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VOL. XV.

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No. 6.

CONTENTS :

	PAGE.
Yachting on our Inland Waters.....	482
The "Red Coat" Winner of Sewanhaka Cup, 1900.	
The Jason of Algoma.....	483
An account of the wonderful Industrial Development in New Ontario—with Photographs.	
The Lonely Lake.....	494
A Poem.	
Canadian Celebrities.....	495
No. XVII.—Messrs. Ewan and Hamilton.	
Mooswa of the Boundaries.....	497
Chapter I.—Choosing the King. Chapter II.—Perils of the Forest. With Illustrations.	
The Song of the Voyageurs.....	511
From the French of Octave Crémazie.	
The Canoe Meet of 1900.....	513
With Photographs by the Author.	
The Wild Fowl of Ontario.....	521
The First of Two Articles—Illustrated.	
Shooting the Wilson Snipe.....	529
Government Ownership of Railways.....	531
Second Paper.	
Parent and Teacher.....	536
By a British Columbia Teacher.	
Canada Pete.....	541
A Klondike Story.	
The Daisy.....	546
A Poem.	
A Forecast of the General Elections.....	547
Kaffirs.....	551
Prince Edward Island.....	553
Manual Training.....	554
Current Events Abroad.....	557
People and Affairs.....	561
Book Reviews.....	566
Literary Notes.....	568
Idle Moments.....	571

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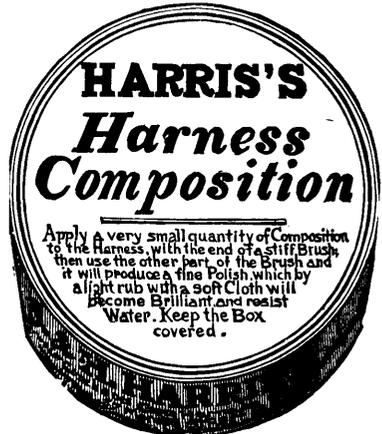
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NOVEMBER

PARTIAL CONTENTS OF "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE"

The Wild Fowl of Ontario, by C. W. Nash. Second Paper, dealing with Deepwater Ducks. Mr. Nash is an authority on animal life, and official recorder and adviser to the Ontario Government in this department. His articles are illustrated by his own drawings.



MR. C. W. NASH.

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COMMENCING with the November number there will be a new department in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE entitled "Woman's Sphere," edited by Mrs. Emily Cummings, Honorary Secretary of the Woman's Council for Canada. There is much in the life and activities of the women of this country which is of general interest. For this reason a national publication might well attempt to give a broad idea of what the various societies and organizations are doing in order that all the women of Canada may learn what their sisters are doing in the different departments of social and economic work. This, in a word, will be the aim of "Woman's Sphere."



So far as space will permit, attention will be given to the work of the many organizations of women—Philanthropical, Educational, Religious, Musical, Art, Literary, Industrial, Historical and Patriotic Societies and the like. Matters of interest in the home life will be chronicled, and from time to time personal sketches of prominent women will appear.

Information concerning the life and work of representative women in other lands will find a place in this department, and every effort will be made by the Editor to publish in these pages only that which is accurate, and that which will be of interest to the greatest number of readers throughout the Dominion.

There is no ground for the belief that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is published only for men. It is intended for women too—the women who desire knowledge which is not to be found in fashion books. The following notable women have contributed recently to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE :

JULIAN DURHAM	ELMINA ATKINSON
KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH	MARJORIE MACMURCHY
FLORENCE H. RANDAL	MARGARET O'GRADY
KATHERINE BLAKE COLEMAN	JOANNA E. WOOD
JANE FAYRER TAYLOR	VIRNA SHEARD
LAURA B. DURAND	JEAN BLEWETT
EMILY McMANUS	EMILY P. WEAVER
ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD	

During the future months there will be many articles by women, written especially for women, in addition to the regular department which Mrs. Cummings will edit.

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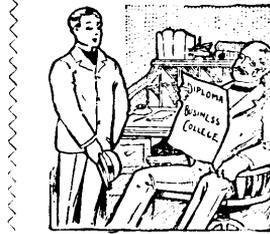
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YACHTING ON OUR INLAND WATERS.
THE "REDCOAT," WINNER OF THE SEAWANHAKA CUP," 1900.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 6

THE JASON OF ALGOMA.

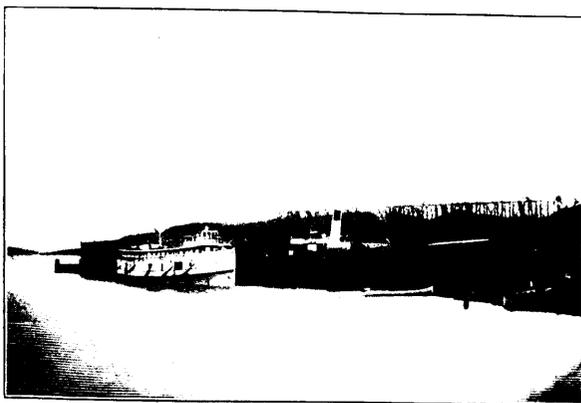
AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT
IN NEW ONTARIO.

By Principal Grant.

THERE is a Golden Fleece in every country, however unpromising the country may appear to the superficial observer, and it only requires the arrival of a Jason with the requisite skill to discover and the courage to effect the capture of the universally-desired prize. Mr. F. H. Clergue is discovering and capturing the Golden Fleece of Algoma or—as that once despised region is now called—New Ontario.

“What, in the name of common sense, are they fighting about,” remarked a friend to me a good many years ago, when rival provinces and the Dominion were wrangling over the western boundary of the Premier Province? “Why,” he continued, “I travelled lately over the whole region, on the C. P. R., and did not see a single living thing but a crow, and it was stretching its wings with the evident intention of leaving the country.” I faintly protested, as patriotism bade, but he went on remorselessly: “It is the same if you take the Lake route. The whole north shore is one long unbroken wilderness of Huronian rock and scrub. Even Sault Ste. Marie, the centre of the wilderness, which, from its command of the outlet of Lake Superior, has for cen-

turies had a future prophesied for it, is nothing but a dead village.” So spake my friend, who was, it need scarcely be said, one of the Gradgrind class which takes its stand on “facts.” To him, the faith which planned a railway across more than a thousand miles of gnarled bush and igneous rock—a territory set down on every map as “impracticable for railways”—was presumption, or rather madness. Admittedly, appearances justified his vigorous pessimism. Even Sir William Van Horne, who can see as far into a millstone as most people, at first protested against constructing that part of the C. P. R. He, however, was converted when he studied the question as a whole, and finally declared that the section which looked so useless



A CENTRE OF ACTIVITY—MICHIPICOTEN HARBOUR.



SOME OF THE NEW BUILDINGS AT THE CANADIAN SAULT—PULP MILL NO. 2 ON THE LEFT—
MACHINE SHOP ON THE RIGHT.

and costly was the key to the whole. But the C.P.R. did nothing for "the Soo." It only sidetracked the ambitious little place for a time. Its day had not yet come, in spite of the repeated visions of its future which priests and traders in the seventeenth century had seen with the eye of faith. How was it possible to doubt that a city must arise beside the rushing waters which connected the great inland sea above with other seas almost as great below? There, Raymbault and Jogues, first of white men, saw the broad rapid and preached to two thousand Indians gathered to catch the delicious whitefish which for centuries had been its outstanding attraction. There, in 1668, Marquette began a permanent mission, which became the first white settlement in what is now the State of Michigan. Three years later, on a hill overlooking the rapids and lake, Daumont, representative of the great Intendant Talon, erected a cedar cross bearing the arms of France, and in the presence of thousands of assenting or quiescent red men, assumed for his king authority over unknown lands to

the north, south, east and west, no matter how far they might extend. But the men of the seventeenth century were far in advance of their time. The Sault Ste. Marie continued to be simply a choice fishing ground, a brief period in the middle of the eighteenth century excepted, when Count Repentigny built a fort to be a lure to Indians on their way to English posts which supplied them with fire-water without stint, and to be a retreat for French voyageurs. Repentigny and his partner, De Bonne, received in return for their services a grant "in perpetuity by title of feof and seigniory" of six leagues along the portage with a depth of six leagues. Small benefit they got from the splendid grant. Their successors asserted their claims before the Supreme Court of the States, under the original brevet of ratification, as recently as 1860, but in vain.* The day of the Northwest had not dawned, even in the eighteenth century. The Lake Superior region had to wait until the Mississippi valley and other interven-

* See "The Northwest Under Three Flags," pp. 61, 62.



PHOTO. BY PARK & CO., BRANTFORD.

A UNIQUE BUILDING AT THE CANADIAN SAULT—A REPLICA OF THE OLD HUDSON'S BAY POST.

ing lands were occupied. We must not forget that Ontario itself was practically an unbroken wilderness of forest until the nineteenth century. In 1829 Henry Clay, in the Senate of the United States, ridiculing a bill to grant lands to build a Sault Ste. Marie canal, pronounced the region "beyond the furthest bounds of civilization—if not in the moon." But the Northwest developed and the first great canal was built, followed by a larger one on the Canadian and then by another on the American side, for so great is the tonnage plying on the Upper Lakes that all three are needed. Comparatively little benefit, however, accrued to the town on either side till the C.P.R. commenced actual construction in their direction. Then old hopes revived. Rival roads competed in the race to first reach "the Soo" from the American side, and a combined Chicago and New York was believed by every citizen to be the immediate future of the two Soos. To be a Chicago is, of course, the reasonable ambition of almost every town started in the west. Among the projects commenced at this time were

hydraulic canals of five thousand horsepower on both sides. Each of the municipalities in conjunction with private persons engaged in these undertakings. After half a million of dollars had been sunk in the attempt, the American canal wound up a complete failure. On account of better natural conditions on the Canadian side,† the canal was nearly completed, but the effort had exhausted the private funds interested and had involved the little municipality in threatened bankruptcy. Everyone in the place who owned property despaired. \$265,000 had been spent, and the money was represented

† Proof that the physical conditions are more favourable is to be found in the fact that the famous Northwest Fur-trading Company, which competed so long and vigorously with the Hudson Bay Company, and which sent their stuff in canoes from Montreal to Fort William and brought back their furs by the same route, found it to their advantage to construct a primitive canal on the Canadian side. A section of this has been carefully railed off by Mr. Clergue near the Block House, which, with the instinct of an artist, he has built for a residence on the model of the one which the old Northwesters used as combined house and fort.

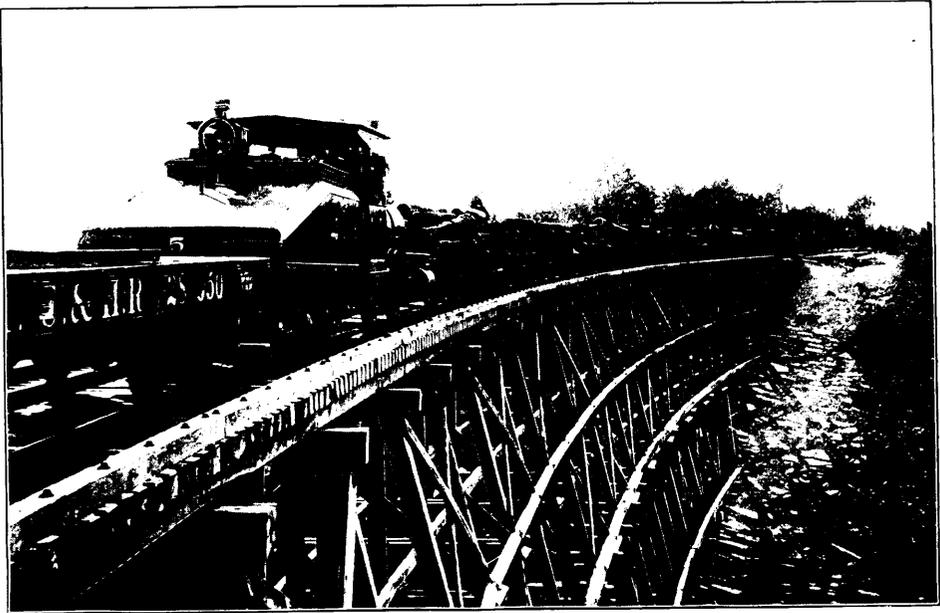
only by a long unfinished ditch which nobody wanted. Anyone who wanted to drive a hard bargain would have had little difficulty in getting his terms accepted; for it was beginning to dawn on the minds of thinking people that, even if a power canal could be completed, no manufacturers to buy the power were in sight, and without these the power might just as well be allowed to waste itself down the rapid as it had been doing for thousands of years or, for that matter, millenniums. Then Mr. Clergue appeared. Here is the first part of his quest, told in his own words, to the Board of Trade of Toronto some months ago:

"It fell to my fortune to be associated with gentlemen who were possessed of some means, more than they could find profitable investments for, and it was agreed between us that we should begin a prospecting tour along the basin of the St. Lawrence—which, of course, extends from the Gulf to Lake Superior—in order to ascertain what opportunities there existed along this frontier for hydraulic development.

"In the course of that journey, starting from Cape Breton and ending at Port Arthur, important water powers were found and investigated; various of them had their merits and nearly all of them had their demerits. At Sault Ste. Marie we found—with Lake Superior for a millpond and a fall of about twenty feet—a plain opportunity for economical and advantageous hydraulic development."

It was in 1894 that this modern Colchis was discovered by the process of elimination; but, just as in the olden time, dragons of horrid shape guarded the Golden Fleece; and no Medea, not even a Pocahontas, appeared to help the Argonauts. Their leader had to fight unaided by spells, save those which down-east brains and modern science supply; and in the fight which has now been continued for six years, defeat stared him in the face again and again, so irretrievably, that, had it not been for a very rare quality of brains, the millions of money invested in his enterprise would have been lost, while

the gentlemen who had advanced them would have in exchange only the consolation Henry George gives to their class, in "Progress and Poverty," to the effect that "Wages are in no case paid out of capital!" Mr. Clergue's education—classical, legal and scientific (I fancy he would find it hard to say which of those three courses of study he could have dispensed with)—has enabled him to use his big brain to the best advantage. The result has been a victory so great and so full of promise that in both the towns and in the districts round about which are profiting by his marvellous industrial development, he is generally known as "the Wizard of the North." Another name has been conferred on him recently. Having presented the hospital with a much-needed elevator, the Sisters gratefully inscribed on it the initials F. H. C. Chaffed for complimenting the donor, the Mother Superior calmly remarked that the letters stood for Faith, Hope and Charity, the virtues their community always sought to practise and to inculcate. I also heard the name of "Czar" given to him, as it is to R. G. Reid, in Newfoundland, and to E. W. Rathbun, in Deseronto, by the cranks and critics, of whom, fortunately, there is a sprinkling everywhere to keep everybody else straight. Whatever he may be called, I found the general opinion of the Canadian Soo concerning him to be summed up in the emphatic words, "There is nothing in the house too good for him." His first transaction with the municipality, as told me by a leading gentleman of the place, was not in the least what we expect from anyone—Boer, Yankee or Britisher—who may have a reputation for "slimness." Having purchased the American canal for something like twenty-five cents on the dollar of the sum represented by the investment, that being at the time its value to him, he took over the Canadian canal for the actual amount, \$265,000, which had been spent on it by the citizens and the town. This gained for him the heart of the people. To be delivered from imminent bankruptcy was



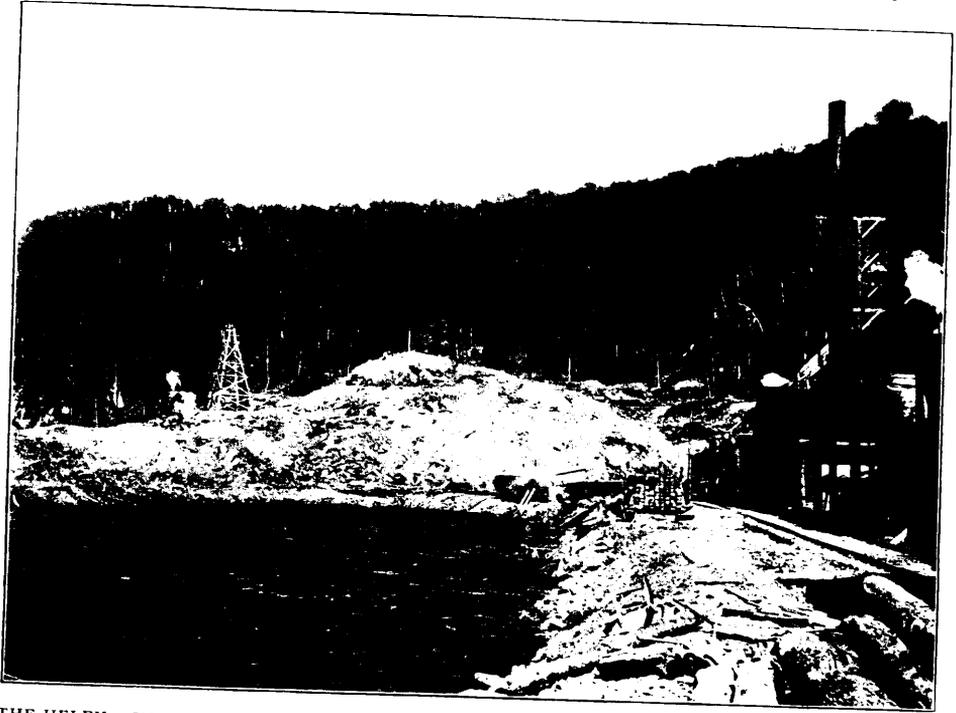
AN ALGOMA CENTRAL LOG TRAIN ON THE ROOT RIVER BRIDGE.

good, but to be inspired with a sure confidence that their town had a future was better. He believed the canal as it stood to be worth the money, and having bought it he immediately proceeded with construction. Disappointment number one quickly followed. "In our simplicity at that time it seemed to us that we had simply to go on, construct the dam, establish the water-wheels in place, and that all the manufacturers in the world would come there to seek for power. We made the first investment and began the work, but we were disappointed in applications for power, and before our construction was entirely completed we had decided that we should have to go still further than the original development of the water power into its actual utilization." In other words, as no manufacturer applied for their power, they had to become manufacturers themselves; and to do so successfully, they had to study carefully the natural resources of the country. So great and varied has Mr. Clergue found these to be, that Algoma is to him another word for opportunity. "In my opinion," he says, "after a residence of over five years in Algoma,

and the expenditure of over five million of dollars, and with fifteen million dollars more available for investments in the same undertakings, there is opportunity for a population in Northern Ontario equal to that of Southern Ontario, equal in number, equal in prosperity. You have only to go and follow the example we have set at Sault Ste. Marie. . . . Perhaps one per cent. of the whole forests from the city of Ottawa to Rat Portage may consist of pine trees. My personal judgment is that not one per cent. of all the forest growth in Ontario is pine; and yet the people of Ontario think their only asset is pine forest. The remainder of the timber can, step by step, and by proper degrees, be reduced to the uses of mankind almost as profitably, and perhaps quite as profitably, as the pine trees themselves." Pointing out that they could not profitably transport logs from the Georgian Bay against the current of the St. Mary's River, and that they had to look to the watershed of Lake Superior for their supplies, he found there that of all the woods growing in that region, the birch, the maple, the hard elm, the tamarac, the spruce, the balsam, and

the poplar, the only one suitable for their immediate purpose was the spruce. Therefore they proceeded to construct a mill for making the spruce into pulp. "We began it on rather a small scale at first," he remarked, "according to the bargain with the Provincial Government to expend \$250,000 in the construction of the works. Finding that a mill of that size would not pay, the next step was to enlarge the mill until from twenty tons a day we have an output of one hundred and fifty tons of

then to the two friends who enjoyed along with me the hospitality of the block house, "There is no such word as impossible in the dictionary of that man." But we had no conception of the amazing variety of his plans. Probably he had just as little conception himself. His horizon is one that expands with each new difficulty which he overcomes and with the discovery of new resources in the old barren Algoma which he now backs against the world. I refer my reader to his speech



THE HELEN—ONE OF THE MINES WHICH ARE NOW BEING DEVELOPED BY THE JASON OF ALGOMA.

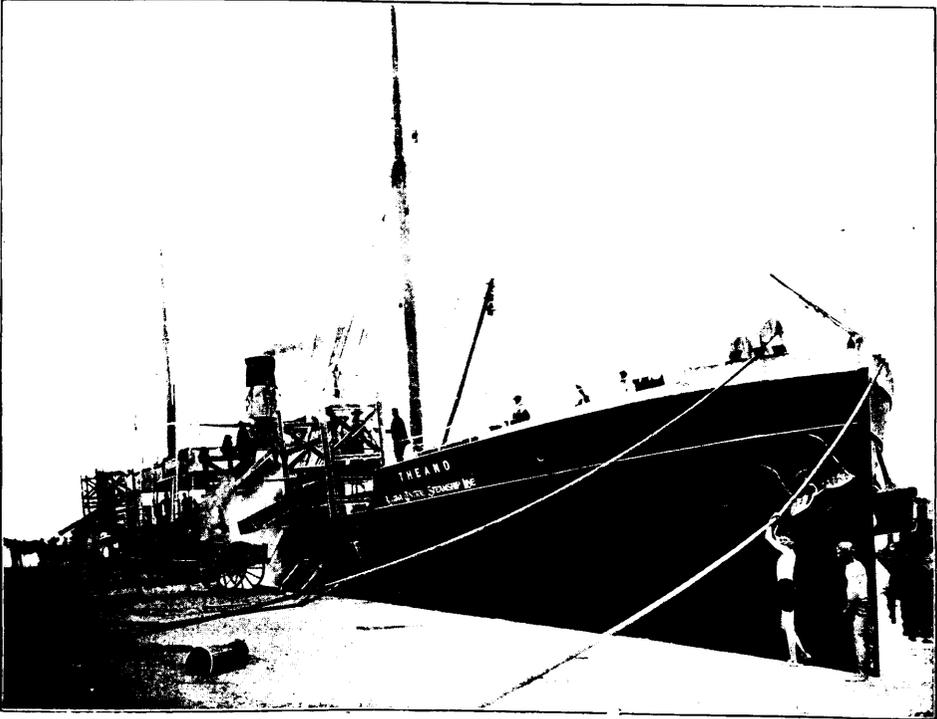
pulp a day." This influx of product into the markets of the world was, of course, at once taken advantage of by the paper manufacturers, who "proceeded to mark down the values of Canadian pulp, and thus deprive the Company of its anticipated profit."

It was about this time, some three or four years ago, that I first met Mr. Clergue. His well-disciplined mind, scientific knowledge, calm, tireless enthusiasm, along with remarkable powers of exposition, made me say

in Toronto and to an article in the *Canadian Manufacturer* of May 4th for a description of how he overcame the dragon of lowered prices, of how he expanded a local into a world market for his pulp, how he designed new machinery to economically convert moist into dry product, spending a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars establishing a foundry and machine shop for the purpose, how foreman after foreman despaired till six months passed after the machine was in place before

success crowned his effort, how he advanced from the manufacture of mechanical to that of the much more valuable chemical pulp, and how, in order to make this, he looked round Algoma to find sulphur and actually found it at Sudbury; the owners of the nickel mines there, while making nickel matte by a primitive process, "racing sulphurous acid gas off into the air to the value of about \$2,000 a day at an expense, a cost and loss." He went to

and one of the greatest of the Dominion. At this time Mr. Clergue was looking only for sulphur to make sulphite pulp. He was not looking for nickel steel or anything of the kind but for sulphur, and of it he says, "After getting a car of the nickel ore up to Sault Ste. Marie, I found that the prediction of the scientific men who had said that the sulphur could not be successfully taken out of the pyrrhotite ore was practically true by any methods



FIRST CARGO IRON ORE FROM HELEN MINE, DISCHARGING AT THE NEW MIDLAND FURNACE, FROM ALGOMA CENTRAL S.S. THEANO.

Sudbury and found any quantity of mines there; "found nickel ore enough to last the world 100,000 years." I may mention here that Professor Willett Miller, of the Kingston School of Mining, who gives part of the summer recess to exploring and research work, and who spent several weeks last year in the Sudbury district, studying chiefly the nickel and copper deposits, believes that it is destined to become the greatest mining centre of the Province

in vogue at the present time." That did not trouble him. He has about him over a hundred practical and scientific men from all parts of the world, and with some of these he began to study how to extract sulphurous acid gas from pyrrhotite ore, and was entirely successful. He then began to build a lofty sulphite pulp mill. While writing this, I learn that it is completed. So much for his getting sulphur, and then came the question of by-products. It

sounds almost comical to say that sulphur was the essential thing, yet that one of the by-products was an alloy of nickel and steel so far superior to anything else of the kind known to commerce that, when offered to the Krupps of Essen, they made a contract with him for all that could be produced in the next five years! That meant the erection of great reduction works and a ferro-nickel plant which will in the end put nickel-steel on the market in fully completed form as armour plate, rails and structural materials of all kinds, for there is scarcely anything now made of iron which will not eventually be made rather of nickel-iron or nickel-steel. It meant more. For, in carrying on his nickel experiments, it was found that the Sudbury ore is too rich in nickel content, its average being 7 per cent., whereas the amount required for armour plate is only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. That made him prospect for iron ore, and at Michipicoten, about 12 miles back from Lake Superior, his prospectors found a great deposit of red hematite, "iron enough to provide the admixture we required," that is, five hundred tons a day, as well as to supply furnaces elsewhere. How can we explain this extraordinary success in discovering, in a howling wilderness, everything that is needed? Go into the well-constructed laboratory at Sault Ste. Marie and you get the explanation at once. A number of scientific young men are carefully examining, classifying and labelling every bit of mineral-bearing rock brought to them by outside members of the staff or by prospectors or settlers. Everyone in the country knows that specimens will be tested for him or her free of charge, and so many specimens are brought that six chemists are kept constantly employed. There is no luck about the success. The simple explanation is common-sense, utilizing and systematizing knowledge. There is a lesson for us here which we should have learned long ago. But Canadians are only beginning to believe that they have a country of vast undeveloped resources, and that they need for its development

properly-educated brains even more than capitalists, though the two must go together. The capitalist will come to the resources as readily as a fly to honey, but he is helpless without a staff possessed of honesty, industry, capacity and scientific training. Millions have been sunk in Canada in enterprises which would never have been undertaken had there been such a staff, and one million lost keeps back twenty times as much from being invested. I saw a map of our Province the other day, with the respective sizes of Old and New Ontario indicated, and truly it was an eye-opener. It almost seemed as if the infinitely little and the infinitely big were side by side, and the comparison spoke in tones of thunder concerning the need of a legitimate "Big Push" being made, if we ourselves are to enter on the possession of our great heritage. I could not help reflecting with just a little bitterness on the representations I had made, long ago and in vain, for years to leading members of the Legislature on the clamant need of a well-equipped school of mines in Ontario. I simply bored them. Nothing was done till some of us who could ill spare the money put our hands into our pockets to start a school. It is only fair to say that a better day is dawning. For this, *laus Deo!*

Think for a moment of the story just told and who will cavil at the expression, "fairy tales of science." A captain of industry needs sulphur, and—instead of sending to Sicily for it—looks at home and finds it in his neighbourhood. He roasts it out of nickel ore and saves it in the form of gas. One-third of that is converted into sulphite liquor, which extracts the resinous substances from the woody fibre used to make pulp. For the remaining two-thirds, a ready market is found in the forms of sulphuric acid, sulphurous anhydride, and sulphurous acid. The ore, freed from the sulphur, is smelted into ferro-nickel pig iron, and that is refined into ferro-nickel steel. There being a superabundance of the valuable nickel in the ore, red hematite

was needed and the Helen mine was found not far away at a convenient spot. It not only supplied all the iron ore needed, but called for the erection of blast furnace and works for the manufacture of Bessemer steel. A glutton might now be content, but Jason is far from being satisfied. He is only at the beginning of his career. "We found," he says, "that in this process," that is of reducing and refining the copper and nickel ore which are found together, "we required certain alkalies." Here, again, he had no difficulty in finding what was required and what would also yield valuable by-products. There are any number of salt wells on the shores of Lake Huron. "We had only to take one of our dynamos, attach it to an iron pot, fill the iron pot with brine, and the chlorine gas came off through suitable tilting, while the other part of the salt, the sodium, came off as caustic soda through the water. . . . So the next step was the establishment of an alkali plant, a chemical works. We began to investigate all round the world for the best process for the electrolytic decomposition of salt, and we finally selected a process which had been recently invented known as the 'Rhodin' process. After careful examination on a practical scale, we have adopted it, and are now building alkali works. What we needed out of the salt was really the sodium for our refining processes. We did not need the chlorine, but we could not allow it to go to waste. That was another by-product. So we came to the next step in the evolution. Chlorine is universally made into bleaching powder, a substance used for bleaching wools, cloths and fabrics of all sorts. Bleaching powder consists of about 37 per cent. of active chlorine gas and the other 63 per cent. is just lime. The lime is a medium for conveying the chlorine gas about. It has an affinity for the chlorine, which is seized by the lime in the lime chambers and the lime, which becomes impregnated with it up to 44 per cent., then ceases to take any more. Then it is barrelled up, and sent

about the world. Well, we said, here is a case just like our wet wood pulp. The people who are shipping that lime around the world are paying freight on something that is entirely useless. At Sault Ste. Marie, where everything must be saved that men may survive, we cannot tolerate any such nonsense as that, so we take the gas from the receptacle where it is formed and pump it with a glass pump into the lime water. Instead of pumping it into lime, we pump it into lime water. The lime water is then utilized for bleaching the sulphite pulp. So, you see, there is the continuation of the evolution!"

I have no desire to weary my readers, all of whom may not be scientific, though all are patriotically interested in the development of the country; of necessity then in every chief, who, by organizing industry, is "turning rivers into a wilderness," "where the hungry may dwell and prepare a city to dwell in, and sow fields and get them fruits of increase." His is a nobler work than soliciting or paying for votes. The chief is the man who sees before and after. The average man sees only the present; and, therefore, it is a blessing that the prosecution of the best work is not dependent on votes. They would not be given for enterprises from which no immediate result can be expected. Fortunately the progress of society has in no age depended on votes but on leadership. The *causa causans* of every movement is to be looked for in the man who leads, and true leadership consists not in yielding to the cries of the people, but in persuading, inducing and enabling them towards effort in the right direction. "Take us back to Egypt," cried Israel, but Moses refused to listen. He paid no attention to the will or votes of the people, though he loved them better than the highest position on earth. That was the good old way with leaders of men. It must be the new way, too, if it is to end in good.

Four years ago, on the occasion of my first visit to the block-house, the only building on the ground beside the 20,000 horse-power canal was the half-

finished pulp-mill. The workman's hammer was still heard on it, and to us it seemed so big that no question was raised concerning allied buildings and enterprises. Now, near at hand one foundry and blacksmith's shop, an admirably furnished machine shop in process of enlargement, the stately sulphite mill, smelting and reduction works, offices, all built of the same kind of stone, a native sandstone streaked in irregular bands with a warm red colouring which is very effective. Every building is planned to be capable of enlargement, and the group harmonizes in a way that shows artistic taste as well as business capacity presided over the design. In procuring the stone, the economic adjustment of means to ends has been considered. The maximum of advantage is gained at the minimum of cost. A new 40,000 horse-power canal is being excavated, parallel to the first one, and from it as a quarry all needed building stone is obtained. Thus, the excavation of the great canal may be said to cost nothing, for the stone is needed for the new buildings going up and still to be erected.

Additional industries are gathering round the canals, factories and mines, all contributing to the main object. When the Helen mine of iron ore was discovered near Michipicoten and a short railway brought it to a harbour ready for the market, transportation to the Midland blast furnace and other points became an immediate necessity. But the ship-brokers could not supply steamers or barges. All were pre-engaged. What was to be done? Wait on the pleasure of Mr. Rockefeller, who could put on the screw when it suited and as often as he liked? No. The right men were at once despatched to Britain, to purchase four steamers with the largest carrying capacity compatible with getting through our system of locks. While I was at the Sault in August, the last of the four arrived at the dock, near the new offices, with a cargo of 500 barrels of Portland cement, bricks and other stuff, brought from England right up into the heart of the continent,

without breaking bulk! Is there another such system of inland navigation elsewhere in the world? These steamers are to be carriers all the year round. On the approach of winter, they will run down to the ocean and engage in the Atlantic Coast carrying trade. Barges too are under way, for the outfit must be complete.

We might be sure that railways as well as steamers would be planned. Three main lines, not counting branches, are now being constructed, located or contemplated, by the same intelligence which saw the possibilities of the Lake Superior mill-pond, and has ever since been engaged in turning the possible into the actual. The first is the Algoma Central, to run back to Missanabie on the main line of the C.P.R. The second will extend the Algoma Central to the salt water of James Bay, the pocket of Hudson's Bay which bends down to within 300 miles of Missanabie. The third will connect the Sudbury region with the great Manitoulin Island, crossing the north Channel of the Georgian Bay at Little Current. Each of these promises to impart new life to large and hitherto hermetically sealed districts of the Province. The first ten miles of the Algoma Central are completed already. I had a run over them in their unbalanced condition, on a truck, in company with three or four American gentlemen who had come up from New York and Philadelphia to see the holes in the ground where their money was being sown. May they reap a good harvest! To my astonishment the line ran through a fairly well wooded and well settled rolling country. I had in my own mind previously given up the whole of that northern shore region as a hopeless barren, and the day before I had been informed by an intelligent person in the Sault that it was simply that and never would be anything more. Most ignorant are we of what we are most assured. Well, settlers had filtered in, men with hearts of oak, and that they had prospered, the fences, fields and buildings all along the line bare testimony. And

now the sun had arisen on them. The railway was at their doors, to carry their stock and garden stuff, their butter, eggs and chickens to as hungry a market as the heart of farmer could desire. The company believes that there are fertile little valleys and patches of good land all the way to Missanabie, and so they have agreed with the Government of the Province to place on their lands, or the lands of the Crown adjacent to their line, one thousand male settlers annually for the next ten years. In consideration of this and other covenants, they are to receive, in fee simple, 7,400 acres of land for every mile of the 200 they are constructing to Missanabie. The wisdom of granting in fee simple such huge blocks of land to companies is certainly debatable, though more can be said for it in this case than in almost any other. To give the spruce for making pulp is all right; to give the pine on the usual terms is all right; and the grant should include ores, mines and minerals. But the experience of the United States, and Canadian experience in almost every Province, and in the Northwest where all the chickens have not yet come home to roost, is dead against creating great land-owning companies. They soon develop into absentee landlords of the worst description, without bowels of mercies, without bodies to be kicked or shot, and without souls to be consigned to the pit at the final judgment. In a new country, railroads are not only indispensable, but they must be built by the state or companies must be aided to build them, as liberally as each case requires. But experience seems to teach that it is wiser in the end, to give money grants or to guarantee the company's bonds, than to give good land. Build the road, and if there is fairly fertile soil, settlers will find their way in, to take up homesteads, and they will soon absolutely own their own farms, and not be in bondage to a company.

The necessity for building the line to Missanabie is apparent. But where is the need, and what is the object of push-

ing it 300 miles farther north? I am informed that the areas of pulp-wood and of mineral-bearing rock are more promising on Hudson's Bay than on the Lake Superior watershed; and, besides, the sea is there, and that means fisheries, at a distance of 500 miles from the Sault, whence fish can be shipped to Chicago on one side and St. Paul and Minneapolis on the other. Salt water fish are now carried to these markets over 2,000 and 3,000 miles of rail. How can Atlantic fish compete with their Hudson's Bay kith and kin, once the 500-mile iron bridge has been built?

The Manitoulin line is perhaps the most promising of the three. This great and fertile island, the largest in the world surrounded by fresh water, has hitherto had no market for its products and has been isolated for weeks from the rest of the world twice a year. Population has, therefore, been attracted to it but slowly, in spite of its stock-raising capabilities. No wonder that promises of a railway are demanded and freely made to do duty every time an election comes round. A friend writes me: "Were it not for Mr. Clergue's connection with it, the present renewal of the project would be universally regarded by our people as a mere election dodge. We now feel sure. The Sudbury end of the line will be built first, and I believe that it will then be pushed across the channel to Manitoulin. The line will open up a very rich region on the north shore, a district rich in copper, silver, nickel and iron, also in timber and pulp-wood. From the mouth of the Whitefish River to Little Current, there are few natural difficulties to overcome in building the line or in crossing. There is only one navigable channel and it is narrow and runs right past the town. The rest of the channel at this point is filled with a series of low-lying islands, composed of flat rock, of limestone formation, with scarcely any soil. Ultimately, the line will be pushed across the island to a point on the south or Lake Huron shore, where I believe there are one or two good harbours. The

advantages to us I need not dilate on. For one thing, we dread the two periods annually of complete isolation, when the ice is forming and when it is breaking up." Any one who has spent a winter in Prince Edward Island will sympathize with that feeling. How "the" Island would rejoice if its isolation were only for a month, and what would it not give for a bridge or a tunnel!



Thus I have tried to tell how Jason from Maine came to Colchis or Algoma to capture the Golden Fleece. Such enterprises always cost. In this case \$5,000,000 have been spent and \$15,000,000 more are in sight and will be needed. That is the least part of the cost. More difficult to find than the money are the high intellectual and moral qualities which have been freely expended for years; sweat of brain; patience, industry, cheerfulness, indomitable faith, well-disciplined skill

and scientific knowledge applied to definite ends. The continent and the world benefit by such quests.

On this continent there are barbarous alien labour laws and hostile tariffs between kindred peoples, but so far these do not extend to free interchanges of brain, heart and capital. Canada has sent to the States shipbuilders like Mackay, scientific men like Simon Newcomb and James Douglas, university presidents like Schurman, railway men like Hill, organizers like Francis E. Clarke, the father of the Christian Endeavour movement; clergymen, doctors, lawyers, editors, nurses, businessmen by the gross; and mechanics and farmers by the thousand. It is a fair exchange when they send to us Whitneys, Booths, Bronsons, Folgers, Rathbuns, and Clergues. No one grudges them their success, and certainly every one welcomes the capture of the Golden Fleece of Algoma by one to whom Mother Church has given the name of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

THE LONELY LAKE.

HOW beautifully calm amid a scene
 So savage in its grandeur! You might think
 The spirit of eternal peace hath been
 Forever brooding round this calm lake's brink.

Look higher than the lonely eagle soars:
 How tempest-torn those mountains' grisly forms!
 How eloquent of mighty strife! The shores
 Are strewn with ruins of a thousand storms!

Ah, ever since those giant heights were hurl'd
 By God's word, up from chaos, here to keep
 Eternal watch above the lake below,
 Some life hath liv'd apart from all the world,
 Some immemorial secret, hidden deep
 Within those hills, which we can never know.

J. C. M. Duncan.

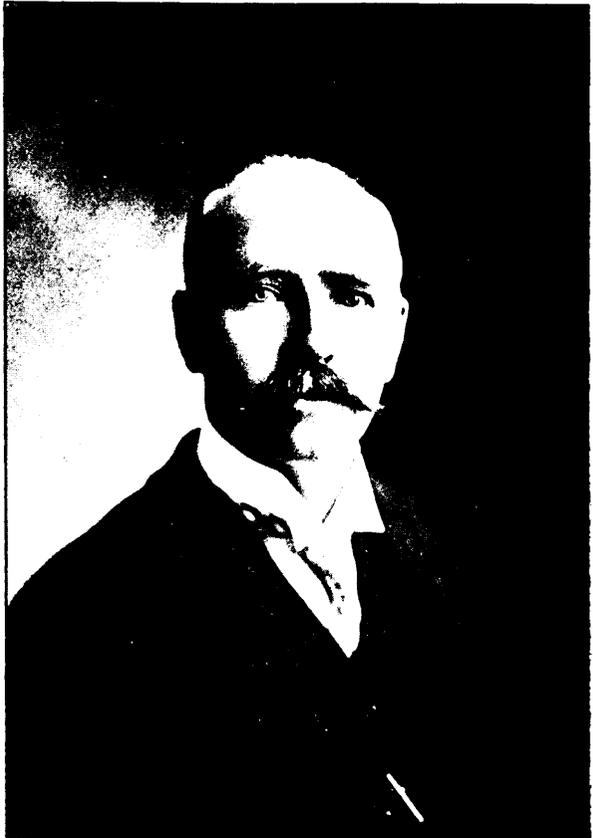
CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XVII.—MESSRS. EWAN AND HAMILTON.

IF the familiar phrase "the growing time," could be deprived of all political significance, it might be applied to the sending of the Canadian contingents to South Africa, and to the enterprise of Canadian newspapers in enabling their readers to see the war through the eyes of Canadian correspondents. These are indications of national growth. They mean that we are doing to-day with ease things which a few years ago we should hardly have thought of doing at all. There was a time when the land defence of Canada was regarded as a heavy burden upon the British taxpayer. To-day we not only manage this matter for ourselves, but we have something to spare for the needs of the Empire in far-off regions. There is little doubt that the number of the Canadian troops could have been doubled or even trebled if necessary; while the expense is easily met out of the current revenues of the year. When it was suggested that the absence of so many picked men left this country a helpless prey to Fenian invasions and other terrors, we realized what the old poets meant by the smiling landscape—the face of the whole country seemed to expand into a broad grin of amusement.

Then we are losing some of the awe with which we used to regard the achievements of the London and New York dailies in sending their correspondents to watch the movements of

great armies. Of course these cities are far beyond us in financial resources; but it has been discovered that Canadian newspapers can do these things, and do them well and easily. Above all we have the men, who, in courage, alertness and judgment are the stuff out of which our correspondents are made, and are fit to rank with some who have made world reputations. In saying these things I am prepared to incur the reproach of national conceit, because I consider that modesty



JOHN A. EWAN—TORONTO "GLOBE" CORRESPONDENT WITH SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.



FREDERICK T. HAMILTON—TORONTO "GLOBE" CORRESPONDENT WITH FIRST CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

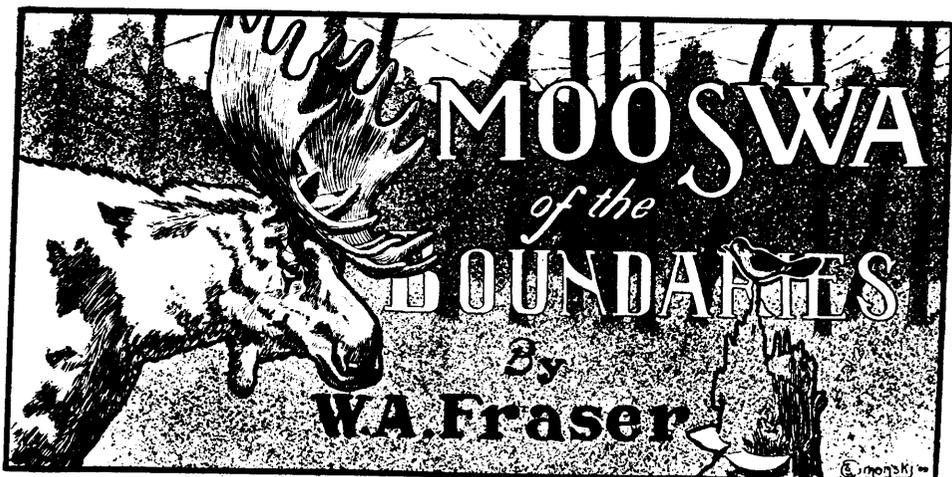
is the great national vice of Canada and the cultivation of a good healthy national conceit one of the highest duties of patriotism.

If in this little sketch I speak only of the correspondents of the *Toronto Globe*, it is not out of any desire to underrate the work of others, but because I want to speak only of that with which I am thoroughly familiar. Mr. Ewan is one of the best known of Toronto journalists, known through his series of letters describing the educational system of Quebec, through another series on the working of prohibitory laws in the western states, and, best of all, through his work in Cuba and South Africa. All this, as well as his writing in the editorial columns of the *Globe*, is characterized by clearness, good sense, a

fine appreciation of humour, and freedom from the mannerisms and oddities and other strainings after effect which deface so much of our modern literature. The word "transparent" in its tone and literal sense describes his style. It is a medium through which the meaning shines so clearly that you do not always think of the meaning rather than of the words. Personally, I know of no better description of him than was conveyed by a member of the staff who said he wished Ewan was back because he was "such a comfort." He has a host of friends who draw largely upon his stores of confidence, cheerfulness and wholesome mirth. He is such a lover of literature, so eager and omnivorous a reader, that he might be called a book-worm if he were not so thorough a man of the world.

Mr. Hamilton is a graduate and a gold medalist of Queen's University, an institution that produces good men out of all proportion to its size. Judging from those I have met, there is something very inspiring in the air of Queen's. Mr. Hamilton holds a commission as lieutenant in the militia, and I should think is likely to go much higher, for he is a most assiduous and enthusiastic student of military affairs. In fact, all his work shows "an infinite capacity for taking pains." His work in South Africa is well known and his "scoop" after Paardeberg was the talk of the country for many a day. All who met him in South Africa speak of him most highly as a comrade, plucky, cheerful and unselfish. We of the *Globe* staff are rather proud of our South African team, but nothing has been said here that is better than they deserve.

John Lewis.



CHAPTER I.—CHOOSING THE KING.

THE DWELLERS OF THE BOUNDARIES AND THEIR NAMES IN LANGUAGE OF THE CREE INDIANS.

MOOSWA, the Moose : *Protector of the Boy.*

MUSKWA, the Bear.

BLACK FOX : *King of the Boundaries.*

THE RED WIDOW : *Black Fox's Mother.*

CROSS-STRIPES : *Black Fox's Baby Brother.*

ROF, the Blue Wolf : *Leader of the Gray Wolf Pack.*

CARCAJOU, the Wolverine : *Lieutenant to Black King, and known as "the Devil of the Woods."*

PISEW, the Lynx : *Possessed of a cat-like treachery.*

UMISK, the Beaver : *Known for his honest industry.*

WAPOOS, the Rabbit : *Really a Hare—the meat food for Man and Beast in the Boundaries.*

WAPISTAN, the Marten : *With fur like the Sable.*

NEKIK, the Otter : *An eater of Fish.*

SAKWASEW, the Mink : *Would sell his mother for a Fish.*

WUCHUSK, the Muskrat : *A houseless vagabond who admired Umisk, the Beaver.*

SIKAK, the Skunk : *A chap to be avoided.*

WENUSK, the Badger.

WUCHAK, the Fisher.

WHISKY-JACK, the Canada Jay : *A sharp-tongued gossip.*

COUGAR, Eagle, Buffalo, Ant and Caribou.

WIE-SAH-KE-CHACK : *Legendary god of the Indians, who could change himself into an animal.*

FRANÇOIS : *A French Half-breed Trapper.*

NICHEMOUS : *A Half-breed Hunter.*

ROD, the Boy : *Son of Donald MacGregor, formerly Factor to Hudson's Bay Company.*

When Rod was a little chap, Mooswa had been brought into Fort Resolution as a calf, his mother having been killed, and boy and beast became playmates. Then MacGregor was moved to Edmonton, and Rod was brought up in civilization until he was fourteen, when he got permission to go back to the Athabasca for a winter's trapping with François, who was an old servant of the Factor. This story is of that winter. Mooswa had been turned loose in the forest by Factor MacGregor when leaving the Fort.

The Boundaries include the great spruce forests and muskeg lands lying between the Saskatchewan River, the Arctic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains—the home of the fur-bearing animals.

THE short, hot summer, with its long-drawn-out days full of coaxing sunshine, had ripened nature's harvest of purple-belled pea-vine, and yellow-blossomed gaillardia, and tall, straight-growing mooseweed; had

turned the heart-shaped leaves of the poplars into new sovereigns, that fell with softened clink from the branches to Earth, waiting for its brilliant mantle—a fairy mantle, all sashed blood-red by crimson maple woven in

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a woof of tawny bunch-grass and lace-fronded fern.

Oh, but it was beautiful—that land of the Boundaries, where Black Fox was king! It stretched from the Saskatchewan to where the Peace first bounded in splashing leaps from the boulder-lined foothills of the Rockies; all beautiful, spruce-forested and muskeg-dotted—the soft muskegs, knee deep under a moss carpet of silver and green.

The saskatoons, big brothers to the huckleberry, were drying on the bush where they had ripened; the raspberries had grown red in their time and gladdened the heart of Muskwa, the Bear; the currants clustered like strings of black pearls by the cool beds of the lazy streams, where pin-tailed Grouse and Pheasant in big red cravats strutted and croaked in this glorious feeding ground, so like a miniature vineyard; the cranberries nestled shyly in the moss, and the wolf and willow berries gleamed like tiny white stars along the banks of the swift-running, emerald-green Saskatchewan and Athabasca. All this was in the heritage land of Black Fox and Muskwa and Mooswa.

It was at this time, in the full autumn, that Whisky-Jack flew north and south, and east and west, and called to a meeting the Dwellers that were in the Boundaries. This was for the yearly choosing of the King and for the settling of other matters. When they had gathered, Black Fox greeted the animals:

“Good year to you, Subjects, and much eating, each unto his own way of life!”

Whisky-Jack preened his mischievous head, ruffled his blue-gray feathers, broke into the harsh, cackling laugh

of the Jay, and sneered: “Eating! always of eating; and never a more beautiful song to you, or—”

“Less thieving to you, eh, Mister Jay?” growled Muskwa. “You who come by your eating easily have it not so heavily on your mind as we toilers.”

“Well, let me see,” resumed Black Fox. “Here ye have all assembled; for form’s sake I will call your names.”

From Mooswa to Wapoos each one of the dwellers as his name was spoken stepped forward in the circle and saluted the King.

“Jack has been a faithful messenger,” said Black King, “but where are Cougar and Buffalo and Eagle?”

“They had notice, Your Majesty; but Cougar says the Mountain is his King, and that he wouldn’t trust himself among a lot of plain-dwellers.”

“He’s a highway robber and an outlaw, anyway, so it doesn’t matter,” asserted Carcajou.

“You wouldn’t talk that way if he were at your throat, my fat little friend,” lisped Whisky-Jack. “Buffalo is afraid of Man, and won’t come; nearly all his

brothers have been killed off, and he is hiding in the spruce woods near Athabasca Lake.”

“I saw a herd of them last summer,” declared Mooswa; “fine big fellows they have grown to be, too. Their hair is longer and blacker and curlier than it was when they were on the plains. There’s no more than fifty of them left alive in all the north woods; its awful to think of how they were slaughtered. That’s why I stick to the Timber Boundaries.”

“Eagle won’t come, Your Majesty, because Jay’s chatter makes his head ache,” declared Carcajou.

“Blame me,” cried Whisky-Jack, “if anybody doesn’t turn up at the meeting—say it’s my fault; I don’t mind.”



BLACK FOX—KING OF THE BOUNDARIES.

"You know why we meet as usual?" queried Black Fox, placing his big, white-tipped brush affectedly about his feet.

"That they do," piped Whisky-Jack; "it's because they're afraid of losing their hides. I'm not—nobody tries to rob me."

"Worthless gabbler!" growled Muskwa.

"Jack is right," declared Black Fox; "if we do not help each other with the things we have learned, our warm coats will soon be on the shoulders of the White Men's wives."

"Is that why the Men are always chasing us?" asked Beaver, turning his sharp-pointed head with the little bead-eyes toward the King.

"Not in your case," snapped Whisky-Jack, "for they eat you, Old Fat Tail. I heard the two White Men who camped on our river last winter say that your brother, whom they caught when they raided your little round lodge, tasted like beefsteak, whatever that is—he, he! And François, the guide, ate his tail and said it was like fat bacon."

"Unthinking wretch!" cried Umişk angrily, bringing his broad tail down on a stone like the crack of a pistol.

"I picked his bones," taunted the Jay; "he was dead and cooked, too, so it didn't matter."

"Cannibal!" grunted Bear.

"They eat you, too, Muskwa—only when they're very hungry, though; they say your flesh is like bad pork, strong and tough."

Black Fox interrupted the discord.

"Comrades," he pleaded, "don't mind Jack; he's only a Jay, and you know what chatters they are. He means well—does

he not tell us when the Trappers are coming, and where their traps are?"

"Yes, and steal the bait so you won't get caught," added Jay. "Oh, I am good—I help

you. You're a lot of crawling fools—all but the King. You can run and fight, but you don't know things. That's because you don't associate with Man, and sit in his camp as I do."

"I've been in his camp," asserted Carcajou, slyly picking up a small stone to shy at Jack.

"Not when he was home," retorted the Jay; "you sneaked in to steal when he was away."

"Stop!" commanded the King angrily. "Your chatter spoils everything. Do stop!"

Whisky-Jack spread his feathers till he looked like a woolen ball and subsided.

"This is the end of the year," continued Black Fox, "and the great question is, are you satisfied with the role?"

Wolverine spoke: "I have been Lieutenant to the Black King for four years—I am satisfied. When our enemies, the Trappers, have tried to catch us by new wiles His Majesty has told us how to escape."

"Did he always?" demanded the Bird. "Who knew of the little white powder that François put in the meat—the white medicine powder he had in a bottle? Neither you, Carcajou, nor Black King, nor any one tasted that—did you? Even now you do not know the name of it; but I can tell you—it's strychnine. Ha, ha! but that was funny. They put it out, and I, Whisky-Jack, whom you call a tramp, told you. I, Jack the Gabbler, flew till my wings were tired warning you to beware."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," retorted Wolverine; "Black



CARCAJOU—THE WOLVERINE.



MUSKWA—THE BEAR.



WHISKY-JACK.

King would have found it with his nose. Can he not tell even if any Man has touched the meat that is always a bait?"

"Stupid!" exclaimed Jack; "do you think the Men are such fools. They handle not the bait that is put in the traps—they know that all the brains you chaps have are in your noses. Catch François, the half-breed, doing that; he's too clever. He cuts it with a long knife and handles it with a stick. The little white powder that is the essence of Death is put in a hole in the meat. I know; I've seen him at it. Haven't their Train Dogs noses also—and didn't two of them that time eat the bait, and die before they had traveled the length of a Rabbit run. I saw them—they grew stiff and quiet, like the White Man who fell in the snow last winter when he was lost. But I'm satisfied with Black Fox; and you can be his Lieutenant—I don't care."

"Yes," continued Carcajou, "who among us is more fitted to be King? Muskwa is strong and big and brave; but soon he will go into his house and sleep until spring. What would become of us with no King for months?"

"Yes, I'm sleepy," answered Bear, "and tired. I've tramped up and down the banks of the river eating white buffalo-berries and red cranberries until I'm weary. They are so small, and I am so big; it keeps me busy all day."

"You've got stout on it," chuckled the Jay. "I wish I could get fat."

"You talk too much, and fret yourself to death over other people's business," growled Bear. "You're a meddling tramp."

"Muskwa," said the Mink, "there are bushels and bushels of big, juicy, black currants up in the muskeg, near the creek I fish in—I wish I could eat them. Swimming, swimming all day after little frightened Fish that are getting so cunning. Why, they hide under sticks, and get up in shallow water among the stones so that I can hardly see them. It must be pleasant to sit up on your quarters, nice and

dry, pull down the bushes and eat great juicy berries. I wish I lived on fruit."

"No, you don't," snarled Jay; "you'd sell your soul for a Fish."

"If you're quite through wrangling," interrupted Wolverine, "I'll go on talking about the King. Who is better suited than Black Fox? Is it Mooswa? He would make a very magnificent-looking King. See his great horns. He would protect us—just now; but do you not know that in the spring they will drop off, and our comrade will be like a Man without hands all summer. Why, even his own Wife won't look at him while he is in that condition. Then the young horns come out soft and pulpy, all covered with velvet, and, until they get hard again, are tender, and he's afraid to strike anything with them.

"You see, we must have somebody that is King all the year round. Why, Mooswa couldn't tell us about the bait; he can't put his nose to the ground. He can't even eat grass because of his short neck."

"I wish I could," sighed the Moose. "I get tired of the purple-headed mooseweed, and the leaves and twigs. The young grass looks so sweet and fresh. But Carcajou is right; I was made this way—I don't know why, though."

"No, you weren't," objected Whisky-Jack; "you're such a lordly chap when you get your horns in good order, and have gone around so much with that big nose stuck up in the air that you've just got into that shape—he, he! I've seen Men like you. The Hudson's Bay Factor, at Slave Lake, is just that sort. Bah! I don't want you for a King."

The Bull Moose waved his tasseled beard back and forth angrily, and stamped a sharp, powerful forefoot on the ground like a trip-hammer.

The Black King interfered again. "Why do you make everybody angry, you silly Bird?" he said to the Jay. "Do you learn this bitter talk from listening to your Men friends while you are waiting for their scraps?"

"Perhaps so; I learn many things from them and you learn from me. But go on, Bully Carcajou. Tell us all why we're not fit to be kings. Perhaps Rof, there, would like to hear about his failings."

"I don't want to be King," growled Rof, the big Blue Wolf, surlily.

"No, your manners are against you," sneered Jack; "you'd do better as executioner."

"Well," commenced Carcajou, taking up the challenge, "to tell you the truth, we're all just a little afraid of Rof. We don't want a despotic king if we can help it.

I don't wish to hurt his feelings, but when Blue Wolf gothungry his subjects might suffer."

"I don't want him for King," piped the Mink; "his jaws are too strong and his legs too long."

"Oh, I couldn't stay here," declared Blue Wolf, "and manage things for you fellows. Next month I'm going away down below Grand Rapids. My brother has been hunting there with a pack of twenty good fellows, and he says the Rabbits are so thick that he's actually getting fat," and Wolf licked his steel jaws with a movement that made them all shudder. His big lolling tongue looked like a firebrand.

"You needn't fret," squeaked Jay. We don't want you. We don't want a rowdy ruler. I saw you fighting with the Train Dogs over at Wapiscaw last winter. You're as disgraceful as any domestic cur."

"Now, Pisew—" began Carcajou.

As he mentioned the Lynx's name a smile went round the meeting. Whisky-Jack took a perfect fit of chuckling laughter, until he fell off his perch.

This made him cranky in an instant. "Of all the silly sneaks!" he exclaimed scornfully, as he fluttered up on a small jack-pine, and stuck out his ruffled breast. "That spear-eared creature for King! Oh, my! oh my! that's too rich! He'd have you all catching Rabbits for him to eat. Kings are great gourmands, I know; but they don't eat Field Mice, and Frogs, and Snails, and trash of that sort—not raw, anyway."

Carcajou proceeded more gravely with his objection. "As I said before, this is purely a matter of business with us, and anything I say must not be taken as a personal affront—"

"Of course not, of course not," interrupted Jack. "Go on with your candid observations, Humpback."

"We all know our friend's weakness for perfume," continued Wolverine.

"Do you call castoreum a perfume?" questioned Whisky-Jack. "It's a vile, diabolical stink—that's what it is.

Why, the Trappers won't keep it in their shacks—it smells so bad; they bury it outside. Nobody but a gaunt, brainless creature like the Cat there would risk his neck for a whiff of that horrible smelling stuff."

"Order!" commanded Black King, you get so personal, Jack. You know that our comrade, Beaver, furnishes the castoreum, don't you?"

"Yes, I know; and he ought to be ashamed of it."

"It's not our fault," declared Umisk; "your friends, the cruel Trappers, don't get it from us till we're dead."

"Well, never mind about that," ob-



MOOSWA—THE MOOSE.

jected Carcajou. "We know, and the Trappers know, that Lynx is the easiest caught of all our fellows; and if he were our King they'd snare him in a week; then we'd be without a ruler. We must have some one that not only can take care of himself but of us, too."

"Pisew can't do that—he can't take care of his own family," twittered Jack. "His big furry feet make a trail in the snow like Panther's, and then, when you come up to him, he's just a great starved Cat, with less brains than a Tadpole."

"Carcajou suddenly reared on his hind quarters and let fly the stone with his short, strong right arm at the Bird. "Evil chatterer!" he exclaimed angrily, "you are always making mischief."

Jack hopped nimbly to one side, cocked his saucy, silvered head downward, and piped: "Proceed with the meeting; the prince of all mischief-makers, Carcajou, the Devil of the Woods, lectures us on morality."

"Yes, let us proceed with the discussion," commanded Black King.

"Brothers," said the Moose, in a voice that was strangely plaintive coming from such a big deep throat, "I am satisfied with Black Fox for King; but if anything were to happen requiring us to choose another, one of almost equal wisdom, I should like to nominate Beaver. We know that when the world was destroyed by the great flood, and there was nothing but water, Umisk took a little mud, made it into a ball with his handy tail, and the ball grew and they built it up until it became dry land again. Wie-sah-ke-chack has told us all about that. I have travelled from the Athabasca across Peace River, and up to the foot-hills of the big mountains, to the head-waters of the Smoky, and have seen much of broth-

er Umisk's clever work and careful, cautious way of life. I never heard any one say a word against his honesty."

"That's something," interrupted Jay; "that's more than can be said for many of us."

The big melancholy eyes of the Moose simply blinked solemnly, and he proceeded: "Brother Umisk has constructed dams across streams, and turned miles of forest into rich, moist muskeg, where the loveliest long grasses grow—most delicious eating. The dams are like the great hard roads you have seen the White Men cut through our country to pull their stupid carts over; I can cross the softest muskeg on one of these and my sharp hoofs hardly bury to the fetlock. Is that not work worthy of an Animal King? And he has more forethought, more care for the winter, than any of us. Some of you have seen his stock of food."

"I have," eagerly interrupted Nekik, the Otter.

"And I," said Fisher.

"I, too, Mooswa," cried Mink.

"I, too, have seen it," quoth Muskrat; "it's just beautiful."

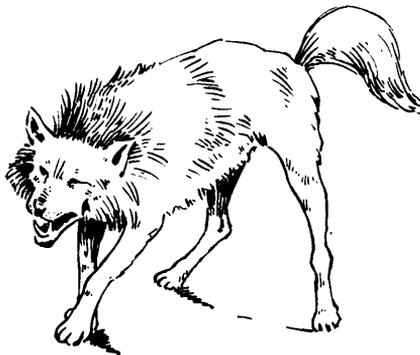
"You tell them about Umisk's food supply, brother Muskrat," commanded the Moose. "I can't dive under the water like you, and see it ready stored, but I have observed the trees cut down by his chisel-teeth."

"You make me blush," remonstrated Beaver modestly.

"Beautiful white poplar trees," went on Mooswa; "and always cut so that they fall just on the edge of the stream. Is not that clever for one of us? A Man can't do it every time."

"Trowel-tail only cuts the leaning trees—that's why," explained Whisky-Jack.

Mooswa was too haughty to notice the interruption,



ROF—THE BLUE WOLF.

but continued his laudation of Beaver's cunning work. "Then he cuts the poplar into pieces the length of my leg; and, while I think of it, I'd like to ask him why he leaves on the end of each stick a piece like the handle of a rolling-pin."

"What's a rolling pin?" gasped Jack.

"Something the cook throws at your head when you're trying to steal his dinner," interjected Carcajou.

Lynx laughed maliciously at this thrust. "Isn't Wolverine a witty chap?" he said, fawningly, to Blue Wolf.

"I know what that cunning little end is for," declared Muskrat. "I'll tell you what Beaver does with the sticks under water, and then you'll understand."

Black King yawned as though bored. "It makes him sleepy to hear his rival praised," sneered Whisky-Jack.

"Well," continued Wuchusk, "Beaver floats the poplar pieces down to his pond, to a little place just up stream from his lodge, with a nice soft bottom. There he dives swiftly with each stick, and the small round end you speak of, Mooswa sticks in the mud, see? Oh, it is clever; I wish I could do it—but I can't. I have to rummage around all winter for my dinner. All the sticks stand there close together on end; the ice forms on top of the water, and nobody can see them. When Umisk wants his dinner he swims up the pond, selects a nice, fat, juicy poplar, pulls it out of the mud, floats it in the front door of his pretty, round-roofed lodge, strips off the rough covering, and eats the white, mealy inner-bark. It's delicious! No wonder Beaver is fat."

"I should think it would be indigestible," said Lynx. "But isn't Umisk kind to his family—dear little chap!"

"Must be hard on the teeth," remarked Mink. "I find fish bones tough enough."

"Oh, it's just lovely!" sighed Beaver. "I like it."



PISEW—THE LYNX.

"What do you do with the logs after you've eaten the crust?" asked Black King, pretending to be interested.

"Float them down against the dam," answered Beaver. "They come in handy for repairing breaks."

"What breaks the dam?" mumbled Blue Wolf gruffly.

"I know," screamed Jay; "the Trappers. I saw François knock a hole in one last winter. That's how he caught your cousins, Umisk, when they rushed to fix the break."

"How do you know when it's damaged, Beaver?" queried Mooswa. "Supposing it was done when you were asleep—you don't make your bed in the water, I suppose."

"No, we have a nice dry shelf all around on the inside of the lodge, just above. We call it the second-story; but we keep our tails in the water always, so as soon as it commences to lower we feel it, you know."

"That is wise," gravely assented Mooswa. "Have I not said that Umisk is almost as clever as our King?"

"He may be," chirruped Jay; "but François never caught the Black King and he catches many Beaver. Last winter he took out a pack of their thick brown coats, and I heard him say there were fifty pelts in it."

"That's just it," concurred Carcajou. "I admire Umisk as much as anybody. He's an honest, hard-working little chap; and looks after his family and relations better than any of us; but if there were any trouble on we couldn't consult him, for at the first crack of a firestick, or bark of a Train Dog, he's down under the water, and either hid-

den away in his lodge, or in one of the many hiding holes he has dug in the banks for just such emergencies. We must have some one who can get about and warn us all."

"I object to him because he's got fleas," declared Jay.



UMISK.



NEKIK—THE OTTER.

"Fleas!" a chorus of voices exclaimed in protest.

The Coyote, who had been digging viciously at the back of his ear with a sharp-clawed foot, dropped his leg, got up and stretched himself with a yawn, hoping that nobody had observed his petulant scratching.

"That's silly," declared Mooswa. "A chap that lives under the water have Fleas?"

"Is it?" piped Whisky-Jack. "What's his thick fur coat with the strong, black guard-hairs for? Do you suppose that doesn't keep his hide dry. If one of you chaps were out in a stiff shower you'd be wet to the skin; but he wouldn't, though he should stay under water a month. If he hasn't got Fleas, what is that double nail on his left hind-foot for?"

"Perhaps he hasn't got a split nail," ventured Fisher.

"My nails are all single," asserted Muskrat.

"Look for your yourselves if you don't believe me," screamed Jack Jay. "If he hasn't got it, I'll take back what I said, and you can make him King if you wish."

This made Black Fox nervous. "Will you show our comrades your toes, please," he asked politely.

Umisk held up his foot deprecatingly. There, sure enough, on the second toe, was a long, black, double claw, like a tiny pincers.

"What did I tell you?" shrieked Jack. "He can pin a Flea with that as easily as Mink seizes a wiggling trout. He's got half a dozen different kinds of Fleas, has Umisk. I won't have

a King who is a little better than a bug nursery. A King must be above that sort of thing."

"This is all nonsense," exclaimed Carcajou angrily, for he had Fleas himself; "it's got nothing to do with the matter. Umisk has to live under the ice nearly all winter, and would be of no more service to us than Muskwa—that's the real objection."

"My!" cried Beaver patting the ground irritably with his trowel-tail, "one really never knows just how vile he is till he gets running for office. Besides, I don't want to be King—I'm too busy. Perhaps some time when I was here governing the Council, François, or another enemy, would break my dam and murder the whole family; besides, it's too dusty out here—I like the nice, clean water. My feet get sore walking on the land."

"Oh, he doesn't want to be King!" declared Jay ironically. "Next! next! Who else is here, frog-legged Carcajou?"

"Well, there's Muskrat," suggested Lynx; "I like him."

"Yes, to eat!" interrupted Whisky-Jack. "If Wuchusk were King we'd come home some day and find that he'd been eaten by one of his own subjects—by the sneaking Lynx—'Slink' it should be."

"Well," said Carcajou, "like Lynx, I admire Beaver, though I never ate one in my life——"

"Pisew did," chirruped the Bird from over their heads.

"Though I never ate one," solemnly repeated Wolverine; "but if Umisk won't do for King, there is no use discussing Wuchusk's chances. He has all Trowel-Tail's failings, without his great wisdom, and he even can't build a decent house though he lives in one. Half the time he hasn't anything to eat for his family; you'll see him skirmishing about winter or summer, eating roots or, like our friends Mink and Otter, chasing Fish. Anyway, I get tired of that horrible odour of musk always. His house smells as bad as a



THE COYOTE.



WAPOOS.

Trapper's shack with piles of fur in it. I hate people who use musk; it shows bad taste; and to carry a little bag of it around with one all the time—it's detestable."

"You should take a trip to the Barren Lands, my fastidious friend, as I did once," interposed Mooswa, "and get a whiff of the Musk Ox. Much fodder! it turned my stomach."

"You took too much of it, old Blubber-Nose," yelled Jay fiendishly; "Wolverine hasn't got a nose like the head of a Sturgeon Fish. Anyway, you're out of it, Mr. Rat; if the Lieutenant says you're not fit for King, why you're not—I must say I'm glad of it."

"There are still the two cousins, Otter and Mink," said Carcajou.

"Fish Thieves—both of them!" declared Whisky-Jack. "So is Fisher, only he hasn't nerve to go in the water after Fish; he waits till Man catches and dries them, then robs the cache. That's why they call him Fisher—they should name him Fish-stealer."

"Look here, Jack," retorted Wolverine, "last winter I heard François say that you stole even his soap."

"I thought it was butter," chuckled Jay; "it made me horribly sick."

"I must say," continued Carcajou, "that these two cousins Otter and Mink, like Muskrat, have too limited a knowledge for either to be Chief of the Boundaries. Though they know all about streams and water powers, they'd be lost on land. Why, in deep snow Nekik with his short little legs makes a track as though somebody had pulled a log along—that wouldn't do."

"I don't want to be King," declared Otter.

"Nor I," added Mink.

"And we don't want you—so that settles it; all agreed," cried Whisky-Jack gleefully.

"Black Fox will make the best

King," said Carcajou; "he has saved us from many a trap in the past; also is he wearer of a regal coat. Look at him! His mother and all his brothers and sisters are red, except Stripes, the baby, who is a cross; does that not show that he has been selected for royal honours? Among ourselves each one is like his brother—there is little difference. The Minks are all alike; the Otters are alike; the Wolves are alike—all are alike; except, of course, that one may be a little larger, or a little darker than the other. Look at the King's magnificent robe—blacker than Fisher's coat; and the silver tip of the white guard-hairs makes it more beautiful than any of our jackets."

"It's just lovely," purred Pisew with a fine sycophantic touch.

"I'm glad I haven't a coat like that," sang out Jay; "His Majesty will be assassinated some day for it. Do you fellows know what he's worth to the Trappers—do any of you know your market value? I thought not—let me tell you."

"For the sake of a mild winter, don't—not just now," pleaded Carcajou, "let us settle this business of the King first, then you can all spin yarns."

"Yes, we're wasting time," declared Umisk. "I've got work to do on my house, so let us select a chief by all means. There's Coyote, and Wapoos, and Sikak the Skunk who have not yet been mentioned." But each of these three had skeletons in their forest



WERMUSK.



THE RED WIDOW.

closets, so they hastily asserted that they were not in the campaign as candidates.

"Well, then," asked Carcajou, "are you all agreed to have Black Fox as leader until the fulness of another year?"

"I'm satisfied," said Bear gruffly.

"It's an honour to have him," ventured Pisew the Lynx.

"He's a good enough King," declared Nekik the Otter.

"I'm agreed!" exclaimed Beaver; "I want to get home to my work."

"Long live the King!" barked Blue Wolf.

"Long live the King!" repeated Mink, and Fisher, and the rest of them in chorus.

"Now that's settled," announced Wolverine.

"Thank you, comrades," said Black Fox; "you honour me. I shall try to be just, and look after you carefully. May I have Wolverine as Lieutenant again?"

They all agreed to this.

CHAPTER II.—PERILS OF THE FOREST.

THE King had been chosen; the business of the meeting was concluded and the animals had become talkative. "Jack," said the King, "now tell us about the fur, and perhaps some others also have good tales to tell."

Whisky-Jack hopped down from his perch and strutted proudly about in the circle.

"Mink," he began, snapping his beak to clear his throat, "you can chase a silly, addle-headed fish into the mud and eat him, but you don't know the price of your own coat. Listen! The Black King's jacket is worth more than your coat and all the others put together. I heard the Factor at Wapiscaw tell his clerk all about it last winter when I dined with him."

"You mean when you dined with the Train Dogs," sneered Pisew.

"You'll dine with them some day, and then their stomachs will be fuller than yours," retorted the bird. "Mink, your pelt is worth a dollar and a half—'three skins,' as the Company men say when they are trading with the Indians, for a skin means fifty cents. You didn't know that, I suppose."

"What do they sell my coat for?" queried Beaver.

"Six dollars—twelve skins, for a big dark one. Kit-Beaver (that's one of your babies, old Trowel-Tail) sells for fifty cents—or is given away. You, Fisher, and you, Otter, are nip and tuck—eight or ten dollars, according

to whether your fur is black or of a dirty coffee colour. But there's Pisew; he's got a hide as big as a blanket, and it only sells for two dollars. Do you know what they do with your skin, Slink? they line long coats for the White Wives with it; because it's soft and warm—also cheap and nasty. He, he! old Featherbed Fur. Now, Wapistan, the Marten, they call a little gentleman. It's wonderful how he has grown in their affections, though. Why, I remember five years ago the Company was paying only three skins for prime Marten, and what do you suppose your hide sells for now, wee brother?"

"Please don't," pleaded Marten; "it's a painful subject; I wish they couldn't sell it at all. I'm almost afraid to touch anything to eat—there's sure to be a trap underneath. The other day I saw a nice, fat Whitefish head, and thought Mink had left a bite for me; but when I reached for it, bang! went a pair of steel jaws, scraping my very nose. The jagged teeth looked cruel. If my leg had got in them I know what I should have had to do."

"So do I," asserted Jay.

"What would he have done, babler—you who know all things?"

"Died," solemnly croaked Jay.

"I should have had to cut off my leg, as a cousin of mine did," declared Wapistan. "He's still alive, but we

all help him get a living now. I wish my skin was as cheap as Muskrat's."

"Oh, bless us! he's worth only fifteen cents," remonstrated Jack. "His wool is but used for lining—put on the inside of Men's big coats where it won't show. But your fur, dear Pussy Marten, is worth eight dollars; think of that! Of course, that's for a prime pelt. That other brother of yours, sitting over there with the faded yellow coat, wouldn't fetch more than three or four at the outside, but I'll give you seven for yours now, and chance it; I shouldn't wonder if you'd fetch twelve, for your coat is nice and black."

"I suppose there's no price on your hide," whined Lynx. "It's nice to be of no value in the world—isn't it?"

"There's always a price on brains, but that doesn't interest you, silly, does it? You're not in the market. Your understanding runs to a fine discrimination in perfumes—prominent odours like castoreum or dead fish. If you were a Man you'd surely be a hair-dresser. Muskwa, your hide's a useful one; still it doesn't sell for a very great figure. Last year at Wapiscaw I saw pictures on the Factor's walls of Men they call soldiers, and they had the queerest, great big head-covers, made from the skins of cousins of yours. And the Factor also had a Bear pelt on the floor, which he said was a good one, worth twenty dollars—that's your value dead; twenty dollars. Mooswa's shaggy shirt is good, but they scrape the hair off and make moccasins of the leather. Think of that, Weed-eater! Perhaps next year the Trappers will be walking around in your hide killing your brother or your daddy, or some other big-nosed, spindle-legged member of your family. The homeliest man in the whole Chipewewa tribe they have named 'The Moose,' and he's the ugliest creature I ever saw; you'd be ashamed of him—he's even ashamed of himself."

"What's the hide worth," asked Carcajou.

"Seven dollars the Factor pays in trade, which is another name for rob-

bery; but I think it's dear at that price, with no hair on, for it is tanned, of course—the squaws make the skin into leather. You wouldn't believe, though, that they'd ever be able to skin Bushy-Tail, would you?"

"Skunk?" cried Lynx. "Haven't the Men any noses?"

"Not like yours, Slink; but they take his pelt right enough; and the white stripes down his back that he's so proud of are dyed, and these Men, who are full of lies, sell it as some kind of Sable. And Marten, too, they sell him as Sable—Canadian Sable."

"I'm sure we are all enjoying this," suggested Black King, sarcastically.

"Yes, brothers," assented Whisky-Jack, "Black Fox's silver hide is worth more than all the rest put together. Sometimes it fetches five hundred dollars!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Otter, enviously; "is that true, Jack?"

"It is, Bandy-legs—I always speak the truth. But it is only a fad. A tribe of Men called Russians buy it. It is said they have a lot of money but, like Pisew, little brains. For my part, I'd rather have feathers; they don't rub off, and are nicer in every way. Do you know who likes your coat, Carcajou?"

"The Russians!" piped Mink, like a little schoolboy.

"Stupid fish-eater! Bigger fools than the Russians buy Wolverine—the Eskimos, who live away down at the mouth of the big river that runs to the icebergs."

"What are icebergs, brother?" asked Mink.

"Pieces of ice," answered Jack. "Now you know everything; go and catch a Goldeye for your supper."

"Goldeye don't come up the creeks, you ignorant bird," retorted Sakwasew, "I wish they did, though; one can see their big, yellow eyes so far in the water—they're easily caught."

"Suckers are more useful," chimed in Fisher; "when they crowd the river banks in autumn eating those black water-bugs, I get fat and hardly wet a

foot. I hate the water, but I do like a plump, juicy Sucker."

"Not to be compared to a Goldeye or Doré," objected Mink; "they're too soft and flabby."

"Fish, fish, fish! Always about fish, or something to eat, with you Water-Rats!" interrupted Carcajou, disgustedly. "Do let us get back to the subject. Do you know what the Men say of our Black King, comrades?"

"They call him the Devil!" declared Jay.

"No they don't," objected Carcajou; "they think he's Wie-sah-ke-chack, the great Indian god, who could change himself into animals. You all know François, the French half-breed, who trapped at Hay River last winter?"

"He killed my cousin," sighed Marten.

"I lost a son through him—poisoned," moaned Black King's mother, the Red Widow, who had been sitting quietly during the meeting, watching with maternal pride her son.

"Yes, he tried to catch me," boasted Carcajou, "but I outwitted him, and threw a number four steel trap in the river. He had a fight with a Chippewa Indian over it—blamed him for the theft. Oh, I enjoyed that. I was hidden under a spruce log and watched François pummel the Indian until he ran away. I don't understand much French, but the Half-breed used awful language. I wish they'd always fight among themselves."

"Why didn't the Chippewa squeeze François till he was dead?—that's what I should have done," growled Muskwa. "Do you remember Nichemous, the Cree half-breed, who always keeps his hat tied on with a handkerchief?"

"I saw him once," declared Black Fox.

"Well, he tried to shoot me—crept up close to a log I was lying behind and poked his iron stick over it, thinking I was asleep. That was in the winter—I think it was the second of February; but do you know, sometimes I get my dates mixed. One year

I forgot in my sleep and came out on the first to see what the weather was like. Ha, ha! fancy that; coming out on the first, and thought it was the second!"

"What has that got to do with Nichemous, old Garrulity?" squeaked Whisky-Jack.

Muskwa licked his gray nose apologetically for having wandered from the subject. "Well, as I have said, it was the second of February. I had been lying up all winter in a tremendously snug nest in a little coulee that runs off Pembina River. Hunger! but I was weak when I came out that day!"

"I should think you would have been," sympathized the Bird mockingly.

"I had pains, too; the hard red-willow berries that I always eat before I lay up were gripping me horribly—they always do that—they're my medicine, you know."

"Muskwa is getting old," interrupted Jay. "He's garrulous—it's his pains and aches now."

Bear took no notice of the Bird. "I was tired and cross, the sun was nice and warm, and I lay down behind a log to rest a little. Suddenly there was the sound of the crisp hide of the snow cracking, and at first I thought it was something to eat coming—something for my hunger. I looked cautiously over the tree, and there was Nichemous trailing me; his snowshoe had cut through the crust. It was too late to run, for that iron stick of his would have reached, so I lay still, pretending to be asleep. Nichemous crept up, oh, so cunningly! He didn't want to wake poor old Muskwa, you see—not until he woked me with the bark of his iron stick. Talk about smells, Mr. Lynx! Wiff! the breath of that when it coughs is worse than the smell of Coyote—it's fairly blue in the air, it's so bad."

"Where was Nichemous all this time?" cried Jack mockingly.

"Have patience, little shaganappi (cheap) Bird. Nichemous saw my trail leading up to the log, but could

not see it going away on the other side. I had just one eye cocked up where I could watch his face. Wheeze! it was a study. He'd raise one foot, shove it forward gently, put that big gut-woven shoe down slowly on the snow, and carry his body forward; then the other foot the same way—so as not to disturb me—good Nichemous! What a queer scent he gave. Have any of you ever stepped on hot coals?"

"I have!" cried Blue Wolf; "I had a fight with three Train Dogs once, at Wapiscaw, when their masters were asleep. It was all over a miserable frozen Whitefish that even the dogs wouldn't eat. They were husky fighters. Wur-r-r! We rolled over and over, and finally I fetched up in the camp-fire."

"Then you know what your paw smelled like when the coals scorched it, and that was just like the nasty scent that came down the air from Nichemous—like burnt skin. I could have nosed him a mile away had he been up wind, but he wasn't, at first. When Nichemous got to the big log he reached his yellow face over, with the iron stick in line with his nose, and I saw murder in his eyes, so I just took one swipe at the top of his head with my right paw and scalped him clean. Whu-u-o-o-f-f! but he yelled. The iron stick barked as he went head first into the snow, and its hot breath scorched my arm, underneath, where there's little hair; but the round lead thing it spits out didn't touch me. I gave Nichemous a squeeze, threw him down, and went away. I was mad enough to have slain him, but I'm glad I didn't. It's not good to kill a Man. You see I was cross," he added apologetically, "and my head ached from living in that stuffy hole all winter."

"Didn't it hurt your paw?" queried Jack. "I should have thought your fingers would have been tender from sucking them so much while you were sleeping in the nest."

"That's what saved Nichemous's life," answered Muskwa. "My fist was swollen up like a moss-bag, else

the blow would have crushed his skull. But I knocked the fur all off the top; and his wife, who is a great medicine woman, couldn't make it grow again, though she patched the skin up some way or other. That is why you'll see Nichemous's hat tied on with a red handkerchief."

"I also know of this Man," wheezed Otter. "Nichemous stepped on my slide once, when he was poaching my preserve—I had it all nice and smooth and slippery, and the silly creature, without a claw to his foot, tried to walk on it."

"What happened, Long-Back?" asked Jack eagerly.

"Well, he went down the slide faster than ever I did, head first; but—would you believe it?—on his back!"

"Into the water?" queried Muskrat. "That wouldn't hurt him."

"He was nearly drowned," laughed Nekik. "The current carried him under some logs, but he got out, I'm sorry to say. That's the worst of it; we never manage to kill these Men."

"I killed one once," proclaimed Mooswa—"stamped him with my front feet, and his friends never found him; but I wouldn't do it again; the look in his eyes was awful."

"They'll kill you some day, Marrow-Bones," declared Jay blithely.

"That's what this Man tried to do."

"Tell us about it, comrade," cried Carcajou, "for I like to hear of the tables being turned once in a while. Why, Mistress Carcajou frightens the babies to sleep by telling them that François, or Nichemous, or some other Trapper, will catch them if they don't close their eyes and stop crying—it's just awful to live in continual dread of Man."

"He was an Indian named Grass-head," went on Mooswa, lying down to tell the little tale comfortably. "I had just crossed the Athabasca on the ice; he'd been watching, no doubt, and as I went up the bank his fire stick coughed, and the ball struck me in the neck. Of course I cleared off into the woods at a great rate."

"Didn't stop to thank the Man, eh, old Pretty-Legs?" questioned Jack ironically.

"There was a treacherous crust on the snow; sometimes I would go through up to my chest, for it was deep. Grasshead wore those big shoes that Muskwa speaks of, and glided along the top, but my feet are small and hard, you know, and cut the crust."

"See!" piped Jay; "there's where pride comes in. All of you horned creatures are so proud of your little feet, and unless the ground is hard you soon get done up."

"Well," continued Mooswa, "sometimes I'd draw away many miles from the Indian. Once I circled wide, went back close to my trail, lay down in a thicket and watched for him. He passed quite close, trailing along easily on top of the snow, chewing a piece of dried moosemeat—think of that, brothers! Stuck in his loose shirt was dried meat cut from the bodies of some of my relatives; even the shirt itself was made from one of their hides! His little eyes were vicious and cruel; and several times I heard him give the call of our wives, which is, 'Wh-e-a-u-h-h!' That was that I might come back, thinking it was one of my tribe calling. All day he trailed me that way, and twice I rested as I speak of. Then Grasshead got cunning. He travelled wide of my trail, off to one side, meaning to come upon me lying down, or circling. The second day of his pursuit I was very tired and the Indian was always coming closer and closer.

"Getting desperate, I laid a trap for him. It was the fire stick I really feared, for without that he was no match for me. With our natural strength, he with his arms and teeth and I with my hoofs and horns, I could easily kill him. Why, once I slew three wolves nearly as large as Rof; they were murderous chaps who tackled me in the night. It wouldn't do to fight Grasshead where the crust was bad on the deep snow, so I made for a jack-pine bluff."

"I know," interrupted Black Fox, nodding his head; "nice open ground with no underbrush to bother—just the place for a rush when you've marked down your Bird. Many a Partridge I've pinned on one of those bluffs."

"Yes," went on Mooswa, "the pine-needles kill out everything but the silver-green moss. The snow wasn't very deep there; it was an ideal place for a charge—nothing to catch one's horns, or trip a fellow. As Grasshead came up he saw me leaning wearily against a pine, and thought I was ready to drop. I was tired, but not quite that badly used up. You all know, comrades, how careful an Indian is not to waste the breath of his iron stick. He will creep and creep and sneak just like——"

"Lynx," suggested Whiskey-Jack.

"Well, Grasshead, seeing that I couldn't, as he thought, get away, came cautiously to within about five lengths, meaning to make sure of my death, you know, brothers, and just as he raised his iron stick I charged. He didn't expect that—it frightened him. The ball struck me in the shoulder and made me furious with rage. The Indian turned to run, but I cut him down and trampled him to death—I ground him into the frozen earth with my antlers. He gave the queer Man-cry that is of fear and pain—it's awful! I wish he hadn't followed me—I wish I hadn't killed him."

"You were justified, Mooswa," said Black King; "there is no blame—that is the Law of the Forest:

First we run for our lives,
Then we fight for our lives;
And we turn at bay when the killer drives."

"Bravo!" applauded Whiskey-Jack.

"Don't fret, old Jelly-Nose. I'm glad you killed him. I've heard the White Trappers say that the only good Indians are dead ones."

"I also know Nichemous," broke in Umisk. "He cut a hole in the roof of my house one day, first blocking up the front door, thinking we were inside and meaning to catch us. He had his trouble for nothing, for I got the whole family out just in the nick of

time ; but I'd like to make him pay for repairs to the roof. I don't know any animal so bad as a Man, unless it's a Hermit Beaver."

"What's a Hermit Beaver, ye of the little forefeet?" asked Jay.

Umisk sighed wearily. "For a Bird that has travelled as much as you have, Jack, you are wondrously devoid of knowledge. Have you never seen Red Jack, the Hermit?"

"I have," declared Pisew ; "he has a piece out of the side of his tail."

"Perhaps you have, perhaps you have, but all hermits are marked that way—that's the sign. You see, once in a while a Beaver is born lazy—won't work—will do nothing but steal other people's poplar and eat it. First we reason with him and try to encourage him to work ; if that fails we bite a piece out of his tail as a brand, and turn him out of the community. I marked Red Jack that way myself ; I boarded him for a whole winter, though, first."

"Served him right," concurred Whisky-Jack.

"Yes, Nichemous is a bad lot," said Carcajou, reflectively, "but he's no worse than François. He's tried so often to kill Black Fox that now he says the King is Wie-sah-ke-chack, the Devil. He's got a silver bullet for his fire stick, and thinks that will kill our leader, sure."

"That's Man's silly superstition," declared Whisky-Jack ; "the King has always outwitted him, and will now."

Black Fox arose, stretched himself, yawned and said : "The meeting is over for to-day ; three spaces of darkness from this we meet here again ; there is some business of the Hunting Boundaries to do, and Wapoos has a complaint to make."

"I'm off," whistled Whisky-Jack. "Good-by, Your Majesty. You fellows have got to hunt your dinners—I'm going to dine with some Men—I like my food cooked."

Each of the Animals slipped away, leaving Black Fox and his mother, the Red Widow.

To be Continued.



THE SONG OF THE VOYAGEURS.

(From the French of Octave Crémazie.)

OURS are the woodland mysteries,
 Whose deepest secrets well we know,
 Ours are the streams, where forest trees
 Are mirrored in their waves below ;
 Ours is the life the savage knows,
 With all its gladness, all its grief ;
 Ours are the firs, whose foliage throws
 Shade, where the toil-worn find relief.
 On rafts or in the forest free
 Thirty voyageurs are we.

Braving the storms' and lightnings' power,
 Their mighty branches raised on high,
 In stately ranks the pine trees tower,
 Like pillars that support the sky.
 When their tall forms to earth are laid,
 O'ercome by our fell axes' sweep,
 It seems that in the gloomy shade
 The Spirit of the woods must weep.
 On rafts or in the forest free
 Thirty voyageurs are we.

When o'er our wooden huts the night
 Her sombre veil of dark hath shed,
 We see the fleeting shades of white,
 Pale phantoms of the Indian dead.
 They come, these ancient kings of yore,
 To seek their haunts of ages past,
 Where gnarléd oaks they knew before
 Still face unharmed the raging blast.
 On rafts or in the forest free
 Thirty voyageurs are we.

Then on the raft that merrily
 Floats down the swift St. Lawrence stream,
 A sweet and tender memory
 Of childhood comes, as in a dream.
 The village maid we left behind,
 Our mothers and our sisters dear,
 Make hearts beat fast when called to mind,
 Awaiting us upon the pier.
 On rafts or in the forest free
 Thirty voyageurs are we.

When years have made us agéd men,
 And arms and voices all grow weak,
 To eager youths about us then
 Of old adventures we shall speak.
 And when the final journey's near
 That must be made by one and all,
 We'll answer boldly without fear
 Grim death, who gives the parting call,
 " On rafts or in the forest free
 Thirty voyageurs were we."

William Wilkie Edgar.



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—TORONTO CLUB WAR CANOE.

THE INTERNATIONAL CANOE MEET OF 1900.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

By D. J. Howell.

WHEN the pioneers from the Old World penetrated the wilds of this continent they found a craft wonderfully well suited to its rushing streams and island-dotted lakes. The Indians called this craft a canoe. The apparent ease with which it was handled appealed at once to these hardy adventurers, and they soon became as expert paddlers as their dusky companions.

The creation of this craft is, perhaps, the greatest thing the red man has done for us.

The canoe of birch bark, though light, was frail and often cranky. Its split-wood frame, lashed together with thongs of the skin or sinews of the deer, has given place to the keel and ribs of oak, and its skin of birch bark to finely fitted planks of cedar or basswood riveted together with copper. The uncertain lines have become

symmetrical, so that the canoe of today is a craft of great beauty, speedier and safer, but not so picturesque as the boat of bark which it has superseded. The development of the canoe from where the red man left it has been the work of an ever increasing number of enthusiastic sportsmen who have found it the ideal one-man craft.

From the clubs that were formed in recent years, by kindred spirits brought together on many cruises, and who were one in their enjoyment of sailing or paddling, sprang the American Canoe Association. The evolution of the craft, the growth of the sport and the creation of a bond of comradeship among its members has justified its existence, and to-day canoeing stands among the few sports that the blighting influence of professionalism has not touched.



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—BIRCH POINT, BIG ISLAND, LAKE ROSSEAU, MUSKOKA.

Camping and cruising are the favourite enjoyments of the canoeist, and naturally the great event of the A. C. A. is its annual meet, camping for two weeks in some well-selected spot.

Canada is particularly the home of canoeing, and the Northern division, which includes the whole of it, is the strongest in the Association.

This year when the meet came to this division, it was unanimously decided to hold it in the Muskoka lakes; the location was left to the commodore, who selected Birch Point, Big Island, in Lake Rosseau.

This Point lies in the most beautiful part of the lake. To the west lies the famed Venitia group of islands; Ferndale lies just across the lake to the southwest, and Port Carling within two miles to the south. It was the most northerly situation ever selected for the annual camp, but the beauties of this region of the Canadian Highlands, its clear bracing atmosphere and delightful waters were considered worth the time, trouble and tedious trip. In spite of the cramped quarters selected, the expectations of those who attended the 1900 meet were fairly well realized.

In arranging for a camp on a large scale, a great deal of preliminary work has to be done, and the organization of the A. C. A. for this purpose is interesting. For convenience of management and administration the Association is divided into five divisions, each dealing with their local affairs through an executive committee with a vice-commodore at its head. The privilege and responsibility of the general meet comes to each division in turn. The division accepting it selects the general locality for the camp and nominates the commodore from its own membership.

As the commodore has very wide powers, appointing all the committees and usually the secretary-treasurer, he stamps the meet with his personality, and is responsible almost wholly for the success of the general camp. His

expenditure is, however, fixed by the board of governors who control the finances of the Association. Within these prescribed limits the commodore has a free hand, and it requires a man of considerable ability "to swing" a meet successfully.

Mr. W. G. Mackendrick, of the Toronto Canoe Club, the commodore for this year, answered these requirements fully, and displayed a great capacity for hard work.

The meet was from Friday the 3rd to Friday the 17th of August.

Those who got to camp on Saturday, the great arrival day, will not forget the scene of bustle and confusion at Muskoka Wharf. The members from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and other distant points were glad their long railway journey was ended, and once on the boat the camp had fairly begun. The Toronto club transferred their streamers, flags and burgees from their special car to the *Medora*, taking possession of that steamer on her trip up the lake through the lock at Port Carling, around the winding channel of the Indian River into Lake Rosseau. A first glimpse of the camp was had as the steamer rounded the point at the entrance to the lake. A mile across the water a cluster of flags on the pier and Mr. Paul Butler's house-boat, drew all eyes; the Stars and Stripes and Canadian Ensign supporting the red and white burgee of the Association.

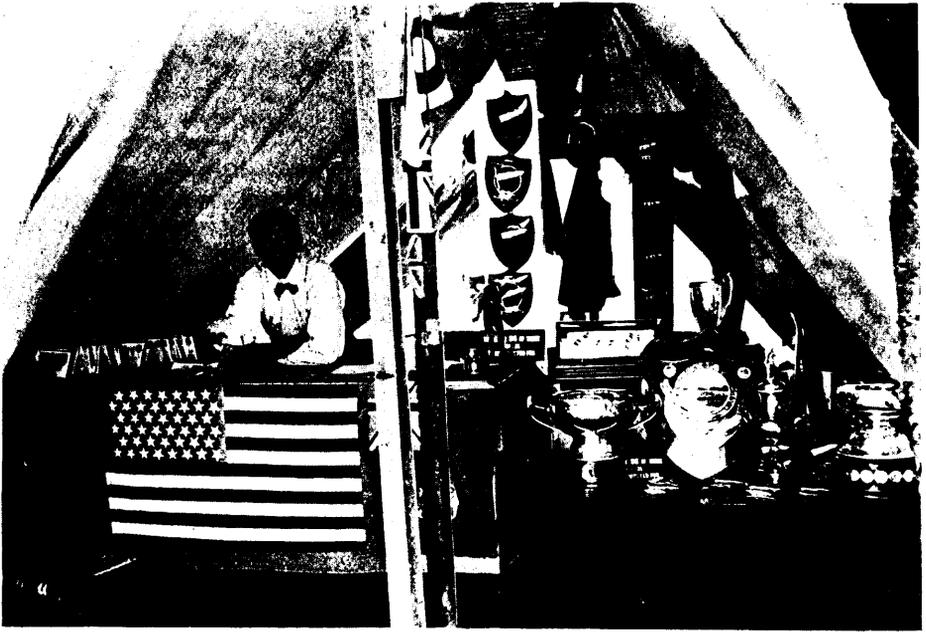
To the right of the pier along the shore the white tents gleamed through the green foliage of the birch trees.

The tedium of the journey was forgotten in the preparations for landing. The "Hi-Yah" rang out with startling emphasis, and came back in answering call from the boys already in the camp. The boat touched the pier amid enthusiastic cries of welcome, and as soon as the gangway was run out there were many joyful meetings. Some of the old campers were literally received with open arms.

Everybody lent a hand to pile high the baggage, canoes and camp sup-



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—THE HEADQUARTERS.



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—THE SECRETARY'S TENT.

plies on the wharf, from the steamer. As the bustle subsided the bugle sounded the sunset call, the evening gun was fired and the colours came down with a run. Away to the west, between and over the islands, the clouds reflected the sunken sun in glowing reds and gold, and the first night in camp for the new arrivals had begun. Nearly all were able to sleep in their canvas home the night of their arrival, thanks to the commodore and his able lieutenant.

As the evening drew on, the ruddy blaze of the bonfires lit up the tents and the birch trees; the groups of campers throwing weird shadows on canvas walls and dim-lit paths as they gathered to re-welcome the weary travellers in true A.C.A. style. Long after the bugle had sounded "lights out," snatches of song would come fitfully from the revellers as they slipped away in twos or threes to their tents, some stopping to be entertained at the tent of a friend until the night patrol saw that every one was in bed.

It is around the camp fire, whether at Squaw Point with its refined vaudeville, or the smaller gatherings and im-

promptu programs in the men's camp, that some of the most enjoyable hours of the fortnight are spent.

The ladies inspired the players to their finest efforts on cornet, mandolin, guitar or violin, and willing singers and reciters gave their best. A song with a swinging chorus brings every one in happily. The uncertain light and the glamour of the night give opportunities for the growth of friendship that the most timid do not neglect.

In the smaller groups in the men's camp, instrument, song and story leave but small gaps for conversation. The stories sometimes have a flavour of Boccaccio, and the songs a touch of Villon, which is apt to grow stronger as the good cheer goes round.

The camp ground was hardly an ideal location, being situated on a point of Big Island. In reality an island, a canoe channel having been cut through the narrow neck connecting it with the larger part of the island. Around headquarters, which was right up from the pier, and in the ladies camp, the ground was quite rocky and heavily wooded, the western and



CANOE MEET OF 1900—A SAILING CANOE.

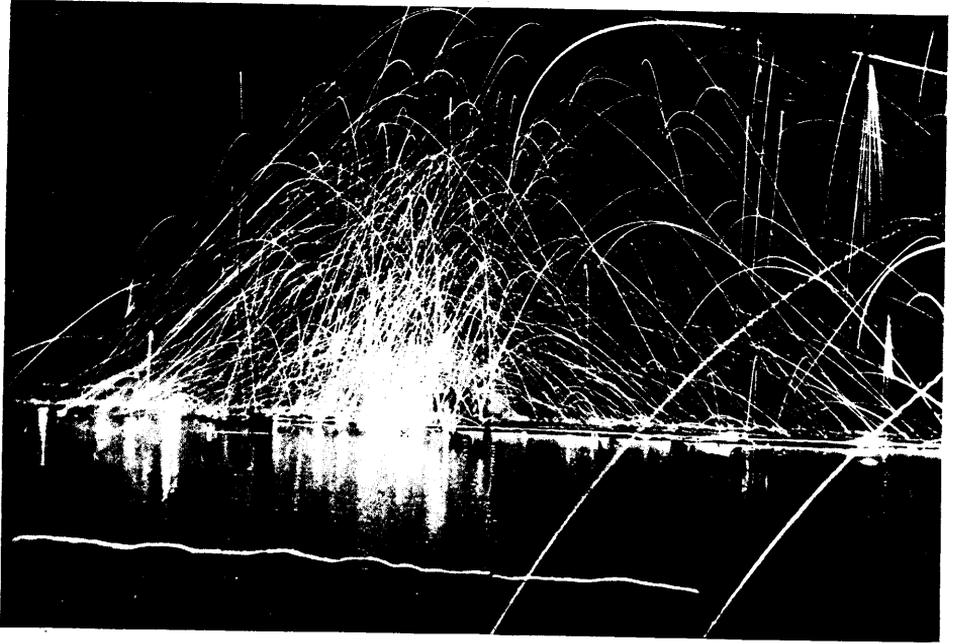
northerly shores rising rather steeply from the water. Among the trees and underbrush and well up from the water the tents of the women and families were pitched, making an unsatisfactory "Squaw Point." A number of convenient wharfs redeemed it to a certain extent. On the south side, along from headquarters to the narrow neck with the canoe channel, lay the main camp, extending back at the narrow part of the island to the north shore. A little stretch of high rocky ground lay immediately east of the secretary-treasurer's tent; on this a number were camped, including the "K. K.'s" (kickers' klub), representatives from the

"Wawbewawa" club of Boston and the "Initou" club of Woburn, Mass. Beyond this group the members of the New York clubs arranged their tents fronting on a small bay, with a fine sandy beach, the bottom gradually sloping to deep water.

This was the best location in the camp, and at this beach the "official" swim took place daily at 11 a.m. At the other side of the bay amid the trees, the Toronto Canoe Club clustered their tents. The club colours of red and black, and the red ring of their totem and burgee were strongly in evidence. Brooklyn, Buffalo and other clubs lay behind them looking out on the water to the north. On the rising ground between the two camps was the house which the commodore occupied, and alongside was the mess tent, where, at bugle's call, the campers assembled three times a day to take the edge

off their Muskoka appetites.

A pathway, "Chuck ave." ran down the hill to the pier, with the barber shop, camp store and official dark room for the photographers on the right; to the left before you got to the wharf was the headquarters, made up of the camp site, commodore's tent and the secretary-treasurer's tent, which was the post office and writing room, usually crowded in the morning before the mail closed. The secretary-treasurer, Mr. Herbert Begg, was the busiest man in the camp, and was always on hand discharging his duties with tact and unvarying courtesy. The arrival of the steamer with the



THE CANOE MEET OF 1900—STORMING THE TAKU FORT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE BY LEAVING THE PLATE EXPOSED DURING A CONSIDERABLE PART OF THE DISPLAY. THE LARGER AND CLOSER LINES ARE THE PATHS OF ROCKETS CLOSE AT HAND.

mail was one of the important incidents of each day. The mail was usually sorted on the wharf, the addresses read out and the letters claimed on the spot.

The camp was roused by the bugle sounding the reveille at seven o'clock, and morning gun fired at 7.30, when the colours were run up. Beside the breakfast, dinner and supper calls, there was a call at 10 a.m. to report any sick to the camp surgeons; the sunset call and evening gun when the colours were run down; last post at 9.30 and "taps" or lights out at 11 p.m.

These calls gave quite a military air to the camp. Discipline was maintained by an officer appointed for the day by the commodore, assisted by four pickets, each of which was responsible for a section of the camp.

There were pleasant excursions and cruises during the first week. The trip on the *Islander* to Bala Falls, among the finest islands in Lake Muskoka, was a delightful one; and the kindness of some cottagers in placing their launches at the disposal of the

campers for a cruise through Lake Joseph, will be remembered as one of the many occasions of thoughtful hospitality extended to the members of the A.C.A.

The great interest of the camp centres in the races, which are the most important in the canoeing world. The number of sailing men was small compared with other years, there being only eight sailing canoes at the camp. To some this indicates the decay of this part of the sport. The race for the International Sailing Trophy promised to be very interesting; and when Mr. F. C. Moore, of New York Club, in his new *Pioneer II.*, overhauled Mr. C. Archibald, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, in his famous *Mab* on the third leg of the course, the interest was intense. Unfortunately, Mr. Moore's seat broke and his boat capsized, leaving Mr. Archibald to win as he pleased.

There were many entries in the paddling races. In some of the events there were more contestants than there has been for years. The war-canoe races were on a small scale compared

with last year when eight full crews competed. The Toronto Canoe Club had their two war-canoes up, and a number of races were run off by lending one of their boats to other crews. The crew from the Toronto Club captured all the prizes they competed for, and the A. C. A. crew, which defeated that of the Muskoka Lakes Association, was largely made up of members of this club. It was the most largely represented club at the meet, and its members carried away one-half of the prizes that were competed for, the McNicol brothers of the club winning fifteen prizes between them. The Britannia Club, of Ottawa, was represented by a fours crew that won easily every race they entered, doing credit to their club. Its individual members won a number of other events.

Among the humorous features of the regatta was a tail-end race, where the paddler sits in the bow of his canoe and attempts to paddle a straight course. It is only necessary to try this to find how nearly impossible it is. So expert have the paddlers become in upsetting their canoes in the upset-race, that by a certain movement as the paddle jumps into the water, the canoe is turned completely over in the air, alighting right side up without water in it. The Regatta Committee ruled, however, that an upset canoe must be filled with water, and the expert who disregarded their instructions was disqualified.

The tilting tournament was as full of surprises as usual.

The ladies' hand-paddling race, and the ladies' and gentlemen's tandem races aroused more inter-



START OF WAR CANOE RACE.

est among Squaw Pointers than any others, and were keenly contested.

The scene at the camp during the regatta days was one of great beauty. The water was dotted with canoes of every hue. These colours and the bright costumes of the paddlers were reflected in the placid waters of the lake. Here and there a sailing canoe drifted in the dying breeze, and circling round or standing by the course were many steam launches with their brilliantly gay passengers contributing with the deep green of the wooded shore and island to make an ideal aquatic scene.

A little rocky island near the paddling course was a point of eager in-



BRITANNIAS OF OTTAWA—WINNERS OF FOURS.



FINISH OF LADY AND GENTLEMAN'S TANDEM.

terest. A fort had arisen: its pagoda and quaint turrets would indicate, without the many yellow dragon flags, that it was of Chinese origin. This Taku fort was constructed under the direction of Li Hung Chang, in the person of L. W. Seavey, of New York, whose surprising entertainments have extended back into the dim past of the early days of the Association. He has created sea-serpents, giant birds and wonders at many camps. Last year at Hay Island, a series of tableaux was given under his direction, and the year before at Stave Island a circus under his direction gave one performance of transcendent magnificence.

The storming and destruction of this Chinese fort by the allied fleets of war-

canoes and canoes of lighter draft, whose crews hurled a storm of rockets and Roman candles at the fort, made a dazzling spectacle, and one that eclipsed Mr. Seavey's previous efforts. He was awarded a special prize for breaking the record.

The last days in camp are often the most pleasant. The crowd thins out and friendships formed have a chance to deepen, and yet there is an air of sadness, for many tents are gone that

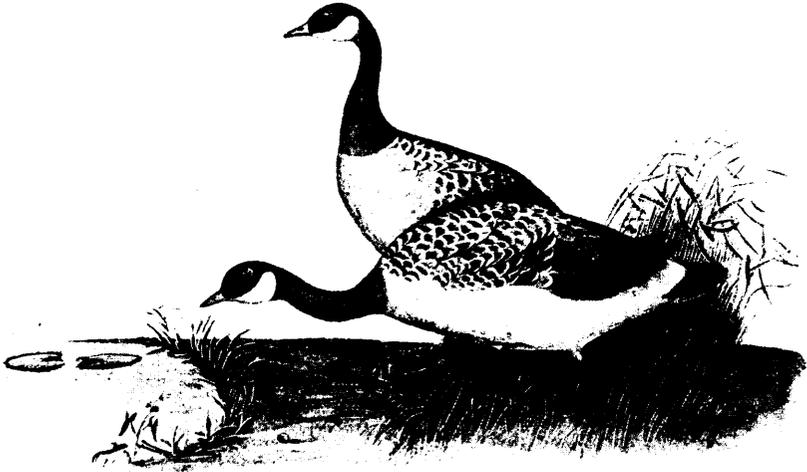
but yesterday were places of happy gatherings. Some bright faces that you looked for at the mess tent are not there to smile back to you. Finally your thoughts are drawn to the home and business, and you realize that the camp is virtually over.

The steamer carries away all but a few stragglers on the Saturday. The parting cheers and waving handkerchiefs have followed the good-byes till next meet. Every camper unconsciously carries away with him a crowd of memories, pleasant and otherwise. When these have settled, the pleasant times of the 1900 camp will far outweigh the others, and stamp indelibly the success of the A.C.A. meet in Muskoka.

DEBTOR TO ETERNITY.

MY life was forming when the stars were born,
 And will be forming when the stars are lost,
 A proud Armada cast upon the coast
 Of grey oblivion. Yes, we may scorn
 The ages that have been as garments worn,
 Now flung aside, but ever will some ghost
 Be lingering near those garments and when most
 We think them worthless then may they adorn
 The actions of to-day. We owe the Past
 Our life and the eternal Present stands
 A grim attorney with his outstretched hands
 Demanding what is due. Give what thou hast
 And God, who is the Treasurer of all,
 Shall be thy bondsman when the judgments fall.

Austin Bill.



THE CANADA GOOSE.

WILD FOWL OF ONTARIO.

THE FIRST OF TWO ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

By C. W. Nash.

AMONG all the sports with gun and dog indulged in by the people of this Province, probably duck-shooting is the most popular. The wealthy members of the community have their clubs and preserves which cost large sums annually for their maintenance, and on these places vast numbers of wild fowl are killed every season. Other sportsmen, not blessed with affluence, can still find places even near our centres of business at which they may for a day or two in the season find a sufficient number of birds to satisfy their more moderate desires.

In the good old days before the advent of the breech-loader and before shooting for the market became a fine art, Ontario must have been a perfect paradise for water-fowl. Even now there are some old timers living who can speak of the days when Toronto and Burlington bays might be seen

covered with birds while clouds of others hovered about seeking a place to alight. The stories told by these men of the bags they made would seem incredible if it were not that a similar state of things may even now be seen in the proper season on some of the favoured lakes and sloughs of the Northwest.

The reduction in the number of fowl that visit us is not altogether attributable to the destruction worked by the gunners. The clearing of the bush has caused many streams which fed the small lakes and marshes to dry up; drainage has followed, so that now large tracts of land which once provided shelter and feed for ducks and fish is brought under cultivation.

Whether this will be an advantage to the country or not, remains to be seen. So far the results do not seem to be altogether profitable, for every

summer we hear complaints of shortage of pasture and want of water owing to the drying up of what were once never-failing streams. Presently the people and the Government of this Province will see the necessity for replanting trees along the margins of the water courses. If this is done soon, the next generation will neither suffer so much from drought in summer or floods in the spring. Our water-fowl will then be able to find feeding and resting places according to their desires, from their breeding grounds in the north to their winter homes in the south, instead of being compelled to rush right through without stopping, as they do now. A moderate man may then be able to obtain fair sport in most localities in the autumn. As it is now, when the first of September arrives and the shooting season for water-fowl commences, the most of our inland marshes are so dried up that they no longer afford feed and shelter for ducks. The birds are driven from them in the first few days and they then take refuge in the larger marshes at various points on the Great Lakes. The majority of these are strictly preserved and are only open to the members of the clubs who own them.

These club preserves are not the unmitigated evil that some people consider them, in fact they are of considerable advantage to the neighbourhood in which they are situated, for the ducks do not always remain in the sanctuary, but often afford outsiders fair sport. Further than that, if these grounds were thrown open to the general public, the army of market shooters and others who would collect there would quickly drive out the birds, and there being no other ground in the Province to which they could resort, the ducks would at once go off southward for the season instead of remaining until the waters freeze up.

What I have said above with regard to preserves applies principally to the marsh ducks, such as the Mallard, Black Duck and Teal. The open-water ducks, Redheads, Bluebills, Canvas-

backs and all other species that obtain their food by diving, are much more independent. The whole space of the waters is open to them, and except in very severe weather they much prefer lakes and bays to the pond-holes in the marshes.

Not only do these preserved marshes afford sanctuary to the wild fowl in the fall, but they are now the only places left in the southern half of Ontario in which ducks can breed in security. Having found from experience that they are not molested there in the spring and summer, large and increasing numbers of them are resorting to these protected places every spring for nesting purposes. If, as sometimes happens, a pair of ducks attempt to nest anywhere outside of these preserved grounds they are almost sure to be destroyed. I have known cases within the last two years where men have killed female Teal and Lesser Bluebills at the time when they were with their downy young, and this practice is only too general all over the country. The result is that the Wood-duck and Blue-wing Teal (both of which are very tame in the breeding season and will nest in any suitable place, even about cultivated lands), are becoming very scarce, and in the case of the beautiful Wood-duck particularly, verging on extinction. The wilder species have sought safety in the far North, only visiting us as they rush through on their way southward, stopping only when compelled to do so by hunger or stress of weather.

Besides the innumerable ducks, we are told that in the early days of the settlement of the country both swans and geese visited our waters in considerable numbers, and that some bred here in the larger marshes. This is probably correct, but this having been a forest country, I think these birds, as a rule, were only spring and fall visitors, their favourite summer home having always been, as now, on the lakes and prairie sloughs to the north and west of us. In the early eighties geese were commonly found breeding in Dakota, Minnesota and throughout Man-

itoba, but swans rarely bred so far south as that, the bulk of them nesting within the Arctic circle.

As the prairie lands have been occupied and brought under cultivation the geese have been driven back to the marshes surrounding the great lakes of the Northwest. From these breeding grounds they come out in the autumn and feed on the grain in the stubbles, and it is there only that good goose-shooting can be had in Canada at the present day.

SWANS.

These noble birds are not often seen in the Province of Ontario. The only part of our country known to me that is regularly visited by them is that large marshy tract of land on the north shore of Lake Erie, and about Lake St. Clair. In this locality a few flocks off their line of migration, in spring and fall sometimes drop in for rest and food, and under such circumstances occasionally come within reach of a well-concealed sportsman.

The swans are represented in America by two species, both so much alike that their identity cannot be determined from their appearance, except upon close examination, for which an opportunity is rarely afforded. As, however, a lucky shot sometimes brings a specimen into possession, and its identification then becomes a matter of interest, I give a description of each, with its distinguishing characteristics.

Whistling Swan (*Olor columbianus*).—Length, fifty-three to fifty-six inches. Adult—Entire plumage pure white; the head, sometimes the neck or even the entire underparts, tinged with rusty. Bill, legs and feet deep black, the bare skin at the base of the beak usually marked by an oblong spot of orange or yellow; iris brown. Young—Light plumbeous, paler beneath the fore part and top of the head, tinged with reddish brown. Bill, reddish flesh colour, dusky at the tip, feet dull yellowish flesh colour or greyish. Tail usually of twenty feathers.

Trumpeter Swan (*Olor buccinator*). Adult—Plumage entirely pure white, the head, sometimes the neck and even the entire underparts tinged with rusty. Bill, legs and feet uniform deep black; iris brown. Young—In winter the young have the bill black, with the middle portion of the ridge to the length of an inch and a half light flesh colour,

and a large elongated patch of light dull purple on each side, the edge of the lower mandible and the tongue dull yellowish flesh colour, the eye dark brown, feet dull yellowish brown, tinged with olive, claws and webs brownish black, upper part of the head and cheeks light reddish brown. General colour of the other parts greyish white, tinged slightly with yellow. Tail usually of twenty-four feathers. Length, fifty-eight to sixty-eight inches.

The geographical distribution of both species appears to be much the same, but while in some favoured localities the Whistling Swan is common, the Trumpeter appears to be nowhere so abundant. Professor Fannin, in his list of the birds of British Columbia, says of the Whistling Swan that "it is a winter resident in the southern portions of the Province, and very abundant during the summer in some portions of the mainland interior." And of the Trumpeter he states that he has seen it only at Dease Lake, Cassiar, where it appears to be not uncommon. Both species are said to winter more or less abundantly and regularly on the Gulf of Mexico, and, as I have previously said, the summer is spent by the bulk of them within the Arctic circle, so that as game birds they do not interest us very greatly.

The nests of both species are large structures built on the ground, on some secluded island, generally well concealed, and composed of grass and rushes lined with feathers and down. The eggs are from four to six in number. Those of the Whistler are white, slightly stained with brown. The Trumpeter's are chalky white, rough, or somewhat granulated on the surface.

GEESE.

Nearly every man in Canada knows the wild goose, or will say he does, which simply means that some few times in his life he has seen and heard these birds as they fly across country in their spring and fall migrations; but there are not very many, even of our most enthusiastic sportsmen, who have ever shot any, or who have made their acquaintance where they are really at home.

Crossing the Province at almost every part as the ice begins to break up, their loud "honk, honk" is recognized and welcomed as a sign that winter has loosened its grasp, and spring is coming. Sometimes they make a slight miscalculation and get ahead of the season, in which case, after going north and finding no feeding grounds open, they are forced to return southward. At such times they will seek the nearest open shallow water that presents itself, and when this happens to be in the marshes along our southern boundary, a few days' shooting may be had. Such cases are, however, not very common, and when the geese do visit us in numbers, the weather is so bad, and the whole surroundings of the birds so wretchedly unpleasant, that but few people care to go out for them. Besides, a spring goose is a poor affair if you do get him. A man who has just escaped from a besieged city might enjoy one, but I doubt if any one else ever did.

Besides the Canada goose, which is the commonest variety, we are occasionally visited by four other species, viz., the greater snow goose, white-fronted goose, Brant goose, and Hutchin's goose. These are all so very rare, however, as to require but slight attention here. The snow goose and Hutchin's goose are abundant in Manitoba, and the white-fronted goose frequents the western part of that Province, and in Assiniboia. The Brant is a bird of the sea coast, sometimes ascending the St. Lawrence for some distance, but seldom reaching the lakes.

The common wild goose of all North America is the Canada goose (*Branta canadensis*), one of the best known and most widely distributed of all our wild fowl. In its migrations it is found from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic ocean, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its principal breeding grounds are in the interior of the north-western part of Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, the island of Anticosti and Northern Quebec. No part of Ontario appears to be regularly resorted to by these birds for nesting

purposes, but occasional pairs have been found breeding within our limits even of recent years; the last case of which I have any information occurred at St. Ann's, St. Clair flats, in 1895, when, Mr. John Maughan informs me, a pair raised a brood in the club marsh at that place.

The nests are large structures, composed of dead rushes, grass and leaves, lined with feathers, and are usually placed upon the ground amongst masses of reeds or other vegetation sufficient to conceal it. In some few places geese have acquired the habit of nesting in trees, in such cases they occupy the deserted nests of hawks and other large birds, some of them having been built as high as forty feet from the ground. It would be interesting to know how the old birds get their young ones safely down from such a height as this. The eggs vary in number from five to eight, and are pure white.

Wild geese breed early, most of the young being hatched by the end of the first week in June. In July the old birds moult; this is for them a very dangerous period, as they become unable to fly and so fall comparatively easy victims to the Indians, who know their habits. From their other enemies they can escape either by keeping in deep water or hiding among the rushes at which they are very expert.

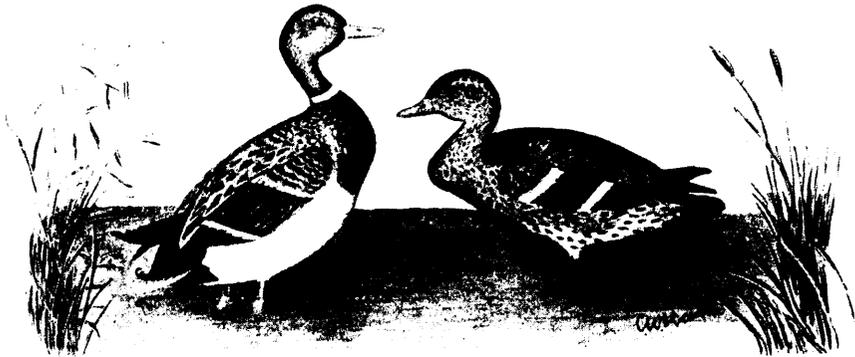
Soon after the grain is cut in Manitoba, they begin their visits to the stubble fields, where they fare sumptuously every day and grow fat, but their increasing fatness never makes them too lazy to be watchful. At all times wary birds, they are when feeding in the fields so extremely vigilant that attempting to stalk them is sheer waste of time.

At this time the flocks are very regular in their movements, generally leaving the water for their feeding grounds at the same time every morning, going back to drink and bathe towards noon and returning to the fields for a time in the afternoon. Just before sunset they go to the large marshes or some lake to roost.

To successfully shoot geese a knowledge of their habits in the locality they are frequenting is necessary; when this is acquired the rest is comparatively easy. The most important things to remember are: make a blind of the materials nearest to hand, so that it closely resembles its surroundings and make it only just large enough to hide you when closely crouched down; keep perfectly still until the birds are well within shot, they are large and always seem to be nearer than they really are; and do not set out your decoys with their heads all one way. When geese stand with their heads up, all staring

MARSH DUCKS.

To the sportsman these marsh ducks are the most interesting of all our wild fowl, affording considerable variety in shooting and all of them being of value as food after they are killed. The most esteemed are the Mallard and the Black Duck principally by reason of their large size and the good showing they make in the bag, but also because they are universally approved on the table. I may as well say that I believe a well-fed Mallard to be the best duck that flies. Epicures say that a Canvas-back excels all others in flavour, and perhaps it does, when



MARSH DUCKS—THE MALLARD.

in one direction, it means that they are not easy in their minds and you want an incoming flock to believe that your decoys are feeding or resting in perfect security. In Ontario, geese do not often visit the stubble fields in the fall, but whether you want to shoot them in the marsh, on the sand bars which they frequent for gravel, or on the green wheat fields in early spring, the same rules apply. The greatest care is necessary here in making your blind, for the birds that reach us have, as a rule, been well educated on their way and are well posted as to blinds, decoys and all sportsmen's devices.

one has been educated up to believing it; but my discrimination in taste has never yet enabled me to discover the Canvas-back's superiority, though I have killed and eaten a good many.

The habits and manners of the Mallard and Black Duck are much the same, though their range is different. The Mallard is most abundant in the West, being perhaps the commonest duck found in Manitoba; it is common in Ontario, but becomes rare in the Eastern Provinces. The Black Duck, on the contrary, is common in the east and as far west as our western boundary, but only occurs as a rare strag-

gler in Manitoba. Both species breed in all suitable places throughout this Province, but in the settled parts of the country are not often allowed to rear their young unmolested; to the preserved grounds, however, they are now resorting in considerable numbers. In the breeding season, if they are not persecuted, they lay aside their usual shyness and care very little about the proximity of people who do not disturb them. In the early eighties in Manitoba I frequently found Mallards nesting quite near towns and about the farms. Here I noticed about the only difference there is in the nesting of these two ducks, which is, that the Black Duck always places its nest near the water, while the Mallard is not particular as to that, and will often construct its nest on the dry prairie or in a grain field at some distance from water. They breed early, the Mallard particularly so, and usually lay eight or ten eggs of a pale drab colour, the Mallard's generally having a greenish tinge. As soon as the females begin to sit the males leave them and retire to the most secluded spots in the marshes where they moult. While undergoing this process, they skulk and hide in the rushes and are not often seen until they have again recovered the use of their wings. Their plumage is then almost exactly the same as that of the female, and it is not until late in October that the Mallard drake assumes the brilliant colouring that is such a marked feature of the species.

I have never in Ontario seen either of these ducks visiting the stubble fields, but in the western provinces as soon as the grain is cut the Mallards visit the fields in vast numbers and soon get into fine condition on the feed they get there. Here is to be had such sport as only the West can give, the perfection of duck shooting without the wet, cold and discomfort that so frequently spoils the enjoyment of wild-fowl shooting elsewhere.

THE WOOD-DUCK.

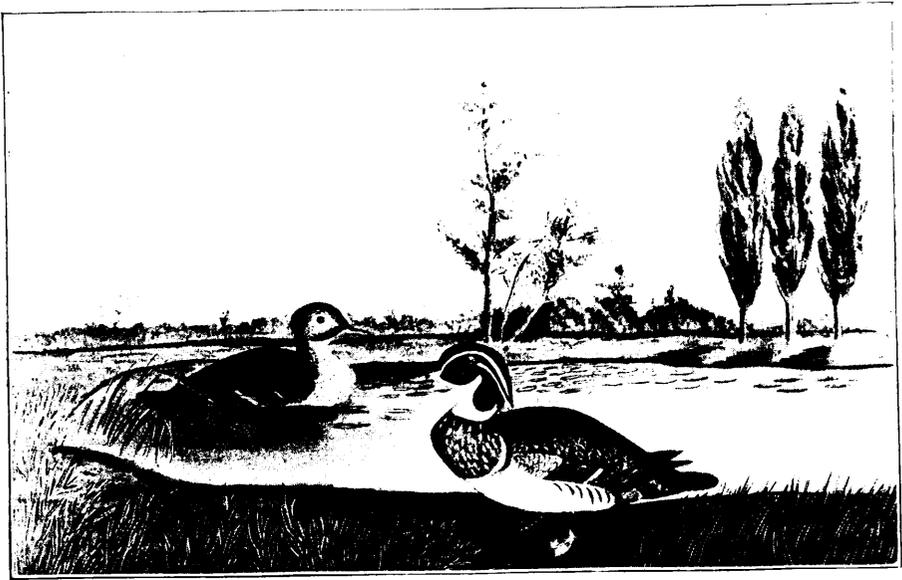
Besides being the most beautiful of all our water-fowl the Wood-duck is

possessed of so many good qualities that it has always been an object of interest to sportsmen and naturalists. This seems to be rather an unfortunate thing for the birds, the form of attention that has been paid them having so reduced their numbers that it cannot now be long before they become extinct. Thirty years ago, in the parts of Southern and Western Ontario that I knew best there was scarcely a pond-hole or a stream, no matter how small, that did not support a pair of Wood-ducks and their brood, but they have been so remorselessly hunted in the spring for their plumage, and are so easily killed at that time, that it is now a rare thing to see one where once there were hundreds. In Manitoba I did not find it common anywhere; certain wooded sloughs were regularly visited by a few pairs which bred there, but the open prairie is not to their taste.

Early in April the Wood-ducks usually arrive here, and being already paired at once resort to such ponds and streams as are near woods in which they may find a suitable hollow tree for a nesting place. Those that have previously established a home and successfully raised a brood in it, return to the same spot and will continue to occupy it, year after year, so long as they are left undisturbed. The country being so well cleared now, and hollow trees scarce, the younger pairs probably have some difficulty in finding a home to their liking. The hollow in which the nest is built is sometimes as much as twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and in such cases the young when hatched are said to be carried down to the water by their mother in her beak.

Wood-ducks are rather prolific, usually producing from nine to twelve young ones to a brood, but apart from their human enemies they have many others to contend with in their infancy.

The pond-holes to which they are at first taken are usually tenanted by large snapping turtles, black snakes, minks and other amphibious creatures reside there, and all of them are partial to a



MARSH DUCKS—THE WOOD-DUCK.

diet of young duck, so that long before the gunner begins his destructive work the broods have sadly diminished.

About the middle of August the birds desert their secluded retreats in the woods and visit the larger marshes, particularly those in which wild rice is growing thickly; here they hide during the bright hours of the day and find feed to satisfy them at all times. In these rice beds they will lie as close as a woodcock in cover, and sometimes bother a dog for a long while before they will get out. Late in the afternoon they are fond of resorting to some open pond near their cover and there, having climbed on to some partially sunken log or old muskrat house, they will sit close together basking in the sun's last rays; this too often gives the man with a gun an opportunity to sweep off the whole of the little family at one shot. I have often heard men boast of having performed this feat as if it was something to be proud of.

Wood-ducks do not like cold weather, and so before the end of September the majority of them have taken their departure for the south. They winter from Southern Illinois southward keeping always below the region of severe frost.

These birds are easily tamed and will readily breed in captivity if proper boxes are furnished for nesting places, but the young should be pinioned before the time of their fall flight or they will obey their migratory instinct and go away.

When well fed on wild rice these ducks are very delicious and can hardly be excelled by any other species.

THE PINTAIL.

The range of this graceful species extends over the whole of North America, the greater part of Northern Europe and part of Asia. In Ontario it is quite common about the larger marshes, and in Manitoba it is very abundant. As soon as the ice begins to break up in the spring the Pintails return to their summer home, generally arriving in pairs. Sometimes small flocks may be seen, but even then they are usually composed of mated birds. These ducks seem to be of a most affectionate disposition, and exhibit the greatest fidelity to each other. Should one be shot the other will circle about the place, regardless of danger, for a long time.

Formerly Pintails bred in considerable numbers in suitable places throughout

this Province, but the persecution to which they were subjected has caused them to abandon much of the ground they frequented for that purpose; some few pairs, however, still resort to the preserved marshes and other quiet places every summer, and there raise a brood. Their nests are made in a depression amongst the rank grass, generally near water, and they lay from seven to ten eggs of a pale greenish white colour.

Pintails are very fast fliers, and when

shooting season these birds are very careful how they approach decoys; they generally circle about a good deal before coming in, and while so doing they turn and twist their heads in every direction in order to discover if all is safe. If the blind attracts their attention they are very likely to mount high in the air and circle over it, in which case you will see every head turn downward for one moment, and then, as they realize the danger to which they were so nearly exposed, they give



MARSH DUCKS—THE PINTAIL.

on the wing are easily distinguishable from any other ducks by their long necks and slim bodies. They are, except when very young, remarkably wary, and use their long necks to good purpose in making observations. I have often watched them as they stood in the grassy sloughs on the prairie drawn up to their full height, so that they could note every movement I made. Stalking them is quite out of the question under such circumstances.

After their first experience of the

one mighty spring and are off.

When swimming in pairs in the spring the drake and duck keep close together, and if not alarmed arch their necks and carry themselves most gracefully. I have never seen them dive for food, but if only wounded they will, when pursued, go under water and hide in the weeds quite readily.

When well-fed they are very good birds for the table, though they do not rank as high in that respect as either the Mallard or Black Duck.

To be Continued.

SHOOTING THE WILSON SNIPE.

By Reginald Gourlay.

THE English or Wilson Snipe (*Gallinago Wilsoni*), whose only fault as a game bird is his comparatively small size, enjoys, nevertheless, many claims to distinction in the eyes of the true sportsman. I will enumerate some of them in this short paper.

To begin with, he has the undoubted honour of being the most widely distributed game bird on the face of the earth. He is found all over Europe, in Asia, Africa, North and South America, and on the great island continent of Australia, wherever marshy land is to be found; and is true to himself, and is the same wily old game bird everywhere, with the same zig-zag flight and eccentric ways.

Kane found the Wilson snipe far within the Arctic circle, also the common house fly, another cosmopolitan circler of the globe and, like the poor, destined to be "always with us"—though not with our approval and consent, as in the case of the snipe.

This wide distribution enables the snipe to give pleasure to "all sorts and conditions of men."

He is the "stand-by" of the British subaltern in India and Burmah. Two officers of high rank were nearly captured in the last Afghan war by the enemy while shooting this very bird on the marshy shores of the Cabool River, in Afghanistan. On the great plains of Australia, the herdsmen know well his harsh scâpe-scâpe, as he rises in wisps before them as their horses splash over the long marshy levels. In the States, and especially in Canada he is distributed in fair—sometimes in great—numbers, all over the vast continent: and his pursuit, in my opinion, is one of the most manly and fascinating of field sports.

The snipe, too, on his own merits, will outlast, as a *wild* game bird, every other species in America. His

feeding and breeding grounds in the vast marsh lands about our great lakes and rivers will be untouched for many a generation to come.

I am glad to think that this is so, for to my mind there is a peculiar charm and fascination about the pursuit of this agile long bill that renders it the most attractive of sports.

The wide prospects—the vast, free, open spaces on the great marsh lands where this bird is mostly found, the interesting and abundant life you encounter in these watery solitudes, and, above all, the opportunities you have of making what all sportsmen love—"a mixed bag"—all these things add to the strange charm of snipe shooting.

You may get on his feeding grounds, besides the snipe himself, various sorts of wild duck and teal, many kinds of plover, rail, and other game birds of the marshes.

You will see the great fish-hawk or osprey poised motionless in the air, the swift marsh-harrier flying low and close over the rushes, beating for his prey like a pointer dog. You may watch the mink playing in some lonely pool, or note the slow tranquil swim of the muskrat—all the wild redundant life of the great swamp will appear before you; and if you are a bit of a naturalist, as most sportsmen are, will both charm and interest you as only nature can. Like most other game birds, the Wilson snipe has his peculiarities, some of which, and how to take advantage of them, I will note down here, in hopes that the sporting reader may get a hint or two by perusing the next few paragraphs, though the subject must necessarily be briefly and crudely dealt with.

To begin: The snipe *always* rises against the wind, as do all water fowl that I know of. So, if you have marked down a wisp of snipe when a strong

wind is blowing, try to approach them with the wind on your back. Then you will get some easy cross-shots. Approach them any other way, and you will either get hard straight-away shots at very long range, or more probably get no shots at all, but find that the game has "gone away wild." Do the very reverse of what you would do when still-hunting deer, viz., go *down* wind to your game instead of *up* wind.

The flight of the Wilson snipe has given rise to diametrically opposite opinions among experienced sportsmen; one school maintaining that he is one of the hardest of birds to kill on the wing, the other that he is one of the very easiest. Strange to say, "they both are right, and both are wrong." When the snipe first arrives on his feeding grounds after his annual migration, he is thin and wild; rising swiftly and strongly with his familiar cry of "scâpe-scâpe"—and making those three zig-zag twists or whirls which cause the sportsman to expend many a fruitless cartridge and many an injurious expression addressed to his poor innocent dog.

But at the end of the season, when the snipe has become fat and lazy with good living, he omits these misleading twists altogether, and goes off as straight as a crow, and not much faster, becoming one of the easiest of game birds to kill, instead of being the difficult proposition that he was when he first arrived.

The snipe on the whole presents the same queer mixture of intelligence and imbecility which we observe in his near relation, the American Woodcock (*Philohela Minor*). He has one especially idiotic trick which many sportsmen besides myself must have noticed. This habit of his has its origin in his rooted dislike to leaving a good feeding ground when he has once settled down to it.

I have often fired at and missed (open confession, sometimes, is good for the soul) a Wilson snipe, stood and watched him till he became a mere speck against the grey sky; seen him

turn and seek various points of the horizon successively as if he was uncertain what distant part of North America to emigrate to, and at last beheld him approach nearer and nearer, till with the swift perpendicular descent peculiar to this bird, he has dropped within fifty yards of the place where he was first flushed. Hundreds of shooters besides myself must have observed this very silly, but very convenient, trait of the snipe.

The dog *par excellence* for snipe shooting is a well-broken retriever, or still better, Irish water spaniel, which has been trained to hunt very close to the gun, and, above all, to retrieve well. The best broken pointers and setters are to my mind, out of place in a marsh. I have a little Irish spaniel, now alas! growing old, who is worth a dozen good setters or pointers for this one kind of shooting.

Almost the last time I was out with setters after snipe, the occasion was rendered memorable by my companion (a major in a Highland regiment), through some "uncanny" chance, bestowing a liberal share of a charge of No. 10 on his valuable Gordon setter just as it was making its first point—a queer way of encouraging merit. He was very sorry—so was the dog—who, however, was, owing to its thick coat, very little hurt, and, strange to say, not even rendered "gun-shy."

There remains one very good thing to be insisted upon as regards the Wilson snipe which may be fittingly kept for the conclusion of this short paper, which is, that he will outlast as a *wild* game bird every other species in North America.

Of course, the quail, the English pheasant, and other upland game birds, may survive in a semi-domesticated state, as they do now in England, for an indefinite period.

The virtual extinction of game birds that cannot from their habits be preserved in this state, such as the wild turkey, the woodcock, and perhaps the prairie hen, or pinnated grouse, will probably be witnessed by the next; if not by this generation. But with

the snipe it is quite another matter, and for these reasons: his range is vast, that of the others comparatively restricted. His breeding places are inaccessible, theirs are not; and his breeding grounds are about the last places that will be cleared and cultivated. At any rate he holds his own far better than any other wild game bird.

Frederick Tolfrey, A.D.C. to Sir John Sherbrooke, an early Governor of the Canadas, in his now forgotten book

"The Sportsman in Canada," written long years before the writer of this paper was born, speaks of the number of snipe in Lower Canada (Quebec) as "being *dans toute la force du terme*—marvellous."

If he lived to-day he might say the same thing. So that for many a generation to come, this long billed "lover of the wind and open sky" may be trusted to afford a fascinating and healthy amusement to the sportsman.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

By R. L. Richardson, M. P.

HAVING referred at greater length than I at first designed to the facts surrounding the "insane" C.P.R. bargains (I think, however, they are sufficiently startling and instructive to warrant the space occupied), I shall briefly refer to two or three other railway enterprises for the purpose of showing that government blunders in relation to the railway question were not confined to the C.P.R. I am, of course, quoting "bargains" of more recent date; I am informed on excellent authority that enormities have been perpetrated in connection with railway deals extending over a period further back than it is deemed wise to go in this review.

One of the most striking instances of jobbery and manipulation in connection with any railway enterprise in Canada is that of the old Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Railway. A member of Parliament obtained a charter to build a road from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, a distance of 700 miles, through a territory largely forbidding and unproductive, and involving an expenditure of fourteen or fifteen millions. The Dominion Parliament voted the customary land grant of 6,400

acres per mile within the limits of Manitoba and \$12,800 for that portion of the line through the Territories. There was a cash postal subsidy of \$80,000 and bonding powers for \$25,000 a mile. The history of this charter is a stain on Canadian politics, and is one of the most striking commentaries upon the railway policy of the country. It was used as a political bludgeon for nearly two decades in Manitoba, and even yet it is occasionally made to do duty to frighten some timorous politician. Despite the prodigality of the subsidies the promoter failed to "float" his scheme for reasons which need not be explained here. A general election was pending in Manitoba, and the odium of C. P. R. monopoly having created a popular demand for competition, the government of Mr. Norquay sought to catch the popular breeze by guaranteeing the company's bonds for \$6,400 a mile for forty miles, taking as security the company's land grant. On the strength of this arrangement the rails were purchased in England for the forty miles, the gradient was completed and the rails laid. The sequel to the story is highly discreditable; the English company which forwarded the rails

was defrauded out of the purchase money; the Province of Manitoba, which has become responsible for \$256,000 and interest, was jockeyed out of its security, as the Dominion Government refused to hand over the land grant on the plea that the road was never properly completed. While disputations and recriminations were being carried on, the railway, all uncared for, fell into decay, the grade largely subsided, the ties and bridge timber were stolen and to-day only two streaks of rust, beginning at nowhere and ending at the same indefinite locality, constitute the original design of the great Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Railway.

Let me briefly cite from Mr. Willison's pamphlet two other cases: "The history of the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway is faithful to the details of American railway methods. More than \$3,500,000 was received from the sale of bonds. The road cost for construction and commissions and disbursements in connection with the sale of bonds probably \$2,500,000. Rolling stock and terminals were supplied by the Canadian Pacific. The road received also a land grant of 1,400,000 acres and a cash subsidy of \$80,000 a year. It was leased for six years to the Canadian Pacific without rental and the lease has just been renewed. But the original promoters got a million or two out of the speculation."

To summarize Mr. Willison's statement we find that out of public grants, subsidies, etc., the promoters obtained \$6,500,000 for building a road costing \$2,500,000.

"The Calgary and Edmonton Railway Company was incorporated in 1890. The length of the road as projected is 340 miles, of which 295 miles have been constructed. The promoters received the usual land grant of 6,400 acres per mile, and annual mail subsidy of \$80,000. The subsidy is to be paid direct to the London agents as trustees for the bondholders. The bonding powers given to the company were to the amount of \$25,000 per mile. Al-

most immediately the road passed under the operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Many of the promoters and contractors were closely identified with that company. At the session of Parliament of 1891, the Canadian Pacific obtained permission to issue its own 4 per cent. consolidated debenture stock to the amount of \$20,000 of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. This was stated to be for the purpose of 'satisfying or acquiring obligations entered into in respect of the acquisition, construction, completion or equipment of the Calgary Railway.' The 295 miles of the road were opened in October, 1892, the Canadian Pacific Railway agreeing to operate it for the first five years, furnish the rolling stock, and retain all income other than the subsidy. To estimate correctly the resources which from various channels have been provided for the construction and operation of this 295 miles of prairie road is scarcely possible upon the information available. But a more or less close approximation may be calculated from the above facts. Railways sometimes calculate their land grant upon a basis of \$3 an acre. The Calgary and Edmonton Company will not say that half that figure is an excessive basis. That gives \$2,832,000 under that head. To this amount must be added the roads' bonded indebtedness, consisting of \$5,458,940 first mortgage 6 per cent. 20-year bonds. It may be that these bonds were subjected to a discount, but the measure of guarantee which was given them by means of the mail subsidy no doubt materially strengthened them. Roughly speaking, therefore, and leaving out of the addition the mail subsidies, the promoters raised upon the road in bonds and land the amount of \$28,000 per mile. The cost of the road, according to the company's own figures, has been \$3,717,882, or \$13,000 a mile. Actually, however, the road did not cost them more than probably \$7,000 a mile. The roadbed is now in very poor condition. At this rate the total cost was \$2,065,000, and over against this is a

bonded debt of five and a-half millions, and the 1,888,000 acres of land grant. In view of all these facts," concludes Mr. Willison, "we should make it an inflexible feature of our future railway policy that we shall not vote public money for the construction of parallel roads, that we shall rigidly limit issues of stock and capital, and force railway construction and railway operation down to business principles. It is time we learned something from a very instructive experience. The American people have awakened to the importance of this problem, and it is time we too gave it very serious attention. All these carrying corporations are the offspring of Parliament, the holders of public franchises, and their right of taxation ought to be limited to a reasonable profit on a reasonable investment, although we may not violate solemn bargains nor unload even upon corporations that we have unwisely created, the consequences of our own folly."

Two of the more recent railway bargains which have been consummated between Government and promoter, and which appear to possess many of the same insane features as those already enumerated, are the Crow's Nest and Rainy River enterprises. In the case of the Crow's Nest line, Parliament in 1887, on the recommendation of Government, gave the Canadian Pacific Railway Company a subsidy of \$11,000 per mile for 330 miles (from Lethbridge, Alberta, to Nelson, B.C.). Not only has the federal authorities power to grant charters and subsidies, but the provincial legislatures and governments all possess like powers and jurisdiction. The existence of this dual franchise and subsidy-granting authority has been a great "snap" for the railway exploiter and promoter and has resulted in the plundering of the resources of the Canadian people to an enormous extent. To understand the Crow's Nest bargain properly it must be explained that the Legislature of British Columbia in 1896 granted a charter to a corporation called the British Columbia Southern Railway

Company, empowering it to build a railway in the very district through which the Crow's Nest line has now been partially built by the C.P.R. One of the subsidies carried by this charter was an enormous grant of valuable coal lands, said to be one of the most valuable coal deposits in the world. This charter was acquired by some eastern Canadian capitalists, who sold it to the C.P.R. for a cash payment of \$85,000, reserving, however, to themselves 260,000 acres of the best coal and oil lands included in the grant. A company was then formed known as the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, and in a prospectus shortly afterwards issued the assets were inventoried as follows: 260,000 acres of coal and oil lands, \$1,415,000. This estimate will furnish the public with some idea of the value of the millions of acres included in the original land grant (3,500,000 acres was the amount) out of which the C.P.R. generously donated to the Dominion 50,000 acres in consideration with the valuable cash subsidy of \$3,630,000. Readers who desire further information as to the value of the franchise obtained by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company without giving to the public one farthing as a *quid pro quo*, can consult the stock quotation and discover what Crow's Nest is worth. A little figuring will be all that is necessary to reach the gross profit. That the Crow's Nest Pass Railway would doubtless have been constructed by the C.P.R. without any aid whatever will be seen by any one who chooses to refer to the report of the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the financial year previous to the voting of the immense subsidies.

It must, of course, be stated that the Crow's Nest bargain with the C.P.R. involved concessions by the company in the form of considerable rate reductions on the line itself, and on the main line as well, in addition to the retention by Government of control of running powers to other lines over the Crow's Nest roadbed.

The details of the Rainy River Rail-

way—a line now under construction and designed to afford competition to the C. P. R. from the wheat fields of the Northwest to Lake Superior—show that the Manitoba end, 140 miles in extent, has aid to the extent of 6,400 acres per mile and a guarantee of bonds by the Province of Manitoba to the extent of \$8,000 a mile. It is believed by good authorities that under the conditions which prevailed when this portion of the prairie line was under construction that it was built practically for the provincial guarantee of \$8,000 a mile. But the company's land grant of 6,400 acres a mile on a mileage of 120, will yield to the company the amount of \$1,536,000, taking the land grant at \$2 an acre, which is a pretty low estimate. Add \$530,000 for the tax exemption of the land for thirty years and \$670,000 for the tax exemption on roadbed for a similar period, it will be seen how snug a thing there is for the company in the Manitoba end of the Rainy River road. Now glance at the aids voted in connection with the eastern section running through Northern Ontario from Fort Francis east. For 290 miles, the Federal Government has voted \$6,400 a mile and the Ontario Government has voted \$4,000 per mile for the same section, making \$10,400 per mile, or a total of \$3,016,000. It is estimated that even the expensive part of the line will not exceed \$15,000 a mile to construct, although the company will doubtless by skilful book-keeping make the nominal cost appear to exceed that figure in order to draw the maximum amount of aid, which as voted in the resolutions, is on a sliding scale governed by the cost of construction. Add \$3,000 a mile for equipment and it will be found that the cost to the company will not be more than \$8,000 a mile in excess of the public aid given. And yet Parliament has given the company power to bond the road for \$20,000 a mile and to stock it for \$28,000, thus enabling the company to load the road with fixed charges on \$48,000 a mile when \$8,000 would do. The evil of excessive stocking and bonding must be

self-evident to the simplest mind, for the public must pay in high freight rates the money necessary to meet the fixed charges.

Instances of the "insane" manner in which Government has utterly failed to rise to the occasion and protect the public interest when dealing with the railway question, might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but surely more than sufficient evidence has been adduced to prove the case I set out to establish.

Although a slight divergence, permit me to heartily subscribe to the following sentiments to which an able Canadian writer recently gave utterance: "The underlying cause, or rather condition, which has made possible the incalculable loss, confusion and danger which have resulted from the insane railway policy of several Canadian Governments, is the unreasoning partizanship which has hitherto prevailed in Canada. Under present conditions party organization is necessary to the maintenance of popular government. When parties are organized and divided on well-defined differences of principle, party government is a good thing. When the party alignment is on the mere question as to which set of politicians shall control the power and patronage of government, party has degenerated into faction, and government by faction is an unmitigated curse. The methods and devices practised by these leaders and organizers of the factions, with the object of withholding or wresting power from each other, constitutes what is known as 'machine politics,' and 'machine politics' have been the bane of Canada. When a man votes and continues to vote for a political party without thought or regard for the principles or policy of that party, for the effect of these principles or policy on the well-being of the country, or for the fidelity with which the party adheres to its principles or professions, but simply because it is his father's party, he fails egregiously in his duty to this country, and his conduct is no more rational and far more immoral than that of the Guinea negro who fatuously worships the fetich mon-

strosity which probably he has himself created."

While not attempting in these papers to give anything like a history of the manner in which the public treasury has been exploited to enrich railway promotion (?) without affording the desired transportation relief to the public, I think I have quoted a sufficient number of instances to demonstrate, even to the most dense or skeptical mind, that the railway policy pursued by our Governments up to the present time has been characterized either by insanity, criminal ignorance or a wilful betrayal of public interests. My intercourse with public men who have had much to do with the transportation question convinced me that, so far as they are concerned, it is neither insanity nor criminal ignorance on their part which led them to lend their countenance and encouragement to a policy which cannot fail to bring in its train a legacy of trouble and fearful loss to the Canadian people. I think rather that they reckoned upon the existence of such popular ignorance, and such prejudice on the part of the people against public ownership, that they hesitated to attempt to lead the masses along the right path. In doing this they utterly failed in patriotism and statesmanship. If, therefore, our leaders cannot be induced to lead public opinion upon this question, the masses must be reached in some other way, and what medium could be better than the press? The people have no private interest in resisting the truth and in blocking a great and much-needed reform. All that is necessary is that they should comprehend the facts and the true bearing of the problem; and they will certainly put the necessary pressure upon the leaders to compel them to inaugurate the reform, or exchange them for leaders who will.

When our people realize that the acme of philosophic statesmanship has not been attained by the policy of handing over the public resources and public credit to start private individuals in business, with practically no public control; when they realize that railway corpora-

tions have no inherent power, but that all their strength is derived from their own ignorance or indifference, and the incompetency and venality of the "statesman," then and not till then will a speedy solution of the transportation problem in Canada be possible. When we bear in mind that the records prove that it has apparently been the custom rather than the exception to give as "aid" to railway corporations in lands, cash subventions, and other securities far more than sufficient to complete the enterprise, some little conception of the insanity of our policy may be gleaned. Has it never occurred to our people that if we have paid, and are paying, for these railroads, we might as well own them? If it has not so occurred to our people, has the suggestion never entered their heads that even if we did not own them we ought in all conscience to have reserved to ourselves control of them, instead of doing as we have done, created powerful masters who have not hesitated to chastise us without stint or apparent scruple of conscience. It seems to me that the policy we have been and are still following is tantamount to the creation at public expense of a great mercantile warehouse filled with a stock of goods and then handed over to a private firm with no consideration nor conditions, and with a monopoly of the particular line of goods contained in the warehouse. If it should be found that the firm so equipped by the public bounty was using its position for the purpose of making the people pay twice as much for their goods as it asked in other districts in which it had no monopoly; and if, in order to remedy the state of affairs and "to secure competition," it was proposed to build another warehouse, fill it with another stock, and hand it over to another private firm to do business with for its own profit—if such proposals were made by statesmen, how would they be received? Need the question be asked? They would be laughed out of countenance. And yet that is precisely the methods upon which Government has been dealing with the

transportation question, the only difference being that the gifts and endowments have been incomparably greater in the case of the transportation companies than anything imagined in the hypothetical proposition.

In my next paper I shall endeavour to deal with the question of the over-

capitalization of railways, and point out the relation that it bears to high freight rates. I shall also deal with competition, and clear the ground for the concluding paper, in which I purpose discussing Government ownership as the true solution of the transportation problem.

To be Continued.

PARENT AND TEACHER.

By Agnes Deans Cameron, Principal South Park School, Victoria.

THE factors in the problems of education are the parent and teacher, the child, the home, the school, the church, society in the aggregate, and back of them all the first great cause, and all these factors are active and reactive. We speak of the parent and the teacher educating the child, forgetting that no less truly the child educates both parent and teacher.

It is a huge subject—it strikes at the root of things—it takes in everything, and I scarcely know where to attack it.

Let us go back in the history of the race to a time when the teacher had no existence. Turning the page to patriarchal times, we find the father instructing his sons in the arts of war and peace, and the mother expounding to her daughters the primal duties of obedience and industry. Each parent taught his own children as a matter of course, just as he ground his own meal and made his own clothing; each family in matters of education as in every line of domestic labour was a unit by itself.

Times and manners changed, and gradually the workers in the world's economy realized that by a division of labour better results could be secured with a saving of time. One man now grinds the corn, another turns tailor, a third is shoemaker in common. Each turns his talents in one acceptable

direction. So by a natural process one parent, as his share of the common work, undertook to teach for a certain number of hours a day with his own children the children of his neighbours, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. So was instituted the office of teaching. The teacher for a set time did a certain direct, specific, and limited work for the parent. This is as it was in patriarchal times.

Let us turn our field-glass from the past to the present, and what do we see? Well, for one thing, the parent as an active factor in the equation educational has reduced his personal responsibility pretty nearly to zero, and unless a change is made will soon "fade away and gradually die." And as he has been successively slipping off one burden of responsibility after another, the teacher urged by society at large (*i.e.*, parents in the aggregate) has picked them up.

Some one (a man) apropos of a meeting of the National Council said in the street car, recently, "O, these women! I suppose they want the same privileges as the men: women's rights, the extension of the franchise, the right to sit on juries, etc., etc.!" Well, as regards the teaching section of us, it is not more power and responsibility that we want, but less. The teacher of the old school looked after the intellectual needs of his pupil for

five hours a day, and then the parent, the church and society at large had their turn at the pupil. To-day an impartial observer would think that the five hours of school was the only period of a child's mental activity, that he remained comatose for the rest of his time—for everyone with a teaching mission makes his demand of the child during these five teaching hours. The progressive doctor, the preacher, the moral reformer, the specialist of varieties manifold demand with a "stand and deliver" insistence that his particular fad shall be accorded a place, and withal a place of prominence on our already much "enriched" school programme.

Long ago the medical men decided that the welfare of the country demanded that a regular system of physical training should be introduced into our public schools. It was done.

It is not long since a meeting of the evangelical clergy in the New England States decided that morals must be taught in our schools. They recommended a series of set homilies to be delivered by the teacher in daily instalments. The reverend gentlemen seemed to think that morality is to be inculcated by preaching, a not unnatural conclusion, perhaps, for preachers to arrive at; but the implication that morality is not now taught is calculated to startle the thoughtful teacher.

Then the W.C.T.U. has succeeded in introducing into the schools the formal teaching of the effects of alcohol. A child now is to be kept in the narrow way of self-restraint by dangling before him a hob-nailed liver, and by intimidating him with visions of the tobacco-heart. He trembles and joins the Band of Hope.

The S.P.C.A. bears down upon us with the seductive badges of the Bands of Mercy. What more fitting place than the school-room for teaching love for the cat on the domestic hearth and the honest watch-dog in the backyard? True, these faithful animals belong to the home rather than the school. But the child can be taught to entice them with him to the school-room, and the

"adaptable" teacher, the versatile one can no doubt use Carlo and the cat not only to point à moral and adorn a tale for the S.P.C.A.—she might make a "nature study," perhaps, of one of them, and give a five-minute anatomy lesson on the other. Reading, writing and arithmetic are old-fashioned. They can wait.

Last year the British Columbia Council of Women was all agog for domestic science. When I, opening my eastern windows which look towards the sun, saw the procession of cooking stoves and stew pans, carpenters' benches and jack planes heading for the school-room door, I lifted up a feeble wail for mercy. In this whole Council of Women I found no friend. I was anathema and ultra-conservative. I was unprogressive and lazy. Did I not know that cooking was a good thing, a most necessary thing? And shouldn't the school course be enriched?

Again, this British Columbia of ours is a new country. Says one superintendent of education: "The children should be taught agriculture. You see the little fellows will study all about soils, and weeds and ensilage, and the raising of prize stock and the rotation of crops; and then they will go home and round the family table they will let fall crumbs of knowledge which their fathers will pick up and afterwards reduce to practice in their daily lives; and so wisdom and knowledge will increase." This is actual fact that I am stating. This argument was used in sober earnest, and the people who used it had the power, and the subject of agriculture was added to our school course, and the text books were put into the hands of the children; but, alas, the books had been compiled for Ontario, and they told of Ontario soils and warned against Ontario weeds, and, somehow, neither teacher nor farmer seemed to be able to adjust them to the longitude of British Columbia, and so agriculture dropped out of the course.

Sewing guilds and Delsarte demonstrators clamour for the chance to enrich our programmes, while piping in be-

tween them is heard the siren voice of the tonic sol-fa-ist. You can't open your school-room door for a breath of fresh air without having some one with a mission fall in. The boys are assailed with rope-splicing and they have fret-sawing at recess, and when it rains dry-land swimming is taught them in the basement.

The school-room stands wide open. The teacher and the receptive children within, panting like gold fish for a little air; are they not fair game for the wise men from the East and the West and the North and the South, and the eight and twenty other points of the compass?

The truth is the large numbers of children gathered daily into school-rooms form tempting fields easy of access to every hobby-horse rider for the introduction of what each considers the sine qua non for reforming the world. One of the most difficult phases of the teachers' profession is the fact that the teacher more than any other worker is at the mercy of theorists. No one gets more gratuitous advice than she does. Everyone you meet is willing to tell you how to do your work—they are just bubbling over with recipes of "how to do it." Parsons keep a regular supply of sermons for our use. City editors, when they run short of subjects for the Sunday sermonette, just turn their attention to "these well-paid and certainly not overworked teachers." "Children are not patriotic," they say, "and the teacher is to blame." What is the effect on the teacher, of all this public badgering? Here and there is found a worm who (like the pew-paying worm in 'Red Pottage') ventures to turn. For the most part the teacher (who is of a long-suffering race) accepts the editor's reproof, plunges wildly into Ladysmith and Mafeking processions, marshals her pupils into triumphal columns, drags the feeble from under horses' hoofs, and in defence of her charges engages in hand-to-hand conflicts with mobs and trampling hordes. And the parents, the natural protectors, one would think, of their own offspring,

view the conflict from afar off, and smile approval from sheltered coigns of vantage; while the editor leans back in his carriage, smokes a committee cigar and thinks what a grand thing patriotism is.

Again, to satisfy some one's love of display school children are made a part of many public functions. I have been ordered out with my pupils to help celebrate the bringing in of a first railway train and the laying of hospital foundations. We have formed part of an agricultural exhibition (we were not told to which section we were supposed peculiarly to belong). Jammed in between the fire brigade and Adgie and the lions, we have helped to swell patriotic processions; and once at the sword's point was I ordered to marshal my class forth to join the pageant of a politician's public funeral—the occasion was not without its features of grim humour as the children, blissfully innocent of any incongruity, solaced themselves during the long wait with bun-bites and surreptitious oranges.

Now, well do I know that I will be called an obstructionist. I see it coming by more than one determined eye in front of me, so I want to clearly define my position with regard to these Bands of Mercy, Bands of Hope, W. C. T. U.'s and S. P. C. A.'s; this sewing, sawing and swimming, straw-weaving, rope-splicing, wood-splitting, cooking and tonic sol-fa. Some of them I know to be good in themselves, and the rest may be. But that is not the question which confronts us.

Five hours is a period of time with mathematical limitations. You cannot crowd something new into it, without crowding something old out. Already the ground-work subjects have suffered of necessity. We have "enriched" our course at the expense of thoroughness. We pretend to teach that which it is an impossibility, equally mental and physical, for us to teach in the limited time at our disposal.

I speak not for myself. I would fain be a special pleader for the child: as his "delegate." I in all earnest-

ness ask: "Is it not time for some one to cry a halt and let the reasoning faculties draw the breath of life?"

In the school, as elsewhere in this busy age of emulation, of turmoil and competition, we attempt too much—eagerness takes the place of earnestness—and we are out of touch with the good old-fashioned virtues of thoughtfulness and thoroughness.

The cure? If we have fallen into error let us acknowledge it. Put back the clock. Lop off the enrichments (I had almost said excrescences), and get back to simpler conditions. Attempt less, and if we only teach a little, let us teach that little philosophically, livingly and lovingly, and (shall I say it?) trust your teachers a little more, oh, parents individually, school boards and framers of programmes! Almost every theorist under the sun has been allowed to curtail a teacher's usefulness by binding him down to cast-iron programmes and by courses of study.

The real teacher, and by this I mean one who looks beyond the mere passing of examinations and satisfying of the "powers that be" to a tribunal that deals with the roots of things and to whom mere externals and pretences are abhorrent, is longing and hungering to do real teaching. Give her a chance and see how willingly she will throw off the shackles of grind and cram.

For my own part I have been reckless enough this last year to leave the regular course for days at a time to look after itself, while together my pupils and I explored the byways of literature and had many a comfortable talk together, talks which, although not labelled "instructive and profitable," served to make us better friends.

Nine-tenths of our teachers to-day would do the same thing if you'll only let them. I say, give them the chance.

Look back over your own school days. Who was the teacher for whom you entertain the kindest feelings—the one who most influenced your life? It wasn't that teacher who held you off at arm's length, and in allopathic doses administered the school

course to you straight. It was the one who got at your inner self and let you see a little bit of his own in the process. Again, in throwing the whole work of teaching on the school, I feel that there is danger of depriving the home of its legitimate influence. Children of this generation are losing a something that nothing else in this world can supply. Their busy, overcrowded school lives are robbing them of that direct mother-influence which belonged to us of the last generation of children. The quiet, heart to heart chat at the end of the day's work, the children's hour, is it not slipping away?

Is it permissible for me, I wonder, to speak about mothers to mothers? May an old maid do so without presumption? Then let me say that if I were one of the mothers of these days I would be jealous of my influence with my children—I would be loath to give so much of it up to the teacher. Educating children in the mass has its advantages, but it is the family, not the fifty children in a school grade which forms the unit of national greatness, and God's own plan is the family plan. A mother can, if she will, do more in foundation character building for the child in those first and only years when she represents to him the law of life, than any teacher can ever hope to do afterwards. Don't be too eager to pass your little one on to the nation's nurseries, the kindergarten and the primary school. Your child will in his school journey have many teachers and they will, some more and some less, influence his life, but he has and can have but one mother. Mothers are queer. There are some inexplicable points about them. I have studied the subject (from an exoteric standpoint) for years and there are some things that I cannot understand. One is the attitude of that mother who, when you are trying with all earnestness to strengthen the moral fibre of her child thrusts herself in between that child and the natural consequences of his own acts with a note of this tenor: "Miss Cameron, please excuse Johnny for being late; excuse him for his home

work ; don't keep him in after school ; don't punish him for anything at any time. Let him out of school at half-past two, excuse him for all his delinquencies, past, present and to come, shut your eyes to everything that is wrong, take pretence for performance, and in short, Miss Cameron, make yourself one of a partnership of three to call wrong right and right wrong."

Let me with all the force at my command emphasize my deep conviction that the action of this mother (and her name is Legion, for she is many) is the cruelest folly. It must result in keen disappointment and undoing when the child learns in the sterner school of the world of men and women that surely and without one deviation does the great Father enforce His rule, "As a man sows, so must he reap." I think it is Goldsmith who says, "There is often the truest tenderness in well-timed severity." I suppose I will offend again when I say that I have little sympathy with that school of educators who would remove from a child's path all difficulties, and make it ever for him plain sailing. The tendency to sentimentalism in our age is, I know, constantly seeking excuses for not doing unpleasant things. Text books and school journals tell us how to keep our pupils wide-awake and interested so that they may need no rules. This may be very pleasant for the time being for all concerned, but there is no discipline in it. There are hard duties in citizenship, and I contend that the habit of always expecting to be pleased and interested while a child, does not help the man or woman to do earnest work in hard places. There can be no discipline unless the child learns to do unpleasant things because they are right.

Another thing difficult for me to understand is how a mother can be willing and content to send her child to school to be taught by a teacher whom she does not know. I couldn't, I wouldn't. If I were a mother I would want to know the teacher into whose care I was turning over my little one for more than one-half of his wak-

ing hours. And I would want to thoroughly know her, too. I wouldn't be at all curious about her family history—it would be a matter of equal indifference if her father had been a doctor or her grandfather a ditcher. I wouldn't exercise myself about finding out what church she attended, or what names were on her calling list. The question of "caste" would not trouble me. But I would want to know what she was doing in the world, what she was thinking about, what she was teaching and why she was teaching it—just what she stood for in the busy ranks of the world's workers. And if I couldn't approve of her, I would not leave my little one in her care. If I found in her a woman to esteem and respect (we might differ on a thousand matters if we were one on vital things), it seems to me that I would try hard to make a warm personal friend of her. If I could not succeed in this (and friendship is a tender plant which refuses to be forced), I would at least be loyal to her; I trust I would not be guilty of the bad form of discussing her actions and questioning her methods, or of permitting others to do so, in the presence of my children; and I would honestly try to strengthen her hands in every possible way. And why not? Is not the teacher the mother's substitute for the time being—her full working-partner?

Just one thought and I am done. I put it forth in no captious spirit; indeed it is with extreme diffidence that I touch upon it at all. It is this: Parents allow their children to grow away from them; and too often just at the time when boys and girls have arrived at the borders of manhood and womanhood, at the time of all times when they feel the need of counsel of a personal nature, parents and children find themselves miles apart. I can best explain what I mean by speaking of my own experience, and I trust that you will excuse the ever-recurring personal pronoun. At different times I have had boys and girls come to me with troubles and questions of a personal nature, confidences too sacred to

touch upon here; and after we had been freely talking together, I have asked, "How about your home people, have you talked it over with any one there?" The reply generally is, "No, I didn't like to talk to my mother about it."

Now, I speak from my own point of view, of course; isn't something wrong somewhere? Does not the mother, busy and crowded though her life may be, who in following after the many lines of present-day activities fails to keep in close touch with her children, allow something to drift out of her life, the loss of which nothing else in this world can replace? And the pity of it

is that that confidence is such a subtle something! We can't let it slip one day and go back and pick it up the next.

Before closing I would say that as a teacher, personally, I have much to thank the parents for. Indeed the friendships which have meant the most to me in life have come to me through the school room. My lines have fallen in pleasant places and I am truly grateful. And with this I am done. I can not and will not write platitudes on this subject, and, after all, that which we feel most deeply is the thing which we never put in words.

CANADA PETE.

A STORY OF THE KLONDIKE.

By A. C. Campbell.

IN the course of several years' knocking about the West I had heard more than once of Canada Pete, and, being a Canadian myself and prone to be homesick, I had many times wished I could meet him. Though long a resident of the "Coast," and drifting hither and thither according to the varied fortune of the prospector and gold-seeker, he had never yielded to either the blandishment or the bullying of the Americans with whom he came in contact; but, as it were, flew the flag of his native land at the masthead, and lived an outspoken, uncompromising upholder of the purest type of Canadianism. Knowing how many Hannibal Chollops there were in the West who *would* have their country "cracked up," it was easy for me to surmise — as, indeed, I afterward learned from himself — that many a time this clinging to the traditions of his birthplace had made enemies of those about him, and had got him into serious trouble. But he had won through it all, and by the time I first

heard of him, had been licensed by common consent to be in but not of the United States. The common opinion was well voiced by the man who first told me of him. This was Shorty McGowan, a prospector whom I met "promisc'ous," as they say, in the wilds of Guadalajara, Mexico. That was a great trip, and I would have made ten million dollars out of it if it had not been for—but I mustn't stop to tell that story now.

"Never heard of Canaday Pete?" said Shorty McGowan; "'low you 'ain't be'n long on the Coast."

I was a tenderfoot then, and owned up to it. But I said that the name Canada Pete sounded good, and asked for more information.

"I knowed you was a Canadian," said my new friend, "by the make of yer plug terbacker, 'n' by yer talk. 'Twuz allus a wonder to me b'fore I see Canaday Pete that he wasn't lynched; but no man thet ever saw him 'd want to lay a hand on him. He's a forty-niner—fact—come to Cali-

forny jest a kid. But when he come West he grew up with the country, *I* tell you. He's over six foot, 'n' when he wuz young he could heft a hill. Ever forgot Canaday? You'd 'a' thought, to hear him talk, that the United States wa'n't nothin but jest an outlandish, barbarious place, only good fer a man to make his pile in, 'n' then go back to Canaday 'n' clean up 'n' be a gentleman *among* gentlemen. One time, they tell me, he wuz drawed on the jury in Frisco, an' he swore out of it on account of not bein' a citizen. The judge asked him why he hadn't taken out his papers, an' Pete said he didn't have to 'r somethin' like that. The judge told him—that's a way judges hez up in the States—he ought to be ashamed of himself to be livin' in the country, gettin' the benefit of its laws, an' not become a citizen. Then Pete turned to an' gev him brimstone. Men thet wuz there hez told me it wuz ez good ez a Fourth July oration the way he talked about Canaday and the British flag. The judge threatened to send him to jail for contempt of court, but Pete told him not to be sassy 'n' he wouldn't get sassed back. He bluffed that judge to a standstill, 'n' walked out o' court with his head up 'n' his big eyes flashin' fit to set the air afire. The boys admired his spunk. An' so do I. Dern a man that 'd go back on his country anyhow! I'm an American, you bet, 'n' ef I had to live the rest of my days among these cussed greasers, I'd never be a Mexican while the sky held up. No *Sir!* Reckon it's about the same with Pete. Never wuz in Canaday m'self, but I've seen consid'r'ble many Canadians, 'n' they're all right."

I would like to tell about that Gualajara affair, but that's not the story I started out to tell. Anyhow it was a failure, and I had to look for other diggings.

In the course of human events I found myself in Alaska, one of those who made a living, such as it was, by washing gold out of some of the creeks that fed the Yukon or its tributaries. We used to go in every summer and

rush out every winter until we learned "burning" as we call it—that is, thawing out the ground in winter and throwing up the dirt ready for sluicing or panning in the spring. After that we remained all winter. Circle City was our headquarters, and there we congregated, as strange a crew as ever fortune threw together.

In the bar-room one night a man stated in my hearing that Canada had never had any placer mining. When I reminded him of the Cariboo excitement, he said that that was in British Columbia before it became part of Canada, and so did not count. This made the point in discussion a pretty fine one, and by rights I should have dropped it. But, of course, I thought my next retort would clinch the argument—that is how wrangling begins. I said the Cariboo country was part of Canada now, anyway, and that there were still placers in it.

"Well," said the other, "there may be, but we don't hear of no rush to them. Anyhow, it seems to me that this Cariboo business must have been a fake, from start to finish, becuz *I* never see a man that struck it rich there."

"Here's one now," said a voice from a corner of the bar-room; "take a look at him."

The man was a stranger to me, and I had not noticed him until he spoke. I shall never forget how the first sight of him recalled to my mind a line of Tennyson that I read when a youngster, where, speaking of Merlin, he used the words, "the vast and shaggy mantle of his beard." Neither on head nor face of the stranger was there a tinge of grey, but in the large prominent eyes, in the strong lines of the countenance, and even in the great beard which seemed to add to his height and girth, both of which were remarkable, the experience of over sixty years of strenuous life had left its imprint.

"Did you strike it rich in the Cariboo?" asked the man who had been talking with me.

"That's what I did," said the big man, as he rose and came over to join us.

"There you are," said I, glad to exult over my antagonist in debate; "and, what's more, there is gold on the Peace River, and on the Saskatchewan. Big placers will be heard of in Canada yet, and don't you forget it."

"Right you are, Canuck!" said the big man, laying a brawny, hairy paw in affectionate accommodation on my shoulder. "There never was anything richer known than the Cariboo, while the rush lasted. But the Cariboo was only the beginning of what Canada is to do, and California—humph! California's a fool to it."

"I s'pose you'll tell us," said another, joining in with a good-natured laugh, "that Canaday'll give us suthin better'n Chicken Creek"—the big strike that was then the reigning excitement.

"For chickens on this side they have full-grown Shanghai roosters in Canada," said the stranger.

"An' whereabouts are you goin' to make these big strikes? Down among the Habitaws, I s'pose."

"Not three hundred miles from where you stand."

"Shucks! They ain't no Canada so near as that. All this" (with a comprehensive motion of the hand) "is Alaska, an' belongs to Uncle Sam."

"No it ain't; it's Canada, and belongs to Queen Victoria."

Something in his tone, a sort of love and reverence affected me so as almost to bring the tears to my eyes. An impulse within me rather than myself seemed to speak my next words.

"Why, you must be Canada Pete!"

"That's me."

Our "shake" was with both hands. I could have hugged him, but with an effort I maintained my dignity and expressed my joy only in the formal manner, by ordering drinks for the crowd. Nearly all except myself knew Canada Pete, and out of good-natured consideration for him, and in honour of our meeting, they drank not only the conventional "Here's lookin' at you," but also "Canada; Good Luck!"

I made myself a chum of Canada

Pete after that. Though I had been told that he was a man of few words, I found that he talked freely enough to me—almost too freely, for what he said almost seemed to justify the significant looks of our fellow-miners and even their pantomimic intimations that hard luck and hard work had at last turned the poor old man's brain.

He told me (not in a complaining way, he blamed nobody but himself, not even his luck) that he had come near making his pile over and over again in the United States, but always something had happened to dash the cup of fortune from his very lips.

"The only time I ever really had money," he said, "was when I came down from the Cariboo in '66. But I wasn't satisfied—wanted an even million to go home with. So I went into quartz mining in California. Pooh! One of us fellows might as well try to run a flour mill. Of course I lost every dollar. I made a little in the Cassiar after that, but dropped it in Spokane real estate. Strange how long it's taken me to learn my lesson. But I've got it off pat now. I always thought I was to make my pile in the States and spend it in Canada. I'm headed for Canada next week. That's where I'm to make my money."

"But there are no diggings in Canada yet."

"The gold is there, though."

"Yes, quartz."

"And placers."

"How do you know?"

"The Yukon flows, in part, through Canada, and gold is found in the Yukon. There's gold in Cariboo and in Cassiar and in Omenica, and about here. Don't you see? The next big placer finds will be south or east of here, and I'm after them."

"But you've got a good claim here."

"Wages—just wages. This is the United States, and I'm a Canadian. My luck is in Canada. I've got the worst claim on the creek. On the other side of Ogilvie's line I'll have the best."

"See here," I said, serious now.

"Honest Injun! Do you *know* any-

thing. If you've got any pointers that you can depend on, and want a partner that'll rattle through anything with you, give me your pointers and I'm your man."

"I have pointers that are pointers to me, but they would be nothing to you. If I told you that I saw an Indian with a nugget that I *know* never could have come from any creek about here; if I told you that old Sam Dake, once when he was full o' booze, said something that nobody but me understood, about finding gold on the Upper Yukon; if I told you that a Hudson's Bay man told me years ago that old Fort Reliance was in a gold country—you would say there was nothing in any of these things. But put them all together, and then look at the map. Look at the map, man! See how the gold country runs north and gets richer as you near the pole. Even the very location of their Chicken Creek proves it. Chicken Creek! Paugh! A couple of dollars a pan at the best. I want gold by the shovelful! And I'll get it when I follow my luck into Canada."

I tried hard to dissuade him, telling him that he was going out on a wild-goose chase, that it was well enough for prospectors who had nothing, tenderfeet and busted parties to go nosing around for impossible big strikes, but for a man of property like himself, a man with a sure thing—for his claim *was* worth more than wages—it was straight foolishness. He listened to all I had to say, smoking thoughtfully the while, but when I had finished he knocked the ashes out of his pipe as though that conversation were over.

But he resumed it himself a day or two after. He said he would like to have me for a partner. He had no proof that he was on the right trail, he said, and no money to guarantee me against loss, but he knew he had a good thing ahead, and, if I could see it that way, he would share with me. I felt not only that it would be foolish of me to accept his offer, but also that I ought to dissuade him from carrying out his plan. I had "bought in" on

Flat Creek, and did not feel like abandoning my investment and its prospective returns for a chance which looked like no chance at all. Strange how a man will turn away when luck stands ready with bag and scoop to fill his pockets with gold! I gave Pete a kindly but decided "No" for an answer.

"That's right," he said; "you do exactly what I would do if our places were changed. But I've done my share in making the offer. You're the only man I'd make a partner of. All my old chums are dead or rich. If you won't go in, then I'm the only man on this prospect, and nobody makes or loses but me."

He was ready within a day or two after that. The steamer *Bedon* came "sloshing along"—that is the only way to express it—bound up the river, and Pete and his outfit were taken aboard.

This was in August, 1895.

We people went on pottering along with our little prospects. Within a year opinions concerning Canada Pete had considerably changed. Miners coming down the river spoke of the district about old Fort Reliance as the best gold region to be found, but said it was almost impossible to prospect properly on account of the expense of getting in supplies.

During the summer of '96 the rumours that reached us reminded one of the children's game of "hot butter and blue beans." A good many prospectors were searching for the rich gravel, and the finds improved considerably—the searchers were "getting hotter." The news obtained indirectly from the Indians grew a good deal more definite. Men about Circle City began to talk about leaving for "up the river," and a good many wondered what information Canada Pete could have had that he had started off so confident of success.

One day—shall I ever forget it?—word reached us that the rich ground had been struck. Not the rich ground we had talked about, but something that no old miner would have dared to

hope for. It was Canada Pete's "gold by the shovelful," and it was all in Canada.

There may have been some people left behind, but I doubt it. All the creeks, including those at the head of Forty Mile River; yes, even the great Chicken Creek itself, which had been a marvel up to that time, were promptly abandoned.

I got there in time to take up a claim on Bonanza Creek, and, as the fellows who write "recommends" for patent medicine say, I have never had reason to regret it. I had a good many offers to sell out, but I thought I knew a good thing when I had it in my grip, and, besides, I knew that when word reached the outside world in the spring, there would be many more possible purchasers to deal with if I should then want to sell. So I went on sluicing that fall and "burning" in the winter.

I must pass over the events of the spring of '97 on the Klondike. Some day, it may be, one of the old-timers more eloquent than I will tell that stirring story.

The summer was well advanced when Canada Pete reappeared. I did not know that he was anywhere near Dawson until he stood in the doorway of my shack. So far as his features and figure were concerned, he looked just about as he had when I last had seen him, but that appearance not exactly of age but of almost an eternity of experience was increased tenfold.

"Well," he said.

There was a whole dictionary full of "I told you so's" in his tone.

I was so astonished at his sudden appearance, so overwhelmed with the recollection of the almost supernatural fore-knowledge he had shown of the future of the country, so confounded by that inscrutable look and the tone of the one word of greeting he had spoken, that I could hardly utter a word. I think I said "Good day," or something like that. I may have said what Chimmie Fadden was wont to say when he "couldn't t'ink uv nuttin else."

But I brought Pete in and gave him

a drink, which, as it were, brought us back to the line of a fair start. I began to tell him about the richness of my claim and others. Forty dollars to the pan, fifty, sixty, a hundred, two hundred dollars and more to the pan—riches that would have driven the old timers of California or Australia stark, raving crazy, were events of everyday occurrence around us. Canada Pete looked as though he did not regard my news as so very wonderful, and even when I somewhat exaggerated the common reports, or gave as gospel some that, to say the least, were not verified, he gave a grave assent as though I were talking of mere matters of course.

"What luck have you had?" I asked.

"I got what I came for," he replied. "Did you ever hear of the Band of Hope in Ballarat, Australia?"

What miner does not know the story of those iron-willed heroes who removed a mountain that rested upon the rock-encrusted gold they sought?

"As your finds are to the Ballarat placers, so is mine to the vein uncovered by the Band of Hope."

There was no boastfulness in the tone. I realized that those eyes that looked so calmly into mine had seen back there in the wilderness somewhere, such riches as man had never beheld before. Among a certain class, whom we old-timers were rather disposed to regard as tenderfeet, there was a good deal of talk about finding the "mother lode." If there was such a thing Pete must have found it, or the grandmother or the great foremother of all lodes.

But I dared not ask questions—I knew that it would be no use to do so anyway. I had had my chance when Pete had offered me a partnership, and I had refused it. I remembered perfectly his words, "I'm the only man on this prospect; nobody makes or loses but me." It was evident he had not forgotten them either.

I waited to see how he would describe his claim when he entered it. There was nothing unfair in that, for if there was only one good claim he would have it, and if there were more

than one he could not take all and could not be injured by others coming in beside him ; in fact, it would benefit him by opening up a route to the new ground, wherever it was, and so reduce the cost of getting in supplies.

But Pete did not enter a claim. He had about half a million in gold with him, of which he spent freely as occasion called for, but with none of the crazy extravagance of the ordinary miner who has struck it rich. A good many of the boys thought these things proof that he had worked his claim for all it was worth and found it necessary to economize—for we all knew that an even million was his mark. But I figured that he simply did not think enough of his money to bother about using it. There is such a thing as having more money than you can spend. My opinion was strengthened when I expressed in a mild way and indirectly my surprise at his not entering his claim and so protecting his rights. He smiled.

"There's enough to last my time and yours," he answered with a gesture that indicated a belief that gold was as plentiful as snow in winter, and precautions for keeping it were wholly superfluous.

"Good bye," he said then, and extended his hand.

"Going away?"

"Yes ; going home at last. This

is home in a way," and he gave the ground a pat with his foot. "This is Canada and home. But I want to go back to the old place in Upper Canada and give the folks that are left what I've brought out. I'll be back next year. So long."

That was the last I ever saw of him. He went down the river to St. Michael's, and there took the ill-fated *Benson* down the coast. George Clarke, one of the survivors of the wreck, came back to Dawson to look for another fortune, having lost over eighty thousand dollars' worth of nuggets and dust. He looked me up and gave me a paper which Canada Pete had entrusted to him for me. It was a sort of map, but so water-soaked and travel-worn that I have been unable so far to understand it. Pete had drawn it after the vessel struck and before she went down. I live in hope that some occurrence may give me the key to it, for I do not doubt when I can read it I shall be able to find the rich ground from which the old man took his half million.

"He was Canada Pete to the last," said Clarke. "While we were waiting for the vessel to get off the rock or go to pieces, he told me he couldn't get through, but it served him right for trusting himself and his money on an American boat, instead of keeping to Canadian soil."

THE DAISY.

SWEET child of earth, thy face is purer far
Than ours, to whom all things the God has given ;
White as an angel's robe, fair as the fairest star,
It turns serenely upward, unto Heaven.

I feel a likeness, drawing me to thee,
I, stained with sin, with worldly passion rife ;
What throbs through thee, fills also even me,
The great mysterious mother-spirit—Life.

Bert Marie Cleveland.

A FORECAST OF THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

By M. E. Nichols.

ASSAILING a Government in the vigour of its career is a disheartening undertaking, and without an issue which commands the earnest interest of the electorate is rarely rewarded with success. There was such an issue in the elections of 1896 when the Manitoba School Question divided the Conservative strength, alienated the Independent element and made the triumph of the Liberal party sure.

A government is the entrenched party, and in the fulness of its strength heroic action is necessary to dislodge it. An overshadowing issue, an issue capable of appealing with crushing force to the electors, is an Opposition's only hope of victory. The political history of Canada substantiates this. Sir John Macdonald went out of power in 1874 on the Pacific scandal; he reinstated himself in 1878 on the strength of the National Policy. Two great questions brought about two great changes in the fortunes of the political parties of Canada. To-day with the general elections at hand there is no issue which can be said to claim precedence in the sight of the electorate. True, the Opposition has numerous important quarrels with the governing party. It disputes the wisdom of its tariff policy; denounces its preference to Britain; assails its administration of the Yukon, and finds serious fault with its attempted redistribution of seats. But of all the issues which Sir Charles Tupper delights to relate, there is not one which the Canadian elector can declare to be of surpassing importance. An Opposition is not nearly as dangerous hacking at the enemy's wall, producing a spark here and a splinter there, as when it concentrates its whole strength at the weakest point. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier hesitated to send Canadian troops to Britain's aid in South Africa he came

just as near presenting the Opposition with a fatal issue as is healthy for a Government, but he recovered his judgment in time. As it is, the Opposition must attack an entrenched enemy with small arms, and the conflict promises small success to the attacking party.

Since there is no great issue to engage the attention of the country, the fate of the Laurier Government will be determined by different influences in nearly every Province. From Ontario and the West the Opposition may expect to make its greatest, if not its only gains. The influences which menace the Government in Ontario are both selfish and patriotic. There can be no doubt that the patronage which every Government controls is conceded a strength which it does not possess. Personal interest is at the root of the activity of thousands of electors in behalf of a party and it is not easy to persuade one why his claims are inferior to those of another. The office or the contract which gladdens the heart of one faithful follower makes hostile or indifferent a dozen or more who aspired for the prize. Patronage cuts both ways, and the most skilful distribution is certain to leave numerous disgruntled followers who nursed their ambitions throughout the long years of Conservative ascendancy at Ottawa. There are Liberals too who are not enthusiastic in the Government's behalf, and who are honest in their hostility or indifference. A party in opposition is irresponsible. It appeals to the people with theories workable and unworkable. The Liberal party had eighteen years to form good intentions, and the Government which could have carried out the promises it made in Opposition would be an ideal one. Belief, however, that the Liberal leaders pledged the party to practical reforms which they have signally failed to give

effect to has estranged many warm adherents of Liberalism. The Laurier Government is likely to suffer from the feeling that the ideals energetically fought for in the dark days of the Liberal party no longer guide its leaders. The Ontario elector who was told that the national debt would shrink under Liberal rule has seen it enter into the spirit of the growing time. The annual expenditure which, according to Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. David Mills, and Hon. Wm. Mulock, was ruinously extravagant at \$38,000,000, is now millions in excess of the outlay which this eminent trio bewailed. The farmer has not seen the duty disappear from agricultural implements; the gates of the American markets have not opened to him at Sir Wilfrid Laurier's touch. Members of parliament have accepted offices of emolument under the Crown, even as in the days when Liberals characterized this as a disgraceful assault upon the independence of Parliament. Railways which were to cease fattening from the country's resources, fare as well, if not better, under Liberal rule. Perhaps Ontario Liberalism expected too much, but there can be no doubt that the party's failure in power to make good its many promises has subdued much of the enthusiasm which characterized the party in its Opposition days. The approaching battle will not see the Liberal party fighting in such unison and enthusiasm. While they are not likely to change their political faith, many of them will be more or less indifferent as to the result, and indifference is one of the greatest dangers that can beset a party. Conservative expectation from these and other sources must be discounted by the fact that the fates have smiled on the country during the period of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration. Prosperity is the friend and adversity the relentless enemy of Governments. Wrath at misdemeanours, which the Opposition leaders are improving every hour to point out, is tempered by the feeling that the country is going ahead.

One other saving influence the Liberal party can depend upon. It will

not have the manufacturers' great power arrayed against it as when the Liberal Government threatened the removal of protective duties. The Laurier Government, by maintaining the high tariff, has shown the manufacturers the folly of their fears, and that important influence will now be directed along more natural lines. Giving due weight to the influences which will determine the result of the contest in Ontario, Conservative hope of gains does not seem to be without substantial basis. A majority of ten seats is not beyond the achievement of Sir Charles Tupper, but such a gain would be the extreme limit of rational expectation.

Quebec was the Province of surprises in the elections of 1896, and Conservatives who know the Province well declare that the result in the coming contest will prove just as pronounced a surprise. They say this in answer to the great Liberal confidence, amounting to almost certainty in Quebec, which confidence, in fact, is shared by men who have no friendship for the Laurier Government. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Frenchman, Liberals assert, will carry Quebec even as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Frenchman, captured the Province against tremendous odds in 1896. There are strong Conservatives who would place the maximum Bleu victories at fifteen. The Laurier Government in some instances has not pleased the French Canadian electorate. It has done that which would array the Province almost solidly against it were its leader other than an eminent French Canadian. Quebec would be better pleased if more Government officials had been dismissed to make way for faithful Liberals. Quebec is outraged at the thought of contributing Canadian men and money towards the prosecution of Imperial wars, and Quebec is seriously dissatisfied with what the Laurier Government has chosen to call a settlement of the Manitoba School Question. A racial prejudice, or to be milder, a lack of racial enthusiasm abetted by a religious grievance, the

two foregoing influences would accomplish the ruin of any government controlled by other than a French-Canadian Premier. Conservatives who, appreciating the operation of these forces, look for a great secession from the Liberal ranks, forget the almost marvellous influence which the eloquence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier exerts upon the French Canadians. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will talk to them in their own tongue; he will talk to them as compatriot to compatriot; as Catholic to Catholic. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's appeal to Quebec on sentimental grounds will do much to offset the feeling which is reflected in the anti-Imperial outbursts of Henri Bourassa, M.P., and Dominique Monet, M.P., and to neutralize the enmity of the hierarchy provoked by an unsatisfactory settlement of the Manitoba School Question. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will do the sentimental part, and Hon. J. Israel Tarte, the brainiest organizer that Canada has seen, will take care that the fruits of his leader's eloquence are not lost. The Laurier Government has, undoubtedly, again to face the hostile influences of the Church. The Roman Catholic hierarchy feels that it has a Majuba Hill to wipe out, and it will not fail to do its utmost for the party in whose behalf it worked in vain in the election of 1896. It is a more dangerous foe than when it last combated the Liberal party. In 1896 Liberal and Conservative alike were solemnly pledged to remove the grievance of the Manitoba minority, a fact which hampered the church in controlling its adherents. The hierarchy is not now commanding, it is arguing, entreating vengeance upon the party which abused the confidence of the French Canadians. The probability is, however, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will triumph over the church as he did when he encountered its hostility in 1896. Some four or five seats the Conservatives may gain on the ground that Canada should not be drawn into Imperial wars, but there are constituencies held by the Opposition which the Liberals will redeem. Sir Charles Tupper will

do well if he secures twenty followers in Quebec, which leaves the Government with a majority of twenty-five in this Province alone.

New Brunswick holds out no hopes to the Opposition. In this Province party lines are faintly drawn; the Liberal of to-day may be a Conservative to-morrow. A man changes his political faith sometimes with good reason, but more often without any patriotic motive. The New Brunswick electorate does not hold its representatives to account for their political whims. Some of the most successful politicians in the Province have changed from one party to the other for no other purpose than to be with the governing power. Hon. A. G. Blair was not looked upon as a pronounced Liberal until he went to Ottawa to accept a portfolio in the Laurier Government. Hon. Wm. Pugsley of St. John has been Liberal and Conservative according to the fortunes of the parties since 1873. And Hon. John Costigan, who carried Victoria and Madawaska presumably as a Conservative Minister of the Crown, will now contest the same constituency as a supporter of the Laurier Government with excellent chances of success. New Brunswick reasons that the party to be supported is the party which has the railway subsidies, and the harbour appropriations to dispense. It is the proverbial friend of governments. When every other Province turned against Alexander Mackenzie in 1878, New Brunswick stood by the Administration, but once the Conservative star sparkled in the political firmament it did not fail to send a Conservative contingent to Ottawa. Out of the fourteen seats in New Brunswick nine are now represented by Conservatives, but the undying love of the Province for governments chills Conservative hearts. Hon. A. G. Blair by reason of the great strength which he acquired as provincial administrator at Frederickton is doubly to be feared by the Opposition. In the elections of 1896 he worked in the dark; now with all the combined provincial and federal force he can

summon he is fighting in the open. Hundreds who voted Conservative in federal elections were the most enthusiastic supporters of Blair's Provincial Government. They are still bound to him by many ties and no small number may be expected to renounce the party at Ottawa for the man they so long looked to at the local capital. Mr. Blair is enabled to place very strong candidates in the field; they are backed by the prestige which harbour appropriations and railway subsidies give. Mr. Blair has been fairly generous in his distribution of government moneys to his Province, far more so than Geo. Eulas Foster whose greatest local weakness as New Brunswick's Cabinet representative in the late Government was due to his failure to raid the Dominion treasury for such sums as the Province thought it deserved. There are not more than two seats which Mr. Foster could carry in New Brunswick to-day, whereas A. G. Blair could successfully contest any one of a dozen seats. New Brunswick will do for the Liberals in the approaching elections as much as it did for the Conservatives in the elections of 1896. And this means for Sir Wilfrid Laurier a majority of five or six seats.

The Liberal party made a great showing in Nova Scotia in the last general elections, winning twelve of the twenty electoral divisions. That Nova Scotia will send a smaller Liberal contingent to the next Parliament is not to be expected. Hon. W. S. Fielding had the confidence of the Province as its chief administrator at Halifax, and as Minister of Finance at Ottawa he has shown himself to possess an ability which it was impossible to display in the smaller field of provincial politics. Nova Scotia has confidence in W. S. Fielding's integrity and admires his great ability. Many of the old Liberals of the Province are disposed to be severe with the Government for acts which have brought it into disfavour in Ontario, but there is not likely to be any important secession. What gives the Government

great strength is the development of the industries of the Province which has marked the Liberal regime. Conservatives claim that their policy made possible the great boom in the iron industry which is making Nova Scotia's name famous throughout the world. Nova Scotia, however, is contemplating the effect, not the cause, and the effect happens to be coincident with Liberal rule. The Liberal party is certain of a majority of four in the Province. The probability is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will fare even better at the hands of the Nova Scotia electorate. Prince Edward Island will be the one exception to Liberal ascendancy in the Maritime Provinces. Sir Louis Davies is weak in his own Province, so weak that the most buoyant Liberals concede a majority of one to the Opposition in Prince Edward Island. From the Maritime Provinces, therefore, the Government will secure a majority of between eight and ten seats.

For the Government the blackest outlook is in the country west of Lake Superior. Of the seventeen constituencies embraced in Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia it can hardly hope to carry more than five. Proof of the unpopularity of the Administration in the West is to be seen in the revolt of R. L. Richardson, M.P., Frank Oliver, M.P. and W. W. B. McInnes, ex-M.P., three representative Liberals of the West. These men, in breaking with the party they were elected to support, have apparently acted in sympathy with their electors, W. W. B. McInnes' election to the local House, the unanimous endorsement of Frank Oliver by the Liberals of Alberta and Richardson's pronounced successes in his campaign in Lisgar, indicating popular disapproval with many acts of the Laurier Government. The Crow's Nest Pass bargain weakened the Administration throughout the West, the Government's refusal to act in obedience to the clamour for anti-Chinese legislation has brought it into great disfavour in British Columbia. Manitoba and the Territories are at

war with the Government for its failure to control the elevator monopoly, its willingness to permit the C.P.R. to obtain blanket charters which must hamper the country for years and for its weak policy in relation to railways generally. There is not one seat in British Columbia which the Liberal party can hope to win. In the Territories two seats are the limit of the most sanguine Liberal expectation, and if the Laurier Government secures three followers in Manitoba it will do as much if not more than prospects permit them to expect.

The majority of twenty-two seats which Ontario and the West may give the Opposition is more than offset by the prospective Liberal majority in Quebec.] With three seats in reserve coming out of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, British Columbia and the Territories, the Laurier Government can rely on a majority of eight or ten in the Maritime Provinces. This estimate, therefore, based on a careful analysis of the conditions in all the Provinces assures the Administration of a second term at Ottawa with a comfortable majority at its back.

KAFFIRS.

THE GROUP OF TRIBES IN SOUTH AFRICA CLASSED UNDER THE NAME.

FOR some reason of scientific exactitude connected with the transliteration of Arabic and other extremely foreign languages with written characters utterly unlike English, the ethnologists and philologists prefer to spell the name K-a-f-i-r. Properly, it is only a negative designation. Like "Welsh" and "Walloon," both meaning "strange," which the English and the Flemings respectively applied to the Celtic races with whom they came in contact, "Kaffir" was the general term, meaning "unbeliever," applied by the Arabs of Africa to the fighting races with whom they came in contact in Southeastern Africa. Nowadays it is limited by the book-learned to the tribes which are scattered about the country, roughly speaking, bounded on the north by the Tekezas, on the west by the Bechuanas and Basutos, and on the south by what is left of the Hottentots. In other words, Kaffraria, ethnologically regarded, includes all Zululand and some of Portuguese East Africa, with the whole of Natal.

But the hunter and the miner of the Rand and of the Karoo are not bookmen as a class, and, aiming at conven-

ience rather than exactness or perspicuity, they apply the term "Kaffir" to almost any native in those parts much as the Southern white in the United States calls any one with a dash of negro blood a "nigger." Many of the blacks who go to Kimberley to work in the diamond mines, and are shut up there in the huge inclosures, or barracks to guard against their larcenous proclivities during the terms of their service, are really Kaffirs, and the rest—Bechuanas, Basutos, and so on—are of races closely akin to the Kaffir race. Their domestic habits and the tenor of their daily lives at home are all much alike. It is chiefly in his tribal organization that the Kaffir proper, especially the Zulu, differs from and excels his neighbours and congeners.

The home-life of the Kaffir is conducted upon the polygamous system, modified by strict tribal laws and pecuniary facts. The Kaffir young man, when his tribe is not hampered in its internal administration by the interference of white commissioners, is not allowed to marry at all until he has "washed his assegai." No soap known to civilization is fit for this

washing ; it must be done with human blood, and the blood of enemies to the tribe. Here, according to the friends of Cetewayo, was that hero's excuse for his outbreak in 1878 and 1879: "I sought no war with the English. The Dutch are our enemies, and my young men clamoured before me for leave to wash their spears." Having washed his spear creditably the young man is allowed by his law to marry a wife, if he can collect enough cattle for the wedding fee, which is paid to her father, who is her owner. The payment and acceptance of this fee, is the essence of the ceremony, but the ceremony once complete the union has a stability, among the Zulus at least, which more civilized tribes elsewhere might well emulate.

The bridegroom shaves his head, all but a ring of wool left high up on the crown. The bride shaves her head, except for a tuft left on the top. This topknot is their idea of the lovely in matronly coiffure. They have decided ideas of their own as to feminine loveliness, and according to these ideas are keen critics of complexion. One of the signs that the origin of the Kaffirs as a homogeneous race is comparatively recent is the variety of tone in their skins—some few inky black, others varying shades of rich coffee color. They themselves esteem most highly the deepest black with a warm red tone, and this complexion constitutes one of the charms of the Ama Tembu belles, whose prices run as high as forty head of good cattle, while ten head is a good price to pay for a lady of less favoured breed.

When provided with one wife as a basis of housekeeping, the young man goes to work to start an independent kraal (pronounced "crawl"). This word is Dutch, the Kaffir to which it corresponds being *umuzi*. The hut, which is the centre of the Kaffir *umuzi*, is a conical or hemispherical wattle affair, with a ground plan from 15 to 20 feet in diameter, and one opening 2 feet high by 18 inches wide, serving as door, window and chimney. Inside, the floor is of hard, smooth clay, hol-

lowed out slightly in the centre for a fireplace, and except around the edges, where the goats and chickens bunk, and the litter and hunting and fighting apparatus is kept, fairly clean. Here the Kaffir and his wife cook and eat their food, which is principally corn-meal (*mealie*) mush, with the occasional addition of fresh beef. "Kill and eat your cattle" is the conventional Kaffir order for "Break up your kraal and move." They can cook in pots made of finely woven watertight matting, or of thin, hard wood, though several of the northeastern tribes have attained some skill in working iron, mostly for weapons, but the iron pot of the white man has begun to find its way into the native home.

One point worth remarking about the domestic arrangements of the Kaffir young couple is that the bride is expected to build the house with her own dark red-toned hands, while the bridegroom fixes the surrounding fences to secure the cattle and keep out the leopards. As a rule, woman's rights are not in a flourishing state among the Kaffirs. The exception, that of the Zulus, among whom the women are better treated than among other divisions of the race, is a strong argument for woman's rights, because the Zulus are the pick of all the Kaffirs. The Zulus are taller, more agile, more intelligent, more good-natured and sociable when well treated, and more formidable in war than any other Kaffirs. They may not make as powerful "hands" in the gold or diamond mines as some of the western and southern natives, not being so thickset, or generally so well fitted to carry heavy loads ; but among these people lightness and rapidity of motion—and, it would seem, grace—are more admired in men than what we call sturdiness.

The costume of the Zulu in the domestic circle, if he be a man of rank, is comprised in a leopard skin about his shoulders, a peculiar sort of belt made of strips of ox hide, an anklet or two of brass, and something in the way of a necklace. His wife has a very rainy day skirt, made for her by her

husband out of an ox hide which he himself has tanned and softened. But this, so far as the man is concerned, is only for the piping times of peace, when the family smoke Dutch tobacco out of smokehorns and exhilarate themselves with snuff. When the Zulu goes forth to "wash his assegai" he leaves leopard skins and belts at his kraal. His tribe have made themselves respected by the British in open fight, and the secret of his warlike respectability are his "impi" and his "assegais."

The Zulu "impi" is a tactical and disciplinary formation of about one thousand warriors on foot. In battle, the impi charges in solid formation, like the Macedonian phalanx, each warrior covering his body with a shield about 27 inches by 18 at the widest part, made of one thickness of ox hide.

Each impi is permanently under the command of an induna. The principal offensive weapon of the Zulu warriors, the "assegai," is a light spear, sometimes as long as five feet, sometimes not longer than three, the long, flat head of iron, beaten into the shape of a willow leaf, bound to the haft with ox hide thongs. At close quarters the assegai may be used for stabbing, but it is more effective when used as a missile that will kill at two hundred yards, its penetrating power being due to the rotary motion, like that of a rifle bullet, which is imparted in the act of hurling by a peculiar hook of the little finger. It is said that no white man has ever thoroughly learned the Zulu trick of hurling an assegai or the Zulu way of pronouncing the name of Cetewayo.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

OH, for a romp through that blissful land,
 The Isle of the summer sea,
 Where Nature appears in her fairest dress,
 Where the days are cool, and no heats oppress,
 And the heart must dance with glee.

Land of the hill, the vale, the glen,
 Land of the flower and tree,
 Where the brooklet runs in silvery stream,
 And Nature garbs in her emerald green,
 And velvety is the lea.

Give me an hour in that haven of rest,
 Where none e'er bows his knee
 To the iron rule of a despot's sway ;
 But where freedom's head with age is grey,
 And peace sleeps in the sea.

G. J. McCormac.

MANUAL TRAINING.*

By Sir Joshua Fitch.

ONE of the strongest arguments which justify the recent popularity of manual training is that, by means of it we are able to offer an opportunity for the development of special talents and aptitudes for which there is no adequate scope in the ordinary school course. Every school numbers among its scholars some who dislike books, who rebel against merely verbal and memory exercises, but who delight in coming into contact with things, with objects to be touched and shaped, to be built up and taken to pieces—in short, with the material realities of life. And a school system ought to be so fashioned as to give full recognition to this fact. We cannot permit ourselves, of course, to be wholly dominated by the special preferences and tastes of individual scholars; but we ought to allow them fuller scope than has usually been accorded to them in educational programmes. Every wise teacher knows that in the most perverse and uninteresting scholar there are germs of goodness, aptitudes for some form of useful activity, some possibilities even of excellence, would men observingly distil them out; and that it is the duty of a teacher to discover these, encourage their development and set them to work. We make a grave mistake if we suppose that all good boys should be good in one way, and that all scholars should be interested in the same things, and reach an equal degree of proficiency in all the subjects of our curriculum. This is, in fact, not possible. Nor, even if it were possible, would it be desirable. So one of the strongest arguments in favour of the recognition of manual and artistic exercises in our schools is that by them we call into play powers and faculties not evoked

by literary studies, and so give a better chance to the varied aptitudes of different scholars. School-boys do not always like the same things. The world would be a much less interesting world than it is if they did. A school course, therefore, should be wide enough, and diversified enough, to give to the largest possible number of scholars a chance of finding something which is attractive to them and which they will find pleasure in doing.

I think, too, that a legitimate argument in favour of more handwork in schools may be found in the fact that by it we may, if it is wisely managed, overcome the frequent and increasing distaste of many young people for manual labour. In progressive countries there is often a vague notion that such labour is in some way servile and undignified, and less respectable than employments of another kind. In America, especially, this feeling prevails even to a larger extent than in this country. Perhaps the stimulating climate, the general restlessness and eagerness with which life is carried on, the numerous opportunities for rapidly acquiring wealth, have had a tendency to discourage young and aspiring men and to repel them from handicrafts. There is much in our common conventional phraseology which implies that physical labour has been imposed on man as a curse, and is a sign of the degradation. It is hard under these conditions, to awaken in any active-minded community a true respect for the dignity of labour. How is it to be done? Mainly, in my opinion, by associating manual work with intellectual work; by recognizing in our systems of education that all art, even the humblest, rests ultimately on a basis of science and that handwork, when guid-

* Reading from *Educational Aims and Methods*. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M.A., LL.D.

ed and controlled by knowledge, becomes ennobled and takes a rank among the liberal employments of life, even among the pursuits of a gentleman. Take a single example. A century or two ago blood-letting was part of the business of barber-surgeons. They were tradesmen, and their trade was not one of the highest repute. But in time it came to be understood that the operation of bleeding was one which ought neither to be recommended nor practised by any but a properly qualified surgeon; and the art, such as it was, ceased to belong to a trade, and became part of a profession, and in this way lost all ignoble associations. And, in like manner it is argued with some truth that, when you make manual dexterity and the right use of tools a part of general education, and duly connect it with a study of form, of beauty, of the properties of the materials employed, and of the laws of mechanical force, you are doing something to surround handicraft with new and more honourable associations, to disarm vulgar prejudice and to impress the young with a true sense of the dignity of skilled labour.

Such are some of the considerations which justify the fuller recognition of finger-training and sense-training generally as parts of a liberal education. But these very considerations are, at the same time, well calculated to warn us not to expect too much from such training if it is not duly co-ordinated with discipline of another kind. The true teacher will not seek to make physical training a rival or competitor with intellectual exercise, but will desire rather to make the whole training of his pupil more harmonious. He will hold fast to the belief that, after all, mental culture is the first business of a school, and ought never to be permitted to become the second. The reaction from excessive bookishness, from the rather abstract character of mere scholastic teaching, is, on the whole, well justified. But the opposite or wrong is not always right; and it would be very easy to make a grave mistake by emphasizing too strongly

the value of manual exercise by making too great claims for it.

What, after all, is the main function of the teacher who is seeking to give to his pupil a right training and a proper outfit for the struggles and duties of life? It is, no doubt, to give a knowledge of simple arts, and of those rudiments of knowledge which, by the common consent of all parents and teachers, have been held to be indispensable; but it is also to encourage aspiration, to evoke power and to place the scholar in the fittest possible condition for making the best of his own faculties.

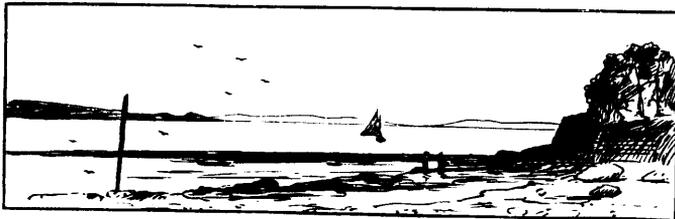
If this be so, we have to ask what, among all possible exercises and studies are the most formative and disciplinal? It has been before shown that, by the law of what are called "concomitant variations," there is such a relation between powers and organs that the cultivation of one leads, by a reflex action, to the strengthening of the other; you cannot, in fact, call into active exercise any one power without, *pro tanto*, making the exercise of other powers easier. But here we must discriminate. This correlation and this mutual interchange of forces do not act uniformly. Take an example. You want, it may be, to give a large number of recruits, none of whom have had any previous practice, a knowledge of military evolutions, the power to handle a rifle and to do the duties of camp life. Say that half of them are clowns fresh from the plough, and the other half are men of similar age who have had a liberal education. Both groups are equally unfamiliar with what you have to teach, but there is no doubt as to which group will learn most quickly. The clowns will need hard work to bring them into discipline. They will misunderstand commands and be clumsy in executing them. The greater intelligence of the second group will be found to tell immediately on the readiness with which they see the meaning of the manoeuvres, and on the promptitude and exactness with which they perform them. Here the mental training

has been a distinct help to the mere physical exercise. But it cannot be said in like manner that the handicraftsman is a likelier person than another to take up intellectual labour with zest, and to be specially fitted to do it well. Intelligence helps labour much more than labour promotes intelligence.

Ever since the time when Socrates paid his memorable visit to the workshops of Athens it has been a familiar fact of experience that your mere workman may, though skilled, be, so far as his understanding is concerned, a very poor creature, "borné" right and left by the traditions of his craft and by rules of thumb, and with very confused and imperfect ideas about matters outside the region of his own trade. The truth is that the constant repetition of the same mechanical processes, when practice has enabled us to perform them without further thought, may be rather deadening than helpful to the personal intelligence and capability of the worker. The use of tools, though a good thing, is not the highest nor nearly the highest thing to be desired in the outfit of a citizen for active life. The difference between a handy and an unhandy man is no doubt important all through life; but the difference between an intelligent, well-read man and another whose mind has been neglected is fifty times more important, whatever part he may be called on to play hereafter. It is quite possible so to teach the use of tools that the teaching shall have little or no reflex action

on other departments of human thought and activity, that it shall appeal little to the reflective, the imaginative, or the reasoning power, and that it may leave its possessor a very dull fellow indeed.

Let us revert for the moment to the experience of Socrates as it is recounted in the Apologia. "I betook myself," he says, "to the workshops of the artisans, for here, methought, I shall certainly find some new and beautiful knowledge, such as the philosophers do not possess. And this was true, for the workman could produce many useful and ingenious things." But he goes on to express his disappointment at the intellectual condition of the artisans; their bounded horizons, their incapacity for reasoning, their disdain for other knowledge than their own, and the lack among them of any general mental cultivation or of any strong love of truth for its own sake. He thought that mere skill in handicraft and mere acquaintance with the materials, and with the physical forces employed in a trade, could carry a man no great way in the cultivation of himself and might leave him a very ill-educated person; that, in fact, the man was more important even than the mechanic or the trader, and that in order to be qualified for any of the employments of life, and to be prepared for all emergencies, mental training should go on side by side with the discipline needed for the bread-winning arts.



CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

AS the situation exists at the time of writing, the Chinese question is likely to lose temporarily its absorbing interest for the British people. This is due to two causes. In the first place, it is not probable that there will be soon again any serious conflict of arms between the Chinese and the Allies, and the public do not follow with constant interest the slow and but partially revealed progress of diplomacy; and in the second place, the British policy, as far as it has been stated by Mr. Brodrick, is rather negative than positive, and so promises no clash with the other powers. Lord Salisbury has returned to London, but has not yet spoken, and the speech of Mr. Brodrick, the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, at Thorncombe, on August 29, stands as the latest official pronouncement. According to this, Britain will lend support to the Viceroy of South China, who have maintained order in their provinces, will preserve British trade with China, and will claim some penalty or indemnity for the damage wrought. No hint was given as to how British trade was to be preserved, and it is not easy to see just what is meant by supporting the southern Viceroy. On the broad question of foreign control of China Mr. Brodrick said:—"Nevertheless we cannot undertake to govern China ourselves, or with the assistance of other powers." This may mean only that Britain will not enter into any scheme for joint control in China after the style of the joint control of Egypt; or it may mean that Britain will not even undertake to govern any large section of China which might fall to her share in case of dismemberment. Evidently Britain is not aggressive in China. If the British people do not wish to assume new and heavy responsibilities in the Far East, and are willing that other powers

should relatively increase their possessions and their influence in that quarter, then the Government may be trusted to steer a safe and moderate course. But we must accept the fact that Britain is not attempting to lead in China, nor is she ambitious to follow in all respects the lead of the other powers.

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Among the Allies, the United States, Russia and Germany have each in turn taken the initiative. In July the United States endeavoured to secure the adherence of the powers to an agreement not to alienate any Chinese territory and to preserve the open door, and she has ever since been working to this end. The prospects of success are not bright. A few years ago when Britain was contending for that very policy the United States gave no assistance, and now Britain probably thinks the time has passed when such a policy can succeed, while the other powers do not favour it. Russia next came forward with a proposition to withdraw from Peking. In a circular dated August 25th, she declared her intention to withdraw both her legation and her troops to Peking and invited the other powers to do the same. Before considering the other reasons for this move, it may be pointed out that it was, incidentally, a check on Germany. There has been a great deal of display about Germany's aggressiveness, although it might be more correct to speak of the German Emperor rather than of Germany. The appointment to the command of the German forces in China of Count von Walderssee, a soldier who would probably be Commander-in-Chief of the German forces in the event of a European war, was somewhat startling. The assent of the Allies was sought to his assuming command of all the forces in China.

As he was certain to be the senior officer in the field he would naturally take the command if there were to be concerted action after he arrived; and on this ground the other powers made little objection. If a German had the chief command and he were competent to be an administrator as well as a general, Germany would be in a favoured position. But if part or all of the troops had withdrawn from Peking before he arrived, and there were nothing for him to do except to wait at Tien Tsin until the Chinese Government made up its mind as to what terms to offer, then Germany would seem to have made a great fuss about nothing. Whether or not Russia calculated upon this effect of its proposition, the very fact that the proposition was seriously made discounted Germany's move.

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As reasons for withdrawal, Russia claimed that the immediate object of the expedition had been accomplished in the relief of the Legations, and that, as there was no Chinese Government at Peking, it was not necessary, nor was it altogether dignified, that the Legations should remain waiting for a Government with which they could deal. In the Russian circular reference is made to the occupation of Newchwang and other places in Manchuria, and there follows this very interesting sentence: "As soon as lasting order shall have been established in Manchuria, and indispensable measures taken for the protection of railway construction, which, according to formal agreement, China assured, Russia will not fail to recall her troops from these territories of the neighbouring empire, provided the action of other powers does not present any obstacle in the way of such measure." As Russia must be the judge whether lasting order has or has not been established, as she must be the judge whether the measures taken at any time for the protection of railway construction complete the list of indispensable measures, and as she must also be the judge whether the action of

any of the other powers has placed an obstacle in the way, it will be seen that she gave no assurance of any practical value that she would ever withdraw her troops from Manchuria. It is a very common thing to talk of Russia's bad faith. It is more profitable, however, to look at Russia's position. Expansion is a necessity for Russia if she would preserve her present system. It is a necessity also if she would extend her commerce. She needs more outlets on the sea than she has had in the past. The history of Russia in modern times has been largely a stretching out towards the sea. Her long coast line on the Arctic Ocean is not of great value to her. On the Baltic she is surrounded and hemmed in by foreign powers. On the Black Sea she is still more confined, unless she can secure Constantinople. Britain is opposed to her reaching the Indian Ocean. At Vladivostock, on the Pacific, she has a port open only during the summer months. As she is expending an enormous amount of money on the construction of her trans-Siberian railway she must have for it a port open all the year round. This she has secured by the lease from China of Port Arthur and Talién-wan. But she must secure this railway against interruption, and to do this she must control the territory through which it passes. Russia cannot give up Manchuria, and she will not. No matter in what form her diplomats may cover up her intentions, there can be no doubt that her intentions are, in the first place, to exclude all others of the Allies from Manchuria, and in the second place, to prevent the establishment there of any Chinese Government in such strength that it could threaten her railway or her territory to the north. By whatever name she may call it, she will virtually annex Manchuria. With this fact we must start. What then will the other powers do? After the manner of diplomacy none of them express themselves in simple language. Germany has taken the lead among those who decline to withdraw from Peking, and has shaped the work to be done

while remaining at the capital. The Chinese Government have appointed two envoys to treat with the Allies. One is Prince Ching, uncle of the Emperor, and until Prince Tuan deposed him, President of the Tsungli Yamen, and the other is Li Hung Chang. Before dealing with these envoys Germany lays it down that those persons who were the original and real instigators of the attacks against the foreigners must be delivered up and punished, and that the representatives of the powers at Peking should report upon those who, they have good evidence to know, were the leaders. To act upon this course will probably entail a long delay before further matters can be adjusted. The future is very uncertain.

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No doubt is entertained as to the result of the British elections in October. Even the Liberal leaders themselves have admitted that the return of the Liberal party to power is beyond their expectations, but nevertheless they believe that the Liberals will show themselves stronger at the polls than the Conservatives are inclined to believe. In so far as the Conservatives can do so, they will confine the issues to the justice of the South African war, and the nature of the settlement. Mr. Chamberlain vigorously, and even brusquely, forces these two issues to the front, and Mr. Balfour, while he acknowledges that there are other questions of the first importance, also makes the South African question supreme. And certainly the settlement of the South African trouble is the pressing question of the hour. If the result of the election should in any way bring indecision or weakness into the settlement, it would be a national calamity. It may be said that the principal Liberal leaders show no disposition to dispute the Government's position that what is now done must forever render it impossible for a race conflict again to rise in South Africa; but the very fact of disunion in the Liberal ranks, and of the absence of

any one leader whom all the rest are willing to follow, would render it unwise for the country to entrust the Liberals with the carrying out of the settlement. At the same time it is, from a party standpoint, fortunate for the Conservatives that the Liberals are not strong in themselves, and that there is one great matter which the Conservatives are best fitted to deal with, for there is so much else with which the country has reason to be dissatisfied, that it might otherwise go hard with the Government. It would be unfair, of course, to lay at the door of the Conservatives all the weaknesses revealed in the War Office, but the Government of the time is sure to suffer when weaknesses are revealed. There have been other questions relating to methods adopted, upon which effective criticism might be raised, and it is by no means sure that the country, if it had nothing else to absorb its attention, would vote confidence in the Chinese policy of the Government. The very eagerness with which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour are calling attention to the South African problems, might almost be taken as an indirect admission that there are weaknesses in other directions. As matters stand, however, the chief interest for outsiders will lie in the reconstruction, which will undoubtedly take place in the Conservative Cabinet after the elections, and in the evolution that is equally certain in the Liberal party itself.

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In South Africa the operations, except in the Lydenburg district, were so broken that it was difficult to follow developments. On Sept. 1st Lord Roberts issued a proclamation announcing the annexation of the Transvaal. As he had hitherto been cautious about assuming or announcing success, this proclamation was accepted as good evidence that the Boers were incapable longer of formidable resistance. This was seen to be the case. President Kruger soon abandoned the Transvaal and arrived at Lorenzo Marquez on September 12th. He

afterwards accepted the offer of the Government of the Netherlands to place a warship at his disposal to convey him to Holland. It is understood that the British Government did not object to this, although the action of Holland was a discourtesy to Britain that amounted almost to an unfriendly act. Of the operations of the British troops during the month it can only be said that they were constantly successful. With the exception of two or three days when General Buller's army was checked before an almost impregnable position, the record has been one of steady advance on the part of the British, and of equally steady retreat on the part of the Boers. The Lydenburg district, in which even a small band of Boers was expected to be able to hold out for months, was quickly overrun. The fact was, however, that the Boers had become so demoralized that they could hold no position, no matter how strong it might be. On September 19th Lord Roberts reported that a general tumult had occurred in the main body of the enemy on the recognition of the hopelessness of their cause, and that they were destroying their guns and scattering. As an organized army the Boers are no longer in the field, and it is only a question of time before the small guerilla bands will be worn down. Among the events were two of the greatest interest to Canadians. A detachment of 125 Canadian Mounted Rifles on Sept. 7th repelled a Boer attack on a section of railway they were guarding. Although the Boers brought two guns and a pom-pom to bear upon the Canadians, they were driven off. Lord Roberts characterized it as a very creditable performance, and has added one more to the already long list of such performances by the Canadian troops. The second event was the announcement of the return of 500 men of the first contingent at the end of their year's term of enlistment. This news was hailed with great satisfaction in Canada. Many of the men decided to re-enlist for a further term, and we must admire the spirit which prompted

them to do so, but, under conditions now existing in South Africa, there is no necessity that our infantry should remain, and there are many good reasons why they should return. They will be welcomed as they deserve to be, for they have so conducted themselves that their country can be proud of them.

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A strange thing was the wave of apprehension which swept over England that war with France was imminent. It seemed to be taken for granted, without any tangible evidence being adduced, that France was only waiting for the close of the Exhibition to begin war. While the manifestation differed widely in the two peoples, this phenomenon may be compared with the apprehension France felt some few months ago that, as soon as the war in South Africa was over, Britain would turn her victorious army against France. The reasons for the strained relations between the two countries are many; and no doubt there are in some quarters conflicts between substantial interests. But a fact that should not be lost sight of is that it is possible to assuage the bitterness of national feelings when there is a disposition on the part of men in responsible positions to do so. In this case two incidents had a marked effect in relieving the situation. One was the visit to Paris of 500 representatives of the British Chamber of Commerce. British visitors have not largely patronized the Exhibition, and this visit of representative business men was regarded as significant by the French people, and the welcome extended to the visitors was exceedingly cordial. The other incident was the warm praise given to the French troops under his command by Admiral Seymour, in his report on the abortive expedition toward Peking. Canada has a deep interest in the relations between Britain and France. We have in this country men of both races, and it is certainly desirable, because of its effect in this country, that the races should be on cordial relations throughout the world.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

JOHN RUSKIN protested against the outcries concerning passion or sensation. He claimed that we

need more sensation
SENSATION. rather than less, be-

cause the ennobling difference between one man and another is precisely that one feels more than another. A man who is blunt in body and mind is vulgar, and does not feel for another. Disciplined and tested passion or sensation is good for a man. Fineness and fullness of sensation prevents vulgarity, and develops a sympathy which is above reason, is the guide and sanctifier of reason. There have been plenty of incidents during these passing days to call forth our sympathy and arouse our passion: the suffering of our race in China, and the indignities and inhumanities heaped upon innocent women and children; ceaseless barking of the dogs of war, and the absence of the white-winged angel of peace; the usual drownings and railroad accidents of the summer days; a town in our sister country swept over by a devastating storm which destroyed thousands of homes and snuffed out hundreds of bright lives—until one feels that human sympathy is inadequate to encompass human woe.

One of the most touching incidents of the month is told in the Vancouver papers of a few days ago. An industrious, energetic young Neapolitan, living in that western city, recently wooed and won a sweet girl bride scarcely seventeen. The husband had saved enough for the wedding and the purchase of a building lot. The wedding day came and passed. Soon a little house was erected on the lot. Together they watched it rise. It had only three plainly-furnished rooms when they moved into it, but soon after it was lighted by the holy presence of a sturdy little chap, whose black eyes shone back into those whose affection he represented. Five months

more of happiness and then an overturned lamp in the middle of the night envelopes baby and mother and father and cottage with flames. The father breaks out through a window, but the mother's cry, "My baby! my baby! where is my baby?" draws him back—once—twice—searching for the two that are already dumb. And at last he is found prone across the threshold by those whom we appoint to save. He is taken to the hospital, but his reward is not denied him. Next day, husband and wife and baby are prepared for burial, while three released spirits enter the harmony of the eternal.

A recent magazine writer * comes to the defence of plagiarism and claims that it is the basis of all superlative literary achievement. This is a rather surprising attitude and a most unusual statement.

The literary critics have been watching us closely, and the moment a writer uses a phrase or thought previously written by another, he is held up to ridicule. Every reader of Canadian literature remembers "The Battle of the Poets" in which several Canadian litterateurs engaged with the object of proving that the other or others were plagiarists. Each and every one avowed his virtue and declared that he had never knowingly committed a theft. And yet here is a magazine writer who comes forward with the claim that plagiarism is the basis of all great literary achievement. Is this the secret of the weakness of our Canadian poets and writers that they have not discovered the value and benefit of literary theft?

This defender of plagiarism claims that truth and beauty are eternal and the most any man can do is to become

* *Ainslee's Magazine*, August, 1900.

conscious of them. "Every fundamental idea belongs to the world as a whole, just as does a word. Some man may be the medium through which it finds expression, but it in no sense belongs to him. . . . Your true genius recognizes no man's right to withhold any truth he may have discovered, and indeed it would be as reasonable for a man who discovers a comet to try to get a title-deed to it as it is for a man to lay claim to any idea, thought or truth simply because he has been privileged to have it occur to him." Shakespeare and Homer collected ideas together from everywhere and laid no claim to them. They were editors, epitomizers, plagiarists, literary Rockefelleres and Rhodeses. Shakespeare "received the knowledge, beauty, poetry and wisdom contained in those wonderful plays from all the world, and to all the world he returned them without claim or vanity."

Every orator is a plagiarist, every painter is a plagiarist, and neither uses quotation marks. Why should literary men use them? Would it be reasonable to expect Mr. W. A. Fraser, whose animal story begins in this issue, to give credit for his work to all the men who have written animal stories before him? Would it be reasonable to ask him to give footnotes showing where each of the hundred bits of information in every chapter has been picked up?

In this connection a good story is told of two Canadian professors whose specialty is economics. One of them has been writing a series of articles on the early days of banking and exchange. The other is in a rival university, and found it necessary to recommend these articles to his students. In doing so, he pointed out that the articles were marred because the writer had neglected to give references to all the original documents, pamphlets and private records from which he had drawn his information. What an unnecessary criticism!

I remember once, when a student, having written and read before a student's seminary an article on Karl

Marx's "Iron Law of Wages." I proceeded to demolish Marx's theory by quotations from learned economists controverting each one of his points. The professor, who was guiding our studies, criticized my quotation marks saying that I should have made these criticisms my own and read them as such in my own words. He pointed out that the objections were none the more forcible because I had credited them to others, that my business as a student was to master knowledge and make it my own. He could see no great harm in plagiarism.

When William McLennan wrote "Spanish John" he was accused of having stolen the story from articles in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE published in 1826. What if he did? He made the story his own, told it well, and made it more interesting and artistic. And why should he not receive credit for his work?

When Gilbert Parker wrote "The Seats of The Mighty" he founded it upon a long-published volume of experiences written by an officer who was a prisoner at Quebec before the battle of the Plains of Abraham. But Mr. Parker was no more a plagiarist than Shakespeare when the latter wrote his "Julius Cæsar" and other historical dramas.

Canada is waiting for her great plagiarist, for her Homer or Shakespeare. She is waiting for the man who will write a great poem, a great epic which will embody her national history and her national aims; an intellectual freebooter who will embody in one grand work all we have done and thought. When his great work is issued, a hundred critics may arise who will cry plagiarist; and show where he has stolen from Parkman, Kingsford, Mair, Campbell, Roberts, and all the other past and present Canadian writers. He will probably receive neither praise nor profit during his lifetime, but centuries later Canadians will erect monuments to his memory, and praise him in innumerable magazine articles.

There are many sane-minded men in Canada who deplore the criticisms of British military efficiency which

CANADA AND
BURDETT-COUTTS.

have recently appeared in some form or other in nearly every paper in Canada. These even-tempered individuals fear lest our appreciation for British institutions and connection may be rudely jostled by the constant criticism of the British officer, the Army Service Corps, and the Army Medical Service. Here is a sample of what they deplore. A private in the Royal Canadians writes home from Springs and says :

"He (Hutton) continuing on his route, ran into a nest and had heavy losses. The Canadian Mounted Rifles getting mixed up, had several casualties, and the Imperial Light Horse also suffered severely. The wounded were brought in here this morning in ox waggons, which I consider a shame. An empire like Great Britain should have a few ambulance waggons. It took the little colony of New South Wales to show them all an ambulance corps. The wounded have been sitting and lying in the sun at the station since eight this morning. I tell you the British have a whole lot to learn yet."

The local paper, in this case the *Orillia Packet*, publishes the letter and everybody reads it. Thousands of such letters have been received in Canada, and Canada feels, though she may not know, that Burdett-Coutts is to some extent right in making his criticisms. The Imperialists may regret the publication of these letters but they cannot prevent it. They may regret but they cannot deny that there would be much less enthusiasm in Canada if another contingent for service abroad was asked from Canada. Mr. Chamberlain would meet with less success in his second appeal for colonial support and aid—and yet we are not less British.

United States war correspondents view affairs in South Africa with peculiar oppositeness. Richard Harding Davis says* that throughout the war one man to ten has been the aver-

age proportion of Boer to Briton, and that frequently the British have been repulsed when their force outnumbered the Boers twenty to one.

SOME INSULTS
VIA NEW YORK.

Surely the Boers have been deceiving this anti-Britisher! He states that at Spion Kop a British colonel surrendered, and then on seeing the small force of Boers by which he was opposed threw down the white flag and fired on the Boers who were coming up to receive his rifles. Mr. Davis did not see this incident, and therefore can have no proof but Boer testimony, which has not proven itself trustworthy. He also states that the British officers who were prisoners at Pretoria spoke to and shouted at the ladies and young girls who walked past the high school where the officers were housed. Their remarks were so insulting that a large number of ladies signed a petition and sent it to the Government complaining that this prison was a public nuisance. For this reason the officers were removed to a camp on the outside of the town. Here Mr. Davis visited them. On this occasion he was accompanied by a Boer officer who was so insulted during the visit that Mr. Davis felt uncomfortable. He adds: "Some day we shall wake up to the fact that the Englishman, in spite of his universal reputation to the contrary, is not a good sportsman because he is not a good loser." These are grave charges and the only reason for re-stating them here is to show what kind of man Richard Harding Davis is and what kind of reliability may be placed on articles in certain magazines. At present one must be pardoned for a refusal to accept the story Mr. Davis tells, and for a persistent belief that his stories are ludicrous nonsense. In addition to this apparent ludicrousness, we have the denial of the whole thing by the Earl of Rosslyn, who was one of the prisoners. He says that when Mr. Davis went to Pretoria, he openly attacked everything British, and that when he visited the prison he was most insulting, "cracking up the Boers un-

*Pretoria in Wartime. August Scribner's.

der our noses and those of the guards who accompanied him."

On the other hand, Mr. Julian Ralph* speaks very differently. He remarks upon the magnanimity, forbearance

SOME PRAISE VIA
NEW YORK.

and leniency with which the British have treated both rebel and enemy in South Africa. He contrasts the conduct of the British with that of General Grant and General Sherman. The latter said when marching through Georgia, "The more terrible war is made, the sooner it will end."

The following paragraph shows Mr. Ralph's opinion of British valour, and how it overcame the opposition of the physical features of the territory :

"Of all these obstacles the men of Lord Methuen's flying column made light, by sheer valour, by a bravery we thank God our soldiers can match, but which no men on earth can possibly excel. These British officers and 'Tommys' have a quality of courage that passes my understanding. It even befogs my judgment, as I have said in writing to England, upon the return it makes for the cost it entails. At Belmont and Graspan the troops stalked up kopjes against almost literal ropes of bullets. The more experienced were placed five paces apart, and most of them escaped; but the naval brigade and a regiment of Guards, who lacked either proper orders or experience, marched along, almost shoulder to shoulder, seeing their comrades drop like autumn leaves in a gale, but still plodding on, until the Boers must have imagined them demons; so that, with terror at their heartstrings, they turned and fled from both battle-fields. The naval force lost precisely 50 per cent., or one man in every two. Thus Methuen's men marched on, hungry, tired, thirsty, losing a battalion out of ten, but rushing at the foe three times in one week, though his haunt each time was a volcano's crater spewing lead. At Magersfontein the very men who lost the battle were those whose bravery had earned them more celebrity than any troops in the British army—the Highlanders."

One of the most noteworthy of the features of the campaign preceding the approaching general election is the entry of the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald into the arena of Dominion politics.

*The Teuton Tug of War. September Harper's.

He has accepted a nomination in the constituency of Brandon, being apparently ready to resign the Premiership of Manitoba.

BRANDON'S
POLITICAL CONTEST.

The Hon. Hugh John Macdonald is not a great man—at least, his greatness has not yet been tried and proven. He has, however, shown himself to be a man of ability and tact, and possessed of unusual qualities. These endowments, and the fact that he is the only son of the most remarkable of Canadian statesmen, combine to mark him as a man in whom the public is certain to be interested, and as a man whose influence upon our national life may be considerable.

Mr. Macdonald is a native of Kingston, and spent the first thirty-two years of his life in the Province of Ontario. He was graduated from the University of Toronto in 1869, and three years later was called to the bar. When he moved to Winnipeg, he continued the practice of the law, and took no very prominent part in political campaigns for nearly ten years. At the general election of 1891, he entered the Dominion House as member for Winnipeg. Apparently his interest in affairs was not great, for he resigned his seat two years later. In April, 1896, he joined Sir Charles Tupper's Cabinet, and successfully contested Winnipeg in the general election of that year. The next year he resigned his seat.

Mr. Macdonald then undertook the leadership of the Conservative party in the Province of Manitoba, and last year opposed Mr. Greenway's Government in a general provincial election, in which he had such remarkable success that he and his followers were able to take possession of the Treasury benches. The policy which carried him into power was one aiming at Governmental control or ownership of railways, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the legal firm of which he was a member were solicitors for Canada's largest railway corporation.

This advocacy of Government con-

trol or ownership of railways makes Mr. Macdonald's entry into the Dominion political field a matter of considerable moment. If he is elected he will be the leader in the House of the Western Conservatives. These men will undoubtedly follow him in this railway policy. To their influence will be added that of the Western Liberal members, such as Messrs. Richardson and Oliver, and some Eastern Conservatives and Liberals who are unavowed supporters of stronger Government control of railway rates, and unavowed opponents of a continuance of the system of railway subsidies.

Mr. Macdonald will be opposed by the Hon. Clifford Sifton, the Minister of the Interior, who has proven himself to be a man of more than ordinary talent. Mr. Sifton is eleven years younger than Mr. Macdonald, and has been practising law in the Province of Manitoba the same number of years. Both men have been successful in their profession, and both have had experience in Provincial and Federal politics.

Mr. Sifton will fight hard for his seat because defeat might imperil his position in the Laurier Cabinet. Mr. Macdonald will struggle grimly, because he knows that the Conservative party is looking to him as a possible leader in Dominion politics. Therefore the constituency which elected the late D'Alton McCarthy in the general election of 1896, and upon his resignation in the same year returned Mr. Sifton by acclamation, will be the scene this year of a battle which will be memorable in Canadian political annals.

Professor John R. Commons, a somewhat noted United States economist, has written an article in which he objects to capitalists and labourers, Catholics and Protestants, educated and ignorant, natives and foreigners, whites and

blacks being all thrown into one riding and commanded to elect one man who shall represent all. He thinks that they usually elect a colourless man who represents none. In this Canadians will agree with the Professor. He desires to go back to the old method of class representation. The bankers would elect the man whom they think is the most influential and capable manager; the capitalists would send their ablest men; and so with the labour unions, boards of trade, universities, law societies, religious bodies, railway directors, bondholders, farmers, country merchants, and so on through the list.

Prof. Commons has thrown out a valuable suggestion. In Canada, with the party system in vogue, too often a large corporation, or some combination of interests, can influence a general election by throwing its weight into such constituencies as are doubtful—that is, where the parties are almost evenly balanced. This is the kind of constituency where a knave may be nominated and elected. Some organization, some money and some influence added to one blind-folded party will make this knave an M.P., and a slave of the interest which supplied the money and influence. This is the great danger in party government as we have it in this country. Some improvements could be made, no doubt, if Canada possessed any political reformers, but unfortunately she does not. Suggestions from the bright minds of other countries are steadily trickling through, and these in time will have some effects on our political life. The present riding system may suit Great Britain, where members of parliament can afford to be independent, but there is not the same certainty of its suitability to this continent. Our geography is on a larger scale and we lack the higher political honours which draw to Government the best minds in the country. We occasionally get strong men, but we usually get trimmers and adventurers.

John A. Cooper.



BOOK REVIEWS

SOLDIERING IN CANADA.*

AN interesting man is apt to produce an interesting book, and when the man is Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Denison and the book is his military autobiography, it goes without saying that we are always entertained and sometimes delighted. There is a vigour, freshness and candour about this new work which are seldom to be found in books of this class, and it is further unique in being the first Canadian achievement in autobiography by a man who has really taken part in great affairs, and rubbed shoulders with celebrities. Sir Francis Hincks, it is true, wrote his political recollections, but it was chiefly an attempt to record political history from his own point of view, and the personality of the writer plays a small part in his narrative.

In the present case, the personality of the author stands out on nearly every page: an aggressive, keen-witted, courageous man, with a decided love of fun and an extraordinary memory for anecdotes. Eminent persons, living or dead, figure prominently in Colonel Denison's book, and consequently we are continually coming upon material of the most valuable kind in constructing a history of Canada during the past forty years. Whatever criticisms may be bestowed upon it, this central fact will be admitted on all hands, that we have acquired a perfect wealth of information bearing upon events and persons of importance. But the author, happily, is not greatly concerned to instruct us, being more inclined to record the amusing side of his varied experiences. There are

many anecdotes—in fact, portions of the book read like a succession of humorous experiences, and not even the most captious critic will quarrel with the author on the score of dullness. The book, in short, is a remarkable contribution to our somewhat scanty store of literature, will be quoted and referred to during many years to come, and is really a vivacious and piquant history of our military forces by the man most competent to write it.

Concerning the subject matter, it is difficult to give, within the compass of a paragraph, anything like an adequate summary. The origin and growth of our militia; the Colonel's personal experience in the Fenian Raid of 1866 and the Rebellion of 1885; his intercourse with the Confederate generals during the Southern War (an intensely interesting chapter); his successful contest for the Czar's prize for the best History of Cavalry; his friendly relations with military men of note like Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts and Sir Henry Havelock Allan—are among the leading features of the narrative. It should be said that at more than one point the author almost challenges controversy, and his version of events connected with the frontier operations in 1866 and certain episodes of the Northwest Rebellion, notably Colonel Otter's attack on Poundmaker, and the final capture of Batoche by the volunteers, under the late Lieut.-Col. Williams, have already attracted attention. In fact, a certain insistence which is characteristic of the style, and which might almost be taken in places for pugnacity, is not likely to pass unnoticed. On more than one occasion the author records some royal rows in which we cannot discover that he came off second best. The Colonel calls these the oc-

*"Soldiering in Canada." By Lieut.-Colonel George T. Denison. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

casions on which he "lost his temper." His quarrel with Sir George Cartier is a case in point, and although of purely Saxon lineage, he betrayed a perfectly orthodox Celtic temperament by following the eminent French-Canadian "over the border" (of the Province) and helping to defeat him in Montreal in the elections of 1872. There was also a neat little affair with an official at the War Office in London, and in divers other ways Colonel Denison indicates a willingness, with a genial cheerfulness that never deserts him, to meet a fight half way. In this spirit he had his differences with two or three of the British officers commanding our militia, and he complains with some scorn of the departmental rules and red tape that are apt to beset the path of an officer in the militia. We get the impression, perhaps wrongly, that the author is not greatly enamoured of British officers of a certain type. He praises warmly, however, several gallant soldiers who have served in Canada, and there is, on the whole, a great deal more praise than blame in the book.

We have not attempted anything like an analysis of this work. It is too rich in variety of material for that. Nor does it seem to have been written to advance any particular views of the author on any subject. It is probably just what it purports to be, a personal narrative of forty years in Canadian military life told with skill, with charming frankness, and with much good humour, but enlivened at times with more than a spice of playful satire. It is an audacious book, perhaps, but at the same time captivating. The publishers have done their part in turning out a well finished and attractive volume, quite the equal of similar productions in London or New York.

A BIOGRAPHY OF CROMWELL.

Will the hero-worshipping biographers kindly arise from their knees and give us a life of Cromwell, the man? Mr. Firth* has come within

measurable distance of doing it. So high an authority as Mr. Frederic Harrison says it is the best biography of Oliver yet produced. But there is still room for a writer who can be at once kind and candid, who can throw aside the glamour that seems to take possession of everyone essaying to deal with Cromwell, and who can give at least due weight to the opinion of the age in which the man lived. The subtlest form of national vanity expresses itself in the idea that the Englishman of 1900 is better qualified to deal with the merits of Puritan rule than those who lived under it. There must have been something peculiarly obnoxious to the English of 1670 in Cromwell's person and government, when they could look back upon it and bring themselves to submit quietly to the degrading tyranny of Charles II. Macaulay, in weighing the qualities of Warren Hastings, declined to take the man's measure by the action of the Parliament of 1787 which impeached him, or the Parliament of 1813, which rose and uncovered with respect when he appeared before them. So, in Oliver's case, we need not adopt the views of those who would have canonized him if their religious tenets had not forbidden it, not those who with brutal bigotry tore his body from the grave and fixed the head, as that of a malefactor, upon Westminster Hall. The interest which attaches to Mr. Firth's book consists chiefly of the patient industry shown in sifting good material from bad, and presenting a narrative that is at once coherent and vivid, discriminating and persuasive, so that you arrive at pretty much the same conclusion as you do after reading Carlyle: that Oliver possessed nearly every virtue except that of convincing a perverse generation of his divinely appointed mission to mend all the ills of State. By a strange chance some one quality in Cromwell appeals to each of the ruling elements of the English to-day; the Imperialists revere him as a great captain and a founder of the navy; the Liberals, as the destroyer of an arbitrary king; the

*Oliver Cromwell and the Rule of the Puritans in England. By Charles Firth. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

evangelical school, as the sworn foe of the Pope. The consequence is that foolish eulogy mars nearly all the biographies. There will come in time the inevitable reaction against adulation.

PURE GOVERNMENT.

An English edition has been published of a book which thoughtful students of politics hailed some time ago as a practical contribution to current writing. The author, Mr. John Jay Chapman,* has composed a series of able papers on the efforts of political reformers in New York: their difficulties, their successes, their failures. It is a wonderful picture of the decay of moral vitality in modern democratic institutions and other phases of the time. It is interesting to Englishmen; it is both interesting and instructive to Canadians. "I suppose there are a dozen extant wrecks of reform political organizations in the city," says Mr. Chapman, and if he were not an optimist he would never have written this book. His reflections are crisp and pointed; his remedies not so clear but equally honest, and his hopefulness is due to the belief that as moral reforms have usually, in history, emanated from the lower strata of society, the democracy will in time right itself. This is, perhaps, the only gospel for the citizen of a state which has carried democratic institutions to the farthest point. It is, at any rate, an encouraging view for a community where democracy rules, and if Mr. Chapman has not under-estimated the far-reaching influence of money, reform will ultimately come.

CURRENT FICTION.

There is a great deal of natural fun and clear portraiture of Western frontier life in "The Girl at the Half-way House."† The girl herself is shadowy

*"Practical Agitation." By John Jay Chapman. London, David Nutt.

† The Girl at the Half-way House. By E. Hough. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

compared to the Western types who far excel her in vigour of movement and raciness of speech. After the overthrow of the Confederacy there was a stream of emigration to the West, some from the ruined planters' class in the South and some military men from the North who beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks to suit a time of peace. Mary Ellen Beauchamp, the daughter of a stately Virginian family overwhelmed in the war, goes out with her uncle and aunt to the hardships of a settlement on the prairies. To the same spot Edward Franklin, a young Northern captain, turned lawyer, also goes. The settlers fraternize, and the love episodes between Mary and her Northern suitor constitute the slender fabric about which Mr. Hough builds his clever and humorous narrative of the primitive ways of the new West over thirty years ago. These scenes are emphatically the gems of the book, and in *Curly*, who is a cowboy masquerading as stage driver, we have a laughable and entertaining character sketch.

Theological arguments worked up into fiction are not usually considered very entertaining by the general reader. At the same time Mr. Hocking's new tale,* in which reappears the clever Jesuit priest, Father Fitzrour, rendered famous in the author's other story "The Scarlet Woman," is not wanting in spirit and humour. There are probably a good many persons who are carrying with them into the 20th century the disputations about the Pope and the Protestants and the Catholics which began early in the 16th. These, if Protestants, will be glad to know that in this tale, as in its predecessor, the clever priest is defeated, and that instead of winning a convert from the Non-conformists, he actually loses an important member from his own church.

*The Purple Robe. By Joseph Hocking. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE progress of science is rapid, and one must be a persistent reader to keep pace with the onward progress of scientific knowledge. Force and matter have been explained to be co-related. Matter is never dead, but always contains force of some kind, even minerals, according to Mr. Roberts-Austin, of the Royal Society, possessing vibratory force and life-like phenomena. Like "living organisms" they have even a sort of selective power. And so with explanations such as these, the distinctions which divide the animal world from the vegetable, and the vegetable world from the mineral, are passing away. Shall we arrive at a theory of one "Reservoir of Life," giving out force, matter and consciousness in various forms; or giving out life which is evolved from the mineral world, through the vegetable to the animal world? And with this great evolution is there an involution by which active powers become latent possibilities? All these questions are discussed in a pamphlet from the pen of F. E. Titus, a Canadian barrister, who has become interested in Theosophy. (Theosophical Book Concern, 26 Van Buren St., Chicago.)

Canadians, both English and French, will find much to interest them in "Les Gaulois, Origin et Croyances," by André Lefèvre. The Gauls, whom Cæsar found in the country now called France, were a peculiar race, and had religion and customs very similar to the Ancient Britons when Cæsar visited them. The Anglo-Saxons swept over the British, while another German tribe, the Franks, swept over and colonized Gaul. The author points out the relations and resemblances of the two races—the Britons and the Gauls—and goes even farther our way in his investigations, as stated in the chapter entitled "Origines et Croyances de la Grande Bretagne et de L'Irlande."

(Schleicher Frères, 15 Rue des Saints-Pères, Paris, France, 3 francs.)

Scheicher Frères, of Paris, have also issued in "Les Livres d'or de la Science," number twenty of these one-franc volumes. It is entitled "La Photographie des Couleurs," by G. Ruckert. Four coloured plates show the various steps in this new process, and the text fully explains what the scientific world has discovered by its investigations and experiments.

"Patriotic and other Poems," by George Munn, is published in paper covers by Imrie, Graham & Co., Toronto.

"Biblical Chronology" is the title of a pamphlet published by Major-General W. A. Baker, Royal Engineers, at St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Granger Frères, 1699 Notre Dame St., Montreal, who are exhibiting a choice collection of French-Canadian books at the Paris Exposition, have issued a catalogue of these volumes in which the titles are accompanied by valuable bibliographies. Nearly two hundred and fifty authors are represented.

The *Newfoundland Magazine* for September is Volume I, No 3. It is a very interesting publication, edited by Theodore Roberts. The first article in the issue is on St. Pierre, by P. T. McGrath, who has written on Newfoundland subjects for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The *Prince Edward Island Magazine* is now well on in its second year. At 50 cents a year, it is creditable to its Charlottetown publishers.

Collectors of "old plate" will find much to interest them in a volume published under that title by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, of New York. The illustrations and the reproductions of trade-marks and hall-marks add much to the value of a

volume which will be a standard authority in connection with articles produced by the silversmiths of the last five centuries. The information which it contains will prevent trade in silver "antiques" made in modern shops.

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R. W. McLachlan, curator of the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal, and an authority on coins and medals, has issued a valued pamphlet entitled "Medals Awarded to Canadian Indians." Mr. McLachlan will shortly contribute to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE an illustrated article on the coins and tokens of the Bank of Montreal. These are some thirteen in number, and are among the earliest of Canadian copper coins.

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"Indian Club-Swinging," by Frank E. Miller, is a valuable and daintily illustrated book, published at one dollar, by The Saalfield Publishing Co. of Akron, Ohio. An even more artistic book, just issued by this firm, is entitled "Mr. Bunny, His Book." There are juvenile books of many kinds, but this is one which, in its drawings and its verse, may be commended to the most fastidious parent.

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It is announced that J. Castell Hopkins has in press a book entitled: "The Story of Canada: Four Hundred Years in the History of Half a Continent." This title shows the character of Mr. Hopkins' work. He presumes to do in a few months what would require years of patient labour on the part of a really clever man. If the work contains as many errors as "Canada: An Encyclopædia," it will be quite as valueless.

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Mr. Clive Phillips-Woolley is doing for British Columbia what Ralph Bolderwood did for Australia. He is describing the adventurous lives of the goldseekers in such a way that no reader can fail to see the dramatic elements in such a life. His new book "The Chicamon Stone," an Indian term meaning gold rock, is a most vivid story of searching for gold in

Northern Canada. Shipwreck, faction fights, Indian treachery, struggles with the wintry Storm-King, hope deferred—these are the elements in the story of adventure. Many readers will remember Mr. Woolley's book, "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," but he has written several others. He has occasionally contributed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.)

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A new story by Gilbert Parker entitled "The Lane That Had no Turning" will this month commence serially in a United States weekly. Mr. Parker holds his material so high that it is not within reach of any Canadian publication. This story was offered to the Canadian dailies, but they would not pay the price demanded.

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"Mooswa," by W. A. Fraser, now running serially in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, will be published in New York and London in November. The Canadian edition will be issued by William Briggs, with a dozen excellent illustrations by Arthur Heming, and a cover design by J. S. Gordon, two well-known Canadian artists.

William Briggs will shortly issue "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, "Quisante" by Anthony Hope, and "The Isle of Unrest" by Henry Seton Merriman. These are three very notable stories. "The Master Christian" has already passed its fifth thousand in Canada. The size of Canadian editions has increased wonderfully during the past five years, indicating wealth, leisure and a healthy desire to possess books rather than to read the thumb-stained volumes which may be secured through a public library.

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"Sport in War," by Major-General Baden-Powell, has been issued by the G. N. Morang Co., Toronto. The most remarkable feature of the book is the collection of illustrations by the author. It is not often the world discovers a man who can write, fight and make a picture. He reminds one of Sir William Van Horne.



IDLE MOMENTS



THE GUARD.

THE station luncheon-bar was crowded with soldiers. There were twelve of them, their khaki uniforms were stained and torn, their faces were brown and thin, their cheeks were hollow.

"Is the war over, then?" I said.

He laughed. "Not much. We're going back by the next boat."

"Why did you come home?"

"We was a guard."

"A guard!"

His lips tightened. "To twelve of our men," he said.

"What was the offence?"

"Sleeping on duty. They'll get five years apiece."

Somebody shouted a jovial command and the guard trooped from the bar.

Five years! An impetuous moment—and Glory. A nodding of the head—and Disgrace. O Chance!

—*London Academy.*

THE RULING PASSION.

A FEW days ago—it was a Sunday—a hansom cab drove hurriedly up to one of Cape Town's private hospitals. Inside was a man; he looked, poor fellow, more like a skeleton, and, withal, he was a soldier of the Queen, fresh from the glorious battlefields of Natal. But the grim demon of dysentery had laid hold of him, and he had only got so far, to die, on his way to the dear Homeland. Tenderly the matron carried him in, featherweight that he was; he needed no permit, the badge of his calling was sufficient. Gently the nurses laid him upon the bed, where he would pass in comfort the few short hours he had to live, for his case was hopeless. A day or so he lingered, and then one afternoon they thought the end had come. Outside in the street the sun was shining, and the children playing. A band of strolling minstrels were harmlessly strumming through their stock of popular

tunes; suddenly they struck up "Tommy Atkins," and then "God save the Queen" as a finale. The soldier, whose bedroom faced on to the street, raised himself with a great effort, and turned towards the sound; the notes he loved so well seemed to give him a new lease of life.

That evening the nurses were fastening up some fixture at the back of the bed, when one, being short of a pin, took the little Union Jack brooch she was wearing and used it as a makeshift. When the other nurse had gone, the soldier whispered to the one remaining: "Miss, you won't take the flag away, will you?" And the request was not made in vain.

Next day he lost consciousness for some hours; then passed peacefully away, but when the watchers came to perform the last sad offices, they found clasped firmly in the hand of the dead man the little Union Jack.—M. R. A. in the *Cape Town Times.*

A TROUT NURSE.*

I WAS fishing one day some twelve seasons ago at Testcombe, in New Hampshire, where the Anton joins the Test, when I saw swimming slowly along the side of the stream just below me a large black trout of about two pounds. It was a year when there were many fish suffering from fungoid disease, and this trout had the fungus all over its head, and was evidently quite blind. Behind this sick trout was a fine, healthy trout of about one and one-half pounds. Both swam slowly along close to the side, so that I was able to watch them for about ten minutes. The healthy trout was watching over the sick one. Whenever the sick fish got too near the edge of the stream the healthy one would swim inside and gently push the former in the side with its nose, and so get it

*From *Wild Life in New Hampshire Highlands.* London: J. M. Dent & Co.

out into deeper water. This was done repeatedly until I put my landing-net under the diseased fish and took it out of the water, when the healthy one left the spot. I have not the slightest doubt that the healthy fish had taken charge of the sick one. Up to that time I had always been accustomed to look on fish as very cold-blooded creatures. The incident presented matters in a somewhat new light, and for a while it rather took the edge off my pleasure in fishing.

—George A. B. Dewar.

A FEAT BEYOND HIM.

A SCOTTISH prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection, and with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, my man, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Then I hae heard o' ye before!" "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye willna find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."—*The King*.

HE GOT THE PLACE.

DR. MCTAVISH, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner, "Part of your work will be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so." A few lads would consent to a trial, and received a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer,

and gurgle out: "Gr-r-r-gr-h-gh! That's hot!" This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the basin and spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say: "Gr-r-r-uh-r-hr! That's hot!" Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rapped the skull and impatiently retorted: "Well, jist blow on't, ye auld bony!" The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot.

TWO OF A KIND.

A GOOD story is going the round of the London clubs. A certain very smart stockbroker was appointed captain in one of the Irish Militia battalions. He was warned that the plausible old soldiers of this new company would get the better of him. He only smiled at the idea. Soon after the regiment was embodied, the colour-sergeant came to his captain's room with an old soldier, who wished to speak to the officer. The man was admitted, and explained that he had heard from his wife, who was ill, and—"if you plaze sor, can I have forty-eight hours' lave?" "You say you have heard from your wife," said the captain, smelling a rat and beginning to turn up some imaginary correspondence on his table. "I have, sor." "Ah!" replied the officer, "I have heard from her too, and she asks me not to give you leave, for you only go home to get drunk and break the furniture." "She wrote that, sor?" "Yes." "And does that mean, sor, that I can't have me lave?" "It does." The man saluted and went to the door, then turning suddenly round he said: "If you plaze, sor, may I say something confidential between man and man?" "Well, what is it?" answered the captain. "Why, sor, under this roof are two of the most eellegant liors that the Lord ever made—I'm not married."

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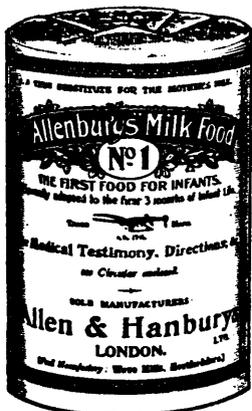
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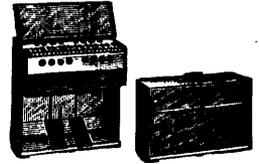
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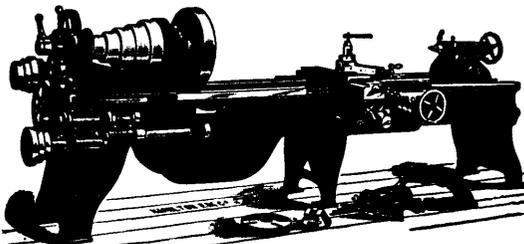
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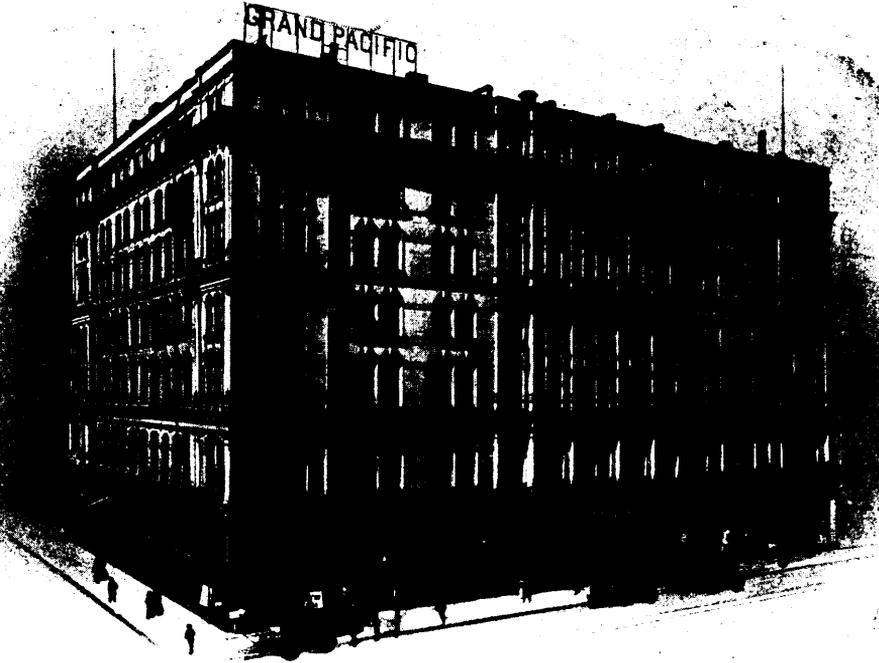
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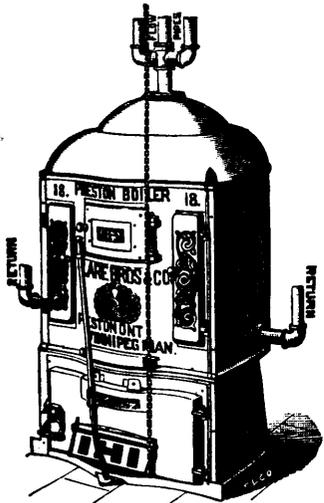
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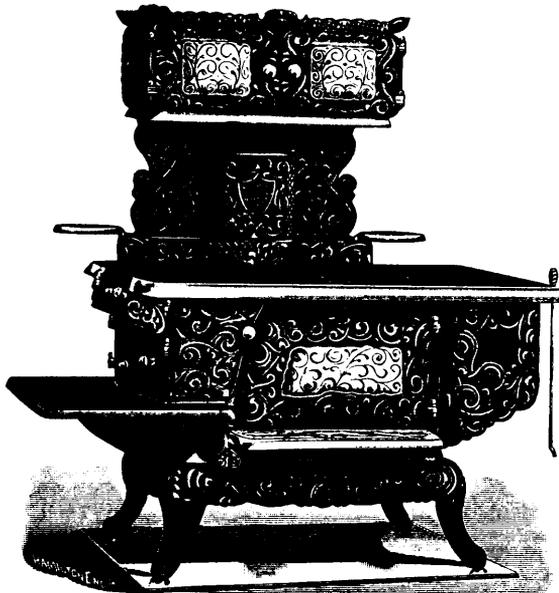
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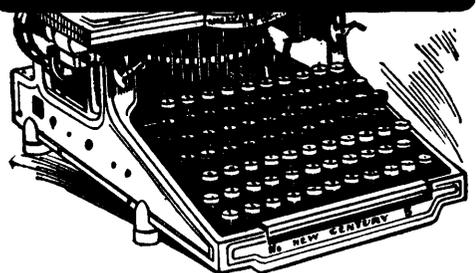
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The Oxford Mfg. Co. will give a prize of one hundred dollars for a name for a high-class Laundry Soap they are about to place on the market. The conditions for competing for the prize are as follows:

Each competitor must enclose ten cents together with the name they select, and mail them to the Oxford Mfg. Co., Toronto. By return mail they will receive a box of delicately perfumed, pure bland toilet soap, for the complexion, or to those who prefer it, we will forward a box of the best shaving soap in the world, "The Barber's Favorite."

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A Simple Remedy Which Will Interest Catarrh Sufferers.

In its earlier stages catarrh is more of a nuisance than a menace to the general health, but sooner or later, the disease extends to the throat, bronchial tubes and even to the stomach and intestines.

Catarrh is essentially a disease of the mucous membrane, the local symptoms being a profuse discharge of mucus, stoppage of the nostrils, irritation in throat, causing coughing, sneezing, gagging and frequent clearings of the throat and head.

The usual treatment by local douches, snuffs, salves, etc., often gives temporary relief, but anything like a cure can only be obtained by a treatment which removes the catarrhal taint from the blood and the disappearance of the inflammation from the mucous surfaces.

A new remedy which meets these requirements and which so far has been remarkably successful in curing catarrh is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets act upon the blood and mucous membranes only. They can hardly be called a secret patent medicine as they are composed of such valuable remedies as Sanguinaria, Hydrastin, Eucalyptol and similar cleansing antiseptics, which cure by eliminating from the blood and mucous surfaces the catarrhal poison.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting lozenges taken internally, allowing them to dissolve slowly in the mouth, in this way they reach the throat, fauces and the entire alimentary canal.

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Dr. Bement states "that the internal treatment for catarrh is rapidly taking the place of the old plan of douching and local application, and further says that probably the best and certainly the safest remedy at present on the market is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, as no secret is made of their composition and all the really efficient remedies for catarrh are contained in this tablet."

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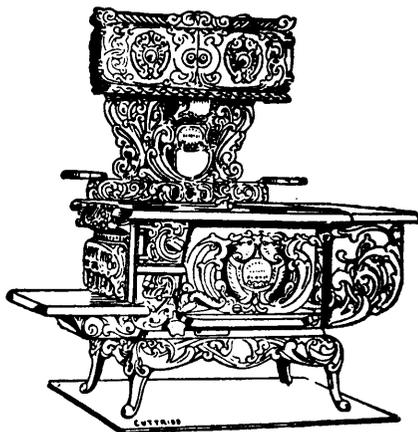
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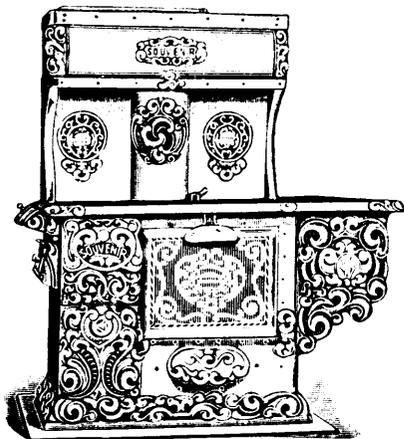
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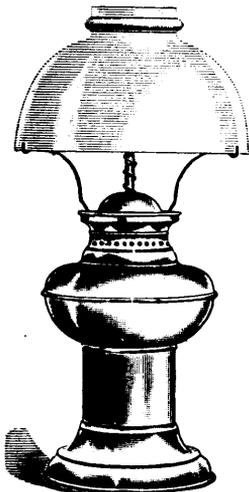
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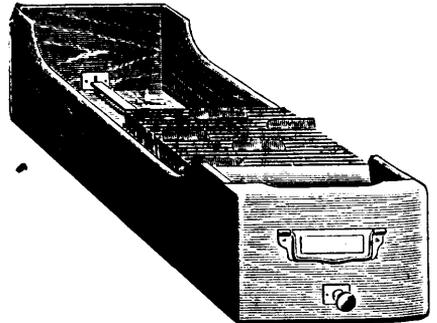
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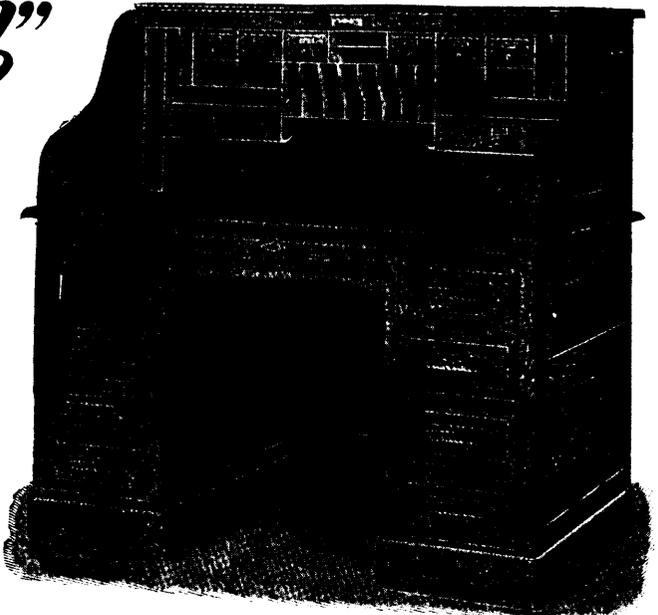
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Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden

Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common sense plan of digesting the food eaten thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure indigestion and stomach troubles because they act entirely on the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets taken after meals digest the food. That is all there is to it. Food not digested or half digested is poison as it creates gas, acidity, headaches, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

They are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. Address F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for little book on stomach diseases, sent free.

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A new remedy which may revolutionize the treatment of stomach troubles has been placed before the public, and bears the endorsement of many leading physicians and scientific men.

This preparation is not a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles, with which nine-tenths of our nation are more or less affected.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant tasting tablets or lozenges containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (free from animal impurities), Golden Seal and diastase. They are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many interesting experiments made with these tablets show that they possess remarkable digestive power, one grain of the active principle in one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to thoroughly digest 3,000 grains of lean meat, eggs, oatmeal or similar wholesome food.

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Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, catarrh of the stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power, which is the one thing that weak stomachs lack, and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to assist it by the use of "tonics," "pills" and cathartics, which have absolutely no digestive power and do not claim to have any.

The regular use of one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, after meals, will demonstrate their merit and efficiency better than any other argument.

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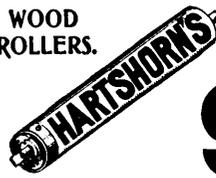
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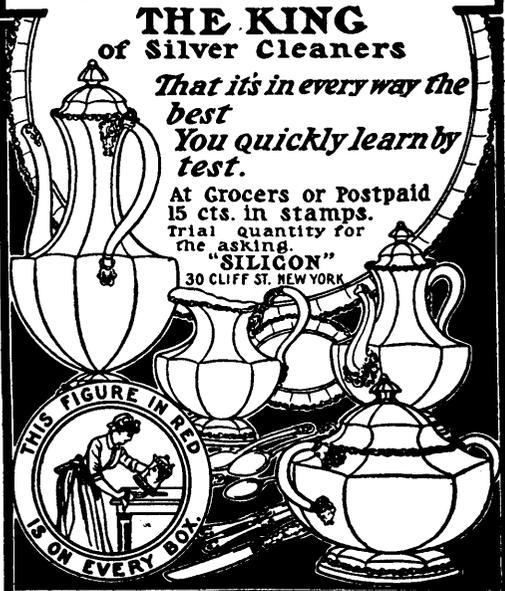
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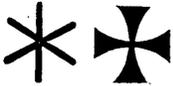
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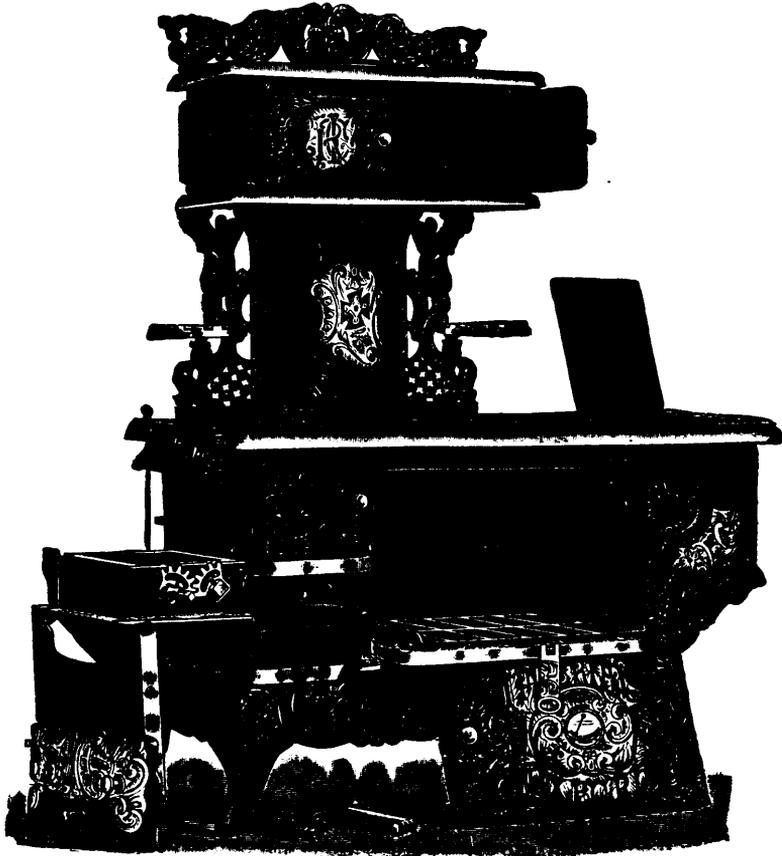
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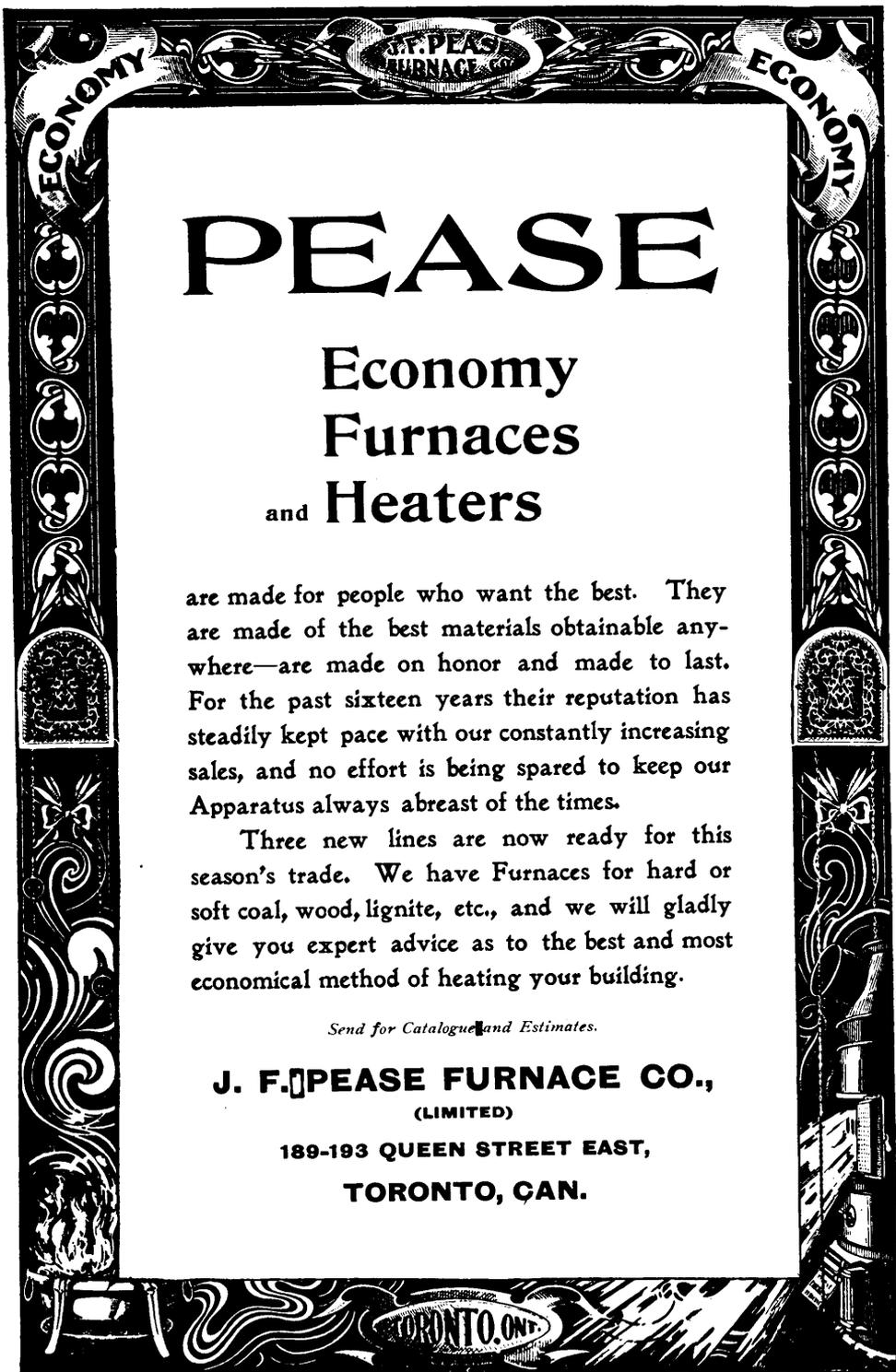
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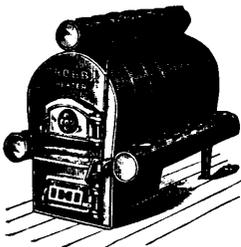
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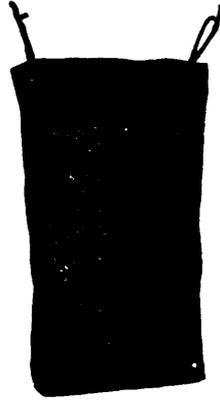
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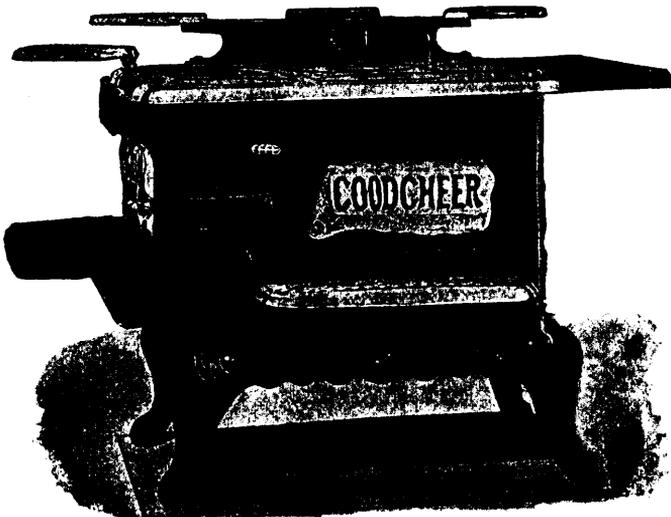


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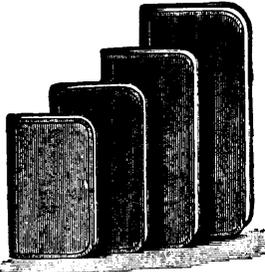
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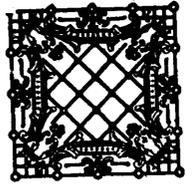


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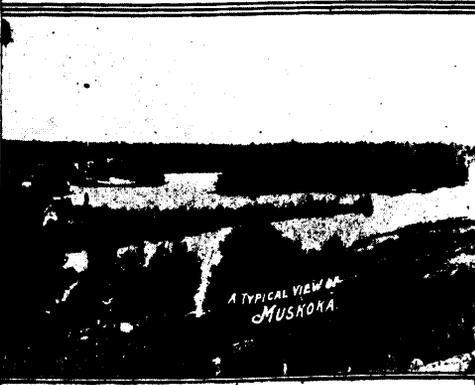
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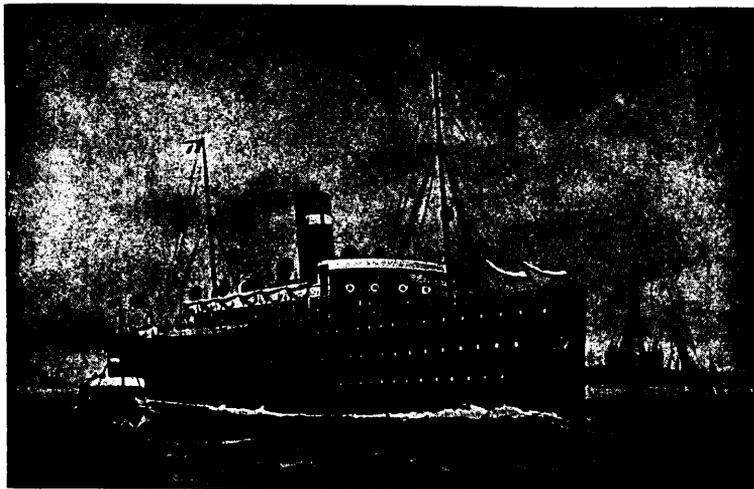
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