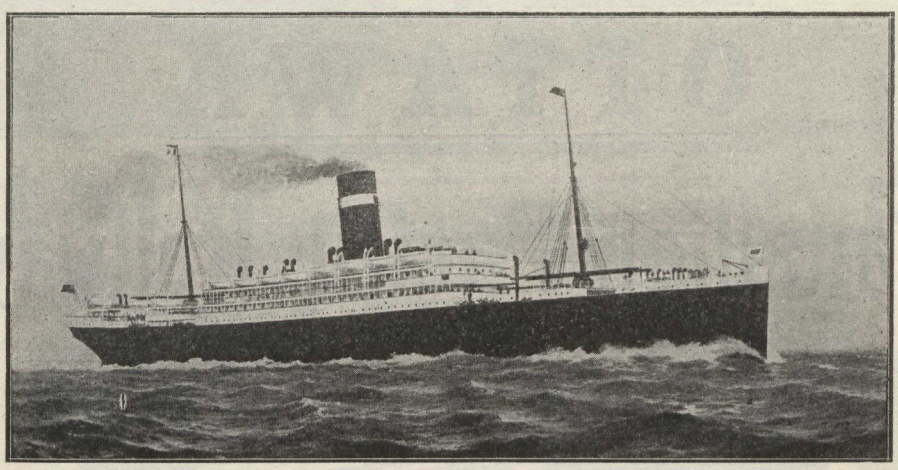

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TUNISIAN.....	Sat. 25 "	——
*VICTORIAN ..	Friday 31 "	Sat. 1 Apr.
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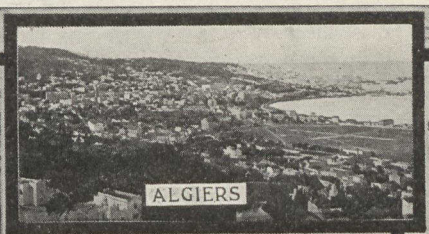

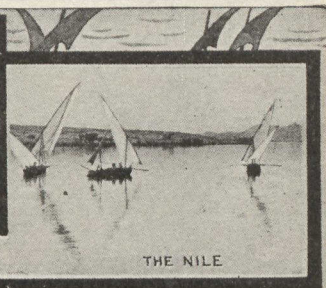

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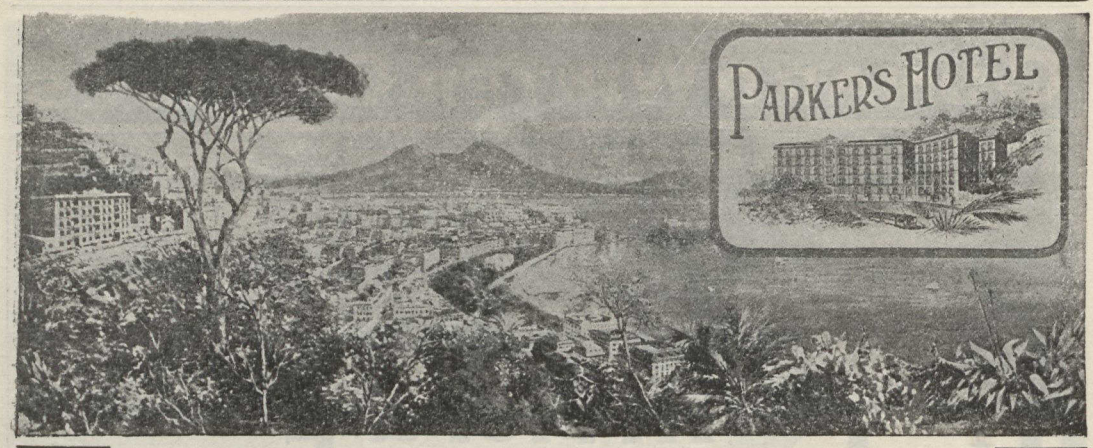

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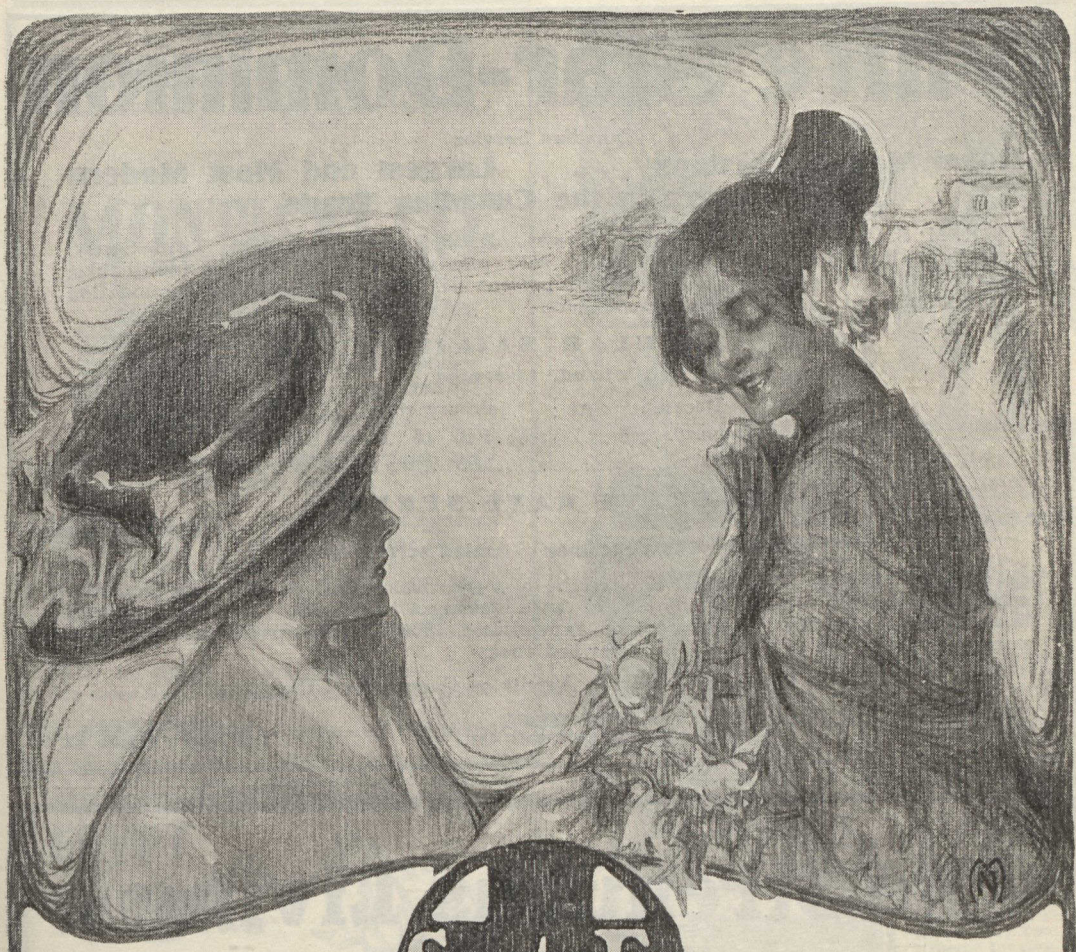

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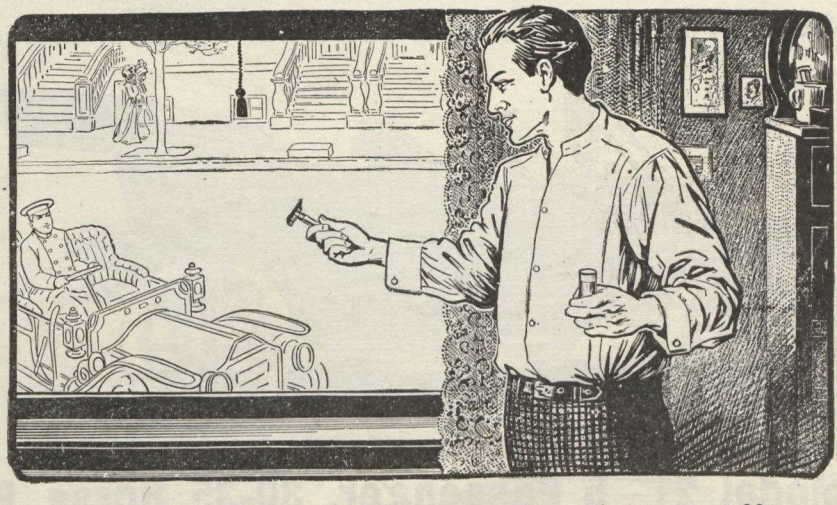

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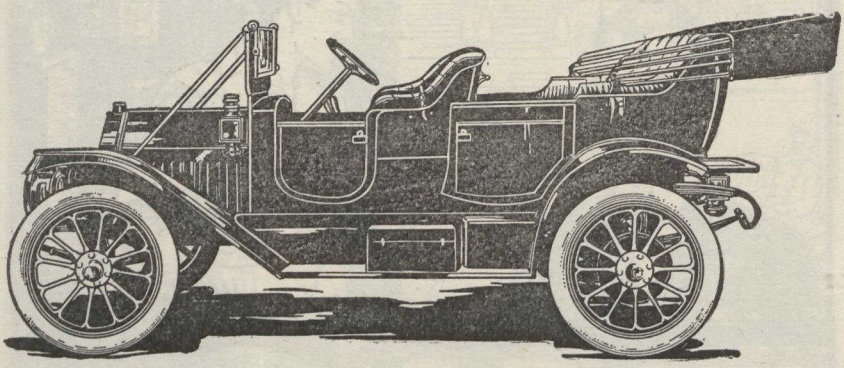

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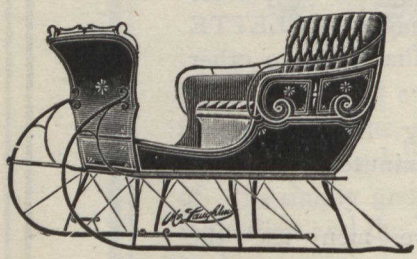

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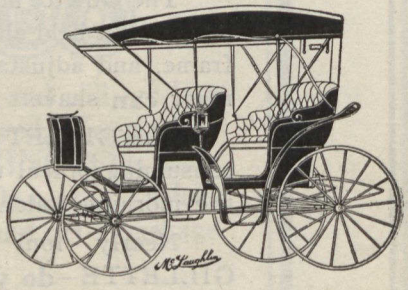

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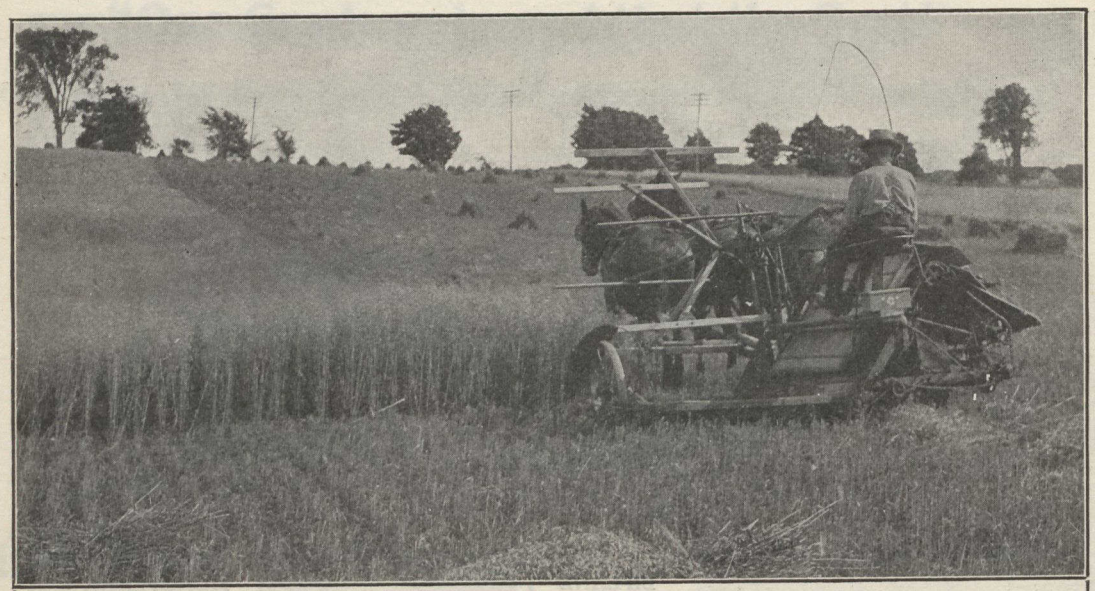

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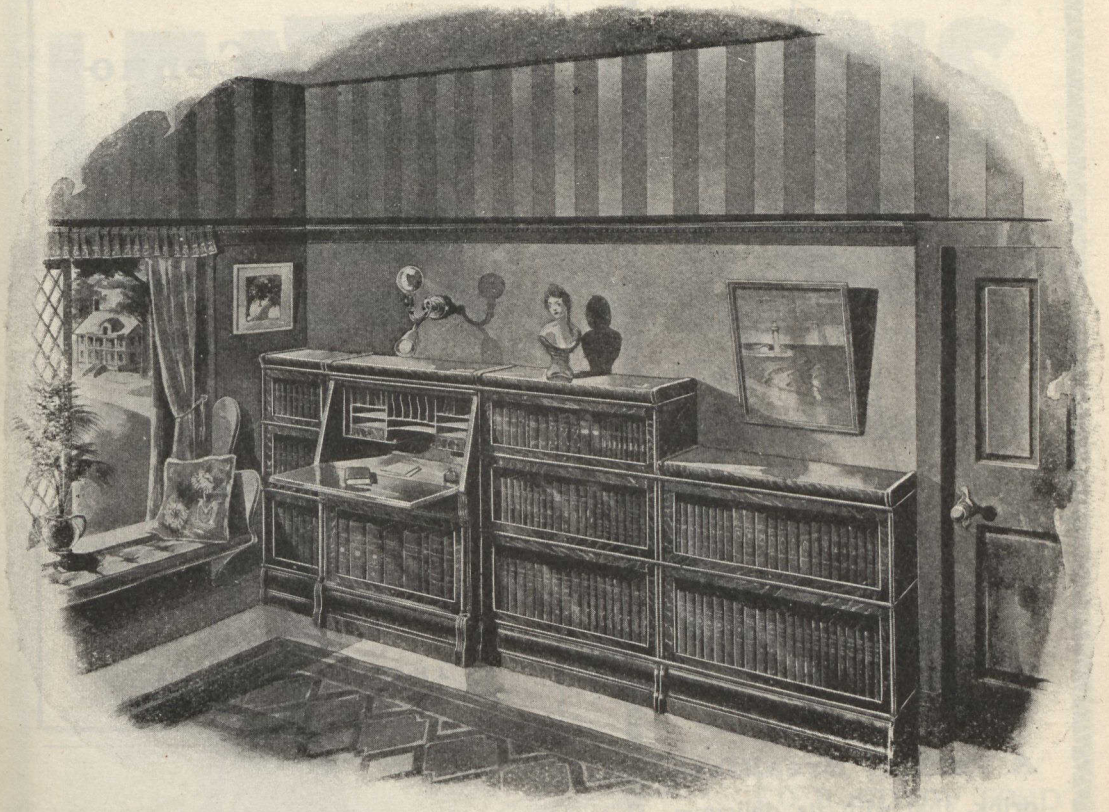

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Some Reasons Why They Are The Best

They take up **less** room than others.
They give you **more** book space than any.
They are the **handsomest** of all.
They are the **most simple** in construction.
They **don't cost** you any more money.

Write for Catalogue C.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

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A Perfect Breakfast

drink, that with its delicious aroma and flavor tempts the most capricious appetite, and with its full richness satisfies the hungriest man, is

SUCHARD'S COCOA

It is a food as well as an appetizing drink, for the selected cocoa-beans of which Suchard's is made are richer in nutriment than even meat or bread. Suchard's is the finest form in which you can get all the appetizing and strengthening properties of one of nature's choicest gifts to man—the cocoa-bean. Try it.

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A washer guaranteed to take out **all** he dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on **ball bearings** and driven by **steel springs**, with a littl assistance from the operator. Per ecte1 to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents cr d.rect to any address.

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LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

By Royal Warrant.

By Royal Warrant.

The Original and Genuine Worcestershire

THE

"World's Favorite"

To a savory soup—a tasty fish—a toothsome fowl—a delectable roast or chop—Lea & Perrins' Sauce adds the taste of perfection.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO.
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26

La Diva Corset

Although sold at as low a price as $2.50, the "La Diva" Corset embodies the latest Parisian ideas and the finest workmanship, and there is a model for every type.

The "La Diva," No. 550, shown herewith, gives the long, graceful lines required by present modes.

The Dominion Corset Company, Quebec

at all Good Stores.

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(Chateau Brand)

Little children will quickly learn to pick out *Clark's Concentrated Soups* at the store, because of the picture of the "Chateau" on the label.

And these are the soups they will ask for because CHATEAU BRAND is the soup the children like.

Get a tin at your grocers

WM. CLARK, :: :: MONTREAL.

Manufacturer of High Grade Food Specialties.

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PURE

Orange Marmalade

All the concentrated goodness of the choicest, selected Seville Oranges, Delicious for breakfast—good at any meal.

Made and guaranteed absolutely pure by

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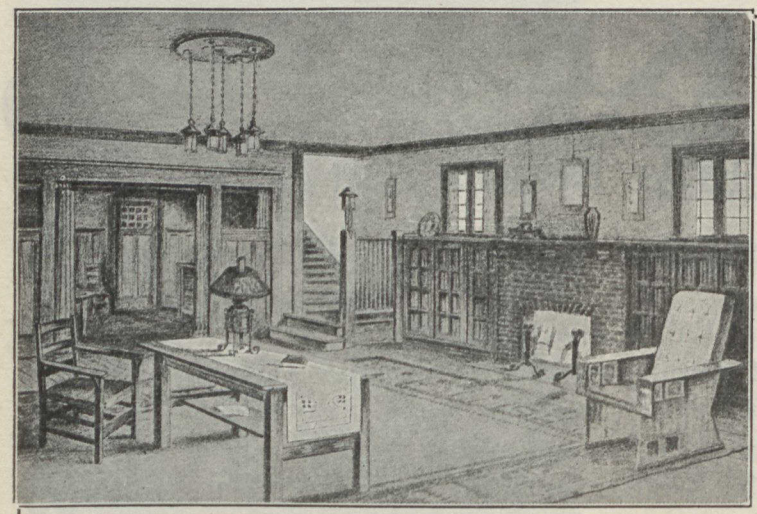

Put in a Milton Brick Mantle in your Home.

Their cosy appreance - artistic designs and beautiful colour effects make them a real pleasure to possess.

They give an especial air of comfort and refinement to the Library or Den.
Let us send you catalogue. Prices range, $18.00 up.

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This Stuffed Bear

Is the work of Wm. Kohli, Bluffton, Ohio. It is the **First** animal that he ever tried to mount. **Many Professionals Cannot Do As Well.** Here is the secret of his success. **He learned the easiest and best methods in the world from our School** and did a fine job of mounting the **first time** he tried it. We have thirty thousand students, all doing equally well.

We Can Teach You to

Mount Birds—Animals—Fishes

and **Game Heads,**—to **tan skins** make **rugs** and **robes,** etc., **By Mail in Your Home.** We teach you so that you can do the work **right** and do it quickly. We teach you the **Standard Methods,** the same that Mr. Kohli learned from us, by mail, and used in mounting this fine bear.

Every Sportsman, every hunter, trapper, angler or nature lover should be able to preserve his own fine trophies. Nothing is finer for the home, den or office. Anyone can learn the art easily and quickly by our **Standard Methods.** We **Guarantee** success or refund tuition. Our fine **FREE Book Fully Explains Our School and How to Learn** the great art of **Taxidermy.** Send the **Coupon Today** for the FREE BOOK.

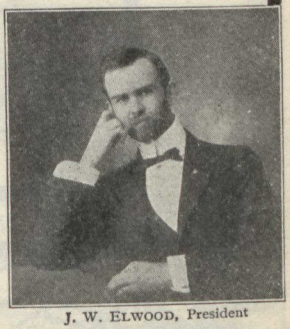
BIG PROFITS You can easily earn **From $20 to $40 a Month** from your **Spare Time** by mounting for others or selling your mounted specimens. If you wish to enter taxidermy as a business, you can make from $2000 to $4000 per year. Investigate this **New Uncrowded Field.** Thousands are making fine profits from taxidermy as a side line, or going into the business for a life's work. Taxidermists are few, and the **Demand is Great.** Read what a few students say:

"Within the past two months I have turned out more than $500 worth of work. My specimens took first premium at the state fair. That is what your school has done for me,"—A. S. Harmer, North Yakama, Wash.

"I have just sold a collection of specimens for $216, which makes in all $700 I have earned from my taxidermy work, and it is all due to your excellent course of lessons."—J. T. Stanton, Klammath, Ore.

"Since taking your course last year I have made over $675 by selling my specimens, and doing work for others. Your lessons are fine, and every sportsman should join the school."—H. C. Hammond, Syracuse, N.Y.

Remember that we taught these men **Taxidermy by Mail.** We can teach you equally well, you will be delighted with the work. Our school teaches taxidermy only, and we have been in the business for many years. Our specimens took **FIRST GRAND PRIZE** and 9 Gold Medals at the exposition.



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Great Taxidermy Book FREE

We have prepared a splendid book on taxidermy. It tells all about the art, explains how we can teach you the business, right in your own home during your spare time. This book is NOW FREE. Send the COUPON TODAY and get this valuable book, and a FREE COPY of THE TAXIDERMY MAGAZINE, also sample diploma and hundreds of letters from delighted students.

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Please send me free and without any obligations, your FREE BOOK, "How to Learn Taxidermy," also copy of Taxidermy Magazine and full particulars of your system.

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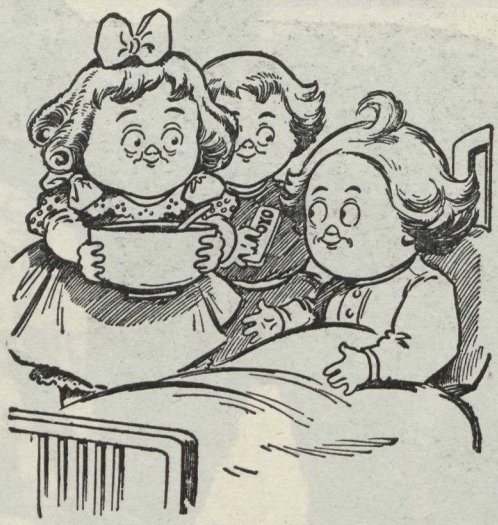

Our Doctor knows—when we get sick—
Just what we need to get well quick.
Rich nutriment to stand the shock, so
He says "Give them lots of OXO".

OXO CUBES

We invented OXO CUBES to help Mothers and Nurses in the sick-room.
It's so easy to carry out the Doctor's wishes with OXO CUBES.
We have done all the thinking—all the measuring—all the "making ready".
You get the perfect product in OXO CUBES. Simply drop a cube in boiling water and the beef tea is ready, with the rich nutriment and sustaining qualities of the best beef.

Sold in Tins containing 4 & 10 cubes.
Two Free Samples sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to pay postage and packing.

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OXO is also packed in Bottles for People who prefer it in Fluid Form.

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18

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.
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MAGIC TRICKS

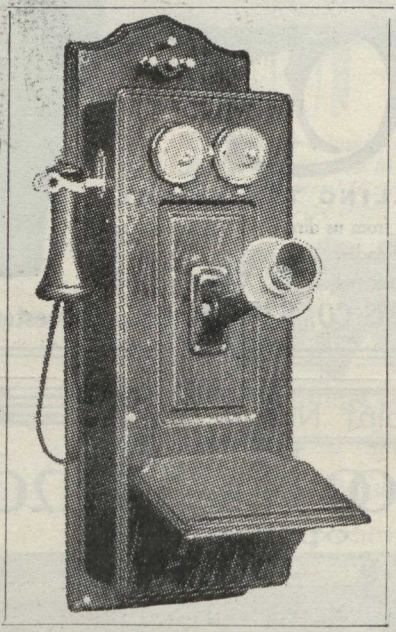
Novelties, Jokes, Puzzles, etc. More fun than a comedy theatre to amuse you and your friends at home, at the club, dinner parties and all social gatherings. Trick pencils, trick cigars, shooting cigarette box, trick matches, tuck cards, plate dancers, anarchists' bombs, squirt bouquets, confetti bombs and hundreds of other novelties. Send 10 cents for our large illustrated catalogue and receive a 25 c. pocket card trick free—send to-day. Cigar, novelty dealers and stationers send for our special wholesale price list. The best novelty line on the market.

MYSTO TRICK & NOVELTY CO.
80 Parkway Ave., Toronto, Canada

Independent Telephones

The best of engineering ability and experience, high grade material and first class workmanship have entered into the production of our telephones.

Along with the above we have an equipment of special tools in our factory not surpassed in any telephone factory in the world. This insures a uniformity of quality—all the parts for one thousand or five thousand telephones will be turned out exactly alike.



We have secured in our rural telephone, one that will give the best service for the longest possible time with the least amount of attention. This is what counts on rural party telephone lines, where every trip to put a telephone into working order means time and money.

If you want telephones, it will pay you to communicate with us.

Get Our Trial Offer

If you are interested in telephone affairs ask for our No. 2 Bulletin, which gives full instructions in regard to the building of a telephone line. We will also send free of charge, an illustrated book entitled "Canada and the Telephone," containing thirty-two artist's sketches, illustrating the value of a telephone in the rural home.

We handle everything in the way of construction material and make a specialty of prompt shipments.

We are also manufacturers of the Lorimer Automatic Telephone for towns and cities.

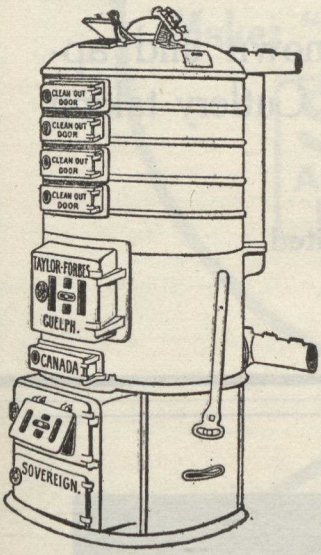
Write us if you want anything in the telephone line whether it is information, apparatus or construction material.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co.

LIMITED

18-20 Duncan Street, TORONTO

"Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler



COMFORT in Canada during the winter time depends mainly upon the efficiency of your house-heating system. The "Sovereign" hot water boiler is a purveyor of warmth and comfort indoors during the most severe stress of wintry weather.

People who live in homes heated by "Sovereign" Hot Water Boilers, will spend a more Happy Christmas Season than those who live in houses not so well heated—they will be more comfortable

Taylor-Forbes Company Limited

Largest Manufacturers of house heating apparatus in Canada

Head Office, Works and Foundries: GUELPH, CANADA.

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QUEBEC: Mechanics Supply Co.
HALIFAX, N. S.: General Contractors Supply Co.
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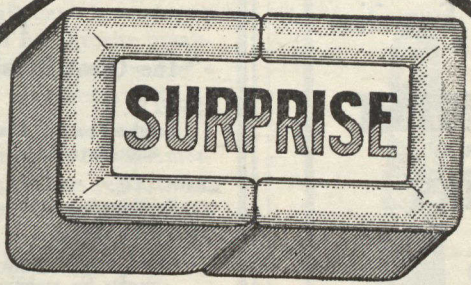

Makes "Childs Play of Wash Day"

SURPRISE
A PURE HARD SOAP

Snowy White Clothes.
Easy, quick work.

A Handy Can

of Soap Powder

5 C. **SURPRISE BORAX WASHING POWDER** 5 C.
(Pulverized Soap)

For Washing Dishes.

At Brussels 1910

Brussels International Exposition

The

SmithPremier

(MODEL 10 VISIBLE)

Typewriter

was awarded the Grand Prix

over all competitors

At Paris 1900 (Paris International Exposition) the Smith Premier Typewriter (Model 4) was awarded the Grand Prix over all competitors

The Smith Premier Typewriter Company, Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches Everywhere

Vancouver Island

"The Great Britain of the Pacific."

ASPECT.
Southern part of Island resembles Kent and Devonshire. Fruit and flowers.

CLIMATE.
Snnshiny, equable—no extremes.

OPPORTUNITIES.
Good health, good living, and good profits for ambitious men with small capital ("A fine chance for the boys") in business, professions, fruit growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns.

INVESTMENTS.
Safe at 6 per cent.

For AUTHENTIC INFORMATION and new Illustrated Booklets, write VANCOUVER ISLAND DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE, Room A-41, Broughton St., Victoria, B. C.

Would you like to have a typewriter for your own personal use?

Of course your letters should be type-written, and it so much easier and quicker to do them on the machine, even if you operate it yourself.

Perhaps you feel that $100 or $125 is too big an outlay for a typewriter for your personal use,—but you would not hesitate a moment at anywhere from $25 to $50 for a good typewriter.

If that is the way you feel about it, buy one of our rebuilts. The only difference between a rebuilt and a $100 machine is,— it costs less.

Send right now for a little catalogue which describes a score of different styles at prices as low as $10.

Not everybody who wants a rebuilt can buy one--there are not enough to go round.

United Typewriter Co.

Limited

Adelaide St. E. - TORONTO

DEARER COFFEE.

The housekeeper will have to make up her mind to pay more for her favorite breakfast beverage in the near future or buy a poorer quality, and few are prepared to do the latter.

Reliable information from South American countries confirms previous reports that the growing coffee crop will be much beneath the average and totally inadequate to meet the demands of the constantly increasing consumption.

Importers are now paying 4 to 5 cents per pound more than six months ago for their various grades, and as the profit of the retail dealer is none too large on high grade coffees, he will either have to increase his selling price or accept a profit much smaller than he ought to get considering the expenses of a well managed retail establishment.

The consumer has the consolation that old prices will no doubt be restored in the course of a year or so, and it is more than probable the crop of 1911 will be a good one.

A TOILET TREASURE

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

IN the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful; after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it

Accept no Substitute!

TOURMALINES
AQUAMARINES
FANCY SAPPHIRES

and other semi-precious gems are fashionably set in this Season's Artistic designs in

JEWELLED NECKLETS AND LAVALLIERES.

Selections sent upon approval to out of town patrons known to the firm.

Henry Birks & Sons, Limited.

Gold and Silversmiths. Phillips Square.

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Club Cocktails

A BOTTLED DELIGHT

A revelation to those who try them for the first time.

----the finest liquors, mixed to exact proportions and aged to a wonderful mellowness.

Always ready. Simply strain through cracked ice---and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.

At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON.

The Ross Rifle

Hunters are buying Ross Rifles

"Ross" Sporting Rifles are meeting with ready sale to hunters of big Game throughout the British Empire because of their accuracy, power and "handiness".

Even a $25.00 "Ross" Sporting Model can be matched for accuracy against any imported arm—no matter how costly, while no action is more reliable nor quicker.

Dealers throughout the British Empire sell "Ross" Rifles.

$25.00 and upwards.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on request.

The Ross Rifle Co.
Quebec, P.Q.

YOU have probably been intending to try Red Rose Tea for some time, but from "force of habit" have just kept on using another tea.

Break the Habit and try Red Rose next time, you'll be glad we recommended it to you.

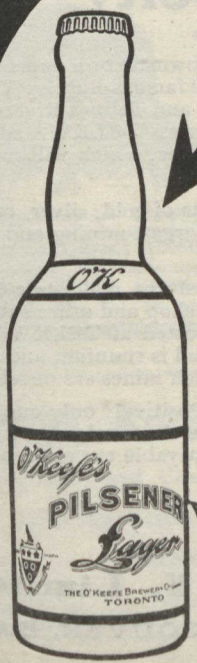
Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

Your Grocer will recommend it

"The Beer with a Reputation"

O'Keefe's PILSENER LAGER



lives up to its reputation as the purest, most wholesome, most delicious lager brewed. None finer at any price, and few as good at double the price. 214

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"

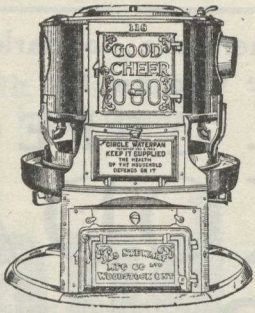
AT HOTELS, CAFES AND DEALERS GENERALLY.

DRAUGHTS NEVER CAUSED A COLD

Stuffy Rooms Alone Responsible Says Dr. Treves.

Special Cable to The Mail and Empire Over Our Own Leased Wires.

London, June 26.—Dr. Sir Frederick Treves astonished the public last week by declaring that "the idea that colds are caused by draughts are absurd. No cold ever had such an origin. Colds are the origin not of draughts, but of stuffy rooms." Other famous London physicians back up Sir Frederick in holding that no cold was ever caused by draught.



You may question Sir Frederick's statement but there can be no doubt whatever as to the evil effects of a close, stuffy atmosphere. In the winter time, when storm doors and double windows help to make the house practically air-tight, we live in a death-dealing atmosphere, breathing air vitiated with the vapor elimination from the lungs of the occupants and the organic secretions and moisture from the pores of the skin. There should be humidity, but it must be pure and refreshing as the outdoor air, and it is through the introduction of fresh outdoor air and its ample humidification by means of the large Circle Waterpan that the

"GOOD CHEER"

Circle Waterpan Warm Air Furnace

makes the atmosphere of the house in winter like that of a bright June morning—warm, refreshing and life-giving.

The demand for our booklet "Humidity and Humanity" is taxing the Capacity of our mailing staff, but we have a copy for you upon request, stating where you saw this advertisement.

The JAS. STEWART MFG. CO., Limited,

WOODSTOCK, Ontario - - - WINNIPEG, Manitoba

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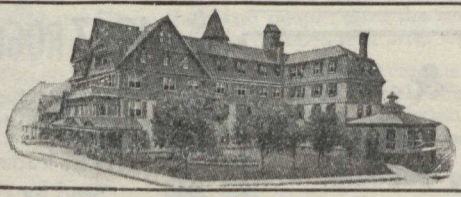
Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 32 years.



For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

Cancer

Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

For complete information address

BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM
North Adams, Massachusetts

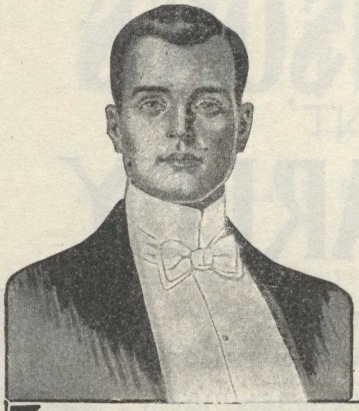
HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Best for three generations and still surpassing all imitations. Wood or tin rollers, dependable, lasting springs; shade raises or lowers at will and "stays put." "Improved" requires no tacks for attaching shade.

Inventor's signature on every roller.

Stewart Hartshorn

Look for it. Take none without it.



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Denotes Shirts and Collars of unusual wear; of faultless fit; of newest modes.

Essentially quality wear.

YOU, Sir, who like to feel that no man of your acquaintance wears better linen than your own, there's assurance of the best in haberdashery if you just insist on seeing this mark:

At all Men's Furnishers W.G.&R. **Made in Berlin Can.**

120

SAVOY
CASTLE BRAND

Collar of Comfort
3 for 50c

You Parents

may make "MATCHES" for your children

But

You haven't found the Way to make a MATCH like

"EDDY'S SILENTS"

NO NOISE
SMOKE
ODOR
SPLUTTER

THE ACME OF PERFECTION

FREE TO MILLIONS

A Valuable Little Book Sent Free For The Asking.

Medical books are not always interesting reading, especially to people enjoying good health, but as a matter of fact scarcely one person in ten is perfectly healthy, and even with such, sooner or later sickness must come.

It is also a well established truth that nine-tenths of all diseases originate with a breaking down of the digestion, a weak stomach weakens and impoverishes the system, making it easy for disease to gain a foothold.

Nobody need fear consumption, kidney disease, liver trouble or a weak heart and nervous system as long as the digestion is good and the stomach able to assimilate plenty of wholesome food.

Stomach weakness shows itself in a score of ways and this little book describes the symptoms and causes and points the way to a cure so simple that anyone can understand and apply.

Thousands have some form of stomach trouble and do not know it. They ascribe the headaches, the languor, nervousness, insomnia, palpitation, constipation and similar symptoms to some other cause than the true one. Get your digestion on the right track and the heart trouble, lung trouble, liver disease and nervous debility will rapidly disappear.

This little book treats entirely on the cause and removal of indigestion and its accompanying annoyances.

It describes the symptoms of Acid Dyspepsia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Slow Dyspepsia, Amylaceous Dyspepsia, Catarrh of stomach and all affections of the digestive organs in plain language easily understood and the cause removed.

It gives valuable suggestions as to diet, and contains a table giving length of time required to digest various articles of food, something every person with weak digestion should know.

No price is asked, but simply send your name and address plainly written on a postal card to the F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., requesting a little book on Stomach Diseases and it will be sent promptly by return mail.

Building Buster Boys

is easy if you have the right kind of building material. You can't build them out of white flour. In making modern white flour nearly all the muscle-building, bone-making elements in the whole wheat grain are discarded. All these are retained in **SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT** and are made digestible by steam cooking, shredding and baking.

A **SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT** every morning for breakfast will give a boy or girl all the nutriment that is needed to grow on. It will fortify them against the diseases of childhood. **TRISCUIT** is the same as the biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer. It is used as a toast in place of white flour bread. It makes the white flour cracker of commerce look sickly and pale.

At all grocers. Our new illustrated Cook Book is sent free.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co.,
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NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
TORONTO OFFICE: 49 Wellington Street, East.

"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"

Libby's California Asparagus

The secret of the fine, natural flavor of Libby's California Asparagus is that it is put into the tins immediately after being cut in the fields.

Libby's contains only the largest and best spears—every one perfect—and so tender that the whole spear is edible.

Ready to serve cold as a salad, or as a delicious dinner vegetable.

Insist upon getting Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago